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"If an Editor unites a large share of accuracy, even with a moderate portion of erudition; if he collects materials with industry, and uses them with judgment; if he distinguishes between ingenuity and refinement, and separates useful information from ostentatious pedantry, he will have a claim to public favour, though he should not possess the exquisite taste of a Heyne, the profound erudition of a Hemsterhuis, or the keen penetration of a Porson."

DR. PARR.

"Mr. Burke, praising Milton for the judicious choice of his epithets, and commenting on the use and abuse of those flowery adjectives, as Pontanus calls them, lamented that some person did not collect a garland of them out of the English poets, as Textor had out of the Latin; which had laid every classical scholar under great obligation."

WILSON'S "BEAUTIES OF BURKE."

MANY THOUGHTS

OF

MANY MINDS:

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS
FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPILED AND ANALYTICALLY ARRANGED

BY

HENRY SOUTHGATE.

"What is said upon a subject is gathered from a hundred people."
Dr. Johnson.

"So live thy better—let thy worst thoughts die."
Sir Walter Raleigh.

SECOND SERIES.

Second Edition.

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PREFACE.

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Sitting apart, ——
—— Contemplating all." TENNYSON.

"I have only this of Macrobius to say for myself, *Omne meum, nihil meum*, 'tis all mine, and none mine. As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all—

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,

I have laboriously collected this cento out of divers writers, and that *sine injuriâ:* I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own." BURTON.

◆

FROM the continued success of *Many Thoughts of Many Minds*, I have been induced to compile a Second Series on the same plan. The utterances of the great and good are ever welcome to thoughtful and earnest minds; and the explorer in the vast fields of our English literature may, through such a work as mine, by selecting and popularizing passages which have been to himself the means of instruction or enjoyment, make many others partakers of the pleasure that a new thought, or an old thought in a new form, forcibly and tellingly expressed, always produces. With this conviction, I have diligently sought out the beauties of many Authors, and placed them in such a manner that he who runs may read,—and reading, will desire closer acquaintance with some of the many from whom I have quoted. I cast my second book upon the indulgence of the public, quite aware that what is worthy in it is not mine, but *theirs* who have made our noble English tongue so rich in thought and sentiment, as this volume will show it to be.

HENRY SOUTHGATE.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

◆

"Abstracts, Abridgments, Summaries, &c., have the same use with burning-glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in Authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the Reader's imagination."

DEAN SWIFT.

◆

ACTION Attendant on Thought—Call to—Chiefest Object—Means of—Its Motive—Result of Thought—a Seed of Joy . . . 1, 2
ACTIONS The Best Portion of Life—(Just), better than Words—Durability of Good—Good—Immortal—Meritorious yet Modest—Method in—Well-considered . . 1, 2
ADVERSITY — An Experience—Its History . 2, 3
ADVICE as to Guidance of a Family—Wisdom of Taking 3-5
AFFECTION, Blessings of Family—Brave and True—Centred 5, 6
AFFECTIONS, Heavenly—the Source of Happiness—The 6
AFFLICTION Assists Reason—Benefit of—Benefits of—to be Borne—Its Generous Effects—Its Fruits—for the time Joyless—a Messenger from God—Its Necessity—a Normal State—Patience in, is Profitable—a Scripture Interpreter—Sanctifies . 7-9
AFFLICTIONS Moderate our Corruptions — of Two Sorts 9
AGE Should Fly Concourse —(Old), Decrepitude of—of the Good, a Blessed State — Its Obliviousness — Respect paid to, in Olden Days—(Old), Sorrowful but Serene . . . 9, 10
AGED, Compassion to . . 11
AIR, Atmospheric—Its Attributes—Beneficial Effects of Atmospheric — an Embellisher—an Emblem of Deity — Pervading Nature of the 11, 12
ALCOHOL, The Fiend of . 13
ALPS (The), after Sunset . 13
AMBITION—and Avarice—Beware of—Fearful—The Hollowness of—Over-curious—Prejudicial—Unquenchable 13, 14
ANGEL, Beauty of . . 14
ANGELS, Guardian—Their Mission—The . . . 14
ANGER, Against—cannot be Concealed from Children—Haughtiness of Temper—not always to be Repressed—Its Proper Treatment 15, 16
ANGLER, His Content . 16
ANGUISH, Extreme of . 16
ANIMALS, Perfection of—Subject to Man . . . 17
ANTICHRIST, His Shifts and Deceit 17
ANTIQUITY 18
APPEARANCES, Deceitful 18
APPEARANCE OF EVIL to be Avoided . . . 18
ARCHITECTURE (Good), the Work of Good Men—(European), Three Distinct Schools of—(National), the Exponent of a National Religion 18, 19
ARROGANCE . . . 19
ART, Diffusion of . . . 19
ARTS, Nobly Employed . 19
ASPIRATION, Its Intense Longing 19
ASSISTANCE, Supernatural 19
ASSOCIATION of Terms . 20
ASSURANCE the Fruit of Faith—Well-grounded . 20
ASTROLOGY, Falsified . 20
ASTRONOMER, The Undevout 20
ATHEISM, Presumption of—Stalls the Soul—Imprudence of 20, 21
ATHEIST, The—The Practical 21
ATHEISTS are Hypocrites 22
ATMOSPHERE, in Connection with the Senses—Evening at Sea 22
ATTAINMENTS, Intellectual 23
ATTENTION, Attitude of 23
ATTRACTION of Man to Man 23
ATTRIBUTES, The Divine 23
AUTHORS, Attributes of the Best—Their Requisites 23, 24
AUTHOR, His Careful Labour—A True and Wonderful 24
AUTUMN—Approach of—Its Departing Gleams—Golden Harvest of—Likened to Ripe Age—Its Melancholy Power—Tale 24, 25
AVALANCHE 25
AVARICE, Insatiable—Springs of—the Soul's Madness 26
AXIOMS 27

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

BABY, Epitaph on a—Death of a—Dying—To a Dying—On a Dying, as soon as Born—Its Absorbing Influence—May—One from an Unknown Sphere . . 27-30
BABYHOOD 31
BACHELOR, An Independent 31
BACKBITING, Painful Tendency to 31
BARDS (Divine) the Friends of Virtue 31
BATTLE, The Field of—Its Horrors 32
BATTLE-FIELD, The . 32
BEAR AND FORBEAR . 33
BEAUTIFUL, Belief in the . 33
BEAUTY Asleep—Awakening—Consists of Inward Adornment—Coveted—Its Torments and Delight—the Devil's Bait—External—Fading—Fascination of—Enhanced by Loving Qualities—Intellectual—Its Intensity—Different Ideas of—Compassion for Maligned—Its Effect on Mind—Moral—The most Natural—Terror in Nature—hath Strange Power—The Sleeping—Untenable—Difficulty in Writing about . . . 33-36
BEAUTY AND VIRTUE . 36
BEE (Humble), To the . . 36
BEGGING LETTERS . 37
BEHAVIOUR, Contrasted . 38
BELIEF, Unclouded by Doubt 38
BELIEVER, A—The—(The), Strives against Sin . . 38
BELIEVERS, The being Conformed to Christ's Death . 38
BELIEVING . . . 39
BELLS, Their Associations—The—Those Evening . 39, 40
BELL, The Passing . . 40
BENEVOLENCE—The Propriety of Cultivating—a Social Virtue—a Virtuous Principle 41
BETTING, Its Vileness . 41
BIBLE, The—a Blessed Antidote—Varied Contents of the—Description of the—Fulness of the—a Jewel indeed—Its Heavenly Origin—to be Consistently Read—Duty of Reading the—Study of the—the Testimony of Christ—Its Real Worth and Influence 41-44
BIGOTRY arises from Ignorance—Its Utter Folly . 45
BIOGRAPHY of Good Men—should be Unprejudiced . 45
BIRD, Bee, and Butterfly . 45
BIRDS, Cared for of Heaven—Generation of—Their Happiness—An Invocation to—Pairing in Spring—The Songs of—Their Use in the Vegetable World . . 45, 46
BLACKSMITH, His Appearance 47
BLESSING, A Father's—on Labour . . . 47, 48
BLESSINGS Brighten when Gone 48
BLISS (Eternal), of Heaven . 48
BOASTER, A . . . 48
BOASTING, Much Blossom and Little Fruit—Vain-glorious—Its Vanity . . . 48
BODY, Great Care Bestowed upon the—Corruptibility of the—Culture and Development of—(and Mind), their Mutual Exercise—Its Utter Frailty—The Human—Organs of the—Resurrection of the—(A Sinful), a Wound to the Soul—Wonderful Instance of Creative Power 48-51
BODY AND SOUL . . 52
BOOKS, Affection for—Four—A Desirable Treasure—Their Divine Idea—of Ideas and mere Words—the Legacy of Genius—Likened to a Glass—Their Object—Parting with—Part of our Prerogative—and Tradition—The Two—can never Teach the Use of Books—to be Wisely Used—Their Great Value—(Thoughtful), their Value—as a Whole—Worthy . . . 52-55
BORE, The 55
BOTANIST, His Fertility of Resource 55
BOUNTY ought to be Reciprocal—should be Unselfish 55
BOY, The Blind—The Orphan 56
BRAIN, The Phenomena of . 56
BRAINS, Difference in . . 56
BREAD, Different Sorts of—Provided of God . . . 56
BREAST, A Pure one: Its Vanity 57
BRIDE, The . . . 57
BRIDGE, The . . . 57
BRITAIN, Its Characteristics—Its Glorious Liberties—Its Rule—Its True Place . 57, 58
BRITANNIA, Her Home . 58
BRITON, His Home the Sea 58
BROOK, Song of the . . 58
BROTHERHOOD . . 59
BURIAL, Popular Fiction of—at Sea 60
BUSINESS Differently Affects—an Intellectual Activity—Intervals of—Life's Instant—a Relief to Some—the Salt of Life—a Difficult Study 60, 61

CALAMITIES, How Estimated—(of the Human Frame), Divine Provision Against the 62
CALM in Nature—at Sea— . 62
CAPACITY not all that is Required 62
CARE, Carefulness as to Character—Designed by Heaven 62
CARELESSNESS, Its Consequences 62
CARICATURIST Portrays Society 63
CASTLE (Old) an Object of Awe 63
CATHOLICS, The Meaning of the Term 63
CAUSES, Chain of . . 63
CAUTION—to Discern—Against Self-satisfaction . 63
CAVE, The Magic . . 63
CEMETERIES should have Trees 64
CEREMONIAL has its Use 64
CEREMONY, Done, of no Avail—a Base Coin—Keeps up Things—Its Uses . 64, 65
CHAMBER, An Ancient—Requisites of a—A Priviledged—Sick . . . 65
CHANCE—Its Folly . . 65
CHANCE-MEDLEY . . 65
CHANGE of Life a Part—

INDEX TO SUBJECTS

Prophetic Sense of—The Spiritual—A Thought on . 66
CHANGES, Local . . 66
CHARACTER, Beauty of—not Affected by Place—the Best Security—Virtue its Basis—Its Importance to the Young 66, 67
CHARITY OF LIFE—not Almsgiving merely—should be Catholic—Christian—the End of the Commandment—once Diffusive—a Gush of Goodness—Indiscriminate—a Noble—of the Poor—Unselfish—Wisdom in . 67-70
CHARMS, Female . . 70
CHASTENINGS (The) of the Lord 71
CHASTISEMENT, sent in Love 71
CHASTISEMENTS, Divine 71
CHASTITY, Modesty of—Praise of—Highly Prized—Pure 72
CHEAT, His Characteristics 72
CHEERFULNESS . 72, 73
CHILD, A Beauteous and Beloved—Town and Country—the Father of the Man—Its Impressibility—Its Joyousness—The Neglected—A Sleeping . . 73-75
CHILDHOOD—Characteristics of Right—Its Memories—Recollections of . 75, 76
CHILDREN, Their Attractions—Best Judges of Character—Cling to their Mother—(Disobedient), their End—Hostages to Fortune—Due Indulgence to—Playthings—Sweeten Labour—Little—Their Sensitiveness—Soften and Humanize 77-79
CHILD'S Love, Winning a—Wish in June . . . 79
CHRIST the Rock of Ages—in Whom we have our Being—Belief in, induceth Charity—by His Death glorified God—Doctrine, the only True—our Example—our True Helper—His Humanity—The Kingdom of—our Life—Looking to—His Nature ours, but Incorrupt—The only One—His Omniscience—The Giver of Peace—The Physician—The Redeemer—a Shield—Solicitation and Promise . . . 80-82
CHRISTIAN, The—(The), hath Three Eyes—Courage—at the Cross—Grace in the—the only Happy Man—His Imperfections—(The), his Lofty Soul—(The), his Placidity—(The), above Self-seeking—a True Traveller—The True . . . 83, 84
CHRISTIANITY Corrupted by Men—Firmness of—a Living Principle—the Support of Men . . . 84, 85
CHRISTMAS, A Song for . 85
CHURCH, The—(The), Compared to the Moon—Music—Set Apart for God's Service 85, 86
CHURCHYARD . . . 86
CITIZEN, A Good One . 86
CLASS, Distinctions of . 86
CLERK, A Learned . . 86
CLOUD, The . . . 87
CLOUDS ever Changing their Beauty 87
COMET, The Rushing—an Object of Wonder . . 88
COMFORT in Times of Trouble 88
COMFORTS, Divine . . 88
COMMENTATORS . . 88
COMMERCE Flourishes by Multitudes 89
COMMUNION with God the Christian's Ideal—with God 89
COMPANIONS, Their Influence 89
COMPANY of Nature—How to Please . . . 89, 90
COMPETENCY AND CONTENT . . . 90
COMPLAISANCE, Definition of—not a Moral Virtue 90
COMPLIMENTS, Deserved 90
CONDITION, Content therewith—(Our), its Insecurity—of your own Making . 91
CONFIDENCE—Value . . 91
CONFUSION, Utter . . 91
CONQUEROR, The True 91
CONSCIENCE, Its Self-reflective Abilities—its Own Accuser—The Joy of a Clear One—Proper Culture of—Monitor every Fault—A Guard—sometimes Ill-judged—Sting of—and Wealth—A Wounded . . . 91, 92
CONSTANCY Commendable 92
CONSUMPTION . . . 93
CONTEMPLATION of the Divine—of God Delectable and Divine—amidst Nature—Scene for 93
CONTENT and Advancement—Careless—Divine—Happy Faculty of—No One so—Its Privileges—Not of this World . . . 94, 95
CONTENTION to be Avoided 95
CONTENTMENT, The Art of—Contrasted—The Parent of Delight—The Happiness of—The Pleasures of—A Satire upon—from Within 95-97
CONTRADICTIONS . . 97
CONTROVERSIES, Never-ending—Violent . . . 97
CONTROVERSY, How to Manage—Stifles True Religion 97
CONVERSATION, Christian—Well-expressed—with Good Men—and Prayer—Religious—Ventilates Thought—Opens our Views . 97, 98
CO-OPERATION, Simple and Complex . . . 98
COUNSEL, Behaviour in . 98
COUNTRY, Its Rural Beauties—Made of God—Love of 98, 99
COURAGE, Tempered with Meekness . . . 99
COURTESY 99
COURTIER Defined by the Senses 99
COURTSHIP, Assenting to . 100
COVETOUSNESS, Its Characteristics—Cracks the Sinews of Faith . . . 100
COWARD in Faith . . 100
COWARDICE—Its Misery . 100
CRADLE, Song of the . . 100
CRAFT its own Punishment . 100
CREATION, Enjoyment of—God in—A Divine Hymn on the—for ever in Progress—Study of—Delight in the Works of . . . 100, 101

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

CREATOR (The), His Beneficence — Wisdom of the Great 102
CREDIT, Its Use . . . 102
CREDULITY Allied to Superstition 103
CRIMINATE . . . 103
CRIMINAL Excitement . 103
CRITIC, A True . . . 103
CRITICS 103
CROSS of Christ — of Our Salvation—(The), a Type . 103
CRUELTY, Prolific . . 104
CUNNING—Floats between Vice and Virtue—(Persons), How to Treat . . . 104
CURIOSITY, Principle of—hath no Limits—Profitless . 104
CUSTOM — Its Force — the World's Idol—a Monster—Overrules Reason . 104, 105

DANCE, The Mazy . . 105
DANGER of One-sided Views 105
DANGERS and Delights—Two Extremes of . . 105
DARING, A Noble . . 105
DARKNESS, Spiritual—not necessarily Terrific . . 106
DARK SIDE, The . . 106
DAY—Approach of—Autumnal—the Offspring of the Sun—The Rainy . . . 107
DAYLIGHT, the Light of Heaven 107
DAYS, How to Spend our . 107
DEAD, The — Lamentation over the—Deep Sorrow for—Mistaken Idea of—The Nations of the . . 108, 109
DEATH—a Feared and Hated Thing—Its Certainty—Certainty of—an Inward Tendency—Description of—His Longings—of a Child—The Christian's — Conjectural — Contemplated — Longed for—of a Fair-haired Girl—the Last Conqueror—(Duly Considered), its Fruits Self-known — of a Daughter — Desolates — Eloquence of—Its Peaceful Ending – Everywhere—Figure of—and Futurity — A Gentle One — at Home Desirable—Hymn to—Implanted from the First—of an Infant — the Foreshadowing of life—Lurketh in Life—and Life—in Life—of a Loved One—The Pomp of — Power of — Answers many a Prayer—Premeditation of — Preparation for—Regrets of—a Release—Results in Lasting Rest—The Results of—Its Results—a Dread Revealer—Satisfied—Spiritually in—Its Stealthy Approach — Sudden — Sympathy with — the Great Teacher—always Terrible—Terrible—What art thou—Fearful to the Unprepared—Vanquished—of the Young—of the Young and Queenly 109-119
DEATHBED of the Saints—The Pauper's — Its Teachings 119, 120
DEBT to be Avoided . . 120
DEBTS, Pleasure in Paying . 120
DECAY, Gradual . . . 121
DECEPTION — a Lie Reduced to Practice . . 121
DECLAMATION . . 121
DEEDS (Good), their Inefficacy—of Ill 121
DEITY Everywhere — His Power — Omnipotence of—Ubiquitous . . . 121, 122
DEJECTION . . . 122
DELIGHTFUL . . . 122
DEPENDENCE an Essential of Life 123
DEPRAVITY, The Course of—(Human), Unlimited—Human 123
DEPRECATION . . . 123
DESCEND 123
DESIRE Not Right to be always Granted . . . 123
DESIRES of Different Tendencies—Unreasonable . 124
DESOLATION, Picture of . 124
DESPAIR—the Desperation of the Soul 124
DESPATCH in Business . 124
DESPERATION . . . 124
DESTINY, Our . . . 124
DETERMINATION, Fixed 125
DEVIL, His Costly Courtesies—His Deceit—the Essence of Rancour—the Impersonation of Evil—Works of the—Universally Cursed 125, 126
DEVOTION, Interpretation of—Marred by the Devil—Induced by the Right Contemplation of Nature—Private—Pure—the Life of Religion—Secret . . 126, 127
DEW — Liquid Diamonds — Pearly 127
DEWS, Daughters of the Humid Air—Pearly . . . 127
DIFFICULTIES to be Overcome—not to Scare us . 127
DIFFICULTY Engenders Greatness 128
DIGNITY, True — Illustration of 128
DILIGENCE, Incessant — Christian 128
DANGERS Over-ruled by God 128
DIAMOND, Its Worth . 128
DIE AWAY 128
DISBELIEF Implies Knowledge 128
DISAGREEABLE, Saying, and Impertinent Things . 129
DISCIPLINE, Healthful . 129
DISCONTENT — Sour — to be Striven Against . . 129
DISCORD is Unchristian . 130
DISCOURSE, Its Sweetness 130
DISCOURSES, Tedium of Long 130
DISCUSSION, Its Importance 130
DISEASE, Completed of Death 130
DISEASES, Desperate . . 130
DISORDER, Fruit of Sin—Moral 130, 131
DISPATCH, False . . 131
DISPOSITION Coloured by our Thoughts . . . 131
DISPUTES 131
DISSIMULATION Grows upon us—a Bad Policy—a Fearful Vice . . . 131
DISTRESS, Perception of . 131
DOCTOR OF PHYSIC . 132
DOCTRINE must be Sifted . 132
DOMESTICITY, Its Test . 132
DOUBT—The Dangers of—the Effect of Fear . . 132
DOUBTING—and Fearing—Its Impiety . . . 132, 133
DOUBTS are Traitors . . 133
DREAD 133
DREAM, The Old Man's . 133

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

DREAMS, The Fantasies of—World of—Double Life—Mind-clouds—sometimes Indicate Truth . . 133, 134
DRESS of a Lady—On—Pride in 135
DRESSING, True Aims in . 135
DRINK, Its Evils . . . 136
DROWNING . . . 136
DRUNKARDS, Responsibility of 136
DRUNKENNESS . . 136
DUELS, Imperious Crime—Imperious Murders . . 137
DUTIES are Ours, Events are God's—Their Motives—Religious—Rules of . . 137
DUTY — Actuated by — Its Call—Calm and Resolute—Its Comprehensiveness—and Danger—(Neglected), Difficult to Perform — Performance of, is Happiness—Unreal—Moulded by Religion—The Sense of . . 138, 139
DYING, Act of . . . 139

EAR, Wonderful Construction of the 140
EARLY (Rising), Early Rest—Rising–Rising and Prayer—(Rising), Its Delights 141, 142
EARTH, The Centre of the—Cultivation of—Its Beauty—Its Vanity Half-divine—no Resting-place—Nothing on, Permanent . . . 142-144
EARTHLY THINGS . . 145
EASE the Characteristic of Capacity 145
EATING a Characteristic of Humanity—and Drinking—a Duty 145
ECCENTRICITY not the Attribute of Genius . . 146
ECHO a Reflected Sound—Verse 146
ECONOMY — Extravagance and—a High, Humane Office—Wise . . . 146, 147
EDUCATION—American Aphorisms on — Art of — Business of—Its Early Commencement — Christian — Early — Early Dawn of—Early Religious—Its Effects—Emulative in its Effects—Erroneous — Female — A Generous—in Germany and America — Infant — Early: Its Influence—Neglected—Object of—Its True Object—A Religious—Religious—Scriptural — the Spread of Thought—of the Young 147-153
EFFIGY, Its Associations . 153
EFFRONTERY . . . 153
EGOTIST, His Utter Weakness 153
ELECTION, Sanctification of the Heart . . . 153
ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH 153
ELEGANCE Allied to the Beautiful 153
ELEGY on the Death of a Young Girl 154
ELOQUENCE — the Sweet Extract of Speech . 154, 155
ELYSIUM not Heaven . . 154
ELEGY, Sequel to Gray's . 154
EMINENT Persons, Death of 155
EMPLOYMENT is Holiday-making 155
EMULATION and Envy . 156
ENCHANT, To . . . 156
ENDURANCE . . . 156
ENERGY, Moral . . . 156
ENGLAND—Ages ago—Its Beauties—Its Comparative Peace—Its Freedom—Land of Freedom—Old—Salubrity of — in the Time of the Saxons—Its Noble Setting—Naval Glory of—the Heart of the World . . 157-160
ENGLISH, Character of the 160
ENMITY to God . . . 161
ENJOYMENT, True . . 161
ENJOYMENTS, Temporal . 161
ENNUI, Its Utter Folly . 161
ENTHUSIASM is Thought Enkindled 162
ENTHUSIAST, The . . 162
ENVY—Description of—Diabolical—a Lean-faced Monster 163
EPIGRAPH 163
EPITAPH, On an . . . 163
EQUANIMITY . . . 163
ERROR, Causes of—A Lethargic—Natural to us . 163
ESTATE, A Competent . 164
ESTRANGEMENT of Friends—of the Old Familiar Faces—should not Continue 164
ETERNITY—of Joy or Woe—No Æras in—and Time—A Word of Immense Import 164, 165
EUROPE (State of) in the Dark Ages 165
EVE, A Stilly . . . 166
EVANESCENCE . . . 166
EVENING, Calm and Beautiful—the Hall of Nature—the Hour of Peace—Quietude of—Thoughts on—the Death-bed of Day . . . 166, 167
EVENTIDE 167
EVERMORE . . . 168
EVIL, Ministry of: Its Effects—only for a Time—and Sin are Twins 169
EXAMPLE, Hand in Hand with Precept . . . 169
EXAMPLES to be well Chosen 169
EXCEL 169
EXCELLENCE Impossible in all Things . . . 169
EXCELSIOR . . . 170
EXERCISE Necessary for the Finer Organs . . . 170
EXHORTATION should be Gentle 170
EXPECTATION . . . 170
EXPERIENCE Elicits Truth 170
EYE, a Criterion of Attention—Wonderful Make of the—of the World—Its Beauties—Its Eloquence—Star-like—A Woman's—Religious 170-172
EYES, Watchfulness over—Their Beauty—Bland, Invite Confidence in Conversation—Radiant—Rivals of the Morn—Their Lustre—Reproachful—Angry—Dignity in 172, 173

FACE, Fresh and Lovely—a True Index—Workings of . 173
FACT a Sublime Thing . . 173
FACULTIES must be Exercised 173
FADE 173
FAINT 174
FAINTING a Seeming Death 174
FAITH Precedes Adoration—

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

Active—Attention to God's Will—Differs from Assurance—is Calm and Peaceful—Divine: Its Chemistry—to be Cherished—in Christ—an Operative Principle—True—Its Final Form—Comfort for Weak—Want of: Its Evil Consequence—the Image of Eternity—the Evidence of Things not Seen—Amongst the Faithless—Accompanied by Forgiveness—the only Solid Foundation—in God—hath Two Hands—Happiness of—Implicit—Its Humility—by Inspiration—The Just Live by—Its Justification—Begets Love—as Effected by Human Means—the Means to an End—Obedience of—Peace in—Perversity in—a Pilgrim—and Prayer—Sustained by Reason—and Repentance—Submits to Revelation—Its Inward Satisfaction—that Saveth—Saving—Its Saving Principle—as Sure as Sense—Simple—Fits for the Resistance of Sin—Unwavering 174-181
FAITHFUL—The Purity of the 182
FALSE—and Hollow . . 182
FALSEHOOD, The Cowardice of—and Fraud—A Mutual 182
FAME—Definition of—Mutability of—Less than a Vision—a Goodly Reputation—is Folly 182, 183
FAMILY, An Old English—Meeting—Prayer—Usages—Worship . . . 183, 184
FANCY—Apish—Corrected by Age 184
FAR 185
FAREWELL, The Emigrant's—The Last—A Sad . 185
FASHION, Folly's Child—Irrepressible . . 185, 186
FASHIONABLE, Modern Life 186
FAST 186
FASTIDIOUSNESS the Discernment of Small Defects . 186
FATALISM, Undignified . 186
FATHER, God our Heavenly—Heavenly—Thou . 186, 187
FAULT, Finding . . . 187
FAULTS—The Greatest—Masked . . . 187, 188
FAVOURITE, The Court . 188
FEAR and Danger—of God—Godly—a Necessary Ingredient . . . 188, 189
FEARLESS 189
FEELING, True—Revived Hope—The Beautiful in . 189
FEELINGS, Fine—Musical Lightness of . . . 189
FELICITY and Industry . 190
FICKLE 190
FIDELITY, Example of—Its Reward 190
FILIAL Respect . . . 190
FIRE, Several Uses of . . 191
FITNESS, The Real Effects of 191
FLATTERY, Folly of—Her Serpent Train—is Sweet . 192
FLOW 192
FLOWERS—The Angel of the—a Revelation of God's Love—Their Evanescence—Autumn—Bless God for—Cultivation of—Decay of—Farewell to the—Hymn to the—Love of, Natural—Their Scent in Rooms Deleterious—in a Room of Sickness—Use of—Wild . 192-197
FLUENT 198
FOG, Its Density . . . 198
FOLLY—Human . . . 198
FOOD, Immoderate—Evils of Insufficiency—Proper Use of 198, 199
FOOL, A Rich . . . 200
FOOT (Human), Mechanism of the 200
FOOTSTEPS, Arab Mode of Tracing 200
FOP, Character of a—His Character 200
FORBEARANCE—Mutual . 200
FORESTS of Canada . . 201
FOREST, God's First Temple 202
FORETHOUGHT, How Necessary 202
FORGETFULNESS . . 202
FORGIVENESS—Its Blessedness 202, 203
FORMALIST, The . . 203
FORMALITY, The Danger of 203
FORTUNE—(Good) Envied—Likened to the Milky-way—Hath no Place in Scripture—Cannot be Trusted . 203, 204
FOUNTAIN-HEAD . . 204
FOUL 204
FRAIL 204
FRAUD (Holy), Incompatible—on Oneself the Worst . 204
FREEDOM from Self—Patriotic—of Thought . . . 204
FRETFULNESS . . . 205
FRETTING to be Avoided . 205
FRIAR, Description of a . 205
FICTION, True . . . 205
FRIEND, A—Associations of—To a Distant—His Faithfulness Proved—Loss of a—Loss of an Old . . 205, 206
FRIENDS—Death of—Two 207
FRIENDSHIP—False—Indifference of—and Patriotism—(The), Its Flower—Severed—when Tried—True—of the World—Worldly—Charity in 208-210
FRUITS in England in the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Centuries 210
FRUITFUL 211
FULFILMENT of All Things 211
FUNERAL, The Alderman's—Its Peculiar Concomitants—Dirge—Flowers Thrown on the Grave—Hymn—Its Salutary Impression—The Wife's 211-213
FUNERALS, Rural . . 213
FUTURE—Man's Idea of 214, 215
FUTURITY, Apostrophe to—Symbolized—in View 214, 215

GAIETY, Attributes of—Same Motives for 215
GAIN and Expenditure . 215
GAMESTER, Choleric and Testy—A Female . 215, 216
GAMESTERS Power upon Society—Their Recklessness 216
GARDEN, the Purest of Human Pleasures—a Favourite Employ 216
GENEROSITY, True . . 216
GENIUS—must be Born—must be Cultivated—Definition of—to be Obeyed—hath Discretion—Shines in Disputation—Hidden—Mis-

taken Ideas of—a Light—Materials of—hath Kindred with Nature—a Power—and Talent—at first Unknown—Rightly Used—Yearning after—Young . . . 216-218
GENEROUS . . . 219
GENTILITY . . . 219
GENTLEMAN, The Christian—His Qualities Generous—His Good Judgment—Rarity of 219
GETTING ON: The Goddess of our National Worship—in Life, Rule of . . . 220
GHOST, a Fearful Vision . 220
GHOSTS, An Anomaly . . 220
GIANT, Description of one . 220
GIFT, Its Kind . . . 221
GIFTS from Heaven, their Equality 221
GIRL, The Dumb—The Dying, and her Lover—Gentlest . . . 221, 222
GLANCE 222
GLEAM 222
GLIDE 223
GLORIES, Deceptive—Unsubstantial 223
GLORIOUS . : . . 223
GLORY, False Claim to—Degrees of—God's—Its Fierce Wretchedness—the Gift of God 223, 224
GLOW-WORM, The . . 224
GOD—All-sufficient—Ubiquitous—His Might is Self-creative—ever Good—His Power—His Majesty—To be Wholly Worshipped—The Name of—One Spirit Infinite—Worketh Slowly—the Father of Spirits—is Love—Alway the Same—Supreme over All—a Loving Creator—His Attributes—Attributes of—Fatherly Care—the Great First Cause—Children must have God's Qualities—Departure from—Distance from—Chief Dwelling-places—hath Two Dwelling-places—the Father of His People—to be Feared—the Fountain—His Divine Goodness—Our Continual Helper—Wrong Ideas of—His Impress on all Things—our only Judge—The Love of—His Mercy and Love—in Nature—Manifest in Nature—Omniscient—People—as Portrayed by an Infidel—Known by His Power—a Living Power in Us—The Presence of—Overruling Providence—Knowledge of, Regenerates—Remembrance of—Searching after—Strives with Us for our Good—The Temple of—Uncreate—His Temple the Universe—Unsearchableness of—The Will of—Works Worthy of Consideration . . . 224-233
GOLD, Different Effects of—Hidden and Exposed—Its Abject Power—Its Power—the Sinews of the World—the God of Earth—Men's Rage for—Worship of . 233, 234
GOOD, Blessedness of the—and Evil Deeds—Doing—and Evil—Links all Together—Progressive—Unites Us with the Infinite—is of God—is Deathless—Deeds—(The Word) in Matters of Taste 234-236
GOODNESS, Diffusive—Humble—Incipient—Done by Stealth . . . 236
GOSPEL, The—Contrary to our Nature—Design of the—Its End—(The), Its Tenderness . . . 236, 237
GOSSIP, The 237
GOSSIPS, Their Attributes . 238
GOVERNMENT, Its Difficulties—Essential—New Experiments in—New Form of—God's—Good—Influence of, on the Character of a People—Good, is Liberty 238-240
GRACE doth Act like Itself—Aspects of—Divine—and Glory—Growth in—Signs of the Maturity of . . . 240
GRACES Link us Together 240
GRACEFULNESS, Definition of 241
GRATITUDE—Shows the Temper of the Mind—Repaid—Worldly . . 241, 242
GRAVITY, A False—Application of the Force of, to the Germination of Plants—an Errant Scoundrel . 242, 243
GRAVE, The—My Brother's—The Minstrel's—Spot for a 243-244
GREAT, The Influence of the—People often Misguided—Their Need . . . 245, 246
GREATNESS, Different Aspects of—Earthly—an Inspiration—False—a Nice Thing to Manage—Our Reasons for—in Small Things—the Gaudy Torment of the Soul—an Unhappiness . 246
GRIEF of the Christian—Its Different Effects—a Fear—Inordinate—Alleviated by Sympathy—Sincere—Sympathy with—for the Death of One Beloved . . 246, 247
GROWTH, Real . . . 247
GRUMBLE NOT . . 248
GUESTS, Quality of—Unwelcome 248
GUIDE, God our . . . 248
GUIDES, Our : . . 248
GUILT, Its Deprivations—Fearful Memories of—and Shame—Its Slavery . . 248
GUILTY, Deceit of the . 248

HABIT, Nature of—a Vast Prevalence 249
HABITS are Habitual Acts—Change of—Religious . 249
HAND, The Human—The Mother's—Muscles of the 249-251
HANDSOME . . . 251
HAPPINESS, The Believer's—is Peace in Believing—No Chance in—Consummation of—Made up of Small Contributions—Comparative—Domestic—a Duty—Appearance of—(Earthly), Short-lived—(Eternal) and Misery—the Result of Varied Feelings—in Nature and Riches Contrasted—Where to be Found—Its Three Ingredients—National—Pleasure of Imparting—Preparation for—True Religious—is Sincerity—Seated in our own Breast—God the Summit of—True—(True) is Divine 251-255
HAPPY 255

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

HARMLESS . . . 256
HARMONIOUS . . . 256
HARMONY, True—of the Human Frame . . . 256
HARP, The Effects of the . 256
HARVEST 257
HASTE Described . . 258
HAT, Its Significance . . 258
HATE, Fervour of . . 258
HAYMAKING . . . 258
HEAD, Superiority of . . 258
HEADACHE . . . 258
HEAD-WORK Ill Paid by Men 258
HEALTH, God the Author of—a Blessing indeed—the Vital Principle of Bliss 258, 259
HEARERS—Only . . 259
HEART, Its Attributes—The Broken—Comprehensive—to be Controlled--when Pure, Courageous—Its Deeds—God's Temple—A Happy one—A Heartless—Its History—The Construction of the Human—The Humble—Inconstant—Its Fulness of Joy—Loyalty of—Majesty of—The Natural—Pusillanimous—Redundancy of—A Rejoicing—Its Sorrows—The Spiritual and the Carnal—Must have Sympathy—Unguarded—The Worldly—A Youthful . . 260-264
HEAT (Alcoholic) not Desirable—Change Effected by—Value of, in the Economy of the Universe . . . 264
HEATH, On a Sprig of . 265
HEAVEN—The City of the Skies—Death the Porter to the Gates of—Desirable—Description of--Glimpses of--Its Excellent Glory—Its Fulness of Joy—is Eternal Love—Indescribable—Always Open—a Higher Life—Its Nearness—is God—The Meeting-place of the Blessed—Preparation for--Its Purity—Degrees in—Its Comprehensiveness of all Life—Purity of—Return to—Thoughts of . . . 266-270
HEAVENS, The Starry . 270
HELL hath no Limits—Its Eternity—Sin's Receptacle—Its Wild Waste—the World of Evil—Its Fearfulness—Its Huge Population 270, 271
HERO, A 272
HEROINE (The) of Anster Fair 272
HEROISM 272
HOLINESS Commenced on Earth—(True), Essential—a Crown of Glory—(Full-blown), in Heaven . . 273
HOLY 273
HOME, The Blessedness of a Godly—of our Childhood—Changed from our Youth—Happiness of—Love of—Revisited—Unhappy--Think of thy—Voices . . . 274, 275
HONEY-COMB, The . . 275
HONESTY—the Best Policy—a Good Policy—Strength 276
HONOUR (True), Humble—a Very Word . . . 276
HONOURS, Worldly . . 276
HOPE--Its Two Aspects—The full Assurance of—in the Event of Things—Its Fallacy—False—of Youth, Inordinate—Loss of—our Heritage—Lesson of—Light of—A Lively—of the Good Man—the Manna of Heaven—the Puffing Gale of Morn—Strengthens—Compared to the Sun—Triumphant in Death—a Universal Cure—Vanity of . . . 276-280
HOUR, Value of . . . 280
HOUR-GLASS and Bible . 280
HOURS, The Worth of . 281
HOUSE OF GOD, The . 281
HOUSE, Silent and Deserted 282
HOUSEHOLD DARLING, The 282
HOUSEHOLD Management in England 282
HUMAN LIFE, Ideal of . 282
HUMAN NATURE, Study of 283
HUMAN RACE, The . . 283
HUMANITY, The Fairest Flower 284
HUMILITY—Affected—Its Attributes—Child-like—the True Sign of Dignity—Its Emblems--Genuine--Growth of—Pleasing to God—Its High Philosophy—of Heart Beloved of God—in Religion—Sympathetic—True-Wisdom of—Its Worth . 284-286
HUNTING—Its Costliness 286, 287
HURRICANE . . . 287
HUSBANDRY, Good . . 287
HUSHED . . . 287, 288
HYPOCRISY and Sincerity—Sinfulness of Sin—Its Characteristics . . 288, 289
HYPOCRITE—Accursed—Consummate . . . 289
HYPOCRITES, Variety in . 289

ICE, Pendent. . . . 289
IDEAS, Different--in General, and their Original . . 289
IDEA no Safeguard . . 290
IDIOSYNCRASY . . 290
IDLENESS—a Blow-fly—Characterized—Culpable—The Devil's Cushion for Man—not Enjoyment—Great Harm of—Its Inconsistency 290-292
IDOLATERS, Their Numbers 292
IDOLATRY is Denial of God—Its Meanness . . . 292
IGNORANCE, True Character of—Its Fate—Human—Wise 292, 293
ILLS, Human—nearly all Spring from Vice—to be Borne with Grace . . 293
ILL-USE of Good Things become Evils 293
ILLUMINATION by the Light of Reason . . . 294
IMAGE (The Divine), Effaced by the Fall 294
IMAGINATION the Organ of Knowledge . . . 294
IMITATION becomes Second Nature—a Passion of Society 294
IMMORTALITY, Its Destiny—Stands Apart—Strictly Immortal—Intimations of—Thrills the Soul . . 295, 296
IMPENITENCE . . . 296
IMPERFECTION, Human—a Necessity . . . 296
IMPRESSIONS, Early—On Early—False . . 296, 297
IMPROVEMENT, Rules for 297

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

INCANTATION . . . 297
INCARNATION, The. . 297
INCONSISTENCY Displeasing to Ourselves . . 297
INCONSTANT . . 297, 298
INCONSTANCY, Its Coldness—of the Multitude . 298
INCREASE 298
INDOCILITY the Prison of the Soul 298
INDUSTRY and Contentment—an Illustrious Power 298
INFANCY moves to Pity and to Love 299
INFANT-SCHOOL, The Best 299
INFECTION, Bodily and Spiritual 297
INFIDELITY — Characteristic of the Human Mind—Effects of, on Character and Conduct—The Origin of—Tested 299, 300
INFINITE, The Artificial . 300
INFINITY in Pleasing Objects—a Source of the Sublime 301
INFLUENCE, Christian—Divine—Home—Its Importance—Individual—Parental—Posthumous . . 302-304
INFLUENCES, Evil . . 304
INGRATITUDE — Characteristic of Ill-nature—towards God — God-ward, a Great Sin 305, 306
INJURY and Insult . . 306
INJURIES to be Forgiven . 306
INN FIRE 306
INNOCENCE Blooms once—Comparatively Defenceless—Pure—its own Reward—Transparency of . 306, 307
INNOCENT. . . . 307
INQUIRIES, Vain . . 306
INSIGNIFICANCE, Its Apparent Non-importance . 307
INSPIRATION, Divine—Limitless . . . 307, 308
INSTINCT Ennobled in Man 308
INSTITUTIONS, Varied . 308
INSTRUCTOR to be Honoured 308
INSTRUCTIONS, Partially Religious 308
INTEGRITY, next to Sincerity 308
INTELLECT, not Grace—Human — and Instinct — Wayward . . . 308, 309
INTENTION, A Good . 310
INTENTIONS Unaccomplished 310
INTERCESSION . . 310
INTERCOURSE, Secular . 310
INTERMITTING Sound . 310
INVOCATION — to the Fairies. 310, 311
IVY GREEN, The . . 312
ISCARIOTISM . . . 312

JEALOUSY — Agony of—the Yellow Fiend . . 312
JEWELS, Their Value in Association 312
JEWS, an Amazing Race . 313
JOY—of a Believer—Its True Character—of the Christian—Christian—the Mainspring of Creation — our Duty — (Earthly), Returns in Pain—Future and Eternal—in God—and Grief—an Attribute of Heaven — of Nature — and Sorrow—The Source of 313-315
JOYS, Departed—Real. . 315
JOYFUL 316
JUDGE, An Upright . . 316
JUDGMENT—Christ Coming to—Day of—Its Educational Influence . . . 316-318
JUDGMENT-DAY, The . 317
JUDGMENTS Differ—Harsh 318, 319
JUSTICE must be Done—from God—Slow but Sure . 319
JUSTIFICATION—of Christ only—What Constitutes it—Supernatural in its Discovery—Erroneous Views of—by Faith—Free—the Office of God — and Sanctification 320-322

KINDNESS, No Dearth of . 322
KINDRED by Nature . . 323
KINGDOM OF GOD to be Prayed and Worked for . 323
KINGS like Stars—Precepts Concerning . . . 324
KISS, Ae Fond . . . 324
KISSES—I Fear thy . . 324
KISSING and Speaking . 324
KITCHEN of an English Inn 324
KNAVE, True Sign of . . 325
KNOWLEDGE Turned to Account — Advantage of—Its Attractiveness—a Largess of Beatitude — should be Comprehensive — Corrupted—of Christ—Discries only—(True), to Know Thyself—is Necessary — Superficial, of Necessity — Improperly Sought — Range of — First Step of—Subject to God—Superficial . . . 325-327

LABOUR, an Important Item in Agriculture—and Capital — Fruitful of a Thousand Blessings — Division of—Economy of—Necessary to Us — Its Reward — Value of. 327-329
LADY (The), of the Castle . 329
LAKE, Its Tranquillity . 3[illegible]
LANGUAGES, Characterized 330
LANGUAGE Ever Creative—Defined—Mutability of—a Living Original . 330, 331
LAST LOOK, Its Affecting Character 331
LAW, Exactions of—Fulfilling of—Importance of—Its Majesty—Man's Sole Guardian—(Preventive), Their Effects—(The) and the Gospel—and Gospel Reconciled—Known by Revelation—Sergeant of the—The Spiritual—Use of . . . 332, 333
LEARNING Subordinated—and Wealth: their Value—On the Advancement of—Distemper of—The Nobility Exhorted to . . 333, 334
LEGISLATION, Good Effects of 334
LEGISLATURE, Its Objects 334
LIBERALITY, Christian—a Term of Ambiguous Import 335
LIBERTY—a Sacred Cause—Wished Well of—Christian—is Moral Health—(Too much), Hurtful . . 335-337
LICENCE, Its True Meaning 337
LIFE—a Loved One—Of—Average Duration of—Its Changes—a Froward Child—The Christian—Its Narrow Circle—Prolonged by Civilization — Crumbles Away—

Domestic — Its Chain of Duties — in Earnest — All-absorbing—a Sacred Thing—the Burden of a Song—Spiritual — None Lost — Woman's—to be Honoured Holily — Intellectual — Circumscribed—Phases of—Belongs Solely to God—Decline of—Its True End—Commensurate with Use—Its Conditions — Contrasted Country—Evanescent--The Evening of—Experienced—and Fame—Its Utter Frailty—the Gift of God—Guarded by God—and Happiness of God—The Means to Attain a Happy—is Love—a Journey—The Lesson of—of Man—of the Old and the Young Mutually Misunderstood — a Parenthesis--Passing Away--Path of—A Preparation for—(Human), The Rapidity with which it Passes Away—Human—and Immortality—Its Real Prizes—Progress—A Prosperous One—The Quiet—Race for—(Acts of), Recorded—not Greater than its Reflex--A Righteous--Likened to the Seasons--The Praise of a Solitary — Solitary — Joys and Sorrows of—A Sorrowful One—The Source of—Stages of—Steals away Unheeded — None Live to Themselves--A True--When Undesirable—Right Use of—True Regulation of—Its Value — Compared to a Voyage — a Voyage — Our Walk to Heaven—a Woven Web — Comfort of a Well-spent—a Short Day, but Full of Work — (Love for), Increased by Years — Youthful 337-352

LIGHT—Its Adumbration—in Darkness—Divine—and Colour, Inseparable — in Building—Study the—Eternal—Intellectual—Origin of—Its Gentle Strength—(Absence of), in the Soul . 352-355

LIGHTS and Shadows . . 356

LIGHTNING, The Force of 356

LITERARY, Sociality of the Time of James I. . . 356

LITERATURE, Debased—of England—a Mere Step to Knowledge—a Great Social Link—Popular—Its Power—Study of . . . 357-359

LIVING to no End . . 359

LONDON after the Fire . 359

LONG-AGO 359

LORD OF MERCY (God), The 360

LORDS, Their Pride . . 360

LOSSES on Life's Road . 360

LOST (When Lost), Valued—(The), are Slaves for Ever . 360

LOVE—Adored—Air of—All in All—the Attribute of the Brave—the Attribute of the Young—Autumnal—Not to be Bought — the Child of Bliss and Woe — Compared to a Violet — Comparison — Comprehensive--Concentrated — Connubial — Consummate in the Birth—not to be Controlled—(Cosmopolitan), always Weak — Strong in Death — Devoted — Its Devotedness—Devotion in—Its Kindly Discernment — Disconsolate — Enraptured — Equality in—Its Fickleness—(Filial), and Duty—First—at First-sight—The Flight of—Forsaken—(The), of God—Grows not Old—Its Rich Healing—is the Heart of Art—Heavenly — History — Infatuation of—Its Influence—The Influence of—Intense—The Invincibility of--Legend of—is Light from Heaven—of the Lover—Man's Chief Wisdom—Message of—Messenger--and Mirth--Changes Natures — best Seen when most Needed — Not — Paramount—The Physical Cause of — Platonic — is Poesie — Power of—a Happy Privilege of Mind — the Happy Privilege of the Soul—Protestation of — Its Purity—Its Quivering Sympathy—will not Reason—Revives—Rules all—for Love's Self — Sensitive — Opposed to Sin—A Sister's—Spirit of a Bitter—Sweet Spirit of my—Unalterable—Unequal—Unheeded — Unrequited — Unselfish—Unsought—What is it--a Wild Woe--of Youth 360-377

LOVE-LETTERS . . 377

LOVELINESS needs no Adornment—Personified . 377

LOVER to his Beloved—His Coliloquy—Description of—His Intensity of Feeling—His Description of his Mistress—to his Mistress—Physicked—How Wedded—His Wretchedness . . 377-379

LOVERS, The—The Parting of 379, 380

LOWLINESS the Base of Virtue 379

LUCIFER Enthroned — His Mission—His Destiny . 380

LULLABY (A), of a Mother to her Child . . . 381

LUST AND PASSION our Worst Enemies . . . 381

LUST—Prayer Against — Its Wantonness . . . 381, 382

LUXURY, a Bane of Life—(Cup of), Darkens the Intellect—a Prevailing Vice . 382

LYING, not True Poetry—Procreative 382

MAD 382

MADNESS 382

MAGIC the Conception of the Vulgar 383

MAGNANIMITY a Mark of Greatness—of a Savage . 383

MAGNIFICENCE a Source of the Sublime . . . 383

MAJESTIC 384

MAMMON, The Home of . 384

MAN, Well Armed—(Bad), Unfitted for Service — His Origin—His Mission—Likened to a Bee—a Bubble—His Capacity Limited--Combined—the Consummation of Creation — Contrasts in — Covetous—His Culture—A Deceptive--(Dependence of), upon His Creator — when Depraved, Enhanced by Greatness — The Devout — Egotistical — A Fearful — Fickleness—Folly is Man's

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

Ruin — A Fortunate — (A Good), the Best Friend—Made for a Future State—A Good—The Recreant Spirit of—His Imperfection—His Relationship to God—Cause of His Fall—The Good—not Dependent on Good Fortune—The Honest—(Old), His Intellect Scandalized — Formed for Intelligence—(The Just), Fearless—(Just), Conduct of a—under Spiritual Law—His Misfortunes Incidental — Mistaken — the Great Mystery — His Ungoverned Nature—His Necessities — His Nobility — Proper Place in Creation—(Against a Rich), Despising Poverty — His Inventive Power — Seeks Praise—His Price—the Creature of Progress—A Reckless — Aided by Religion—A Reserved—in Retirement—(Wise), his Signs—Life Stages of—His State when Asleep—Natural State — in his Unconverted and Converted State — Unwitting — a Wise one — a Little World—The Worst 385-398
MAN'S AGENCY, Simple Elements of 385
MAN'S GREATNESS . . 390
MAN'S INSTINCTS on the Side of Immortality . . 391
MAN'S THOUGHTS, The Intimacy of 396
MAN'S WORKS and Nature's 397
MANHOOD (Opening), Charm in 398
MANNER, Ungracious . 398
MANNERS a Maintenance of Self-respect . . . 398
MARRIAGE, Circumspection —Harmonious — Lottery of —Pro and Con . . 398, 399
MARRIAGES, Few Happy . 399
MARRIED LIFE a Discipline 400
MARRIED STATE, Forbearance in 400
MARTYR, His Bravery — His Warfare—His Triumph —Unconquerable . 400, 401
MARTYRDOM . . . 401
MARTYRS for Conscience Sake 401
MAY—Day—Morning—Song to—Welcome to . . 401, 402
MECHANICS, Skill in . 403
MEDDLESOMENESS Punished 403
MEDDLING . . . 403
MEDITATION—the Foundation of Actions—Exhortation to — Fruits of — the Soul's Perspective Glass—the Life of the Soul—Obstacles to—a Rare Virtue . . 403-405
MEEK 405
MEEKNESS is Love at School 406
MELANCHOLY is not simply a Grave and Staid Deportment—Mood of—Varieties in 406
MELODIES 406
MELODIOUS . . . 406
MELODY, Its Influence—Sent from Heaven . . 407
MEMORY — Misplaced at Times—of the Good—of a Virtuous Man—Pains of—Extraordinary Power of—the Purveyor of Reason—Retrospective—Wafts Over Space—Tenacity of—Treacherous—a Warning Voice 407-409
MEN, Classification of—Conversion of—Difference in—would rather Seem than Be—(Great), their Simplicity—(The), of Old—Wrongfully Condemned . . . 409, 410
MERCHANT, His Occupation Respectable . . . 410
MERCIES, Catholicity of . 410
MERCIFUL 410
MERCY—Capacity of—Figurative Description of—The Divine—and Forgiveness for All—of God — God's — The Rainbow of—Resplendent—and Truth . . . 411, 412
MERIT—Human . . . 412
MESSAGES of God . . 412
MESSENGERS, God's . 412
METALS, Their Importance 412
METHOD, Advantage of . 413
MIDNIGHT, Season of Rest —Stillness of . . 413, 414
MIDSUMMER is as the Prime of Life . . . 414
MIGHTY (The), Pass Away 414
MILKMAID, A Fair and Happy 414
MILLENNIUM, The — Its Blessedness—(Pure), Good . 415
MILLER, His Stoutness . 415
MIND, The—A Contented—Content of—(Defective), our Intolerance to — A Good — Inconsiderate — Independence of—of Man—(A Noble), above Flattery—Its Divine Origin — Presence of — A Proud—Sound—Spirituality of—(Undevout), cannot be Happy — Lowly in Wisdom 415-418
MINDS (Creature), Fallible . 418
MINDEDNESS, Heavenly . 418
MINISTER, He is Careful in the Discreet Ordering of His own Family—The Christian — His Legacy — The Parish 418, 419
MINISTRY, A Learned . 419
MINUTE THINGS, The Uses of 419
MIRTH not Continual — Honest 420
MISANTHROPE . . 420
MISER, The—His Madness —The Term at times Misapplied—(Money), Love of —The Rich . . . 420, 421
MISERS, Their Madness . 421
MISERY—Final—Human . 421
MISFORTUNES, Conduct in 421
MISTAKE — How to Correct 421, 422
MISTRESS, Description of . 422
MOBS 422
MODERATION—in Controversy Governed by Age—in Eating and Drinking . . 422
MODEST 423
MODESTY Controls—False . 423
MOMENTS, Their Flight, how Silent 423
MONEY, Greatness of — Making—Test of . 423, 424
MONITORS 424
MONK, Description of . . 424
MOON, Her Gloss of Beauty —Her Deathless Brightness — Her Borrowed Light — Communicates Light—Her Peaceful Light—Her Silver

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

Light — All Lovely — The Pale Queen of Night—The Fair Regent of Night—The Revelation of Night--Beautifully Pale—Her Calm Placidity — Night's Regent — The Silver—The Pale Sister of the Sun—Like to a Fair Virgin 425-427
MOONBEAMS, Pervading influence of 427
MOONLIGHT, The Lover's 427
MOONLIGHT SCENE, A 427
MOONRISE . . . 427
MORALITY—is not Grace—Mere—None without Religion—Christ the Teacher of 428
MORALS, Christian . . 429
MORN—Cheers the Sight—Dawn of—Delights of—Eyelids of--Its Glory--The Light of Heaven—Orient—Its Radiances—Its Rise—Her Roseate Beauties—The Rosy-fingered—Her Rosy Steps—Sabbath 429-431
MORNING—Beauty and Poverty—A Bright—Breaking forth of — Well Commenced — Description of — Devotion: Health to the Body--Devotions--and Evening—brings Freshness and Joy—on her Throne of Gold —A Summer—Summer 431-433
MORTALITY—Its Ending—Pervades all . . . 434
MOTHER on the Death of her Blind Boy—The Death of the Young—Devotedness to — an Instrument in the Hand of God—Sorrow for Loss of—Her Love—My—The Widowed . . 434-437
MOTION an Emblem of Life —and Repose . . . 437
MOTIVE, Consummation of 438
MOTIVES, God Looks at—to Piety and Devotion . 438
MOUNTAINS Elevate the Mind 438
MOURNING, Salutariness of 438
MUNIFICENCE, Divine . 438
MUSIC Softens Cares — Enhanced in Silent Darkness—Designed to Prepare for Heaven--Influence of--Muse of—The Pleasures of—as a Recreation — Sad — in the Soul never Dies — Stealing Away—Its Sweetness . 438-441
MUSICAL 441
MYSTERIES Essential to Deity—Divine—Doctrinal—of Religion . . . 441, 442
MYSTERY the Food of Angels—of the Word of God . 442

NATION (A), Its Characteristic Indelibly Marked . . 442
NATURAL HISTORY — (Love of), Engenders Piety 442
NATURE, Calm of—Catholicity of—Ever Changing—Creative and Comprehensive —Comprehensive Study of—and God—the Effect of God — (Study of), Draweth to God — Influence of — Her Soothing Influence — Laws of—Permanency of her Laws —a Lesson to Us—Inspires Meditation — the Medicine of the Mind—(Method of), Mysterious — Seeks not Praise — Progressive — and Man's Ravages — Pleasing Reflections upon—Her Repleteness — Always Right—Rules of—hath God's Signature--Symbolic--Her Teachings — Its Teachings — Thoughts Akin to—Endless Variety in — Explored by Wisdom . . . 443-447
NECESSITY is in Ourselves 448
NEEDLEWORK, Ill-paid . 448
NEST, A Bird's — Modelled with Instinctive Care . . 448
NEWS (Love of), a Master Passion 449
NIGHT — To the — Serene Beauty of — in the Lone Churchyard—Still Darkness of — Enchantment of — Its Serene Influence—the Hour of Rest—Her Loveliness—of the Mind — Mystery of — Poetry of—Silent Presence of—Serenity of—The Song of — Deep-blue Space of — Stillness of — the Noon of Thought—Thoughts —Tranquillity of the—Likened to a Widow—World-jewelled 449-453
NIGHTINGALE—Its Song —As Touching her Song . 453
NOBILITY, True . . . 454
NOTHINGNESS Unbearable 454
NOVELTY, Pleasure in . 454
NOVEMBER, Approach of . 454

OATH, Definition of an . 456
OBEDIENCE — A Duty—Light of—Persevering . 456
OBJECT, A Beautiful . . 456
OBLIVION, Man's Fate here 456
OBSCURE 456
OBSCURITY—Wishes for—Its Uses 457
OBSERVANCES, External . 457
OBSERVATION . . . 457
OBSERVATIONS, General . 458
OBSTINACY doth not Hold Opinion, but You . . 458
OCCUPATION, Rural . . 459
OCCUPATIONS should be Suited to Men's Faculties . 458
OCEAN, The—Address to the —Bottom of—The Midnight —Sailing on the . . 460, 461
OLD 461
OMNIPRESENCE of God . 461
OMNISCIENCE . . . 462
OPINIONS, Arbitrary — Golden — (Arbitrary), their Vassalage—(Popular), sometimes Erroneous—Prejudice in—(Social), and Practice—and Thoughts of Things 462, 463
OPPORTUNITIES—(Lost), Sinfulness of . . . 463
OPPRESSOR, His Power . 464
ORATORIO, The . . . 464
ORCHESTRA, A Country . 464
ORDER, Variety in . . 465
ORNAMENT, Nature a True Guide in 465
OURSELVES, How Disappointing 465

PALACE, A Lover's Description of 465
PARADISE, Eve's Lament on her Expulsion from — Erroneous Impressions of 465, 466
PARDON of Sin . . . 466
PARENT, The Christian . 466
PARTING, A Sad Moment . 466
PARTNER, A Good . . 466
PASS 467
PASSING AWAY . . 467

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

PASSION, Very Figurative—Strong in Death—Gradual Growth of—in Life: Its Frequency—(The), Caused by the Sublime—Flowers of the Mind—(The), Ruling . 467, 468
PASSIONS, The—Controllable—Restrained by Reason 468
PAST, The—Regretted . 468, 469
PATIENCE—the Ballast of the Soul—Its Desirability—from Heaven—a Brilliant Jewel—Its Blessed Results—with Sinners—the Soul of Peace 469, 470
PATRIOT 470
PATRONS (Earthly), their Instability 470
PATTERN, A Good one Advantageous . . . 470
PEACE in Believing—Its Testimony a Good Conscience—on Earth—from Jesus Alone—Implies Reconciliation—the End of all Things 470, 471
PEACEABLE . . . 471
PEACEFUL—Home . . 471
PEASANT, An English . 471
PEDANT, A 472
PEDANTRY . . . 472
PEOPLE, Their True Liberty 472
PERFECTION, How to Attain—not the Cause of Beauty—Christian—More than Good Dispositions and Faculties—The Highest—Religious . . . 472, 473
PERSEVERANCE—Christian 473
PERFUME . . . 473, 474
PERSUASION, An Appeal to Feeling as well as to Reason Essential to . . . 474
PERVERSENESS, Human 474
PHILOSOPHY, Divine—Results in Faith—On the Study of Natural . . . 475
PHYSIC, Housewifery . . 475
PHYSICIAN, God the Only True 476
PHYSIOGNOMIST, His Power 476
PHYSIOGNOMY, The . 476
PIETY Buildeth up Humanity—(Real), Glorious in the Eyes of Man—Assumed and Real—Amongst the Poor—Practical—(Presence of), Restrains . . . 476, 477
PILGRIMS 477
PITY, Attributes of—is Fellow-feeling—(Want of), Horrible—A Touch of Nature—Soft-eyed 478
PINE 478
PLAGIARIST . . . 478
PLAIN 478
PLAY, Definition of . . 478
PLEASURE—from God—in Excess without Principle—Tranquil 479
PLEASURES and their Memories—of Memory—Unnumbered—End of Worldly 479
PLEASANT 479
PLEASING 480
PLUNGING, Its Rapture . 480
POEM, A Great . . . 480
POESIE Derived from God . 480
POET—His Attributes—His Catholicity—His Divinity—in Embryo—His Appreciative Faculty—His Chances of Immortality—How Influenced—(The), a Living Link—What Makes the—His Comprehensive Mind—His Nature—His Reproductive Power—and Saint . 481-484
POETS, Their Attribute is Love 484
POETRY not Strictly an Imitative Art—Benefits Resulting from—The Common Notion of—Its Engrossing Power—Everywhere—Exemplified in "Paradise Lost"—Its Faculty—Doth Guest a God—(Love of), among the Arabs—In Praise of—a Speaking Picture—a Thing of God—Ubiquitous . 484-487
POLITENESS . . . 487
POLITICS, Morality Indispensible to 487
POOR—and Content—Their Claims—Be Favourable to . 488
POPULAR GLORY, Its Coquetry 488
PORTRAIT, The . . . 488
POVERTY—Blames Fortune—when Blessed of God—Fight with—Varieties in 488, 489
POWER, Desire of—gives Temptation—True . . 489
PRAISE and Blame—Its Disinterestedness—Genuine—Its Lightness—The Most Perfect . . . 489, 490
PRAYER—Allurements to—is being Alone with God—Amiss—Antagonist to Anger—Cheerfulness in—for a Little Child—is Communion with God—Consolation in—Its Effects—Efficacy of—Ejaculatory—Continually Heard—Must be from the Heart—in the Household—Indeed—Inspired of God—Intercessory—The Lord's—and Meditation—and Praise—How a Man is said to "Pray Continually"—Private—Its Sequence—Short—Sincere—Sincerity in—Spirit of—is the Peace of our Spirit—First Step in—a Supernatural Work—Time for—True—Wandering Thoughts in 490-498
PREACHER (A Poor), but Good 473
PREACHER, The—Not to be Criticised—His Solemn Duties—Requisites of—A Truly Reverend . . . 498
PREACHERS, Different—and Preaching . . . 499
PREACHING—Fervency in—Deep Joy in—of the Preacher—and Prayer 500, 501
PRECIOUS 501
PREJUDICES—National . 501
PRICE, The Real . . . 501
PRIDE—and Choler—Its Fearful Price—Supplies a Stimulus to Exertion—Hated of God—of Grace—Pervading Influence of—Intellectual—and Obstinacy—of Privileges—a Great Enemy to Reason—is Full of Self—a Reigning Sin 501-504
PRIEST, His Thraldom . 504
PRIESTS, Their Avarice . 504
PRIESTCRAFT Disregarded of the Soul . . . 505
PRIESTHOOD, Its Craft and Guilt 505
PRINCES, Proper Conduct of 505
PRISONS of Two Kinds . 506
PROBABILITY the Guide of Life 506

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

PROCRASTINATION . 506
PRODIGAL'S (The), Return to Home 506
PROFESSION—Idle—and Practice 507
PROGRESS Changes Ideas—in Grace—of the Nation—Spiritual—Success . 507, 508
PROMISE of God, Effectual—Unperformed . . . 508
PROPERTY, Ill-adjusted—Original Grant of . . 508
PROPHECY 509
PROPORTION, True . . 509
PROTESTANTISM no New Idea 509
PROUD 509
PROVIDENCE—God's—a Guide—Method of Hidden—(Wise), Ordering in Nature 509, 510
PRUDENCE—Christian—sometimes Craft . . . 510
PSALMS, The . . . 510
PULPIT a great Armoury to the People 510
PUNCTUALITY—Essential—Superciliously so . . 511
PUNISHMENT, Prevention rather than 511
PURITY—Heart . . . 511
PURSUIT, The Right . . 511
PURSUITS, Choice in . . 512

QUACK, A 512
QUAKERS' MEETING, A 512
QUARRELS, Declining Needless 514
QUIETNESS, Undisturbed . 514

RAGE, Essentially Vulgar . 514
RAIN, Genial . . . 514
RAINBOW, The . . . 514
RANK (Diversity of), in the Church—Its Value . . 515
READING—Art of—Danger of, in the Sixteenth Century—Desultory—Directions for—Method in—and Reflection 516, 517
REASON Requires Culture—to be Distinguished—and Faith—The Feast of—Never Opposed to itself—Prejudice Against — Presumption of Human--Leads to Religion's Palace--Privilege of—a Rudder—in Ruling—Standard of—A Woman's . . 517-519
REASONING Impossible without Thought . . . 519
REBELLION—Its Wickedness 519, 520
REBUKES 520
RECKLESSNESS as to Spiritual Safety . . . 520
RECOGNITION of each other by the Blessed . . 520
RECONCILIATION, The . 521
RECREATION Allowable—Within Bounds—Honest . 521
REDEMPTION Clustering from the Cross—the Consummation of Love . 521, 522
REFLECTION upon Life's Doings 522
REGENERATION, Proof of 522
RELIGION, No Artifice in—Attributes of—the Basis of Society — Opposed to the Carnal Mind—should be our Chief Care—(Christian and Mediæval), Ill-used—Coldness in—Treated with Contumely—Teaches how to Die—Be Diligent in Promoting—Deserves Examination—Taught by Example--Family—a Source of Happiness—(Real), Commands Homage—Influence of—Jesting in—is Love—Its Great Object—Its Peacefulness--of Pleasure—Influence of Poetry on—Private and Public—Reality of—Its Refinement—a Perfect Rule of Life—Simplicity of—an Inward and Spiritual Holiness—Substantials of—Includes all Things—Beautiful in Trial—Weakness in 522-528
RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES Paramount 528
REMEMBRANCE — A — Proper Use of . . 529, 530
REMORSE 530
REPENTANCE Acceptable to God—Changeth Doom—is Condemnation of Self—Death-bed—Why Delayed—Devil's Policy Against—Known by its Fruits—Return to our Heavenly Father—Neglect of—Must be Now—Now—Real—(True), is Sin Forsaken — A Vital Grace 530-532
REPORT, False . . . 532
REPROOF — the Hardest Part of Friendship . 532, 533
RESIGNATION—in Death—to God's Will—(Christian), under Reproach . . 533, 534
RESISTANCE Effectual . 534
RESOLUTIONS, Sudden . 534
RESPIRATION in Agreement with the Vigour of Life 534
RESPONSIBILITY--Actual—of an Agent . . . 535
RESURRECTION--Assured 536
RETIREMENT, Its True Repose 536
RETRIBUTION . . . 536
RETROSPECT--The Present and the Time to Come 536, 537
REVELATION, Claim of—Value of 537
REVENGE, Cruelty of—A Good—Malignancy of—Our Proneness to . . . 537
REVOLUTION, The First French 538
REWARDS, Future . . 538
RICH AND POOR, Their Distinctive Bases . . 538
RICH, Danger of Hasting to be—Truly so . . . 538
RICHES the Baggage of Virtue—not to be Basely Sought—Consist in the Welfare of Society—Safe Growth of—The Idol of—Make to Themselves Wings—Sweetness of—Uneasiness of . . 539, 540
RIDICULE Begot of Pride . 540
RIGHTEOUS, Their Ultimate Reward . . . 540
RIGHTEOUSNESS, Danger of Self 541
RING, To a Lost . . . 541
RITUAL, Sacredness of the English 541
RIVULET, Wanton and Wild 541
ROBIN, Invitation to the . 542
ROCK OF AGES . . . 542
ROMAN CATHOLICISM . 542

SABBATH, Consolation in—Evening—Blessed Influence of—Morning—a High Necessity—to be Observed—it Passeth Away—a Preparation for Heaven—Rainbow

of the—Seemingly Affects Nature—(Well-kept), a Token of our Sincerity—the Summer of the Soul . 542-544
SACRED—Literature . . 544
SACRIFICE Essentially Fire 545
SACRIFICES, Vain . . 545
SAD 545
SADNESS, Its Characteristic—Sweetness of . . . 546
SAINTS 546
SALVATION, Whence . 546
SANCTIFICATION Begins in the Understanding . . 546
SATAN, His Comparative Power—His Doom—His Immortality—The Imperfection of All—The Prince of the World—His Temptations—The Tempter of Life—His Work 546, 547
SATIRE, Prudence in . . 547
SATIRIST, A . . . 547
SAVIOUR, The All in All . 547
SCANDAL 547
SCATTER 547
SCENERY, Beauty of . . 548
SCEPTIC is not a Subject for Argument 548
SCEPTICAL Tendencies of the Day, Rebuked . . 548
SCEPTICS—How Men become 548
SCHOLAR, The . . . 548
SCHOOL (The), of God and of Nature 549
SCHOOLMASTER—a Gentle 549
SCIENCE, Material Benefits of—and Induction—Infancy of 549, 550
SCIENCES (Natural), lead to a Higher Region—Their Legitimate End . . 549, 550
SCREEN of Trees . . 550
SCRIPTURE the only Certainty—Fruitfulness of—The Light of the World—Ignorantly Objected to—The Self-evidencing Power of—How Understood . 550-552
SCRIPTURES, Consequence of Disbelief in—Interpretation and Application of—our Light—Properties of the Holy—(The), a Spiritual Telescope—Truth of its own Witness—Value of the 552, 553
SEA, The—Appearance of the—(The), in Calm . . 553, 554
SEASONS, Succession of . 554
SECRET 553
SECTARIANISM Baseless . 548
SECURITY (Soul's), In what it Consists—False—Unthinking 554, 555
SELF-ABASEMENT . . 555
SELF, All of All—Never Known . . . 555, 556
SELF-CONCEIT . . . 555
SELF-CONFIDENCE the Badge of Ignorance . . 555
SELF-EXAMINATION—Thoroughness of . . . 555
SELF-KNOWLEDGE—and Appreciation . . 555, 556
SELF-LOVE 556
SELF-MISTRUST . . 556
SELF-PRESERVATION—The Passions which belong to 556
SELF-RENUNCIATION . 556
SELF-SUSTAINING . . 556
SENSE, Plain—of Things 556, 557
SENSES, Gratification of . 557
SENTIMENT (Moral), Intuition of 557
SEPARATION, Bitterness of—from Worldly Men . . 557
SERENE 557
SERIOUSNESS, Reasons for 558
SERMON, The Best . . 558
SERMONS, Truthful—Should be Preached in our Lives . 558
SERVANT, The Way to have a Good 558
SERVANTS to be Guided . 558
SERVICE, Disinterested—Disinterested and Obedient 558
SERVITUDE . . . 558
SHAKE 558
SHAKESPEARE, On . . 558
SHAME a Feeling of Profanation 558
SHARP 559
SHED 559
SHOE, The Little . . . 559
SHOES, Baby's . . . 559
SHORT 560
SHUN 560
SICKNESS, An Early Old Age—Uses of . . . 560
SIGHT of the Mind—and Sound 561
SIGNS of Coming Woe . . 561
SILENCE—and Darkness, Twins—The Hush of Nature—The Voice of God . 561
SILENT 561
SIN, Confession of—Contrary to God—The Deceitfulness of—Death its Due—Death unto—Effects of—Error at the Root of—Fear of—Forgiveness of—Tends to Hell—Tends Hell-ward—Indulged in—Inherent—not Weakened by Old Age—Its Origin Ignorance—Presumptuous—Progress of—a Subtle Poison—(Secret), Unmasked—and Shame, Inseparable—Its Strength—not Temporary 562-564
SINS, We cannot Cleanse away—to be Deeply Felt—and Repentance—Small . 565
SINCERE 565
SINCERITY a Test of Spirituality 565
SING 565
SINK 565
SINNER, Accursed—The 565, 566
SINNING, Natural Consequence of 566
SKY, Varities in . . . 566
SLANDER, A Rough Brake 566
SLANDERER, His Banefulness 566
SLAVE, On Power's Statue of the Greek 566
SLEEP—Balm of the Weary—The Child of Silence—Its Sacredness—The Twinkling of Oblivion . . . 566, 567
SLOWLY 567
SLOW THINGS have Best Perfection 567
SLUMBER 567
SMILE—A Babe's—as a Cover—Its Influence . . . 567
SMOOTH 567
SOCIETY in Error . . 568
SOILS (Rich), Intellectually Speaking 568
SOLDIER-BOY, The . . 568
SOLDIER, His Vow . . 568
SOLDIERS should be Men of Honour 568
SOLEMN 569
SOLITARY 569
SOLITUDE, Love of—Sacred—Sins of 569
SON, Admonition to a . . 569

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

SONS, The Three . . . 570
SONG, Mother and Son of . 571
SONGS, Old 571
SOOTHE 571
SORROW, The Deepest—and Heart—A Mighty—An Old Man's—Lets in Light . 571
SORROWS, Effects of . . 572
SOUL, The—(The), a Building of God—Its Capacity—Its Commerce with the Sky—Vastness of its Desires—Developed of God—Enjoyments of the—all Eye and Ear—(Every Man's), his own—and God—Its Tendency to God—Its Grandeur—Health of Present—Hungering of—Felt to be Immortal—The Inspiration of God—Translated at Last—Losers of—of Man—O'er-roofing Infinity—(The), Its Omnipotence of Thought—The Poet's—Prophet of—(The Queenly), Its Longings—The Regenerated—a Slave to Sin—Storehouse of—Sublimity of its Salvation—Its Tendency—The Unholy 572-577
SOUL'S ERRAND . . 577
SOULS Must Serve . . 577
SOUND—and Loudness 577, 578
SOUNDS, The Beautiful in—Simple 578
SPACE, The Compass of Life—Full of God . . . 579
SPANGLED 579
SPARKLE 579
SPEAKING CLEARLY . 579
SPEAKING, Roundabout Mode of 579
SPECULATION, Away with—Modestly put Forth . 579
SPECULATIONS, Abstruse—Vain 580
SPEECH, Definition of—of the Heart—Its Object—Serenity in—and Silence, Contrasted 580
SPEEDY 580
SPHERES, Music of the . 580
SPIRIT of God—The Holy—Power in—The Sense-compelling 581
SPIRITS, Their Non-interference 581
SPIRITUAL and Temporal Blessings—Mindedness—Natures—Reclamation 581, 582
SPLENDID 582
SPORT should not be a Pastime 582
SPOTLESS 582
SPRING—Approach of—The Coming—Description of—Returns not to Man—Opening of—Compared to Youth 583, 584
SPRINGS, Pollution of . 584
STAND 585
STAR, Address to the—of the East—of the Evening—in its Loneliness and Loveliness—(The), Named Lucifer—The Pole 585, 586
STARS, The—To the—Their Beauty—Their Beauty Begetteth Sadness—The Stepping-stones to Heaven—Their Number—Ancient Teachers . . . 586, 587
START 587
STARTLE 587
STATE, Learn to be Content therewith 587
STATESMAN, His Principles 587
STEADFAST . . . 588
STEADFASTNESS in God—the Characteristic of the Wise 588
STEADY 588
STEAL 588
STEAM, Its Effects on England—Its Powers . 588, 589
STEAM-ENGINES—Summary of 590
STERN 590
STILL 590
STORM—Its Murky Confusion—Passing Away—in Winter 591
STRONG 592
STRUGGLE 592
STUDENT, A Modest Title 592
STUDENTS, Their Place . 592
STUDIES Make Amends . 592
STUDY of the Scriptures—Time for 593
STYLE, Ancient . . . 593
SUBLIME, Of the . . 593
SUBMISSION TO GOD . 593
SUDDENNESS, Power of . 594
SUFFERING, On—Reward in 594
SUMMER, Approach of—Moon—Morning—Rain, Invocation to—The Season of 594, 595
SUN, His Beneficence—Creation of—God's Crest—The World's Bright Eye—His Floods of Light—Its Light and Heat—Lord of Light—The Imperial Lord of Light—Morning—(Mild), yet Majestic—How Named—Welcomed of Nature—The Officer of Day—His Regal Power—Vital Power of—Rising—His Sole Dominion—Source of Day—Symbol of Youth 596-598
SUNBEAM, The—Its Mission 598, 599
SUNFLOWER, The . . 599
SUNRISE, Glories of—on Mount Etna . . 599, 600
SUNSET—Its Glories—Glory of 600
SUPERNATURAL, Thought of the 601
SUPERSTITION, Remedy Against—is the Reproach of God—Various Forms of . 601
SUPPER, The Lord's—(The Lord's), a Holy Rite—(The Lord's), a Means of Grace . 601
SURE 602
SUSCEPTIBILITY . . 602
SWEARING 602
SYCOPHANT . . . 602
SYMPATHY—Awakened by Love—at Times a Bitter Sweet—Craving for—a Wondrous Dower—The Effects of—Its Nature—Symbolized Want of—Woven into us 602-604
SYSTEM, Celestial—Essential 604

TALENTS, Abused—Distribution of—(Perverted), Ruinous—The True Use of . . 605
TALKER, A 606
TASTE—and Genius, Analogous—Its Happy Result—Is Morality—A Refined—and Smell—A Worldly 606-608
TAXES, Self-imposed . . 608
TEAR, On a—of Anguish—of Humanity—of Love—of Pity—of Sensibility—of Sorrow—Sympathetic . 608, 609

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

TEARS for the Beauteous Dead—Enhance Beauty—Chaste—Dew-like—Dew-like Appearance of—as Diamonds Bright—Distilled to Dew—Likened to Dew of April—Likened to Dew—Likened to Morning Dews—Living Dews—Expiatory—Come of Feeling—Feelings Embodied Form—Flowing of—Pearled Dew—Pellucid Dews—Weeping Dew—of Gratitude—The Effect of Grief—Grief's Mourning Livery—Gushing—Heart-wrung—Heighten Loveliness—Loveliness in—of Mercy—Parental—Likened to Chains of Pearls—Like Liquid Pearls—Like to Orient Pearls—Likened to Strung Pearls—Pearls of Pity—Pearly Drops—of Penitence—of Pity—Likened to Rain-drops—of Repentance—Repentant—Repressed—Rhetoric of—Rivulets of—Likened to Dew on Roses—of Sorrow—Dew of the Soul—Trembling of—Their Trembling Radiance—Unsullied—Woman's Wealth 609-612
TEETH, Their Beauty . . 612
TEMPER, The Right Christian—Infirmity of—(Good), a Sort of Velvetness of Mind 612
TEMPERANCE 613
TEMPEST—Horrors of . 613
TEMPLE (The), in Ruins . 613
TEMPTATION of the Evil One—Its Fascinating Delusion—Overwhelming—Resisted—Undoing of Self—Yielding to, and Triumphing over 614
TEMPTATIONS, Poverty and Wealth 615
TEMPTER, His Wiles. . 615
TENDER 615
TERROR Paralyzes the Mind 615
TETRASTIC, A . . . 616
THANKSGIVING . . 616
THINGS, Inevitable—Little—Rated as they Exist—Necessary to be Continually had in Remembrance by a Judge—(Small), Great 616, 617
THIRST, Agony of . . 617
THOUGHT, The Four Ages of—Our Dignity—Begins in Feeling—Invisible Steps of—Man made for—a Momentary Meteor of the Mind—A Poet's—Eagle-headed Sceptre of the Soul—An Unhappy—Want of . 617, 618
THOUGHTS, Our—and their Voluminous Beings—Deep—and Feelings—First and Last—on a Well-spent Life—Sad—Suggested by Original Men 618, 619
THOUGHTLESSNESS—in Youth 620
THRIFT, The Ladder to . 620
TIME—To—Curative—Well Disposed—Division of—is Divisional—Economy of—Its Effects—End of—and Eternity—Fragments of—Its Flight—Gone—Good or Bad as we use it—Good Use of—Its Hands—All-important—the Judge—is Measured Duration—Eastern Method of Measuring—Misspent—(Misspent), No Recompense for—Past and Present—Personified—The Probationer—Its Certain Progress—Its Ravages—Redeeming the—No Restitution for—Never Returns—Half-revealed—His Iron Sceptre—Gained from Time—Its Tooth—Its Trilogy—Goes by Turns—Intense Value of—Wasted . . . 621-627
TIME'S WHEEL . . 627
TOMBS, Living . . . 627
TONGUE, Regulation of the 627
TONGUES, The Gift of . 627
TOWNS, Influence of . . 627
TRACELESS . . . 627
TRADE, an Estate—Fluctuation of—and Manufactures—The Plant of Peace . 627, 628
TRAFFIC, No Heroism in . 628
TRAGEDY, Impressiveness of 629
TRAITOR, Despicable . . 629
TRANQUIL 629
TRANSFORMATION OF INSECTS 629
TRAVEL, Advantages of . 629
TRAVELLER, His Longing 629
TRAVELLING in England a Century ago—on the American Prairies . . . 630
TREASURE, Heavenly . 631
TREASURES, Household . 631
TREES Characterised—The Foliage of—Their Growth and Age—Tongues in . 631, 632
TRIAL, Its Tests . . . 632
TRICKLE 632
TRIFLES (Attention to), Tend to Perfection—Importance of—Their Importance 632, 633
TRINITY, The—Mystery of 633
TROUBLE, Preparation for 633
TROUBLES, Beneficial . 634
TRUE—Dare to be . . 634
TRUISM, Definition of . 634
TRUST IN GOD . . 635
TRUTH—from Christ—Common to all Alike—our Main Concern—Contended for—Weak Defenders of—Discovery of—an Imperative Duty—Its Effect on the Soul—and Error—Essential—Stranger than Fiction—God the Fountain of—God's—The only Great man—Is Heaven—Early Inductions of—Joined to the Love of Virtue—Not to be Judged Outwardly—Effects of the Love of—Loved as well as Sought after—Not of Man—Perverted—Its Power—The Power of—Preparation for—Spread of—Studying—Its Sublimity—Best Support—No Trifling with—Unchangeable—Vantage Ground of—World-eyed . . . 635-638
TRUTHS (Religious), Read in God's Light only . . 639
TUTOR, His Vocation . . 639
TWILIGHT, The Golden Vista—of the Heart—Picture of 639, 640
TYRANNY, Unreasoning . 640
TYRANT, In Terrors . . 640

UGLINESS the Opposite to Beauty 640
UGLY 640
UNBELIEF is Distrust of God—Always Errs—Folly

of — the Occasion of all Sin 640, 641
UNCERTAINTY. . . 641
UNCULTIVATED Ground Contrasted 641
UNFORTUNATE, Her Awful End 641
UNITY in the Bond of Peace —is Brotherly Love — and Vastness 642
UNIVERSE, God's — Its Author and Redeemer . 643
UNMOVED 643
UNREST 643
UNSTABLE. . . . 643
UNTRUTH a Cursed Vice . 643
UPRIGHTNESS, Magnanimity of 643
USEFULNESS . . . 644
USURERS, Fullest of Cares 644

VAIN GLORY, Weakness of 644
VALOUR of a Just Man—Objects of 644
VANITY, All is—the Canker of Religion—(All is), save Truth—of Vanities—of Weak Minds—Worldly . . 644, 645
VARIETY, Prayer . . 645
VEGETATION, Irrepressible—a Portraiture of the Divine Mind — Progressive—Wonders of . . . 645, 646
VENUS, The Star . . 646
VARIATION, Gradual — is Beauty . . . 646, 647
VARIETY in Circumstances 647
VARY 647
VAST 647
VASTNESS, A Powerful Cause of the Sublime . . 647
VERACITY, English . . 648
VERNAL Equinox . . 648
VICE, Deceptiveness of — Evils of—Always Perturbing —or Virtue of a Nation seen in its Art . . . 648, 649
VICES, When Apparent . 649
VICISSITUDE, Beauty in . 649
VIEWS, Imperfection of our 649
VIOLET, To an Early . . 649
VIRTUE sometimes Born of Adversity — Her Acts Approved—Blissful—Comely—Dignifies — an Atmosphere Pure and Ethereal—Ignorant Denial of—Incredulity to—Patched with Sin—Pursuit of—Its Repellant Strength—Shades of — Sole Survives Immortal—Tends Towards Another Life — a Toilsome Way — Trial of — Greater than Wealth, &c.—in Woman 649-651
VIRTUES, Union of Christian —Wrong Placed—Practical 651
VIRTUOUS 652
VISITORS, Insipid . . 652
VISITS not Desirable . . 652
VITAL PRINCIPLE, The . 652
VOICE, Distinctive—of God —Musical — A Rainbow of Sweet Sounds . . 652, 653

WAGES OF SIN. . . 653
WAITING, Phases of . . 653
WANDERING, Cure of . 653
WANTON 654
WANTS, How Few—Simplicity in 654
WAR, Conclusive of all Crime — Defences, their Folly — Defined — Description of—The Fearful Game of—Its Fearful Need—Its Injustice —Money Wasted in—Primitive—of all Bad Things the Worst 654-656
WARFARE of our Life . 656
WARNING, Neglected . 656
WARRIOR, Description of a 657
WARRIORS 657
WATCH 657
WATCHFUL . . . 657
WATCHFULNESS Necessary to Holiness . . . 657
WATER, The—The Poetry of Nature — Its Untold Value 657, 658
WAY, God's 659
WEALTH, Folly of Accumulating—Diffusion of—Evanescence of—is Vanity . . 659
WEATHER, Predications of 660
WEEPING for Joy — and Prayer 660
WELCOME 661
WIFE, Honour to . . . 661
WILD 661
WILL, Earnest—Great Value of 662
WIND, Caprices of — The Midnight 662
WINDS, The . . . 662
WINDOWS and Passages in the Olden Times . . . 663
WINE, Bright Wine—in Excess—Praise of . . . 663
WINTER of Adversity—The Approach of—Bitterness of —Its Cold Repose—Gloomy — Its Joys — Likened to Man's Life—Love of . 663-665
WISDOM, Divine—from God — A Lofty Angel Fair — Dwells on High—Too Late —Fits Man to Converse with Purer Powers — in Men — Practical—Progressive—Two Sorts of—Likened to the Sun —Its Thoughtful Sympathy — True — and Genius, Humility of — and Integrity— and Science . . . 665-667
WISH—Simple . . . 667
WISHES, Protracted . . 667
WIT—Like Salt—Not to be Suppressed — Unhappy — What is . . . 667, 668
WITS, Great 668
WITCH, Picture of a . . 668
WITHER 669
WITTY 669
WOE OF WOMAN . . 669
WOMAN, Her Beauty—Her Marvellous Beauty — The Receptacle of all Beauty—True Beauty in—Her Destiny — Her Devotedness — Her Love and Loveliness— a Ministering Angel—Her Native Modesty—Her Appropriate Qualities—Her Matchless Virtues — A Virtuous — Looks for Worth in Men 669-671
WOMAN'S NATURE Confiding 671
WOMAN'S VOICE . . 671
WOMEN, Their Inherent Love—How Won . . 672
WONDERLAND . . 672
WORD, Value of a . . 672
WORDS (Few), Generally Effective — Their Copious Meaning — are like Leaves —Their Value—The Motes of Thought . . . 672, 673
WORK, God's Blessing on—Healthiness of—for Heaven —of Time never Erased . 673
WORLD, Farewell to — A

Creation of Love—(The), a Stage—Vanity of the . 673, 674
WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS 674
WORSHIP — Domestic — A Hymn for Family . 674, 675
WORTH, Personal—Sterling—How to Value . . . 676
WRECK, A Scene of Frenzy and Distress . . . 676
WRONG, Its Tuition . . 676
YEAR (Midnight), of the Dying—The Inquisition of the—The Revolving . 676-678
YEARS, Traiterous . . 678
YEOMAN, Description of . 678
YES, A Lady's . . . 679
YOUNG, Maxims for the . 679
YOUNG MEN (Fast), their Conversation . . . 679
YOUTH, Aspirations of—Its Happy Attributes—is like our First Cogitation—Flush of—Speech on being Taunted with — The Spring of Life 679, 680
YOUTH AND AGE — Like Leaves . . . 680, 681

ZEAL, Blind — A Confirmed Belief—Be not Mistaken—Necessity of . . . 681

TREASURY OF THOUGHT.

We should manage our thoughts as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, that every one may reflect a part of its colour and brightness on the next. S. T. Coleridge.

ACTION—attendant on Thought.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. *Shakespeare.*

ACTIONS—The Best Portion of Life.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts,
Of kindness and of love. *Wordsworth.*

ACTIONS (Just)—better than Words.

How do you know what you have done, or are doing? That 's just what we have all got to know, and what we shall never know, until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to have understood that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer." *Ruskin.*

ACTION—Call to.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
And is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a show'r of gold?
'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty: not when all unroll'd,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bow'rs,
Lest the lost years should haunt thee on the night,
When death is waiting for thy number'd hours,
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earthly charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addrest:
Do something, do it soon—with all thy might!
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due. *Wilcox.*

ACTION—Chiefest Object.

The chiefest action for a man of spirit,
Is never to be out of action; we should think
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces,
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of that profession; out of which
Arise and spring up honour. *Webster.*

ACTIONS—Durability of Good.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.
Shirley.

ACTIONS—Good.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting days;
Who well deserves needs not another's praise.
Heath.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us. *Shirley.*

ACTIONS—Immortal.

Good deeds immortal are—they cannot die.
Unscathed by envious blight, or withering frost,
They live, and bud, and bloom; and men partake
Still of their freshness, and are strong thereby.
He who, inspired by charity and love,
Such deeds hath wrought—and for the Saviour's sake,
Hath endless glory in the realms above.
Aytoun.

Whate'er is sown in love—the lowliest deeds
Shall bloom and be a flower in Paradise,
Yet springs not often from that precious seed,
Harvest so prompt as this before our eyes.
French.

ACTION—Means of.

All the means of action—the shapeless masses—the materials, lie everywhere about us; what we need, is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear. *Longfellow.*

ACTIONS—Meritorious, yet Modest.

As the poet Prior was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shown the victories of Louis, painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations,—"The monuments," said he, "of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house."

ACTIONS—Method in.

We should practise all things at two several times, the one when the mind is best disposed, the other when it is worst disposed; that by the one you may gain a great step; by the other you may work out the knots and stonds of the mind. *Bacon.*

ACTION—Its Motive.

The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half-a-crown to a beggar, with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me the action is very wrong. So religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, "Verily they have their reward." *Dr. Johnson.*

ACTION—Result of Thought.

Our best light must be made life, and our best thought, action. *S. Smiles.*

ACTION—a Seed of Joy.

Every gracious action is a seed of joy, and every sinful action the seed of anguish and sorrow to the soul that soweth it. *Flavel.*

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. *Moir.*

What I have done is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness; but what God hath done for me is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory. *Bishop Hall.*

ACTIONS—Well-considered.

It was an excellent rule which Marcus Antonius prescribed to himself in his private meditations: "Manage," says he, "all your actions and thoughts in such a manner, as if you were just going out of the world."

ADVERSITY.

Is the storm raging around us? Is our bark tossed by the tempest? Let us not, like helpless children, look only to the storm. Let us not give ourselves over to despair, expecting that the next blast will overset us, the next billow sink us. We did not make the bark; we cannot steer it; we cannot save it. Let us then, with the wisdom of Christian sailors on the sea of life, be regardless of the storm, while all our attention is rivetted on the Pilot. Him let us watch; Him let us obey; in Him let us put all our trust and confidence. He will, if it pleaseth Him, say to the hollow waves of this troubled world, "Peace, be still!" Or, if not, He will impart to us strength and encouragement to ride the storm in safety. . . . "I will not leave you comfortless," was His promise, when He was about to deprive His disciples of the support which they derived from His immediate presence. And the same Spirit, who, in the fulfilment of this promise, dwelt so plenteously in the disciples of old, is dwelling also in us, if we have not driven Him from our hearts.

Girdlestone.

A wise and virtuous man when in adversity, may, like a dark lanthorn in the night, seem dull and dark to those who are about him; but within, he is full of light and brightness; and when he chooses to open the door, he can show it. *Feltham.*

ADVERSITY—An Experience.

Who has not known ill fortune never knew
Himself, or his own virtue.

Mallet and Thomson.

Adversity is Fortitude, which in Morals is the more Heroical vertue. *Prosperity* is the Blessing of the Old Testament; *Adversity* is the Blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater Benediction, and the Clearer Revelation of God's Favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to *David's* harpe, you shall heare as many Herse-like ayres as Carols; and the Pencill of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the Afflictions of *Job* than the Felicities of *Solomon*. *Prosperity* is not without many Feares and Distastes; and *Adversity* is not without Comforts and Hopes. Wee see in Needle-workes and Imbroideries, it is more pleasing to have a Lively Worke upon a Sad and Solemne Ground, than to have a Darke and Melancholy Worke upon a Lightsome Ground: judge, therefore, of the Pleasure of the Heart by the Pleasure of the Eye. *Bacon.*

ADVERSITY—Its History.

Scripture history (which has a didactic intent throughout) is one continuous detail of misfortune and success, trouble and consolation;—the narrative, for instance, of the pilgrimage of the Israelites, universally acknowledged to be typical of the way of regeneration. In this, every one is beset by hindrances and temptations, which, though sorely oppressive while they last, nevertheless give place in turn to triumph. The hunger and thirst, and bitter streams, all show what must be anticipated, but no less so the supply of food, and the sweetening of the waters. It is a happy thing for a man to feel famished, and that the waters are bitter, for it is the sign of an amending nature, and leads him to cry to God for help. If we are not often so impelled, it is a proof that we are but little advanced upon our journey. There can be no virtue or gladness without trial and suffering in the first place. There is no buying corn of Joseph till there has been a famine in the land; nor can any man know what are the green pastures and the still waters, till he has been in the valley of the shadow of death. God cannot lead him thither till he has felt how weak he is in himself. Until this experience shall have been gone through, they are a mere mirage of the imagination. "It must needs be that the Son of Man suffer before He enter into His glory." In its aptitude for grievances, temptations, and perplexities, conjoined with its free-will, the spirit of man is constituted in the very best manner possible for urging him on towards heaven. Though they are painful to him, they are privileges. That was a deep insight into the economy of Providence which saw that

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Had Flavius Bœthius never been imprisoned by Theodoric, he had never written his "Consolations of Philosophy." To a prison, also, we owe "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Grindon.

ADVICE—as to Guidance of a Family.

Beloved Sonne,—The many religious and moral vertues inherent in your matchles mother, vnder the wings of whose prudent and godly gouernment your infancy hath bin trayned and guided up; together with your education vnder so zealous and learned a tutor, put mee rather in assurance than hope . . . that you are not ignorãt of that summary bond, whereby you stand obliged to your Creator and Redeemer which is onely able to make you happie, both here and hereafter, in life and death: In mentioning whereof, I meane not onely a bare and hystorical knowledg, but with a reall and practical vse adioyned, without which, though with a seemely assumption you could expresse to the worlde in a former habite and living portrayture, all Aristotle's morall vertues and walke, that whole booke in life and action, yet are you but a vaine and wretched creature, the fayrest outside of the miserablest inside, that ever was concealed by tombe or shadowing: And although I nothing doubt your youth being guided and your green vessell seasoned by such wholesome documents and instructions derived from so all-sufficient teachers, that you are vnfurnished of such needful helps as may be furtherers to your life and conversatiō, yet that I may the better retaine and expresse the zealous affection, beseeming a father to his sonne, or that you should be forced to derive your study and advice, rather from the rule of strangers than from him from whom you are produced . . . experience and observation than by much reading or studie . . . to the ende that you entring into this exhorbitant and intangling world, may be better furnished to auoide these harmefull courses; whereinto these dangerous times and your inexperience may easilie insnare you. . . . And thus they follow.

1. When it shall please God to bring you into man's estate, use great proudence and circūspection in choyce of your wife, as the roote from whence may spring most of your future good or euill. For it is in the choyce of a wife, as in a project of warre, wherein to erre but once, is to be undone for ever. And therefore be well advised before you conclude ought herein; for though your errour may teach you witte, it is vncertaine whether you shall ever finde time to practise it. . . . Well consider your estate, which, if you finde firm and settled, match neere home and with deliberation: but if otherwise, crazie and rented, then farre off and with quicke expedition. . . . Let her not be poore, how generous soever. . . . Because a man can buy nothing in the market without money. . . . Make not choice of a dwarf or a foole, for from the one you may beget a race of *pigmeyes*, as the other will be your daily grief and vexation: for it will irke thee so oft as you shall heare her talke, and you shal continually find to your sorrow, that feele that crosse, There is nothing so fulsome as a sheefoole.

Touching the gouernment of your house, let your hospitalitie be moderate, equal'd to the measure of your estate, rather bōutiful than niggardly . . . for though some who, hauing otherwise consumed themselves with secret vices, have endeuored to colour their riots vpō their vertue, yet in my observation, I have not heard nor known any man grow poore by keeping an ordinary, decent, and thriftie table. . . .

2. Bring your childrē vp in obediēce and learning, yet without much austeritie. Prayse them openly, reprehend them secretly: giue them good countenance and convenient maintenance, according to your abilitie: for otherwise your life will seeme their bondage, and then as those are censured that deferre al good to their ende; so that portion you shall leave them, they may thanke death for and not you. Marry your daughters betimes, least they marrie themselues.

Suffer not your sones to passe the Alpes, for they shall exchange for theyr forraine travell (vnless they goe better fortified) but others' vices for theyr owne vertues . . . and if by chance, out of a more wary industry they attain to any broken languages, they wil profite them no more then to have one meate serued in diuers dishes. Neyther by my aduise shall you traine them vp to warres: for he that sets vp his rest to liue by that professione in mine opinion can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian; for Every warre of itselfe is uniust, the good cause may make it lawfull. Besides it is a science no lōger in request then vse: for souldyers in peace are like chimneys in summer, like dogges past hunting, or women when their beautie is done.

3. Liue not in the country without corn and cattell about you; for hee that must present his hand to his purse for every expence of household, shal as hardly keepe money therein, as it is for one to hold water in a sive. And for your prouision, buy it at the best hād, for there may be sometimes a penny saued between buying at your neede or when the season most fitly may furnish you. Be not willingly serued by kinsmen or friends, for such will expect much and sted little, neither by such as are amorous, for their heads are commonly intoxicated: keep rather too few than too manie; feed them well and pay them with the most; so may you lawfullie demaunde seruice at theyr hands and boldly exact it.

4. Let your kindred and allyes bee welcome to your table. Grace them with your countenance, and euer further them in all their honest actions. But shake off the glowormes—I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feede and fawne on you in the summer of your prosperitie, but in any adverse storme will shelter you no more than a cloake of Taffaty or an arbour in winter.

5. Be sure you keepe some great man alwayes to your friend; yet trouble him not for trifles: complement him often, present him with many yet small gifts, and of little charge.

6. Vndertake no suite against a poore man without receiuing of great wrong, for therein you make him your competitor: besides that, it is held a base conquest to triumph vpon a weak aduersary; neither vndertake

law against any man, before you be fully resolued you have the right on your side. which being once so ascertained, then spare neither cost nor pains to accomplish it.

7. Beware of suretishippe for your best friend, for hee that paieth another man's debts, goeth the way to leave other men to paie his, and seeketh his own overthrow. Therefore, if hee be such a one that you cannot well say nay, choose rather then to lend that monie from yourselves vppon good bonds, though you borrow it; so may you pleasure your friende and happilie secure yourselves.

8. Towards your superiors bee humble, yet generous; with your equalls, familiar yet respective; towards your inferiours, shewe much humilitie, with some familiaritie. The first prepares way to aduancement; the second will make you known for men well bred; the third gains a good report, which, once gained, may easilie be kept . . . for the multitude are easilier won by vnprofitable curtesies then by churlish benefits. Yet doe I not advise you overmuch to affect or neglect popularitie.

9. Trust no man with your credit or estate, for it is meere follie for a man to inthrall himselfe further to his friend then that hee needs not feare him being his enemie.

10. Be not scurrilous in conversation nor stoical in your wits, for the one makes you vnwelcome to all companies, as the other puts quarrels on your heads, and makes you hated of your best friends. Iests, when they do sauour of too much truth, leaue a bitterness in the mindes of those that are touched. And although I haue alreadie pointed at these inclusive, yet I thinke it necessarie to leave it to you as a caution, because I have seen manie so prone to quippe and girde, as they had rather lose their friend than their iest.
Lord Burleigh.

ADVICE—Wisdom of Taking.

He who is wise enough in youth to take the advice of his seniors, unites the vivacity and enterprise of early, with the wisdom and gravity of later life; and what can you lose by at least asking their opinion, who can have no abstract pleasure in misleading you; and who can, if they please, furnish you with a chart of that ocean, to many unexplored, but over which they have passed, while thousands have perished there for want of that wisdom they are willing to communicate to you. The ancients fabled part of this lesson in the history of Phaëton, who vainly attempted to guide the chariot of Apollo. The world is too much for juvenile sagacity; and he must have become grey-headed who is wise enough to walk in and out amidst the machinery of Nature, and the subtleties of human life, without being either crushed by the one, or duped by the other. *Andrews.*

AFFECTION—Blessings of Family.

The whole human race may be considered as one great family, under the care, protection, and discipline of their Heavenly Father; and the most important duty which He requires of them is, that they love one another. He graciously founds their love to Himself on this basis, for He even rejects the love of those who do not love their brother also.

It is a wonderful and benevolent part of the system of Providence, that His commandments produce our greatest earthly blessings; and our perfect obedience to His laws brings its immediate reward, in conferring upon us some visible benefit; as, on the contrary, every outrage on His commands has its attendant judgment.

In no case are the blessings annexed to well-doing so sensibly felt as in the mutual kind offices of brotherly love. From the sweet affections and good-will of society, most of our temporal comforts spring; and when we obey the command of loving and serving our fellow-creatures, the benefit is reflective, we are loved and served in return: "therefore, my beloved brethren, let us love one another; for he that loveth his brother, hath fulfilled the law." If the cultivation of these benevolent feelings is so important a duty, and so great a blessing in extended society, where our intercourse is only occasional, of what still greater importance is it in the near and daily concerns of domestic life!

All persons, in all ages, have been deeply impressed with the value of family affection. The wise instructions of Solomon abound with injunctions on the subject; and David pronounces, "How good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, which ran down unto the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his clothing. Like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Zion; for there the Lord promised His blessing, and life for evermore." This precious balm to every earthly woe spreads itself to every department in domestic life, like "the refreshing dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Zion;" it nourishes and gladdens every benevolent heart, it softens the temper, it doubles every pleasure, it lessens every care;

without it human beings become savage, selfish, and morose; they lose the blessing which God has promised to it in this life, and that life for evermore, which is a heaven of love and benevolence. *Mrs. King.*

AFFECTION—Brave and True.

It is the folly of affection not to reprehend my erring friend, for fear of his anger; it is the abstract of folly to be angry with my friend for my error's reprehension. I were not a friend, if I should see my friend out of the way, and not advise him: I were unworthy to have a friend, if he should advise me (being out of the way) and I be angry with him. Rather let me have my friend's anger than deserve it: rather let the righteous smite me friendly by reproof, than the precious oil of flattery or connivance break my head. It is a folly to fly ill-will, by giving a just cause of hatred. I think him a truer friend that deserves my love than he that desires it. *Warwick.*

AFFECTION—Centred.

I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.
H. K. White.

AFFECTIONS—Heavenly.

We seek what we love; our efforts follow our affections, whether we know it or not.

"Set your affections," saith our apostle, "on things above;" that is, on a religion heavenly, unaffected, simple, free from the entanglements of a worldly dispensation. Shun all the low and earthly ceremonies and inventions of "the disputers of this world." Affect, mind, delight in Christ, heaven, grace, truth, the soul, the God and Father of all, Providence, the Holy Spirit, communion with Christ, the "many mansions," and the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the general assembly and church of the firstborn, the spirits of just men made perfect, Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, the blood of sprinkling, speaking better things than that of Abel.

Affect and love the word of Christ, the Bible, and the promises of Christ, the worship of Christ, the praises of Christ, the sacraments of Christ, the anticipations of being with Christ in body and soul for ever, therein revealed.

Affect and love what is spiritual, intellectual, moral, elevated, permanent, purifying, consoling, strengthening, eternal, according to the rule of Holy Scripture.

To set our affections on things above, is more than the seeking them, though necessary to it. It is choosing, it is loving, it is placing our happiness and delight in them, and the means of attaining to them. It is the direct effect of the birth and renewal of the Holy Spirit. As the iron, touched by the magnet, turns to the pole, so the mind, touched by grace, turns to Christ.
Bishop Wilson.

AFFECTIONS—the Source of Happiness.

After all, though you may look to your understanding for amusement, it is to the affections that we must trust for happiness. These imply a spirit of self-sacrifice; and often our virtues, like our children, are endeared to us by what we suffer for them. Conscience, even when it fails to govern our conduct, can disturb our peace of mind. Yes, it is neither paradoxical, nor merely poetical, to say,—

"That seeking others' good, we find our own."

This solid, yet romantic maxim, is found in no less a writer than Plato; who, sometimes, in his moral lessons, as well as in his theological, is almost, though not altogether, a Christian. These are the opinions of Richard Sharpe, a man of refined conversation and practical virtue. *Horace Welby.*

AFFECTIONS—The.

To preserve an equal temper of mind and tenor of conversation, in the various turns and changes of the present state, argues an excellent degree of holiness. The condition of men in this world is like the sea, the theatre of inconstancy. Their affections are like the wind, some are turbid, others serene and cheerful; some warm and comforting, others cold and sharp; some placid and gentle, others stormy and furious; and it is as difficult to regulate the affections, as to order those discordant spirits in the air. They are the most depraved faculties in man: there are some sparks of light and purity in the natural conscience; but the passions are the fountains of sin and folly. By their unruly insurrection, the understanding is deposed, and men are brought into a brutish servitude. They are sometimes jealous to rage, sad to despair, dead with fear, drunk with joy and fond hopes of conceited happiness. To free us from their vanity and tyranny, is the most noble effect of grace. *Dr. Bates.*

AFFLICTION—Assists Reason.

If there is a God, He gave us our passions, as well as our reason; they, therefore, as well as reason, should assist in His service. And, indeed, reason without them, though it may loudly tell, will but lamely perform, our duty. *Dr. Young.*

AFFLICTION—Benefit of.

Distress is Virtue's opportunity;
We only live, to teach us how to die.
Southerne.

AFFLICTION—Benefits of.

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; and there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity: there are those who have heard its "still, small voice" amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which cometh not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human heart. *Sir Walter Scott.*

AFFLICTION—to be Borne.

When afflicted, love can allow thee to groan, but not to grumble. *Gurnall.*

AFFLICTION—Its Generous Effects.

Alas! what were our hopes without our fears!
There is a mercy in affliction's smart—
It heals those wounds of sin which mock all human art. *Rev. H. Caunter.*

AFFLICTION—Its Fruits.

Letter to Lady More.—Written from Woodstock, on hearing that his barns, and some of the barns of his neighbours, had been burnt. Its gentleness to his wife, who was of an anxious and ill-tempered turn, and its kindness to his poor neighbours, as well as its cheerful thankfulness, are very beautiful.

Maistres Alyce, in my most hartywise, I commend me to you. And whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the losse of my barnes and our neighbours' also with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure), it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost; yet sith it hath liked hym to sende us such a chaunce, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitacion. He sente us all that we have loste, and sith he hath by such a chaunce taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth and hartely thank him as well for adversitie as for prosperitie. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse than for our winning, for his wisdome better seeth what is good for us than we do our selves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thanke God, both for that he hath given us, and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which if it please hym, he can encrease when he will, and if it please hym to leave us yet lesse, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good ensearche what my poore neighbours have loste, and bid them take no thought therfore; for if I shold not leave myself a spone, there shal no poore neighbour of mine bere losse by any chaunce happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your frendes what waye wer best to take for provision to be made for corne for our household and for sede thys yere comming, if ye thinke it good that we kepe the ground still on our handes. And whether ye think it good that we shall do so or not; yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more nowe then ye shall nede, and which can get them other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were sodenly sent away, he wote nere wether. At my comming hither, I perceived none other but that I shold tarry still with the kinge's grace. But now I shal, I thinke, because of this chaunce, get leave this next weke to come home and se you, and then shal we further devyse together uppon all thinges what order shal be best to take.

And thus as hartely fare you well, with all our children as ye can wishe. At Woodestok, the thirde daye of Septembre, by the hand of Thomas More, Knight,

Your louing husbande.

AFFLICTION—for the time Joyless.

No affliction (for the time) seems joyous, all time in affliction seems tedious. I will compare my miseries on earth with my joys in Heaven, and the length of my miseries with its eternity; so shall my journey seem short, and my burthen easy. *A. Warwick.*

AFFLICTION—a Messenger from God.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave, God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou with courtesy receive him. Grief should be like joy—majestic, equable, sedate; confirming, cleansing, raising, making free; strong to consume small troubles: to commend great thoughts—grave thoughts—thoughts lasting to the end. *Aubrey de Vere.*

AFFLICTION—Its Necessity.

As there is sin in this world, there is, of course, and must be, sorrow; nor have we any reason to complain, since sorrow, if well managed, will produce excellent effects. Few men, unacquainted with grief, have come to a lively knowledge of themselves and their corruptions; and if so, how could they in earnest apply to Jesus Christ the Redeemer, hungering and thirsting after His righteousness? How could they fervently pray for pardon, or for the grace of the Holy Spirit? In short, I believe every sincere Christian will confess with David, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept thy word." If, then, sorrow and affliction are our medicines, let us take from the hand of the Lord the cup of salvation, and call upon His name to make it effectual to our good. *Swartz.*

AFFLICTION—a Normal State.

Whatsoever is under the moone is subject to corruption, alterations; and so long as thou livest upon earth looke not for other. Thou shalt not here find peaceable and cheerfull dayes, quiet times, but rather cloudes, stormes, calumnies, such is our fate. . . .

Yea, but thou thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest, other men are happy in respect of thee, their miseries are but flea-bitings to thine, thou alone art unhappy, none so bad as thyself. Yet, if, as Socrates said: All the men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike, and take thy portion, or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art. If some Jupiter should say, to give us all content—

> "Well, be't so then: you, master souldier,
> Shall be a merchant; you, sir lawyer,
> A country gentleman; go you to this,
> That side you: why stand yee? It's well as 'tis."

Every *man* knows his own but not others' defects and miseries. Be silent then, rest satisfied; comfort thyself with other men's misfortunes, and as the moldiwarpe in Æsope told the fox complaining for want of a tail, and the rest of his companions: You complain of toies, but I am blinde, be quite. I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a generall consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Confer thine estate with others. Be content, and rest satisfied; for thou art well in respect of others; be thankful for that thou hast, that God hath done for thee, He hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as He might, but a man, a Christian, such a man; consider aright of it, thou art full well as thou art. No man can have what he will; he may choose whether he will desire that which he hath not. Thy lot is falne, make the best of it. If we should all sleep at all times (as Endymion is said to have done), who then were happier than his fellow? Our life is but short, a very dream, and while we look about, eternity is at hand. Our life is a pilgrimage on earth, which wise men pass with great alacrity. If thou be in woe, sorrow, want, distresse, in paine, or sicknesse, think of that of our apostle, God chastiseth them whom He loveth: They that sow in tears shall reap in joy (Ps. cxxvi. 6). As the furnace proveth the potter's vessel, so doth temptation try men's thoughts (Eccles. xxv. 5). 'Tis for thy good. Hadst thou not been so visited thou hadst been utterly undone; as gold in the fire, so men are tried in adversity; and, which Camerarius hath well shadowed in an embleme of a thresher and corn:—

> "A threshing separates from straw the corn,
> By crosses from the world's chaffe are we born."

Burton.

AFFLICTION—Patience in.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. *Shakespeare.*

AFFLICTION—is Profitable.

Affliction is very useful and profitable to the godly. The prodigal son had no thought of returning to his father's house till he had been humbled by adversity. Hagar was haughty under Abraham's roof, and despised her mistress; but in the wilderness she was meek and lowly. Jonah sleeps on board ship, but in that whale's belly he watches and prays. Manasseh lived as a libertine at Jerusalem, and committed the most enormous crimes; but when he was bound in chains in the prison at Babylon, his heart was turned to seek the Lord his God. Bodily pain and disease have been instrumental in rousing many to seek Christ, when those who were in high health have given themselves no concern about him. The ground which is not rent and torn with the plough bears nothing but thistles and thorns. The vines will run wild, in process of time, if they be not pruned and trimmed. So would our wild hearts be overrun with filthy, poisonous weeds, if the true Vine-dresser did not often check their growth by crosses and sanctified troubles. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Our Saviour says, "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth, that it may bring forth more fruit." There can be no gold or silver finely wrought without first being purified with fire, and no elegant houses built with stones till the hammers have squared and smoothed them. So we can neither become vessels of honour in the house of our Father till we are melted in the furnace of affliction, nor lively stones in the walls of New Jerusalem till the hand of the Lord has beaten off our proud excrescences and tumours with His own hammers.

Daniel Rowlands.

AFFLICTION—a Scripture Interpreter.

What an interpreter of Scripture is affliction! How many stars in its heaven shine out brightly in the night of sorrow and pain which were unperceived or overlooked in the garish day of prosperity! What an enlarger of Scripture is any other outer or minor event which stirs the depths of our hearts, which touches us near to the core and centre of our lives. Trouble of spirit, condemnation of conscience, sudden danger, strong temptation, when any of these overtake us; what evils do they take away, that we may see what hitherto we saw not! What new domains of God's Word do they bring within our spiritual ken! How do promises, which once fell flat upon our ears, become precious now; psalms become our order, which before were aloof from us! How do we see things now with the eye, which before we knew only by the hearing of the ear; which before men had told us, but now we ourselves have found, so that on these accounts also the Scripture is fitted to be our companion, and to do us good all the years of our life.

French.

AFFLICTION—Sanctifies.

The late Rev. Joseph Hughes remarked, —"My short residence in London was rendered very pleasant by the cordiality of my friends. No human enjoyments, however, are unmixed: while others might, in the kindness of their hearts, congratulate my felicity, a multitude of anxieties poured in upon my mind from expected and unexpected quarters; and, if they did not quite overwhelm me, they at least prevented me from suffering that which was joyous in my lot to lift me up above measure. This is the peculiar way in which affliction (the little I have encountered) has operated for my good. It has always been sent seasonably, just when my vain heart was singing a requiem to its cares, and in danger of removing from *religion* to as great a distance as it is from *distress*. Sorrow humbles the mind and forces reflection. You know I mean *sanctified* sorrow, for there is a sorrow which leaves the soul (just as soap and nitre leave the Ethiopian) in the condition in which it found it.

AFFLICTIONS—Moderate our Corruptions.

A discreet physician minds not so much what we desire as what is convenient, and a lancet performs what juleps will not: so God Almighty takes away spiritual superfluities rather than grants what we inordinately desire; and a few afflictions help to moderate our corrupt affections, and appease our inordinate appetites.

Hon. R. Boyle.

AFFLICTIONS—of Two Sorts.

God uses not the rod, where He means to use the sword.

Bishop Hall.

AGE—should Fly Concourse.

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines;
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts shall leave the world, before the knell
Calls for carcasses to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest: die in port:
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment; and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board, and wait the wind

That shortly blows us into worlds unknown:
If unconsidered, too, a dreadful scene!

Young.

AGE (Old)—Decrepitude of.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. *Bacon.*

AGE (Old)—of the Good a Blessed State.

"To him," observes the biographer of Archbishop Leighton, "death had lost its sting; it was become a pleasant theme, and gave occasion to some of his most cheerful sayings. He would compare the heavy load of clay with which the soul is encumbered to the miry boots of which the traveller divests himself on finishing his journey; and he could not disguise his own wish to be speedily unclothed, instead of lingering below till his garments were worn out, or dropped off through age. In general, his temper was serene rather than gay; but his nephew states that, if ever it rose to an unusual pitch of vivacity, it was when some illness attacked him; when, from the shaking of the prison doors, he was led to hope that some of those brisk blasts would throw them open, and give him the release he coveted. Then he seemed to stand tiptoe on the margin of eternity, in a delightful amazement of spirit, eagerly waiting the summons, and feeding his soul with the prospect of immortal life and glory. Sometimes, while contemplating his future resting-place, he would break out into that noble apostrophe of pious George Herbert—

> 'Oh, let me roost and nestle there!
> Then of a sinner thou art rid,
> And I of hope and fear.'

Thus hath the prospect of speedily having done with the world, and going to be 'with Christ, which is far better,' comforted the hearts of God's people under their most overwhelming sorrows; and the same source of consolation would prove equally abundant and efficacious still, were the hearts and conversations of believers more in heaven. But alas! alas! this world is too much the home of many of God's people. They are too much engrossed with its cares, too much occupied with its pursuits, too much fascinated with its enjoyments, too sanguine in their expectations of what it is calculated to yield them; and thus, what was intended to animate and console them under trial—the shortness of their stay where alone trial can reach them—is converted into a source of uneasiness and disquiet. Let us rouse ourselves from such earthliness; let us have our conversation in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour; and then, in the deepest affliction, we may apply to ourselves the words of the poet—

> 'Though long of winds and waves the sport,
> Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
> Soon shalt thou reach a sheltering port,
> A quiet home.'"

AGE—Its Obliviousness.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments, at least of common minds, that I believe men may be generally observed to grow less tender, as they advance in age. He who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can look in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which himself is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than formerly, but that he is more familiar to the death of others, and therefore is not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches his end. But this is to submit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason to lie useless. Every funeral may justly be considered as a summons to prepare for that state into which it shows us that we must some time enter; and the summons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack. *Johnson.*

AGE—Respect paid to in Olden Days.

Age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life. So much
The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.

Ben Jonson.

AGE (Old)—Sorrowful but Serene.

I am not what I was. I feel these years
Have done sad office for me; and that time,
Which I had dreamed might fling around the path,
On which I ventured, something of that light
Which cheers life like a halo, has but cast
A sickly shadow o'er my pilgrimage,
And made thus far what I had deemed should be
A course for men to point at and admire,
Only an upward strife of weariness—

A struggle with dark destiny—a toil
In which I've given no lesson to the world
Of that stern toleration which sets crown
On virtue in her trial; because here
I've poured my spirit out in dull complaint,
That should have striven for mastery!
I see,
Through the pale vista of my memory,
What once I was, compared with what I am.
I once was buoyant, and my footstep rose
To something strong within me. I gave voice,
As in uplifting music, to high thoughts
That spoke of a high nature, that should rise,
So it were true to Him who fashioned it,
Onward, in lofty march up to the skies;
Or, were it faithless, downward to the dust
Our graves are made of! I was certain, then,
There was no power could lure my eye from heaven,
Or that a cloud upon the things of earth
Could come, than midnight quicker and more deep!
But I have found my reason was a child
Without a master—a mere wanderer—
Untaught and learning nothing—till my days
Brought something that reproved me as it passed;
A strong, rebuking spirit, whose dark wings,
Heavy with sorrow, swept but slowly by,
And held me in long shadow, like a night!
Thus was it that I found a punishment
Brought by my years, for giving to the earth
What with my young vows should have gone to God.

A. Mellew.

AGED—Compassion to.

The complaints of the aged should meet with tenderness, rather than censure. The burden under which they labour ought to be viewed with sympathy by those who must bear it in their turn, and who, perhaps, hereafter, may complain of it as bitterly. At the same time, the old should consider that all the seasons of life have their several trials allotted to them; and that to bear the infirmities of age with becoming patience is as much their duty, as it is that of the young to resist the temptations of youthful pleasure. By calmly enduring, for the short time that remains, what Providence is pleased to inflict, they both express a resignation most acceptable to God, and recommend themselves to the esteem and assistance of all who are round them. *Blair.*

AIR—Atmospheric.

Nature does not, perhaps, furnish us with a more perfect instance of her economy than is to be found in the atmospheric air. This wonderful medium, which in ordinary circumstances is appreciable by none of our senses, is one of the mightiest agents in contributing to the beauty and utility of the globe, on whose surface we dwell. Yet it requires the aid of science and reflection to be convinced that the atmosphere is everywhere present, and that its powers are so energetic. We cannot judge of its presence by sight, except when a certain amount of vapour, uniformly suspended in it, affords us the view of the blue sky, or the distant blue-clad mountains. It does not appeal to our sense of smell, save when it wafts the sweet perfume from the rich lap of variegated earth. We feel it, only when it is in motion, "breathing refreshment on a fainting world." It refers in no way to our sense of taste; and we hear it only when another body, put into rapid motion, communicates motion to it also, and this again to our ear. And yet, deprived of air, no animal, no vegetable, could exist; no flame could burn, no sound could be heard, no light could be seen. Darkness would again move upon the face of the waters, as at the time before the Creator had excited into action the powers with which He had caused organic nature to be endowed. *Tomlinson.*

The uses of the air in the arts of life are as numerous as these arts themselves. The air wafts our ships "from Indus to the Pole," raises water in our pumps, gives motion to various sorts of machinery, enables us to explore the treasures of the deep in the diving-bell, or to soar above the clouds in the balloon. The clouds themselves are supported by the air,—the state of which regulates and determines what we popularly call weather. The various forms of rain, dew, mist, and snow, by which natural scenes are so beautifully diversified and improved, depend upon the state of the air, and its relation with respect to heat. The great aërial ocean, therefore, is a source of importance, utility, and beauty, to all animated nature. *Mechanic's Mag.*

AIR—Its Attributes.

By the air—in repose, the atmosphere; in movement, the wind—"we live and move and have our being." . . . The air is the great physician of the world. Health confides in it as its most faithful friend. The weak it invigorates, the weary it refreshes. Under its genial stimulus we forget our vexations and disappointments,—we become cheerful and vivacious, and thence—what without cheerfulness is impossible—more willing to "refuse the evil and choose the good." No wonder that the poets seem never in happier mood than when the wind is perceived wafting through their verses:—

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.
> This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet doth approve,
> By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' breath
> Smells wooingly here."

Far more intimate than we suppose is the relation of the atmosphere to the spiritual and intellectual. Nothing so powerfully stimulates intellectual productiveness, where the slightest capacity for it is present, as a walk in a gently-blowing wind. To the brilliant purity of the atmosphere of Athens, and of Greece in general, and the happy temperature of the gales which fanned its hills, so favourite a topic with the panegyrists of that lovely country, are justly ascribed the pre-eminence in learning, taste, literature, and the arts, which distinguished Athens among the nations of the civilized world (see Winckelman's "History of Art among the Ancient Greeks"). Eschylus enumerates among the blessings of a highly-favoured land, "the gales of the winds blowing with clear sunshine." Pindar gives the same to the Islands of the Blest,—"where shine the golden flowers." *Grindon.*

AIR—Beneficial Effects of Atmospheric.

I would wish to observe how beautiful an instance the history of atmospherical air affords of the multiplicity of beneficial effects, of very different characters, produced by one and the same agent; and often at one and the same moment. While the air of the atmosphere serves as the reservoir of that mass of water from whence clouds of rain, and consequently springs and rivers, are derived, at the same time it prevents, by the effect of its pressure on their surface, the unlimited evaporation and consequent exhaustion of the ocean, and other sources from whence that mass of water is supplied. And again, while the agitation of the air contributes to the health of man, by supplying those currents which remove or prevent the accumulation of local impurities, it at the same time facilitates that intercourse between different nations, in which the welfare of the whole world is ultimately concerned. And lastly, while in passing from the lungs in the act of expiration, it essentially forms the voice; it at the same time removes from the system that noxious principle, the retention of which would be incompatible with life. *Professor Kidd.*

AIR—an Embellisher.

At all times and seasons, with all forms and conditions of being, it is no less the function of the air to *embellish.* Who so rosy in the cheek as they who oftenest seek the pure country air! How does the plainest face appear, as it blushes under the courtship of the summer breezes! Virgil, with the fine poetic instinct, makes Æneas owe his beauty to the heavenly breath of Venus. "For Venus herself had adorned her son with graceful locks, flushed him with the radiant bloom of youth, and breathed a sprightly lustre on his eyes." The wind is necessary even to the vitalizing of the aspects of insensate Nature. Scenes dull and uninviting in its absence, become pleasant when we visit them under the inspiration of a breeze: the loveliest lose in charm if the winds be asleep, though viewed by the light of summer. For this is not merely because the zephyrs temper the too fervent heat of the sunbeams, and by their physical action on the lungs and system generally, give buoyancy and elasticity to the limbs, and thus enlarge our capacity for enjoyment. Nature never shows so lovely when *still* as when in *movement;* and it is by the wind that all her charms of motion are produced, whether of the clouds, or the trees, or the cornfields, or the delicate stalks of the harebells. The grandeur of the unceasing roll of the sea, though partly owing to another cause, proves in itself how mighty an ally to whatever is competent to become beautiful or sublime is this viewless and marvellous assistant. *Grindon.*

AIR—an Emblem of Deity.

The unfathomable ether, that emblem of Omnipresent Deity, which, everywhere enfolding and supporting man, yet baffles his senses, and is unperceived, except when he looks upwards and contemplates it above him. *Hare.*

AIR—Pervading Nature of the.

Air is like Happiness or Poetry:
We see it in the glorious roof of day,
We feel it lift the down upon the cheek,
We hear it when it sways the heavy woods,
We close our hand on 't—and we have it not.
Alexander Smith.

ALCOHOL—The Fiend of.

There walketh a fiend o'er the glad green earth,
By the side of the reaper, Death,
He dazzles alike with the glow of his mirth,
Or quenches the light of the household hearth,
With his foul and withering breath.

He stalketh abroad with his hydra-head,
And there gather in his train
The falling foot and the strong man's bread,
The restless living—the ghastly dead,
And misery, want, and pain.

He nerves the arm of relentless hate,
With the goblet's headed-foam,
He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,
In the beggar's hut—at the palace gate,
And curses the poor man's home.

He barters the wealth of a good man's name,
For the wine-cup's treacherous glow;
And snatches the pinions of deathless fame,
Till they drop with their burden of guilt and shame,
'Mid the dregs of sin and woe.

For the fiend still walketh with cruel will,
With a swift and restless tread,
That he may by his guilesome, subtle skill,
Gather alike both the good and the ill
With the ruined and the dead.

But a summons we hear that comes from heaven,
With this deadly fiend to fight;
And though his power be seven-fold seven,
To us that oppose 'tis assuredly given
To conquer, and put him to flight.
Household Words.

ALPS, The—after Sunset.

While the eye is feasting on the rich tints which succeed to the bright light of day, and wishes they might last for ever, the rose colour gradually dies away, and its place is taken by a livid, dead white, resembling so fearfully that of a corpse, that I felt quite shocked as well as startled by the change—nor have I ever met with any one whose nerves were not more or less disturbed by this painful transition from the blush of health, as it were, to the paleness of death! I have seen very wild deserts in Peru and elsewhere, and many other scenes of desolation in the world, but none which has struck me with so deep a feeling of melancholy as the sight of Mont Blanc during the period, fortunately a brief one, in which this livid hue is spread over it. Before the shades of night finally settle over all, a very slight and scarcely perceptible return of the rose-tint is often visible on the snow, a sort of reanimation of the scene, which is most cheering and consolatory.
Captain Basil Hall.

AMBITION.

Ambition is the mind's immodesty.
Davenant.

AMBITION—and Avarice.

Ambition, Avarice—the two demons these
Which goad through every slough our human herd,
Hard-travelled from the cradle to the grave,
How low the wretches stoop! *Young.*

AMBITION—Beware of.

Beware ambition;
Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submission. *Middleton.*

AMBITION—Fearful.

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
Milton.

AMBITION—The Hollowness of.

Be not with honour's gilded baits beguiled,
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a froward child,
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is her grave.
Davenant.

AMBITION—Over-curious.

It is the over-curious ambition of many to be best or to be none: if they may not do so well as they would, they will not do so well as they may. I will do my best to do the best, and what I want in power, supply in will. Thus, while I pay in part, I shall not be a debtor for all. He owes most that pays nothing. *A. Warwick.*

AMBITION—Prejudicial.

I see that candle makes small show in the day which at night yields a glorious lustre, not because the candle has then more light, but because the air hath then more darkness. How prejudicial then is that ambition, which makes me seem less than I am, by presuming to make me greater than I should be. They whose glory shines as the sparks amongst stubble, lose their light, if compared to the Son of glory. I will not seat myself higher than my place, lest I should be disgraced to a humility; but if I place myself lower than my seat, I may be advanced to the honour of, "Friend, sit up higher." I had rather be exalted by my humility, than be brought low by my exaltation. *Warwick.*

AMBITION—Unquenchable.

Ambition is a lust that is never quenched;
Grows more inflamed and madder by enjoyment. *Otway.*

ANGEL—Beauty of.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.
Dante Gabriel Rosetti.

ANGELS—Guardian.

And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. *Genesis* xxxii. 1.

Every good man and sincere believer is under the constant care and inspection of these spiritual guardians. The very meanest, meekest, and most despicable of Christ's "little ones," who believe on him, are thought not unworthy the ever-solicitous concern and never-failing patronage of the highest and greatest of the angels. . . . Let us then thank God for these bright guardians; let us hearten ourselves with their assistance against temptations; and not only pray, but endeavour daily, that the will of our Father may be done by us, upon earth, with the same cheerfulness and vigilance as it is by them in heaven. And let us beg of God that, at last, when we shall leave this earth, they may conduct us to the regions of immortal happiness, to the "innumerable company of angels," where we shall be ever with them and like unto them. *Stanhope.*

ANGELS—Their Mission.

The main care and most officious endeavours of these blessed spirits are employed about the better part, the soul—in the instilling of good motions; enlightening the understanding, repelling of temptations, furthering our opportunities of good, preventing occasions of sin, comforting our sorrows; quickening our dulness, encouraging our weakness: and lastly, after all careful attendance here below, conveying the souls of their charge to their glory, and presenting them to the hands of their faithful Creator. *Bishop Hall.*

ANGELS—The.

The historical Scriptures relate to us, without any error, the mysterious intervention of angels in the affairs of this world, in those of the church, and those of heaven. These creatures, ardent and pure, humble, and sublime, whose existence the Bible alone has revealed to us—do they not differ from men as much as the heavens differ from the earth? Was anything like unto angels ever conceived by the minds of any race of men, their poets, or their sages? No; their imaginations have not even come near them. People at all times have taken pleasure in painting those invisible beings, inhabitants of celestial regions, adorned with all those superior qualities that charm the heart of man. But how low, puerile, and vulgar are all their conceptions! Study the angels of the Scriptures; not only is everything there grand, holy, and worthy of God; not only is their character at once ardent and sublime, compassionate and majestic, constantly brought before us there by their names, their attributes, their employments, their habitations, their songs, their contemplation of the depths of redemption, and the joys of their love; but what must strike us more than all, is the perfect harmony of the whole, that all these features agree, and are maintained in their justest proportions. In a word, this doctrine, sustained from one end of Scripture to the other, bears the most striking testimony to its inspiration from God. While all the mythologies tell us of the inhabitants of the moon and the planets, the Bible does not contain one word about them,—it tells us nothing of the second heaven; but it depicts the inhabitants of the third heaven, or the heaven of heavens. Descriptions of the angels are numerous, without wearying, and full of details. They are exhibited to us in every situation, in heaven and upon earth, before God and before men, ministers of mercy, and sometimes executors of vengeance; standing before God, adoring Him day and night; but also employed in the service of the humblest believer. We are defiled, they are perfect; we are selfish, they melt with charity; we are haughty, they are gentle; we are vain and proud in bodies that worms will consume, they are humble in glory and immortality; we are disturbed by passions, they are fervent in spirit,—neither can they die. This uniformity, this purity, comes not from man—it is from God! *Robt. Hall.*

ANGER—Against.

1. Consider that anger is a professed enemy to counsel; it is a direct storm, in which no man can be heard to speak or call from without: for if you counsel gently you are despised; if you urge it and be vehement, you provoke it more. Be careful, therefore, to lay up beforehand a great stock of reason and prudent consideration, that, like a besieged town, you may be provided for, and be defensible from within, since you are not likely to be relieved from without. Anger is not to be suppressed but by something which is as inward as itself, and more habitual. To which purpose add that,—2. Of all passions it endeavours most to make reason useless. 3. That it is a universal passion of an infinite object; for no man was ever so amorous as to love a toad; none so envious as to repine at the condition of the miserable; no man so timorous as to fear a dead bee; but anger is troubled at everything, and every man, and every accident; and therefore, unless it be suppressed, it will make a man's condition restless. 4. If it proceeds from a great cause, it turns to fury; if from a small cause, it is peevishness; and so is always either terrible or ridiculous. 5. It makes a man's body monstrous, deformed, and contemptible; the voice horrid; the eyes cruel; the face pale or fiery; the gait fierce; the speech clamorous and loud. 6. It is neither manly nor ingenious. 7. It proceeds from softness of spirit and pusillanimity; which makes, that women are more angry than men, sick persons more than the healthful, old men more than young, unprosperous and calamitous people than the blessed and fortunate. 8. It is a passion fitter for flies and insects than for persons professing nobleness and bounty. 9. It is troublesome, not only to those that suffer it, but to them that behold it; there being no greater incivility of entertainment than, for the cook's fault or the negligence of the servants, to be cruel or outrageous, or unpleasant in the presence of guests. 10. It makes marriage to be a necessary and unavoidable trouble to friendships, and societies, and familiarities to be intolerable. 11. It multiplies the evils of drunkenness, and makes the levities of wine to run into madness. 12. It makes innocent jesting to be the beginning of tragedies. 13. It turns friendship into hatred; it makes a man lose himself, and his reason, and his argument, in disputations. It turns the desires of knowledge into an itch of wrangling. It adds insolency to power. It turns justice into cruelty, and judgment into oppression. It changes discipline into tediousness and hatred of liberal institutions. It makes a prosperous man to be envied and the unfortunate to be unpitied. It is a confluence of all the irregular passions: there is in it envy and sorrow, fear and scorn, pride and prejudice, rashness and inconsideration, rejoicing in evil and a desire to inflict it, self-love, impatience and curiosity. And lastly, though it be very troublesome to others, yet it is most troublesome to him that hath it.

J. Taylor.

ANGER—cannot be Concealed from Children.

It is not possible to indulge anger, or any other wrong feeling, and conceal it entirely. If not expressed in words, a child feels the baneful influence. The evil sympathies of his moral nature are excited as unconsciously as his bodily frame may be affected by a subtle and destructive poison, infused into his lungs with the imperceptible atmosphere he breathes; and the beautiful little image of God is more and more defaced and disqualified for his home in heaven.

Mrs. Child.

ANGER—Haughtiness of Temper.

The reflection calculated above all others to allay that haughtiness of temper which is ever finding out provocations, is that which the Gospel proposes; namely, that we ourselves are, or shortly shall be, suppliants for mercy and pardon at the judgment-seat of God. Imagine our secret sins all disclosed and brought to light; imagine us thus humbled and exposed, trembling under the hand of God; casting ourselves on His compassion; crying out for mercy: imagine such a creature to talk of satisfaction and revenge, refusing to be entreated, disdaining to forgive, extreme to mark and to resent what is done amiss: imagine, I say, this; and you can hardly form to yourself an instance of more impious and unnatural arrogance.

Dr. Paley.

ANGER—not always to be Repressed.

A slave, who was a lewd and vicious man, but yet whose eares were somewhat fedde with philosophicall documents, having for some faults by him committed, by the commandment of *Plutarche* his master, beene stripped naked, whilst another servant of his whipped him, grombled in the beginning that he was whipped without reason, and had done nothing: But in the end, mainly crying out, he fell to rayling and wronging his master, vpbraiding him, that he was not a true philosopher, as he vanted himselfe to be, and how he had often heard him say that it was an vnseemly thing in a man to be angrie. And that he had made a booke of it: And now all plonged in rage, and engulfed in choller to cause him so cruelly to be beaten, was cleane contrarie to his owne writing. To whom *Plutarche*, with an vnaltered and milde-settled countenance, said thus vnto him: "What! Thou raskall, whereby dost thou judge I am now angrie? Doth my countenance, doth my voice, doth my colour, or doth my speech give thee any testimonie that I am either mooved or chollerike. Me seemeth, mine eyes are not staringly-wilde, nor my face troubled, nor my voice frightfull or distempered. Doe I waxe redde? Doe I foame at the mouth? Dooth any word escape me I may repent hereafter? Doe I startle and quake? Do I rage and ruffle with anger? For, to tell thee true, these are the right signes of choler and tokens of anger." Then turning to the party that whipped him, "Continue still thy worke," quoth he, "whilst this fellow and I dispute of the matter."

Montaigne.

ANGER—Its Proper Treatment.

When Sir Matthew Hale dismissed a jury, because he was convinced that it had been illegally chosen, to favour the Protector, the latter was highly displeased with him, and when Sir Matthew returned from the circuit, Cromwell told him in anger that he was not fit to be a judge; to which, all the answer he made was, that it was very true.

ANGLER—His Content.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink,
With eager bite of perch or bleak or dace,
And on the world and my Creator think;
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass and azure culverkeys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye,
The watery clouds that in the air uproll'd
With sundry clouds of painted colours fly,
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
Still blushing rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins enclosed with rivers running round,
These rivers making way through nature's chains,
With headlong course into the sea profound—
The raging sea beneath the valleys low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their quire the summer's queen;
The meadows fair where Flora's gifts among
Are intermix'd with verdant grass between,
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.

All these and many more of His creation
Who made the heavens, the angler oft doth see,
Taking therein no little delectation
To think how strange, how wonderful they be,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Davors.

ANGUISH—Extreme of.

Then Gudron turned
Sick-hearted from them; how her longing burned
Within her heart! ah, if he died not now,

How might she tell whereto his hate would grow?
Yet a strange hope that longing shot across,
As she got thinking what would be the loss
If Bodli fell 'neath Kiartan's hand. That day,
Like years long told, past Gudron wore away,
She knew not how; but when the next day came
She cried aloud, "The same, ah, still the same
Shall every day be, now that he is dead!"
She started as she heard her voice, her head
Seemed filled with flame: she crawled into her bower,
And at her mirrored face hour after hour
She stared, and wondered what she really was,
The once-loved thing o'er which his lips would pass.
Her feet grew heavy at the end of day,
Her heart grew faint, upon her bed she lay
Moveless for many an hour, until the sun
Told her that now the last day was begun;
Then she arose, as one might in a dream,
To clothe herself, till a great cloud did seem
To draw away from her; as in bright hell
Sunless but shadowless she saw full well
Her life that was and would be, now she knew
The deed unmasked that summer day should do.
And then she gnashed her teeth and tore her hair,
And beat her breast, nor lightened thus despair,
As over and over the sweet names she told
Whereby he called her in the days of old;
And then she thought of Refna's longing eyes,
And to her face a dreadful smile did rise,
That died amidst its birth, as back again
Her thoughts went to the tender longing pain
She once had deemed a sweet fair day would end;
And therewith such an agony did rend
Her body and soul, that all things she forgat
Amidst of it; upon the bed she sat
Rigid and stark, and deemed she shrieked, yet made
No sound indeed; but slowly now did fade
All will away from her, until the sun
Risen higher, on her moveless body shone,
And as a smitten thing beneath its stroke
She shrank and started, and awhile awoke,
To hear the tramp of men about the hall.
Then did a hand upon the panel fall;
And in her very soul she heard the ring
Of weapons pulled adown, and everything,
Yea, even pain, was dead a little space.
William Morris.

ANIMALS—Perfection of.

The perfections of animals afford perpetual scope for reflection and improvement. We can gaze with unsated admiration on the fleet hound, the graceful colt, the frolicsome kitten, the soaring eagle, the far-seeing hawk, the majestic elephant, the brilliant peacock, the gentle fawn, the strutting cock, and the stately war-horse. Every individual of the vast host of animated creation, whether bird, beast, fish, or insect, displays qualities fitted, with unerring precision, to its wants. It fills us with amazement to discover such a variety of adaptation to the external world and to ourselves, and to find that creatures so limited should be able to maintain their place amidst a scene of such conflicting interests. Instructive, however, as the spectacle is, it becomes still more so when we reflect that the Deity has thus arranged it; that it is He who has thus adjusted the different parts to each other, and to the whole, and that to Him they owe their order, their utility, and their existence. Most thinking minds have speculated on what they should feel, were they permitted to witness the scenes of other worlds; yet how many pass through life without being once awakened to a perception of the vast expanse, the magnificence, and the variety, of that in which they dwell! *Dr. Mac Cormac.*

ANIMALS—Subject to Man.

. . . . If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
Cowper.

ANTICHRIST—His Shifts and Deceit.

These be the works of Antichrist which he shall bring to pass. This shall he work in all deceivableness of unrighteousness. He shall come with all kinds and shifts of deceit. He shall come with show of praying, with vizard of fasting, with companions of monks, friars, canons, and all kind and colour of holiness. He shall seek to prevail by threatening and by flattering, by fair means and by foul. He shall excommunicate, and release from excommunication; he shall promise forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting. He shall make boast of the Fathers and ancient doctors; he shall make boast of the universal consent; he shall boast of general councils;

he shall boast of Christ's apostles, and of the Gospel of Christ, and of the Word of God. So shall he falsely and deceitfully work himself credit, and beguile the world, in abusing the holy name of God. No kind of deceitfulness or subtlety but he shall use it. So shall he make the people to seek upon him, and kings and emperors to fall down before him, and to say, "Who is like unto the beast? Who is so wise, so learned, so holy, so wealthy, so mighty, and so catholic?" Without him no man is to be reckoned holy or learned. Without him no one may traffic, buy, or sell. Without him no one may read publicly in universities; no man may preach to the people; no man may be accounted a Christian; no man may hope to be saved without him, without his leave and liking. Such wonders, such miracles shall he work; so shall he conquer and subdue the world.
Bishop Jewell.

ANTIQUITY.

Antiquity! What is it else but man's authority born some ages before us. Now, for the truth of things time maketh no alteration. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false, time cannot make them false; were they true, time cannot make them more true. I have more understanding than all my teachers (said David), not because I am guided by them, but because "thy testimonies are my meditation." *Hales.*

Those whom we call the ancients were in truth novices in all things, and properly constituted the infancy of mankind; and, as we have added to their knowledge in the experience of succeeding ages, it is in ourselves that we should recognize that antiquity which we revere in others. *Prescot.*

APPEARANCES—Deceitful.

The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength a weak reed; health sickness' enemy,
And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation. *Decker.*

APPEARANCE—of Evil—to be Avoided.

Thou must not only refuse to commit broad sins, but shun the appearance of sin also: this is to walk in the power of holiness. The dove doth not only fly from the hawk, but will not smell so much as a single feather that falls from the hawk; it should be enough to scare the holy soul from any enterprise, if it be but "male coloratum:" we are commanded to hate the garments spotted with the flesh. A cleanly person will not only refuse to wallow in the dunghill, but is careful also that he doth not get so much as a spot on his clothes as he is eating his meat. The Christian's care should be to keep, as his conscience pure, so his name pure; which is done by avoiding all appearance of evil.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

ARCHITECTURE—Good—the Work of Good Men.

Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say,—at least, some people say,—"Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity." No,—a thousand times No; good architecture has always been the work of the commonalty, not of the clergy. "What!" you say; "those glorious cathedrals—the pride of Europe—did their builders not form Gothic architecture?" No; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of free citizens and soldier kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition: when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade,—through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and finally, most foolish dreams, and in those dreams was lost.
Ruskin.

ARCHITECTURE — European — Three distinct Schools of.

Now there have as yet been three distinct schools of European architecture. I say European, because Asiatic and African architectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no questioning of them here; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in Egypt, and Syria, and Judea, is just good or great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bosphorus. We Europeans, then, have had three great religions: the Greek, which was the worship of the God of Wisdom and Power; the Mediæval, which was the worship of the God of Judgment and Consolation; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty: these three we have had—they are past—and now, at last, we English have got a fourth religion, and a God of our own. *Ruskin.*

ARCHITECTURE—National—the Exponent of a National Religion.

Every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there; you must have it everywhere, or nowhere. It is not the exponent of a theological dogma,—it is not the monopoly of a clerical company,—it is not the hieroglyphic writing of initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God. *Ruskin.*

ARROGANCE.

Arrogance is a weed which grows upon a dunghill. It is from the rankness of the soil that she has her height and spreadings. *Feltham.*

ART—Diffusion of.

Ecstatic she diffused
The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd: and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren and dry; just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages scared in cloisters dim
The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undeveloped lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this,
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
The eternal chase. In elegant design,
Improving nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine;
The sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice, she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave:
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture and repose the sight.
The Lombard school, succeeding, mingled both. *Thomson.*

ARTS—Nobly Employed.

Never were the arts more nobly employed than by our forefathers, when they raised those beautiful piles, our cathedrals, our churches, our universities, and our abbeys, to the honour of that religion which God had given to man. It is lamentable to think how these majestic edifices fell before the blind zeal, the ill-directed means (however desirable the end) of the Reformation. A second havoc among ecclesiastical edifices, and scarcely less destructive than the first, arose from the fury of the fanatic and the miserable sectaries of the time of Charles the First. *Mrs. Bray.*

ASPIRATION—Its Intense Longing.

How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie?
Where at the gates and avenues of sense
My soul must watch to have intelligence;
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night.
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives e'en here Thy influence.
E'en here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle doth decline;
But yet (so strong the sympathy)
It turns, and points again to Thee.

I long to see this Excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Wouldst Thou, great Love, this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be linked to Thee!
She'd for no angels' conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way. *Norris.*

ASSISTANCE—Supernatural.

The belief of a supernatural assistance is so reasonable, so consonant to our ideas of the Divine goodness and of human frailty, that philosophers, even in the heathen world, were sensible how much it was wanted, and have expressly asserted, that without Divine assistance no man could make a progress either in wisdom or virtue. What reason suggested to them, Revelation has ascertained to us, which represents us as temples and habitations of the Holy Spirit. *Rev. G. Carr.*

ASSOCIATION—of Terms.

By associating real events with fictitious terms we are sometimes tempted to ascribe to the latter a certain mysterious influence which practically invalidates the existence of a higher power. In all his researches into the phenomena of the world around him, and the laws by which they are regulated, the mere man of science directs his attention so exclusively to what he terms Nature, and the operations of Nature, that he at last begins to attribute to this delusive term an actual existence, and to ascribe to a word only, and a shadow, what he ought to ascribe to the being and to the agency of God. The word Nature is certainly a very convenient term for expressing the uniform action of the first Almighty cause, according to certain laws which in His wisdom He has enacted; but when, by frequent repetition, we lose sight of the real meaning of the term, or, by associating it with the phenomena around us, we begin to give it an actual existence, then it is that we are encouraging the growth of a sceptical principle in the mind. By substituting, in our speculations, Nature for God, we keep out of sight the Creator and Governor of the universe, till we finally doubt the reality of His providence and of His power. *Rinwell.*

ASSURANCE—the Fruit of Faith.

Assurance is rather the fruit of faith, than faith itself; it is in faith, as the flower is in the root: faith in time, after much communion with God, acquaintance with the Lord, and experience of His dealings with the soul, may flourish into assurance; but as the root truly lives before the flower appears, and continues when that hath shed its beautiful leaves, and is gone again; so doth true justifying faith live before assurance comes, and after it disappears. Assurance is, as it were, the cream of faith. Now, you know there is milk before there is cream; this riseth not but after some time standing, and there remains milk after it is skimmed off. How many, alas! of the precious saints of God must we shut out from being believers, if no faith, but what amounts to assurance. *A Divine of 17th Century.*

Assurance is like the sunflower, which opens with the day, and shuts with the night. It follows the motion of God's face; if that looks smilingly on the soul, it loves; if that frowns or hides itself, it dies. But faith is a plant that can grow in the shade,—a grace that can find the way to heaven in a dark night. It can walk in darkness, and yet trust in the name of the Lord. *A Divine of 17th Century.*

ASSURANCE—Well-grounded.

The best way of gaining a well-grounded assurance of the Divine love is this, for a man to overcome himself and his own will. To him that overcomes shall be given that white stone, and in it the new name written, which no man knoweth but he that receives it. He that beholds the Sun of righteousness arising upon the horizon of his soul with healing in its wings, and chasing away all that misty darkness of his own self-will and passions; such a one desires not now the star-light to know whether it be day or not; nor cares he to pry into Heaven's secrets, and to search into the hidden rolls of eternity, there to see the whole plot of his salvation; for he views it transacted upon the inward stage of his own soul, and reflecting upon himself he may behold a heaven opened from within, and a throne set up in his soul, and an Almighty Saviour sitting upon it, and reigning within him. He now finds the kingdom of heaven within him, and sees that it is not a thing merely reserved for him without him, being already made partaker of the sweetness and efficacy of it. *John Smith.*

ASTROLOGY—Falsified.

Hereafter I will admire God more, and fear astrologers less; not affrighted with their doleful predictions of dearth and drought, collected from the complexions of the planets. Must the earth of necessity be sad, because some ill-natured star is sullen? As if the grass could not grow without asking it leave. Whereas God's power, which made herbs before the stars, can preserve them without their propitious, yea, against their malignant aspects. *Thomas Fuller.*

ASTRONOMER—The Undevout.

An undevout astronomer is mad. *Young.*

ATHEISM—Presumption of.

It is heroism no longer if the atheist knows there is no God. The wonder turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence that can know there is no God. What ages and what light are requisite for this attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of a Divinity, while a God is denied. For unless the man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he

cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity by which he would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions of universal truth, the one that he wants may be, that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of everything that exists, that cause may be God. Thus, unless he knows all things—*i. e.*, precludes another Deity by being one himself—he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects does not exist.
Foster.

ATHEISM—Stabs the Soul.

Atheism stabs the soul to death at one stroke, and puts it quite out of the way of salvation: other sinners are worse than beasts; but atheists are worse than devils, for they "believe and tremble." *Flavel.*

ATHEISM—Imprudence of.

Atheism is imprudent, because it is unsafe in the issue. The atheist contends against the religious man that there is no God; but upon strange inequality and odds, for he ventures his eternal interest; whereas the religious man ventures only the loss of his lusts, which it is much better for him to be without, or at the utmost of some temporal convenience; and all this while is inwardly more contented and happy, and usually more healthful, and perhaps meets with more respect, and faithfuller friends, and lives in a more secure and flourishing condition, and more free from the evils and punishments of this world, than the atheistical person does; however, it is not much that he ventures; and after this life, if there be no God, is as well as he; but if there be a God, is infinitely better, even as much as unspeakable and eternal happiness is better than extreme and endless misery. So that if the arguments for and against a God were equal, and it were an even question whether there were one or not, yet the hazard and danger are so infinitely unequal, that, in point of prudence and interest, every man were obliged to incline to the affirmative; and whatever doubts he might have about it, to choose the safest side of the question, and to make that the principle to live by. For he that acts wisely, and is a thoroughly prudent man, will be provided against all events, and will take care to secure the main chance, whatever happens; but the atheist, in case things should fall out contrary to his belief and expectation, hath made no provision for this case. If, contrary to his confidence, it should prove in the issue that there is a God, the man is lost and undone for ever. If the atheist, when he dies, should find that his soul remains after his body, and has only quitted its lodging, how will this man be amazed and blanked, when, contrary to his expectation, he shall find himself in a new and strange place, amidst a world of spirits, entered upon an everlasting and unchangeable state! How sadly will the man be disappointed when he finds all things otherwise than he had stated and determined them in this world! When he comes to appear before that God whom he hath denied, and against whom he hath spoken as despiteful things as he could, who can imagine the pale and guilty looks of this man, and how he will shiver and tremble for the fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His Majesty? How will he be surprised, with terrors on every side, to find himself thus unexpectedly and irrevocably plunged into a state of ruin and desperation! And thus things may happen for all this man's confidence now. For our belief or disbelief of a thing does not alter the nature of the thing. We cannot fancy things into being, or make them vanish into nothing, by the stubborn confidence of our imaginations. Things are as sullen as we are, and will be what they are, whatever we think of them. And if there be a God, a man cannot by an obstinate disbelief of Him make Him cease to be, any more than a man can put out the sun by winking. *Tillotson.*

ATHEIST—The.

Are there—still more amazing—who resist
The rising thought? who smother in its birth
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who, through this bosom barrier, burst their way,
And with reversed ambition strive to sink?
Who labour downwards, through the opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
In dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
Young.

ATHEIST—The Practical.

He is very zealous and conformable in his way, very sound and orthodox in all points, conceiving as rightly both of the mysteries and of the morals of the Gospel as any man in the world, and as ready to maintain the truths of it, so far as words or writing will go, against any that shall either deny or misrepresent them. . . . But with all his faith and knowledge and his high pretensions to both, you will find him as loose and disorderly in his manners as if he believed nothing of what he professes. He breaks the commandments with a sound creed, and marches on in the way to hell with directions to heaven in his hand. For indeed his divinity lies only in his head; and though his tongue number him among the faithful, his life is all over infidel. And here he strikes hands with the atheist again, walks with him in the same road, though disputing against him as he goes. He disavows his principle, but conspires with him in his intention, and most effectually does his work, and will no doubt share with him in his wages. *Norris.*

ATHEISTS—are Hypocrites.

The great atheists indeed are hypocrites, who are ever handling holy things, but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. *Bacon.*

ATMOSPHERE—in Connection with the Senses.

We depend upon the atmosphere for the effectuation of the powers of *sense*. Eyes, ears, nose, mouth, skin or seat of touch, would all be impotent without it. Our physical power of seeing depends on our inhabiting an atmosphere competent to receive and diffuse the light transmitted from the sun; and our power of feeling in its equal adaptedness to receive and diffuse the solar heat. There is no feeling where there is no warmth;—what greater antagonism than between cold and sensation? No *sound* would exist in nature, if there were not an atmosphere sensible to vibrations: here is its needfulness to *hearing*. So with odours and flavours, which it is only by inhalation we distinguish and enjoy,—here are smell and taste. If we want to avoid the bitterness of physic, we hold the breath; if to feast on some rich bounty to the palate, we inspire. How beautiful, again, is the imagery here disclosed! As the atmosphere gives ability to see and hear physically, so does the Divine life, as it flows into man's soul, fill him with power to exercise Intellect and Affections, which are spiritual sight and feeling. Love, or the will-principle, has from the beginning been "warmth," and intelligence, or the mental eye, "light." Doubtless, man may *pervert* the inestimable gifts, just as the earth, which keeps fashion and pace with him in everything, applies the pure and sacred sunshine to the production of thorns as well as flowers. But he has no intellectual or affectional *power* within him, but what is communicated from God; just as he has no power of seeing or of feeling but what he owes momentarily and continuously to the sun, or its derivations. All that man *receives* is heavenly; only what he prepares in and of himself is bad; the atmosphere brings daylight though the sun be obscured. However overcast the skies, there is yet produced sufficient illumination by the refracting properties of the atmosphere to constitute day. Here is shown, that however thick the clouds which rise up to interpose between God and our hearts, He Himself is ever shining steadily beyond them, and in His benevolence transmits to us sufficient for our needs. God never deserts any one, not even the most wicked; "He is kind even to the unthankful and the evil;" and though man, like the earth, sending up its dense vapours, may shut out the direct sunbeams which descend towards him, he is still provided with a diffused light of refreshing, energizing succour, brought by the all-pervading, all-penetrating spirit. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit; or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" *Grindon.*

ATMOSPHERE—Evening at Sea.

An evening atmosphere at sea is sometimes very splendid. "For half an hour before and after sunset, the whole heavens, except a quarter circle in the west, were covered by dense lowering clouds. The elevation of the unshaded was not more than fifty; and under it, on the farthest horizon, a line and a mass of vapour extended, so greatly resembling a distant coast, that if we had not known it to be impossible, no vision or glasses could have satisfied us that it was not the American continent. The rays of the sun, entirely shut out by the heavy canopy above, came to us only in splendid reflections from this fairy realm, and presented a succession of mountains, and groves, and spires, and turrets, and towers, all in the richest colouring, and glittering with silver. Suddenly the sun burst from behind its dark drapery, and in an instant the whole mass of clouds over and around us, was changed from the blackness of night to the brightest crimson; while the sea, which was before shrouded as in a funeral pall, gleamed with the mingled reflections of purple and gold."

Rev. Mr. Stewart.

ATTAINMENTS—Intellectual.

Intellectual attainments and habits are no security for good conduct, unless they are supported by religious principles. Without religion, the highest endowments of intellect can only render the possessor more dangerous, if he be ill-disposed; if well-disposed, only more unhappy. *Southey.*

ATTENTION—Attitude of.

No man can be really influential who cannot listen as well as talk; and no one can know anything of the mind of others, without attending in the simple patient attitude of attention. He who can do this is, by the very gift, a comfort and stay to anxious, tried, and perplexed spirits, to whom the mere unfolding of their difficulties is often the best remedy. Experience seems to teach men endowed with conscientious attention that all people have something in them worth attending to. Their patience often helps them through a dull stratum into a vein missed by all others, but well worth working. Sir Walter Scott was one of these, and maintained that he learnt something from every one he travelled with. His biographer especially remarks on his serene attention to bores, and how graciously, through interminable prolixities, "the same bland eye watched the lips of the tormentor." No person can be charming without the appearance of attention.

Essays on Social Subjects.

ATTRACTION—of Man to Man.

There is such a natural principle of *attraction* in man towards man, that having trod the same tract of land, having breathed in the same climate, barely having been born in the same artificial district or division, becomes the occasion of contracting acquaintances and familiarities many years after: for anything may serve the purpose. Thus, relations merely nominal are sought and invented, not by governors, but by the lowest of the people, which are found sufficient to hold mankind together in little fraternities and copartnerships: weak ties, indeed, and what may afford fund enough for ridicule, if they are absurdly considered as the real principles of that union; but they are, in truth, merely the occasions, as any thing may be, of any thing to which our nature carries us on, according to its own previous bent and bias; which occasion, therefore, would be nothing at all, were not this prior bias or disposition of nature. *Butler.*

ATTRIBUTES—The Divine.

As the Divine attributes are lively displayed in the Word of God, so also in His works. The omnipotence of God shone forth with most irradiant beams in the creation of the world, and in its infant state by many miraculous experiments of Divine providence. The wisdom of God has ever been most illustrious in the counterworking of all the politic contrivements and undertakements of His Church's enemies; His common bounty, in the preservation and support of mankind since the fall; His justice, in punishing sinners; and all His attributes, in the redemption of sinners. *Gale.*

AUTHORS—Attribute of the Best.

The best writer, it has been said, is he who merely states his premises, and leaves his readers to work out the conclusions for themselves. Still may we be sure, that men who are really competent to teach, always so teach that attention may understand. The truly instructive mind, when it plays forth the beautiful abundance of its wisdom, always condescends to be *intelligible.* The lessons of true intelligence are like the rays of the morning sun; the light and magnitude are revealed, but the splendour is reserved, pleasing the more, by dazzling less. No author can be expected to do all. "Learn to observe," is as needful a maxim in reading as in natural history. It was remarked by the celebrated Hallet, that while yawning we are deaf; the same act of drowsiness that stretches open our mouths shuts up our ears. It is much the same in the exercises of the understanding; a lazy half-attention is, in effect, a mental yawn. Where a subject that demands thought has been thoughtfully treated, we must be willing to make similar efforts on our own part, and think with the author, or in vain will the author have thought for us.

Grindon.

Are writers to be studiously difficult, and to tie knots for the mere purpose of compelling their readers to untie them? Not so. Let them follow the bent of their own minds. Let their style be the faithful mirror of their thoughts. Some minds are too rapid, and vehement, and redundant, to flow along in lucid transparence; some have to break over rocks, and to force a way through obstacles which would have dammed them in. Tacitus could not write like Cæsar,—Niebuhr could not write like Goldsmith.

Hare.

AUTHORS—Their Requisites.

For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries: to read the best *authors*, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. *Johnson.*

AUTHOR—His Careful Labour.

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propense of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let die.
Milton.

AUTHOR—A True and Wonderful.

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. *Macaulay.*

AUTUMN.

Sometimes outstretched in very idleness,
To view the leaves (thin dancers upon air)
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother *Autumn* fills their beaks with corn
Filched from careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods, berries and worms provide
(Without their pains) when earth had nought beside,
To answer their small wants in the drear winter's tide;
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze—then turn they know not why,
Like bashful younkers in society!
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth—how fair they be! *Lamb.*

AUTUMN.

How soothing is that sound of far-off wheels
Under the golden sheen of the harvest-moon!
In the shade-chequer'd road it half reveals
A homeward-wending group, with heart in tune
To thankful merriment;—father and boy,
And maiden with her gleanings on her head;
And the last waggon's rumble heard with joy
In the kitchen with the ending-supper spread.
But while I listening stand, the sound hath ceased;
And hark, from many voices lustily
The harvest home, the prelude to the feast,
In measured bursts is pealing loud and high;
Soon all is still again beneath the bright
Full moon, that guides me home this autumn night. *Alford.*

AUTUMN—Approach of.

Day had arisen in the *Autumn* heaven,
Clearly and coldly bright—the yellow leaves
Strewed the sear earth, or fitfully were driven
Before the wild path of the scattering air:
The swallow from the hospitable eaves
Flew forth exulting on his rapid way,
And through the sadness of the waning year
Sung out like hope;—but even as gathering care,
Stern Winter comes to mar that matin lay.
Amid the grove the laurel's lonely tree,
Hallowed by old tradition, still is seen
Dight in the lustre of its deathless green.
A smile on Nature's cheek—meet type, I ween,
Of that high fame which glows immortally
Through time which changes, and through storms which sear,
Brightening through gloom, and fresh'ning o'er decay. *Bulwer.*

AUTUMN—Its Departing Gleams.

When *Autumn* scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
And where, unpierced by frosts, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back. *Thomson.*

AUTUMN—Golden Harvest of.

Autumn! and the red sun through mottled clouds,
Like fire-bark through blue waves, his passage cleaves;
In ripening raiment all the orchard shrouds,
And gilds with glory all the saffron sheaves.
The wind, swift handmaid of the harvest field,
Curling the yellow tresses of the corn,
Brings, on the breaking silence of the morn,
The reapers' song. Lo! where they wildly wield

Their glittering sickles, brandish'd high in air,
Ere they begin their merry toil! and now
The shout is hushed into a murmur low:
The sun advancing from his cloud-girt lair,
Chases from sorest hearts sad dreams of night,
For darkest waters will reflect his light.
Campbell.

AUTUMN—Likened to Ripe Age.

The flowers all are fading,
Their sweets are rifled now;
And night sends forth her shading
Along the mountain brow;
The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn;
The birds have ceased their singing,
Sheaf'd is the golden corn;
The harvest now is gather'd,
Protected from the clime;
The leaves are sear'd and wither'd,
That late shone in their prime.

Thus when fourscore years are gone o'er the frail life of man,
Time sits heavy on his throne, as near his brow we scan;
Like the autumn leaf that falls, when winds the branches wave,
Like night-shadows daylight palls, like all, he finds a grave.
Ouseley.

AUTUMN—Its Melancholy Power.

Time of the rushing flood and dying flower,
When the changed grove, with russet garments sere,
Yields its last chaplet for the saddened year,
And desolating tempests thin the bower,
Making wild music to the wanderer's ear,
I love thee for thy melancholy power.—
There is a moral on thy faded leaf,
A sympathy within thy clouded sky,
Well suited to the softening hour of grief,
And not ungrateful to the tearful eye,
Or heart, which gives the imprisoned thought relief,
In unrestrained complaint when none is by,
And fancies, in thy breezes' solemn tone,
The answering *sigh* of earth, responsive to its own.
Hollis.

AUTUMN—Tide.

Therefore their latter journey to the grave
Was like those days of later autumn tide,
When he who in some town may chance to bide,
Opens the window for the balmy air,
And seeing the golden hazy sky so fair,
And from some city garden hearing still
The wheeling rooks the air with music fill,
Sweet hopeful music, thinketh, Is this spring?
Surely the year can scarce be perishing?
But then he leaves the clamour of the town,
And sees the withered scanty leaves fall down,
The half-ploughed field, the flowerless garden-plot,
The dark full stream by summer long forgot,
The tangled hedges where, relaxed and dead,
The twining plants their withered berries shed,
And feels therewith the treachery of the sun,
And knows the pleasant time is well-nigh done.
Morris.

AVALANCHE.

A breath will start the avalanche,
A gentle breath of summer wind;
He who beheld our lowly nest
Beneath the crag's o'erhanging crest,
That thought was in his mind.

Yet, there our sires had ever dwelt,
And round its hearth in childhood play'd;
It was their winter dwelling, warm,
Their shelter from the raging storm,
And pleasant summer shade.

But seldom to the dizzy height,
In fear our eyes were led;
Then only by the eagle's scream,
Or when the evening's crimson beam
Was there in beauty shed.

There, spread beneath the azure skies,
Lay stainless and eternal snows;
And clouds that skim the trackless blue,
Ting'd by the sun with every hue,
Were fixed, as in repose.

And when the storm there seemed to rave,
And tempest-gloom had veiled the snow,
Then were the brightest of our hours,
The summer's greenness and its flowers,
An Eden safe below.

To nature sacred seemed the spot,
Yet unprofaned by man:
Just from the door, a pace or two,
In the green-sward the wild flowers grew,
And past, the river ran.

The eyrie now is in the stream,
Or where that stream would wind;
And voices, that in happy mood
Broke sweetly on the solitude,
Survive but in the mind.
Anon.

AVARICE—Insatiable.

Poverty wants some, *Luxury* many, Avarice all things. *Cowley.*

AVARICE—Springs of.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill-grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice. *Pope.*

AVARICE—the Soul's Madness.

An avaricious man will be little affected by the arguments of reason, philosophy, or religion; he is born and framed to a sordid love of money, which first appears when he is very young, grows up with him, and increases in the middle age; and when he is old, and all the rest of his passions have subsided, wholly engrosses him: the greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never prevail against avarice.

My Lord Hardwick, the late Lord Chancellor, who is said to be worth £800,000, sets the same value on half-a-crown now, as he did when he was only worth £100. That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings in a cold and dark night to save sixpence in chair-hire. If the Duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honours were to be inherited by a grandson of my Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his heir; but he would always have saved a sixpence.

Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in George's coffee-house, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home. Some little time after, he returned to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad halfpenny. Sir James had about £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

I knew one Sir Thomas Colby who killed himself by rising in the middle of the night when he was in a very profuse perspiration, the effect of sudorific medicine which he had taken, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlour; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key, and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than £200,000, in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-labourers, who were his nearest relations.

Sir William Smyth of Bedfordshire, who was my kinsman, when he was near seventy was wholly deprived of his sight: he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the oculist, who, by agreement, was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William perceived the good effects of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance therefore now was how to cheat the oculist; he pretended he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing perfectly; for that reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practise to save his money. Sir William was an old bachelor; and at the time Taylor couched him had a fair estate in land, a large sum of money in the stocks, and not less than £5,000 or £6,000 in his house.

But to conclude this article,—all the dramatic writers, both ancient and modern, as well as the keenest and most elegant satirists, have exhausted their whole stock of wit to expose avarice. This is the chief subject of Horace's satires and epistles; and yet the character of a covetous man hath never yet been fully drawn or sufficiently explained. The Euclio of Plautus, the L'Avare of Molière, and the Miser of Shadwell, have all been exceeded by some persons who have existed within my own knowledge. If you could bestow on a man of this disposition the wealth of both the Indies, he would not have enough; because by enough (if such a word is to be found in the vocabulary of avarice) he always means something more than he is possessed of. Crassus, who had a yearly income sufficient to maintain a great army, perished, together with his son, in endeavouring to add to his store. In the fable of Midas, the poet had exhibited a complete character, if Midas, instead of renouncing the gift which the god had bestowed on him, had chosen to die in the act of creating gold. *King.*

AXIOMS.

Sentences of Thales of Miletus, in Ionia, one of the Seven Sages of Greece, born 580 years before the Christian era:—

What is it that is most beautiful?—The Universe; for it is the work of God.

What is most powerful?—Necessity; because it triumphs over all things.

What is most difficult?—To know one's self.

What is most easy?—To give advice.

What method must we take to lead a good life?—To do nothing we would condemn in others.

What is necessary to happiness?—A sound body and a contented mind.

* * *

B.

BABY—Epitaph on a.

Here lies the garment cast off by a spirit—
A soul of heav'n—that grew 'mid many griefs,
Like to a flower 'mong thorns. Ye who pass by,
Inquire not who 'twas!—a cloudlet bright
That in a moment melted in life's sea;
A burst of dawn whose sun hath never set;
On earth a dream,—a real life above;
A new bud dropp'd upon the stream of Time,
Borne to Eternity's unbounded shores;
A gift of love to my Creator,—God.
Ask not my name,—weep not; pass on thy way. *A. G. Diaz.*

BABY—Death of a.

A shape of beauty beyond man's desire,
Which held a precious life with us begun;
Light feet at rest, like streamlets chain'd with ice,
And folded hands, whose little work is done;
Pass'd is the soul, which was of nobler worth,
Like fire from glow-worm, tint from wither'd leaf,
Perfume from fallen flower, or daylight from the earth,
Has faded from our sky elsewhere to shine,
Whose beam to bless us for a while was given;
Little white hand, a few times clasp'd in mine,
Sweet face, whose light is now return'd to heaven. *Household Words.*

BABY—Death of a.

Angels! ye loved that little pearl too well,
And gently lifted it from life's rough sea
To Heaven's ocean; where not e'en a shell
Speaks, in the ear, of storms that cannot be.
Angels! ye took that bud, so rich in love,
Kept fresh with our wet tears; ye bore it far,
And set it in the summer-land above,
Where, some time, I shall find it ope'd into a star. *Household Words.*

BABY—Death of a.

Oh! grieve not that thy dying babe
Forsakes this cruel earth;
Far better is his day of death
Than was his day of birth.
Sure as the fire-spark upward flies,
Is woe the lot of man;
And let thine own experience tell
What were his lengthened span.

Resign him to his Maker's hand,
And bless that parting moan;
The blood that stained the cross will be
His passport to the throne.
His little trembling soul will rise
To seek his Saviour's breast;
And there the wicked trouble not,
The weary are at rest. *C. Elizabeth.*

BABY—Death of a.

With what unknown delight the mother smiled,
When this frail treasure in her arms she press'd!
Her prayer was heard—she clasp'd a living child,
But how the gift transcends the poor request!
A child was all she ask'd with many a vow:
Mother—behold the child an angel now!

Now in her Father's house she finds a place;
Or if to earth she take a transient flight,
'Tis to fulfil the purpose of His grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light:—
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou may'st also be.
J. Taylor.

BABY—Dying.

Pale, motionless, and silent, lay an infant on its bed,
While on its face the smile of peace its beauteous halo shed;
And on that face a mother gazed with looks of deep despair,
Conscious that death's resistless hand had fixed his signet there.

She saw alone the hastening hour, when to her fond caress
No more she might those faded lips with tenderest rapture press;
But saw not in that placid smile the brighter vision seal'd,
Which on her darling's spirit broke, to her yet unreveal'd:

For near the couch an angel spread his pure ethereal wings,
Imparting to that spotless soul unutterable things;
And whispered soft of anguish spared, of bliss immortal given,
And all its new-born senses fill'd with dreams of opening heaven.

Rev. R. B. Exton.

BABY—To a Dying.

Sleep, little baby! sleep!
  Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
  But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
  Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
  Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
  Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
  Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
  Labours with shortening breath:—
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh!
  Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
  A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
  Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,
  Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
  Their pupils, darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—
  Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer air,
Ruffling the rose-leaves there,
  Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
  Young spirit, haste, depart!
And is this death?—Dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
  How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
  Upon thy waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure
  An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother!
  Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart;—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,—
  'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
  Deep in the damp cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
  Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
  His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, waken'd with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
  His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half-conscious why)
  A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on the soul
Flashes the painful whole,
  That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
  And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
  Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,
  His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
  And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
  Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
  With oft awakening.

Bowles.

BABY—On a Dying, as soon as Born.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work;
A flow'ret crushèd in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,

Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature, blind,
Check'd her hand and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by. *Lamb.*

BABY—Its absorbing Influence.

Oh, sunny curls! oh, eyes of blue!
The hardest natures known,
Baby, would softly speak to you,
With strangely tender tone.
What marvel, Mary, if from such
Your sweetness love would call?
We love you, baby, oh how much!
Most dear of all things small!

Unborn, how, more than all on earth,
Your mother yearn'd to meet
Your dream'd-of face; you, from your birth,
Most sweet of all things sweet!
Even now, for your small hands' first press
Of her full happy breast,
How oft does she God's goodness bless,
And feel her heart too blest!

You came, a wonder to her eyes,
That doated on each grace,
Each charm, that still with new surprise
She show'd us in your face.
Small beauties? ah, to her not small!
How plain to her blest mind!
Though, baby dear, I doubt if all
All that she found could find.

Kind God, that gave this precious gift,
More clung-to every day,
To Thee our eyes we trembling lift—
Take not Thy gift away!
Looking on her, we start in dread,
We stay our shuddering breath,
And shrink to feel the terror said
In that one dark word—death.

Oh, tender eyes! oh, beauty strange!
When childhood shall depart,
Oh, that thou, babe, through every change
Mayst keep that infant heart!
Oh, gracious God! oh, this make sure,
That, of no grace beguiled,
The woman be in soul as pure
As now she is—a child! *Bennett.*

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round, large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes fill'd with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and strainings, risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off at all that 's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations.
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be woo'd to light by pressing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness.
Bennett.

BABY—One from an Unknown Sphere.

"One that from some unknown sphere
Brings strange thoughts and feelings here:
Dreams of days gone out of mind,
Hints of home still left behind;
Spring's fresh pastime, winter's mirth,
Smiles of Heaven, and tears of Earth."
The Blank Leaf.

Welcome, dear child, with all a father's blessing,
To thy new sphere of motion, light, and life!
After the long suspense, the fear distressing
Love's strong subduing strife.

Seal'd with the smile of Him who made the morning,
Though to the matron charge of Eve consign'd,
Com'st thou, my radiant babe, the mystic dawning
Of one more deathless mind.

'Tis a strange world, they say, and full of trouble,
Wherein thy destin'd course is to be run:
Where joy is deem'd a shadow, peace a bubble,
And true bliss known to none.

Yet to high destinies it leads,—to natures
Glorious, and pure, and beautiful, and mild,
Shapes all impassive to decay, with features
Lovelier than thine, fair child!

To wing'd Beatitudes, for ever tending,
Rank above rank, to the bright source of bliss,
And, in ecstatic vision tranced, still blending
Their grateful love with His.

Then, if thou'rt launch'd in this benign direction,
We will not sorrow that thy porch is past:
Come, many a picture waits thy young inspection,
Each lovelier than the last.

What shall it be? on Earth, in Air, in Ocean,
A thousand things are sparkling to excite
Thy hope, thy fear, joy, wonder, or devotion,
Heiress of rich delight.

Wilt thou, when Reason has her star implanted
On thy fair brow, with Galileo soar?
Rove with Linnæus through the woods, or haunted
Be by more charmed lore?

Shall sky-taught Painting, with her ardent feeling,
Her rainbow pencil to thy hand commit?
Or shall the quiver'd spells be thine, revealing
The polish'd shafts of Wit?

Or to thy fascinated eye, her mirror
Shall the witch Poesy delight to turn,
And strike thee warm to every brilliant error
Glanc'd from her magic urn?

Heed her not, darling! she will smile benignly,
So she may win thy inexperienced ear;
But the fond tales she warbles so divinely
Will cost thee many a tear.

She has a castle, where in death-like slumbers,
Full of wild dreams, she casts her slaves; some break,
After long hurt, their golden chains; but numbers
Never with sense awake.

She, too, with many a smile thy sire has flatter'd,
Promising flowers, and fame, and guerdons rare;
Till youth was past, and then, he found, she scatter'd
Her vows and wreaths in air.

Shun, then, the Siren: spurn her laurell'd chalice,
Though the bright nectar dance above the brim;
Lest she should seize thee in her mood of malice,
And tear thee limb from limb.

But to selecter influences, my beauty,
Pay thy young vows,—to Truth, that ne'er beguiles,
Virtue, fix'd faith, and unpretending duty,
Whose frowns beat Fancy's smiles.

Look on me, love, that in those radiant glasses
Thy future tastes and fortunes I may trace,—
O'er them alternate shade and sunshine passes,
Enhancing every grace.

Peace is there yet, and purity, and pleasure;
With a fond yearning o'er the leaves I look:
But the lid falls—farewell the enchanting treasure!
Clos'd is the starry book!
Wiffen.

BABYHOOD.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight;
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please.
Little gossip, blythe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This in time will be forgot;
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares. *Philips.*

BACHELOR—An Independent.

He was an old *bachelor*, of a small independent income, which, by careful management, was sufficient for all his wants. He revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit; sometimes visiting one branch, and sometimes another quite remote; as is often the case with gentlemen of extensive connections and small fortunes in England. He had a chirping buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty unaccommodating habits with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favourite with the old folks; he was the beau of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow; and he was master of the revels among the children; so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr. Simon Bracebridge. Of late years he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become a factotum, and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humour in respect to old times, and by having a scrap of an old song to suit every occasion. We had presently a specimen of his last-mentioned talent; for no sooner was supper removed, and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced, than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice that was by no means bad, except that it ran occasionally into a falsetto, like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty:—

"Now Christmas is come,
  Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbours together,
  And when they appear,
  Let us make them such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather." &c.

Irving.

BACKBITING—Painful Tendency to.

Some are much more quick-sighted to discern the faults and blemishes of others, than their own: can spy a mote in another's eye, sooner than a beam in their own.

This common failing of the human nature, the heathens were very sensible of, and imaged it in the following manner:—Every man (say they) carries a wallet, or two satchels or bags with him; the one hanging before him, and the other behind him; into that before, he puts the faults of others; into that behind, his own; by which means, he never sees his own failings, whilst he has those of others always before his eyes. Now, a proper knowledge of ourselves will teach us to turn this wallet, and place that part which contains our own faults before our eyes, and that which contains those of others behind our back. A very necessary regulation this, if we would behold our own faults in the same light in which they do. For we must not expect that others will be as blind to our foibles as we ourselves are. They will carry them before their eyes, whether we do or no. And to imagine that the world takes no notice of them, because we do not, is just as wise as to fancy that others do not see us, because we shut our eyes. *Mason.*

BARDS (DIVINE)—the Friends of Virtue.

The Divine bards are the friends of my virtue, of my intellect, of my strength. They admonish me that the gleams which flash across my mind are not mine, but God's: that they had the like, and were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. So I love them. Noble provocations go out from them, inviting me also to emancipate myself; to resist evil; to subdue the world; and to Be. And thus by His holy thoughts Jesus serves us, and thus only. To aim to convert a man by miracles, is a profanation of the soul. A true conversion, a true Christ, is now, as always, to be made by the reception of beautiful sentiments. It is true, that a great and rich soul, like His, falling among the simple, does so preponderate, that as His did, it names the world. The world seems to them to exist for Him; and they have not yet drank so deeply of His sense as to see that only by coming again to themselves, or to God in themselves, can they grow for evermore. It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself. The time is coming when all men will see that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaunting, overpowering, excluding sanctity, but a sweet, natural goodness, a goodness like thine and mine, and that so invites thine and mine to be and to grow. . . . Historical Christianity has fallen into the error that corrupts all attempts to communicate religion. It is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. It has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration, about the *person* of Jesus. The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love. *Emerson.*

BATTLE—The Field of.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
  Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting Terror fled before,
  Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend cursed the sunken day,
  That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
  Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
  Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
  That drench'd the dying and the dead.
Penrose.

BATTLE-FIELD—The.

Beyond Busaco's mountains dun,
When far had roll'd the sultry sun,
And night her pall of gloom had thrown
    O'er Nature's still convexity;

High on the heath our tents were spread,
The cold turf was our cheerless bed,
And o'er the hero's dew-chill'd head
    The banners flapp'd incessantly.

The loud war-trumpet woke the morn,
The quivering drum, the pealing horn;
From rank to rank the cry is borne,
    "Arouse for death or victory!"

The orb of day, in crimson dye,
Began to mount the morning sky;
Then, what a sight for warrior's eye
    Hung on the bold declivity!

The serried bay'nets glittering stood,
Like icicles on hills of blood;
An aerial stream, a silver wood,
    Reel'd in the flickering canopy.

Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
Or thunder-cloud before the blast,
Massena's legions, stern and vast,
    Rush'd to the dreadful revelry.

The pause is o'er: the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke;
The air grows sick; the mountains rock:
    Red Ruin rides triumphantly. *Hogg.*

BATTLE—Its Horrors.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
    Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
    The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
    To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
    Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimson'd snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
    Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
    Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Campbell.

BEAR—and Forbear.

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind men, who fill
The heart with each day's care,
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear and to forbear!

Wordsworth.

BEAUTIFUL—Belief in the.

There is a mere animal enjoyment of *natural beauties*, common even to those who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. They can smell the fragrance of each herb and flower, inhale the balmy breeze of Heaven, and cull the choicest of Nature's fruits, and cool for a moment a feverish thirst at her streams of living water: and all this may be done as a mere gratification of the senses, as part of that round of animal enjoyments which forms the whole of their existence.

But in minds of another cast there is a habit of association formed, by which every pleasure that natural objects afford assumes the character of devotion. To them, to leave the calls and business of the world, and withdraw to the calm retreat and silent shade, is to pass at once into an element of communion with Heaven. It is not that from a conscientious principle they seize the moment of disengagement to meditate on eternity, and pray to their Father who is in secret. No: it is because they see, as it were, an impress of God upon the scene; and all that they behold speaks of Him. It is with them none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven. Nature bears them upward by an unperceived and gentle motion, into the felt presence of Nature's God. That this is not, as some would say, mere sentimentality, I know; for I have seen the feeling put to a test, at that solemn moment when false notions vanish like the chaff that the wind scattereth over the earth. It was my lot, many years ago, to attend a friend unspeakably dear to me, upon his dying bed. He was one who loved all that is pure in nature, and who, moreover, loved the Lord his God with all his heart. But a few hours before his departure a bunch of his favourite flowers was brought to him. The sorrowing group around him watched with tender anxiety, to see whether he would notice, and in what manner he would now be affected by them: but they were not left long in suspense, for no sooner did he catch the well-known fragrance, than he lifted his eyes to heaven, and almost with his last breath exclaimed, "Silent hymns!" *Woodward.*

BEAUTY—Asleep.

Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Milton.

BEAUTY—Awakening.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes his window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,—
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

Sir William Davenant.

BEAUTY—Consists of Inward Adornment.

Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

Hughes.

BEAUTY—Coveted.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?

Byron.

BEAUTY—Its Torments and Delight.

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. There is something irresistible in a beauteous form; the most severe will not pretend that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favour of the handsome. No one denies them the privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in matters of ordinary consideration. At the same time, the handsome should consider that it is a possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that people can bear any quality better than beauty. *Steele.*

BEAUTY—the Devil's Bait.

The devil fisheth best for souls of men
When his hook is baited with a lovely limb:
Love lights upon the heart, and straight we feel
More worlds of wealth gleam in an upturned eye,
Than in the rich heart of the miser sea.
Beauty hath made our greatest manhoods weak. *Alexander Smith.*

BEAUTY—External.

It is the frail and weary weed in which God dresses the soul, which he has called into time. *Michael Angelo.*

BEAUTY—Fading.

Know'st not
That beauty will take cold? will have the toothache?
Will catch a fever? that its peachy cheek
Will canker in a night? and that, in brief,
It is a thing in value vanishing,
As fickle merchandise which rates to-day
Enormously—the next may go a-begging?
And, worse than all, that its chief merit lies
In wishing, not possessing—coveted,
Of purchase measureless—obtained, worth nothing? *James Sheridan Knowles.*

BEAUTY—Fascination of.

All men do err, because that men they be;
And men with beauty blinded cannot see. *Peele.*

BEAUTY—Enhanced by Loving Qualities.

The true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, "the porcelain of human kind," become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect. *Hughes.*

BEAUTY—Intellectual.

The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams, that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance,
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,—
Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes!
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came!
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard; I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me—
I shriek'd, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy!

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery—
That thou, oh, awful loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be—as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee—
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all humankind.

Shelley.

BEAUTY—Its Intensity.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul.

Byron.

BEAUTY—Different Ideas of.

What different ideas are formed in different nations concerning the beauty of the human shape and countenance! A fair complexion is a shocking deformity on the Guinea coast; thick lips and a flat nose are a beauty. In some nations, long ears that hang down upon the shoulders are the objects of universal admiration. In China, if a lady's foot is so large as to be fit to walk upon, she is regarded as a monster of ugliness. Some of the savage nations in North America tie four boards round the heads of their children, and thus squeeze them, while the bones are tender and gristly, into a form that is almost perfectly square. Europeans are astonished at the absurd barbarity of this practice, to which some missionaries have imputed the singular stupidity of those nations among whom it prevails; but when they condemn those savages, they do not reflect that the ladies in England had, till within these very few years, been endeavouring for near a century past, to squeeze the beautiful roundness of their natural shapes into a square form of the same kind. *Smith.*

BEAUTY—Compassion for Maligned.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of the mind
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Spencer.

BEAUTY—is Effect on Mind.

Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line whose parts are all equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure produces upon a mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure. *Hume.*

BEAUTY—Moral.

Mind alone (bear witness, Earth and Heaven)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces. *Akenside.*

BEAUTY—The most Natural.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.
Shaftesbury.

BEAUTY—Terror in Nature.

I've grown up among the wilds, and found
Each outward form is but a window whence
Terror on Beauty looks. Beauty, I've seen
In the sweet eyes of flowers, along the streams,
And in the cold and crystal wells that sleep
Far in the murmur of the summer woods;
Terror in fire and thunder, in the worn
And haggard faces of the winter clouds,
In shuddering winds, and oft on moonless nights
I've heard it in the white and wailing fringe
That runs along the coast from end to end.
The mountains brooded on some wondrous thought
Which they would ne'er reveal. I seemed to stand
Outside of all things; my desire to know
Grew wild and eager as a starving wolf.
To gain the secret of the awful world,
I knelt before the gods, and then held up
My heart to them in the pure arms of prayer—
They gave no answer, or had none to give.
Alexander Smith.

BEAUTY—hath Strange Power.

Beauty, tho' injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.
Milton.

BEAUTY—The Sleeping.

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile!
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow:
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks,
What most I wish—and fear to know!

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast:
And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above control
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee:
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary! *Rogers.*

BEAUTY—Untenable.

A night of fretful passion may consume
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom,
And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year.
Sheridan.

BEAUTY—and Virtue.

The problem of restoring to the most original internal beauty, is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or the blank that we see in nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent, but opaque. The reason why the world lacks unity is, that man is disunited himself. A life in harmony with nature, the love of truth and virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text, so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause.
Emerson.

BEAUTY—Difficulty in Writing about.

Hard is the task, and bold the advent'rous flight,
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
Congreve.

BEE, HUMBLE—To the.

Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee;
Where thou art is clime for me:
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,

I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.
Flower-bells,
Honey'd cells,—
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Mapel sap, and daffodels,
Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among.
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he pass'd.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep,
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous. *Emerson.*

BEGGING—Letters.

I, the writer of this paper, have been for some time a chosen receiver of begging letters. For fourteen years my house has been made as regular a receiving-house for such communications as any one of the great branch post-offices is, for general correspondence. I ought to know something of the begging letter-writer. He has besieged my door at all hours of the day and night; he has fought my servant; he has lain in ambush for me, going out and coming in; he has followed me out of town into the country; he has appeared at provincial hotels, where I have been staying for only a few hours; he has written to me from immense distances, when I have been out of England. He has fallen sick; he has died and been buried; he has come to life again, and again departed from this transitory scene; he has been his own son, his own mother, his own baby, his idiot brother, his uncle, his aunt, his aged grandfather. He has wanted a greatcoat to go to India in; a pound to set him up in life for ever; a pair of boots to take him to the coast of China; a hat, to get him into a permanent situation under Government. He has frequently been exactly seven and sixpence short of independence. He has had such openings at Liverpool—posts of great trust and confidence in merchants' houses, which nothing but seven and sixpence was wanting him to secure—that I wonder he is not Mayor of that flourishing town at the present moment. . . . The poor never write these letters. Nothing could be more unlike their habits. The writers are public robbers; and we who support them are parties to their depredations. They trade upon every circumstance within their knowledge that affects us, public or private, joyful or sorrowful; they pervert the lessons of our lives; they change what ought to be our strength and virtue into weakness, and encouragement of vice. There is a plain remedy, and it is in our own hands. We must resolve, at any sacrifice of feeling, to be deaf to such appeals, and crush the trade.

There are degrees in murder. Life must be held sacred among us in more ways than one—sacred, not merely from the murderous weapon, or the subtle poison, or the cruel blow, but sacred from preventible diseases, distortions, and pains. That is the first great end we have to set against this miserable imposition. Physical life respected, moral life comes next. What will not content a begging letter-writer for a week would educate a score of children for a year. Let us give all we can; let us do more than ever. But let us give, and do, with a high purpose; not to endow the scum of the earth, to its own greater corruption, with the offals of our duty. *Dickens.*

BEHAVIOUR—Contrasted.

As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behaviour in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervour of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper; they betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation. *Irving.*

BELIEF—Unclouded by Doubt.

In all these (the articles of faith comprised in the Creed), the sky of my belief is serene, unclouded by doubt. Would to God that my faith, that faith which works on the whole man, confirming and conforming, were but in just proportion to my belief, to the full acquiescence of my intellect, and the deep consent of my conscience! The very difficulties argue the truth of the whole scheme and system for my understanding, since I see plainly that so must the truth appear, if it be the truth. *Coleridge.*

BELIEVER—A.

It is a great assuming to say, "I am a believer." . . . God forbid but there should be many—that many may hourly say so. But they that say so, say a great thing; and they had need weigh and consider what they say when they say this, "I am a believer:" for in this same breath you say (or imply it, whether you say it or no), "I am born of God, I am a heaven-born creature, I am of a Divine original. I am of God, because stamped with His image, and governed by the Holy Ghost." *Howe.*

BELIEVER—The.

All joy to the believer! He can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek—
"Since the dear hour that brought me to
Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped but in Thy righteousness divine:
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart;
Cleansed in Thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at Thy feet,—my only plea
Is what it was—dependence upon Thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now."
Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,
Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the
prize. *Cowper.*

BELIEVERS—The being Conformed to Christ's Death.

All they who do really come to Jesus Christ, as they come to Him as their Saviour to be clothed with Him, and made righteous by Him, so they come likewise to Him as their Sanctifier, to be made new and holy by Him, to die and live with Him, to "follow the Lamb wheresoever He goes," through the hardest sufferings and death itself. And this spiritual suffering and dying with Him is the universal way of all His followers: they are all martyrs thus in the crucifying of sinful flesh, and so dying for Him, and with Him. And they may well go cheerfully through. Though it bear the unpleasant name of death, yet, as the other death is (which makes it so little terrible, yea, so often to appear so very desirable to them), so is this, the way to a far more excellent and happy life; so that they may pass through it gladly, both for the company and the end of it. It is with Christ that they go into His death, as unto life in His life. Though a believer might be free from these terms, he would not. No, surely. Could he be content with that easy life of sin instead of the Divine life of Christ? No, he will do thus, and "not accept of deliverance, that he may obtain" (as the apostle speaks of the martyrs) "a better resurrection" (Heb. xi. 35). Think on it again, you to whom your sins are dear still, and this life sweet; you are yet far from Christ and His life. *Leighton.*

BELIEVER, The—Strives against Sin.

While we strive against sin, we may safely expect that the Divinity itself will strive with us, and derive that power and strength unto us, that shall at last make us more than conquerors. . . . As he who projects wickedness shall be sure to find Satan standing at his right hand ready to assist him in it: so he that pursues after God and holiness, shall find God nearer to him than he is to himself, in the free and liberal communications of Himself to him. He that goes out in God's battles, fighting under our Saviour's banner, may look upwards, and opening his eyes, may see the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire round about him. . . . Where there is any sober and serious resolution against sin, any real motion towards God, there is the blessing of Heaven in it; He that planted it will water it, and make it to bud and blossom and bring forth fruit. . . . When He joins His Almighty strength with us, we need not fear anything; "He shall tread down Satan under our feet." . . . Jesus will declare the perfection of His own power in our weakness, if we lay hold of His strength. *John Smith.*

BELIEVING.

He is a fool who believes he knows neither what, nor why. *Feltham.*

BELLS—Their Associations.

No, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!
The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it pass'd through each murmuring shroud.
My forehead was wet with the foam of the spray,
My heart sigh'd in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanced from the east,
The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased:
The peal, from the land I ne'er saw, seem'd to say,
"Let the stranger forget every sorrow to-day!"

Yet the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave;
I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,
Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.
But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled to the air,
Seemed tidings of pleasure, though mournful to bear;
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend! *Bowles.*

BELLS—The.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight.
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove, that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

Edgar A. Poe.

BELLS—Those Evening.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore.

BELL—The Passing.

Hark! 'tis the bell, with solemn toll,
That speaks the spirit's flight
From earth to realms of endless day,
Or everlasting night!

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
Sin's awful curse demands;
Oh, well! if pure before the throne,
The soul accepted stands.

Oh, well! for if uncleansed from guilt,
Through Christ's atoning blood,
With what dismay she now beholds
The presence of her God!

To live through an eternal death,
Eternal woe to bear!
Father of mercy! God of grace!
Inspire and hear our prayer!

From sin, the sting of death and hell,
From enmity to Thee,
Extend Thine own Almighty arm,
To set the bond-slaves free!

So when the bell, with solemn toll,
Shall speak our spirit's flight,
Angels their glad approach shall hail
To realms of bliss in light. *Gisborne.*

BENEVOLENCE.

'Tis written with the pen of heavenly love,
On every heart which skill divine has moulded;
A transcript from the statute-book above,
Where angels read their Sovereign's will unfolded.

It bids us seek the holes where famine lurks,
Clutching the hoarded crust with trembling fingers,
Where toil in damp unwholesome caverns works,
Or with strained eyeballs o'er the needle lingers.

It bids us stand beside the dying bed
Of those about to quit the world for ever;
Smooth the toss'd pillow, prop the aching head,
Cheer the heart-broken, whom death hastes to sever.

And those who copy thus Christ's life on earth,
Feeding the poor, and comforting the weeper,
Will all receive a meed of priceless worth,
When ripely gather'd by the Heavenly Reaper. *Household Words.*

BENEVOLENCE—The Propriety of Cultivating.

The propriety of cultivating feelings of benevolence towards our fellow-creatures is seldom denied in theory, however frequently the duty may be omitted in practice. It has been recommended by the eloquence of heathen philosophers, and enforced by some extraordinary examples of heathen philanthropy; but as the foundations on which they build their beautiful theories of virtue were narrow and confined, the superstructure was frail and perishable, and never was the true foundation discovered, till brought to light by Jesus Christ. He first taught how the obstacles to benevolence were to be removed by conquering that pride, self-love, and vain-glory, which had till then constituted a part of the catalogue of human virtues. He first taught the universality of its extent by connecting it with the love of the common Father and Benefactor of all; and made the love of our fellow-creatures the test and criterion of our love to our Creator, while from true devotion to the Supreme Being, he taught that benevolence to man must necessarily flow. He likewise taught that upon all who were convinced of these truths, and were anxious to fulfil the divine commandments, divine assistance would be bestowed. He alone ennobled virtue, by the assurance of an eternal reward, and gave dignity to this probatory scene, by representing it as introductory to a glorious and ever-during state of felicity. *Elizabeth Hamilton.*

BENEVOLENCE—a Social Virtue.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man, either so great or so little, but he is yet capable of giving and of receiving benefits. *Seneca.*

BENEVOLENCE—a Virtuous Principle.

Benevolence is always a virtuous principle. Its operations always secure to others their natural rights, and it liberally superadds more than they are entitled to claim.

Capue.

BETTING—Its Vileness.

There is one way of wasting time, of all the vilest, because it wastes not time only, but the interest and energy of your minds. Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting, or interesting yourselves in the issues of betting. It unites every condition of folly and vice;. you concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance, instead upon a subject of true knowledge; and you back opinions which you have no grounds for forming, merely because they are your own. All the insolence of egotism is in this; and so far as the love of excitement is complicated with the hope of winning money, you turn yourselves into the basest sort of tradesmen—those who live by speculation. Were there no other ground for industry, this would be a sufficient one,—that it protected you from the temptation to so scandalous a vice. Work faithfully, and you will put yourselves in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness; not such as can be won by the speed of a horse, or marred by the obliquity of a ball.

Ruskin.

BIBLE.

What hast thou here? A book; but what a book!
Another such, nor hath been, nor shall be:

Of universal love th' epitome,
The oracles the Everlasting spoke:
A mirror into which, whoe'er will look,
The past and future shall reflected see:
A spiritual cosmorama, showing thee
What ne'er on th' eye of loftiest fancy broke.
Yea, as the shell found on some foreign shore,
And carried many a thousand mile away,
Retains in its recesses evermore
The modulations of its native sea,
So in this heaven-born book the instructed ear
The music of eternity may hear.

Church of England Magazine.

BIBLE—The.

The Bible is a universal boon to mankind; and we who believe in its inspiration should do our utmost to give it extension and effect. It is not written for any particular nation or age. It does not depend for its authority or its vouchers upon any church or all churches. It stands upon its own peculiar evidences; and no more requires the indorsement of the church to make it current, than the sun requires the authority of the astronomers to warrant our belief in its existence, or our perception of its light and heat. The Bible belongs to the world, like the air, the ocean, the rivers, and the fountains of water. It is a common light, a common blessing, the imperishable heirloom of humanity: our whole inheritance lies here. No party can claim any special property in it; none has any right to monopolize it, or dogmatize upon its contents. It adequately vindicates its own claims by the light, and truth, and love, which never forsake it. Happily it has long since achieved for itself an emancipation from the priestcraft which had restricted its circulation, and dictated its import to the world. It has since been gradually diffusing its light, and advancing towards that universal dissemination which its own prophecies foreshow as certain, and the auguries of these times indicate as near. Great and auspicious events to mankind seem to be travailing for their birth-hour. But whatever character they may give to the eras which have yet to revolve, our own times have received their appropriate stamp; they can hardly miss the designation of the Bible Age. Happy will it prove for ourselves, if we are found as diligent in studying the contents of the book, as we have been zealous in promoting its circulation.

Redford.

BIBLE—a Blessed Antidote.

Oh, blessed book! our better, our spiritual sun, that sheddest thy light-beams upon our souls, and furnishest us with the light of life; thou sovereign antidote against the delusions of the devil, the treachery of our fallen nature, and the darkness of the world; thou guide to lead us safely from the waves of this miserable life into our heavenly and everlasting rest! No wonder that David counted his kingdom as nothing, and called thee his heritage and portion for ever: no wonder the holy martyrs parted with their estates, their families, their blood, rather than with thee! It is rather to be wondered at, that mankind do not prize thee as their richest jewel, converse with thee as their sweetest companion, and talk of thee as the dearest object of their love all the day long. It is with regret I leave off from speaking of thy unspeakable worth.

Hervey.

BIBLE—Varied Contents of the.

The Bible is a divine encyclopædia in itself. It contains history the most authentic and ancient, tracing back to the first creation of our world; and prophecy the most important and interesting, tracing forward to its final consummation; journeys surpassing all others in the marvellousness of their adventures and the dignity of their guide, for they were marked by miracles at every step, and in every movement directed by God; the travels of the most distinguished missionaries—the first preachers of the gospel; and the lives of the most illustrious personages, including the biography of the Son of God; events more wonderful than romance ever imagined; and stories more fascinating than fancy ever sketched; the finest specimens of poetry and eloquence, of sound philosophy and arguments; models of virtue the most attractive, and maxims of wisdom the most profound; forms of prayer the most appropriate in every variety of spiritual experience; and songs of praise that would not be unworthy of an angel's tongue; precepts of unparalleled importance, and parables of unrivalled beauty; examples of consistent piety, suited to every situation; and lessons of divine instruction adapted to every age.

Rev. Hugh White.

BIBLE—Description of the.

The Scriptures are the mysteries of God; let us not be curious; let us not seek to know more than God hath revealed by them. They are the sea of God; let us take heed we be not drowned in them. They are the fire of God; let us take comfort by their heat, and warily take heed they burn us not. They that gaze over-hardly upon the sun take blemish in their eyesight. *Jewel.*

BIBLE—Fulness of the.

The Bible resembles an extensive and highly cultivated flower garden, where there is a vast variety and profusion of fruits and flowers; some of which are more essential or more splendid than others; but there is not a blade suffered to grow in it which has not its use and beauty in the system. Salvation for sinners is the grand truth presented everywhere, and in all points of light; but the *pure in heart* sees a thousand traits of the Divine character, of himself, and of the world: some striking and bold—others cast as it were into the shade, and designed to be searched for and examined; some, direct others by way of intimation or inference. *Cecil.*

BIBLE—a Jewel indeed.

Give to the sacred pages a fair examination; try them as to their general scope and tendency—the character, the disposition, the views of those who wrote them; try them with careful meditation and prayer, and you will find your Bible to be a jewel indeed. In this respect, as well as others, that the more it is worn, the brighter it will shine. *Bowden.*

BIBLE—Its Heavenly Origin.

Whence but from heaven could men, unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price. *Dryden.*

BIBLE—to be Consistently Read.

You, women of England, are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the Book that you are so careful for its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words, that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly,—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor,—and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice,—and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word "justice" means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to: know what He means when He tells you to be just: and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed "just men, and perfect in the fear of God;" and you will soon hear no more war, unless it be indeed such as is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, "In Righteousness He doth judge, and make war." *Ruskin.*

BIBLE—Duty of Reading the.

Learn the Bible through the Bible, the Old through the New Testament; either can only be understood by the needs of thy heart. *John Von Muller.*

BIBLE—Study of the.

How utterly impossible it would be in the manhood of the world to imagine any other instructor of mankind than the Bible. And for that reason, every day makes it more and more evident that the thorough study of the Bible, the investigation of what it teaches and what it does not teach, and the determination of the limits of what we mean by its inspiration, the determination of the degrees of authority to be ascribed to the different books, if any degrees are to be admitted, must take the lead of all other studies. He is guilty of high treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical, or scientific, or historical. And therefore nothing should be more welcome than the extension of knowledge of any and of every kind—for every increase in our accumulations of knowledge throws fresh light upon the real problems of the day. If geology proves to us that we must not interpret the first chapters of Genesis literally; if historical investigation shall show us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracy; if careful criticism shall prove that there have been occasionally interpolations and forgeries in that Book, as in many others,—the results should still be welcome. Even the mistakes of careful and reverent students are more valuable now than truth held in unthinking acquiescence. The substance of the teaching which we derive from the Bible will not really be affected by anything of this sort; while its hold upon the minds of believers, and its power to stir the depths of the spirit of man, however much weakened at first, must be immeasurably strengthened in the end, by clearing away blunders which may have been fastened on it by human interpretation.

Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury.

BIBLE—the Testimony of Christ.

A man may find much amusement in the Bible; variety of prudential instruction; abundance of sublimity and poetry; but if he stops there, he stops short of its great end; for "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." The grand secret in the study of the Scriptures is, to discover Jesus Christ therein, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Cecil.

BIBLE—Its Real Worth and Influence.

What does the world produce where there is no free course for the Word of God? Does it bring forth fruit? Is it a smiling land, teeming with all the riches of moral fertility? Is there any seed springing up, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear? Is there any love of God? any zeal for His glory? any jealousy for His honour? any devotion to His cause? any longing for the extension of His kingdom? Is there any practice of the personal and social and domestic virtues? any preference of the interests of others over selfish feelings? any caring for the state of others, as respects soul or body? Is it not all a struggle in the race of life for private ends? an unmitigated and unqualified rivalry? a contest of passions and selfishness, an accumulation of sufferings and moral evils, a world of envy, and malice, and all uncharitableness, testifying too truly that God does not reign there—that the kingdom of another master is set up there—that the prince of darkness is enshrined in the affections of the inhabitants, and their hearts are given up to his idolatry? Is it not a waste, rather than the fruitful field of grace? Is it not a wilderness, instead of a garden of God's planting? Is it not a parched and thirsty land, instead of that rich and fertile soil on which the heavens drop down fatness, and the skies pour down righteousness? Is it not the habitation of dragons, and not of the redeemed of Christ—the elect of God, holy and beloved? But contemplate the subject in a more limited view: contract the survey: analyze the heart of an individual which has not been visited with the free course of the Word, and has known nothing of the saving truths of the Gospel. Is there a single flower there that blossoms for eternity? Fragrant though they may be, and fair to the eye, are they not withering and fading sweets, springing up in a night like Jonah's gourd, and perishing like other transient and unsubstantial vanities, before the setting of a summer's sun? Is there a single fruit there which will be gathered into the garner at the harvest of God's gathering? Is there a single precious thing there which shall be called the Lord's when He makes up His jewels? All is dark, and superstitious, and grovelling; corruption is at the core; the withering influence of profligacy prevails; the image of God is defaced, and a deep moral degradation settles on the mind, and holds it in that wretched slavery which is represented in Scripture under the affecting figures of blindness and captivity, night and death. And now reverse the picture: contrast its features with the face of a country where the Word of the Lord has had free course and been glorified. Look, for instance, at our own land: however low and imperfect be the exhibition of Christianity which it presents, yet it is undeniable that whatever of power and moral strength we enjoy as a nation, whatever of character and credit, whatever influence, and whatever weight,—all our successes and all our glories—all the pleasantness and peace of our domestic relations, the happiness of our homes, and the comfort of our families—all that is kind, and amiable, and beneficent in society—whatever is of good report either in our public or private life,—is due to the unreserved and unfettered circulation of the Word of God throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Corrupt her religion, and you destroy the talisman of her greatness. Restrict the free course of her Bible, and she is shorn of her glory; the source of her strength is dried up, the crown is fallen from her head, her riches and honour are departed. Her whole history exemplifies the importance of those eternal verities of which her prince is reminded at that solemn season of inauguration, when the Church presents him with the Book of life, "the most valuable thing that this world affords." "Here is wisdom. This is the royal law. These are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book; that keep and do the things contained in it; for these are the words of eternal life, able to make man wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith that is in Christ Jesus."

Bishop Sumner.

BIGOTRY—arises from Ignorance.

The persons whose tempers are peculiarly distinguished for bigotry are those who have drank most sparingly, if at all, of the water of life. It is generally young, and weak, and self-sufficient converts, who are anxious that their zeal should be made known. The more fully men become acquainted with the truths of the sacred volume, and imbibe its benevolent and gentle spirit, the more fully will they feel the force of the assertion, that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." The more fully that men discover the infirmities and blemishes of their own character, the more will they see the necessity of forbearing one another in love; of "following after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."
Bissland.

BIGOTRY—Its Utter Folly.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.
Shakespeare.

BIOGRAPHY—of Good Men.

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing.
Eccle's Sonnets.

BIOGRAPHY—should be Unprejudiced.

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well.
Shakespeare.

BIRD—Bee, and Butterfly.

Bird, bee, and butterfly—the favourite three
That meet us ever on our summer path!
And what, with all her forms and hues divine,
Would summer be without them? Though the skies
Were blue, and blue the streams, and fresh the fields,
And beautiful, as now, the waving woods,
And exquisite the flowers; and though the sun
Beam'd from his cloudless throne from day to day,
And, with the breeze and shower, more loveliness
Shed o'er this lovely world; yet all would want
A charm, if those sweet denizens of earth
And air made not the great creation teem
With beauty, grace, and motion! Who would bless
The landscape, if upon his morning walk
He greeted not the feathery nations perch'd,
For love or song, amid the dancing leaves;
Or wantoning in flight from bough to bough,
From field to field: ah! who would bless thee, June,
If silent, songless were the groves—unheard
The lark in heaven?—And he who meets the bee,
Rifling the bloom, and listless hears his hum
Incessant ringing through the glowing day;
Or loves not the gay butterfly that swims
Before him in the ardent noon, array'd
In crimson, azure, emerald, and gold;
With more magnificence upon his wing—
His little wing—than ever graced the robe
Gorgeous of royalty—is like the kine
That wander 'mid the flowers which gem the meads,
Unconscious of their beauty. *Carrington.*

BIRDS—Cared for of Heaven.

To them nor stores nor granaries belong;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends His eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky;
To Him they sing when Spring renews the plain;
To Him they cry in Winter's pinching rain;
Nor is their music or their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
If ceaseless, then, the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the fields such laced robes He spreads,
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise? Or, are ye less than they?
Thomson.

BIRDS—Generation of.

At this season of the year, there is a revolution in nature which certainly claims our attention. It is the time the birds lay, and hatch their young. This annual miracle passes in a manner before our eyes. What little we know of the generation of birds is sufficient to prove the wisdom of the Creator, as it can neither be attributed to a blind chance nor to art assisting nature. God had the wisest reasons for ordaining that certain animals should not arrive at perfection till after they came from their mother's womb, whilst others reach their full maturity in it.

And it may be allowed, that whoever does not discover the hand of God in the production of birds, will not see it anywhere; for if the profoundest wisdom is not visible in this, it will appear so in nothing.

O man! spectator of the wondrous works of God, adore with me the all-wise Being. Do not disdain to seek, in apparently small objects, the impression of His goodness, His power, and His ineffable wisdom. *Sturm.*

BIRDS—Their Happiness.

The cheerful birds
With sweetest notes do sing their Maker's praise:
Among the which the merrie nightingale,
With swete and swete, her breast against a thorn,
Rings out all night. *Vallans.*

BIRDS—An Invocation to.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phœnix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs
Until they waken;—and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouch'd echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm!
Come, thou sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
(Epithalamium and Pindarique song),
And with it enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!
Procter.

BIRDS—Pairing in Spring.

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?

* * * * * * * *

Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid the neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wandering swain the white-winged plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excursion, skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters: pious fraud! to lead
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.
James Thomson.

BIRDS—The Songs of.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
Oh, 'tis the ravished nightingale.
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring!
John Lyly.

BIRDS—Their Use in the Vegetable World.

Most of the smaller birds are supported, especially when young, by a profusion of caterpillars, small worms, and insects; on these they feed, and thus they contribute to preserve the vegetable world from destruction. This is contrary to the commonly received opinion, that birds, particularly sparrows, do much mischief in destroying the labours of the husbandman. It has been observed that a single pair of sparrows, during the time they are feeding their young, will destroy about four thousand caterpillars weekly! They likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be productive of several hundred caterpillars. Let us not condemn a whole species of animals, because in some instances we have found them troublesome or inconvenient. Of this we are sufficiently sensible; but the uses to which they are subservient in the grand economical distribution of nature, we cannot so easily ascertain. The great table of nature is spread alike to all, and is amply stored with everything necessary for the support of the various families of the earth. It is owing to the superior intelligence and industry of man that he is enabled to appropriate so large a portion of the best gifts of Providence for his own subsistence and comfort; let him not then think it waste, that in some instances, creatures inferior to him in rank are permitted to partake with him, nor let him grudge them their scanty pittance; but, considering them only as the tasters of his full meal, let him endeavour to imitate their cheerfulness, and lift up his heart in grateful effusions to Him "who filleth all things living with plenteousness." *Berdick.*

BLACKSMITH—His Appearance.

Not far away, not meet for any guest,
They spy'd a little cottage like some poor man's nest.

Under a steep hill's side it placed was,
There, where the moulder'd earth had cav'd the bank;
And fast beside a little brook did pass
Of muddy water, that like puddle stank;
By which few crooked sallows grew in dank;
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many iron hammers beating rank,
And answering their weary turns around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entering in, they found the goodman self,
Full busily unto his work ybent:
Who was to weet, a wretched wearish elf,
With hollow eyes, and rawbone cheeks forspent,
As if he had in prison long been pent;
Full black and grisly did his face appear,
Besmeared with smoke, that nigh his eyesight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary shagged hair,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely shear.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent;
No better had he, or for better car'd;
With blister'd hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpar'd,
Right fit to rend the food on which he far'd.
His name was *Care*, a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spar'd,
But to small purpose iron wedges made;
Those be unquiet thoughts, that careful minds invade.

In which his work he had six servants press'd,
About the anvil standing evermore,
With huge great hammers that did never rest,
From heaping strokes, which thereon soused sore:
All six strong grooms, but one than other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like bells in greatness orderly succeed,
That he which was the last, the first did far exceed. *Spencer.*

BLESSING—A Father's.

This sayd, he reacht to take his sonne: who (of his armes affraide;
And then, the horse-haire plume, with which he was so ouerlaide,
Nodded so horrible) he clinged back to his nurse and cryed:
Laughter affected his great syre, who doft and laide aside
His fearfull helme, that on the earth cast round about it light;
Then tooke and kist his loued sonne, and (ballancing his weight
In dancing him) these louing vowes, to living Jove he usde,
And all the other bench of Gods: O you that have infusde

Soule to this infant, now set downe this blessing on his starre,
Let his renoune be clear as mine: equall his strength in warre. *Chapman's Homer.*

BLESSING—on Labour.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes! blow;
Ye softening dews! ye tender showers! descend;
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun!
Into the perfect year. *Thomson.*

BLESSINGS—Brighten when Gone.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight! *Young.*

BLISS—Eternal, of Heaven.

A perpetuity of bliss is bliss. *Young.*

BOASTER—A.

With all his tumid boasts, is like the swordfish,
Who only wears his weapon in his mouth. *Madden.*

BOASTING—Much Blossom, and Little Fruit.

Some are prolific in schemes of usefulness, but are miserably poor in execution. Like some trees, they spend themselves in blossom, and never yield fruit. A gentleman, last summer, showed me a fine tree in his grounds, which he said he had resolved to cut down; for although for years it had produced finer blossom than any other tree in his orchard or garden, yet it never bore fruit. He mentioned this to a friend, who said,—"The fact is, the tree spends itself in blossoms. I advise you to cut the rind off it, nearly half way round, and it will probably have less blossom, but it will bear fruit." He did so, and the result was that it afterwards produced more and better fruit than any other tree in the garden. Let me, therefore, advise you to cut some of the rind from your schemes, that they may not spend themselves in blossoms, but may work out the fruits of usefulness. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have declared that he did not consider himself to possess any advantage over other men, except that whatsoever he considered of sufficient importance to begin, he had sufficient resolution to continue, till he had accomplished his object. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, confessed and lamented that he was deficient in this necessary qualification,—that he could never do any thing till he was forced to it, either by his appetite or his creditors. Try, therefore, to acquire the habit of resolution. *Rev. J. Griffin.*

BOASTING—Vain-glorious.

GLENDOWER. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
HOTSPUR. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
GLENDOWER. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.
HOTSPUR. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil! *Shakespeare.*

BOASTING—Its Vanity.

Now go and brag of thy present happiness, whosoever thou art; brag of thy temperature, of thy good parts; insult, triumph, and boast: thou seest in what a brittle state thou art, how soon thou mayst be dejected, how many several ways, by bad diet, bad air, a small loss, a little sorrow or discontent, an ague, &c., how many sudden accidents may procure thy ruin, what a small tenure of happiness thou hast in this life, how weak and silly a creature thou art. Humble thyself, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, know thyself, acknowledge thy present misery, and make right use of it. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." Thou dost now flourish, and hast goods of body, mind, and fortune; but thou knowest not what storms and tempests the evening may bring with it. Be not secure, then; be sober and watch, if fortunate and rich; if sick and poor, moderate thyself. *Burton.*

BODY—Great Care bestowed upon the.

It is a strange thing to see the care and solicitude that is used to strengthen and cherish the body; the study, and industry, and skill to form and shape every member and limb to beauty and comeliness; to teach the hands and feet and eyes the order and gracefulness of motion; to cure any defects of nature or accident, with any hazard and pain, insomuch as we often times see even those of the weaker sex, and less inclined to suffering, willingly endure the breaking of a bone that cannot otherwise be made straight; and all this ado but to make a handsome and beautiful person, which at best is but the picture of a man or woman, without a wise soul: when to the information and improvement of that jewel, which is the essence of man; and which unconsidered, even that which we so labour for and are proud of—our beauty and handsomeness—is by many degrees inferior to that of a thousand beasts and other creatures; to the cultivating and shaping and directing of the mind, we give scarce a thought, not an hour of our life; never suppress a passion, never reform an affection; insomuch as (though never age had fewer wise men to show to the world) we may justly wonder we are not all fools and idiots, when we consider how little we have contributed to make ourselves other: and doubtless, if nature (whom we are ready to accuse of all our weakness and perverseness) had not out of her store bountifully supplied us, our own art and industry would never have kept up our faculties to that little vile height they are at.

Clarendon.

BODY—Corruptibility of the.

We cannot keep our bodies long here: they are corruptible bodies, and will tumble into dust; we must part with them for a while; and if ever we expect and desire a happy meeting again, we must use them with modesty and reverence now.

Sherlock.

BODY—Culture and Development of.

If there were any real difficulty in determining the best means of developing the body and preventing deformity, the comparison of savage with civilized man would at once remove it. An intelligent old author, in describing the Caribs of 170 years ago, says, in a tone of regret,—"They do not swaddle their infants, but leave them to tumble about at liberty in their little hammocks, or on beds of leaves, spread on the earth in a corner of their huts, and nevertheless their limbs do not become crooked, and their whole body is perfectly well made!" And again,—"Although the little creatures are left to roll about on the ground in a state of nudity, they nevertheless grow marvellously well, and most of them become so robust as to be able to walk without support at six months old."

The *naiveté* of this expression of surprise at the little Caribs growing marvellously well with the assistance of nature alone, and without the use of stays and bandages, imported from Europe, is extremely amusing, and shows to what extent prejudice and custom, once established, will continue to prevail, even where we have before our eyes the strongest evidence of their being hurtful. Our excellent author seems never to have allowed the thought to enter his head, that the Europeans produced the deformity by means of swaddling and bandages, and that the Caribs escaped it, simply by avoiding its causes, and giving liberty to both body and limbs.

Combe.

BODY—and Mind: their Mutual Exercise.

Body and mind must be exercised, not one, but both, and that in a mediocrity; otherwise it will cause a great inconvenience. If the body be overtired, it tires the mind. The mind oppresseth the body, as with students it oftentimes falls out, who, as Plutarch observes, have no care of the body, but compel that which is mortal to do as much as that which is immortal; that which is earthly as that which is ethereal. But as the ox, tired, told the camel, both serving one master, that refused to carry some part of his burden, before it were long, he should be compelled to carry all his pack, and his skin to boot, which by and by, the ox being dead, fell out, so the body may say to the soul that will give it no respite or remission. A little after, an ague, vertigo, or consumption seizeth on them both; all his study is omitted, and they must be compelled to be sick together. He that tenders his own good estate and health, must let them draw equal yoke both alike, that so they may happily enjoy their wished health.

Burton.

BODY—Its Utter Frailty.

I know my body 's of so frail a kind,
  As force without, fevers within, can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
  But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
  Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
  Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life 's a pain, and but a span;
  I know my sense is mock'd with everything;
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
  Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

Sir T. Davies.

BODY—The Human.

Of all the visible parts of the body, the head holds the first rank, not only from its beauty, but because it contains the principles of sensation and motion. All the sentiments and passions of the soul are painted on the face, which is the most beautiful part of man, and wherein are placed the organs of the principal senses, by means of which we receive the impression of outward objects. The several motions of the lips and tongue, whether they touch the palate or the teeth, serve for articulation, and enable us to give so many different inflections to the voice and to sound. With teeth we can either cut or grind our food, and the great number of glands in the mouth furnish the saliva necessary for digestion. The head is placed on the neck, where it moves different ways, as on a pivot, in order to turn to which side it pleases. After the neck comes the shoulder, so formed as to bear heavy loads. To the shoulders are fastened arms, and to those, hands formed in such a manner, that they serve to perform many movements, to touch, to take, to raise, to push away, &c., and the joints and bones support and facilitate the motions. The chest contains and guards the heart and lungs, and for that purpose, is composed of hard strong ribs and bones. All rests upon the hips, the thighs, and the legs, which, as well as the arms, have several joints to make the motions easy. The feet support the whole, and the toes also contribute to it, as they serve to fix the foot firm on the ground. The flesh and skin cover the whole body. The hair of the head, and the down on other parts, guard from the bad effects of cold. What variety in these exterior parts of the body, and yet they are only the principal and most essential of them! Their form, construction, order, situation, motions, and harmony, all afford incontestible proofs of the wisdom and goodness of our Creator. No part of the human body is imperfect or deformed; none useless, no one hurts the other. If, for example, we were deprived of the use of our hands, or if they were not provided with so many joints, we should be unable to do many things we do. If we were to preserve our reason, and yet be quadrupeds or reptiles, we should be unfit for arts or trade; we could not act, move, or turn as we wished. If we had but one eye in the middle of our foreheads, it would be impossible to see the right or left; to take in so large a view, or distinguish so many objects at a time. In a word, all the parts of the body are so constructed and placed, as to concur to the beauty and perfection of the whole, and are well adapted for their different purposes.

Let us therefore bless our Creator, who has made us so wonderfully: and while we feel the happiness of our formation, let the sense of His goodness never be effaced from our minds. *Sturm.*

BODY—Organs of the.

Every organ of the body is in league with every other organ. Every one of them has its own peculiar province and vocation, but is in treaty at the same moment, offensive and defensive, with every other. Nothing is proper to any member in this unique and truly royal society that does not go forth in turn for the interest and advantage of that society. Local benefits immediately become public ones; what injures in one part, is as calamity to the whole. "The cardinal life of every organ," says Swedenborg, "the excellency of its life over other organs, —consists in the fact, that whatever it has of its own, still in a wider sense belongs to the community; and whatever afterwards results from the community to the organ, is the only individual property which the latter claims."

It is not that the heart and lungs are all, but that life is preeminently effectuated through them; the cessation of their activity, or of the activity of either of them, being also, as we shall see presently, the most usual and imminent cause of death. So far from any one organ, or set of organs, being autocratic, there is nothing in the whole scope of the natural history of the human body more wonderful than the sympathy and concurrent energy of its various parts, unless it be the fine illustrated analogy afforded in the relation of the *senses*, as intimated to our daily consciousness. Not one of the senses can be exercised without suggesting to the mind acts and objects which belong to one or more of their colleagues; and the highest pleasures we enjoy through their medium, are those which result from our being able to use some two or three of them at once. The waterfall we love not only to see, but to hear; and not only to hear, but to see; the eye helps the palate to the higher enjoyments of food; and the nose to be more gratified with the smell of flowers; who ever looks on the smooth cheek of a little child, without seeking an enhanced pleasure in patting it! True science is never science only. On the same principle commences all true investigation. To know any single and individual thing thoroughly, it needs that we gather instruction concerning it from *all* things. To learn the true nature of a primrose, we must inquire of firs and palm-trees, and every other plant that springs forth from the earth's bosom. From the same facts, brought to bear in yet another direction, may we learn how it is that undue indulgence in any sensuality enslaves the whole being, and gradually chains a man's every thought and wish to the adopted habit of the sense given way to. *Leo H. Grindon.*

BODY—Resurrection of the.

This corruptible part of ours shall put on incorruption; our natural bodies shall be made glorious bodies, though we have lain a long time in the grave and bosom of the earth, mouldering and consuming away.

We all know that every night is the day's funeral; and what is the morning, but the day's resurrection again; or like the setting of the sun at evening, which the next morning shall rise again? And we all know, that when we set or put a root into the ground, that it must lie all the winter, and appear as dead; but, in the spring-time, we hope to see it revive, and show itself by virtue of the sun. Just so will it be with us at the day of our resurrection; for it is a most certain argument, that he that can do the greater work can also do the lesser; for God, who did make the world and also man at first of nothing, can, at the day of our resurrection, make us perfect bodies again of something. Therefore, O Lord, I beseech Thee, prepare me for the day of my death; and whether it shall be by the messengers of death, or by the trumpet of thy judgments, that at the last day, when I shall rise again, I may behold Thy glorious majesty, with all the royal army of holy martyrs and blessed angels; that I may not be found with a distracted and guilty conscience, nor, with the reprobates, call to the hills to cover me, nor unto the rocks to fall upon me; but that I may taste of Thy endless mercy, and so be received into Thy heavenly mansion.

Samuel Smith.

BODY (A Sinful)—a Wound to the Soul.

As is a wound to the body, so is a sinful body to the soul: the body endangered till the wound be cured, the soul not sound till the body's sin be healed, and the wound of neither can be cured without dressing, nor dressed without smarting. Now, as the smart of the wound is recompensed by the cure of the body, so is the punishment of the body sweetened by the health of the soul. Let my wound smart by dressing, rather than my body die; let my body smart by correction, rather than my soul perish. *Warwick.*

BODY—Wonderful Instance of Creative Power.

The human body, considered simply as an engine to be worked by a superior agent—as a system of combined and organized matter, to be actuated and controlled by a living spirit—is a most wonderful instance of creative power and plastic skill. It may be considered as a world in miniature, as an epitome of all the sciences, as an abridgment of the great book of nature. To whatever part of it we direct our attention, we discover a most remarkable exemplification of the general laws of physics. In its optics, as expressive of the functions of the eye, we have mathematics of the highest order. In the formation of the bones, and in the arrangement of its various joints and ligaments, we have the principles of mechanics most strikingly exhibited to our view. In the circulation of its fluids, the heart, the arteries, and the veins, may be regarded as an hydraulic apparatus. The process of respiration is an example of pneumatic action. In the gradual formation of its general substance—in the precipitation of the various elements which constitute its specific parts—we have chemistry in some of its finest and most beautiful combinations. Over and above all these subordinate agencies, however, there is a master principle—there is life, the grand chemist, the mighty engineer, who superintends and regulates the whole. And although he is invisible to the keenest eye, and baffles the strongest microscope, the effects which he works are too palpable to admit a rational doubt of his separate and distinct existence, and the very obscurity of his retreat tends only to raise our admiration of the power and wisdom of that Being by whom he was originally created, and by whose will he has been attached to our frame. Truly then may we say, in the view of this mysterious union of body and soul—of matter and spirit—in the present condition of our nature, that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." This is therefore doubtless the just and legitimate method of studying the science of physiology—to regard it as exhibiting throughout a most remarkable illustration of the "manifold wisdom of God." So forcibly was the celebrated heathen philosopher and physician, Galen, struck with this fact, that he remarked, that if there was no other proof of it, the examination of the human eye alone would be sufficient to demonstrate the existence of a Supreme Being. *Davies.*

BODY—and Soul.

What is this body? fragile, frail,
 As vegetation's tenderest leaf;
Transient as April's fitful gale,
 And as the flashing meteor brief.

What is this soul? eternal mind,
 Unlimited as thought's vast range,
By grovelling matter unconfined;
 The same, while states and empires change.

When long this miserable frame
 Has vanished from life's busy scene,
This earth shall roll, that sun shall flame,
 As though this dust had never been.

When suns have waned, and worlds sublime
 Their final revolutions told,
This soul shall triumph over time,
 As though such orbs had never rolled.

Osborn.

BOOKS—Affection for.

It is a beautiful incident in the story of Mr. Roscoe's misfortunes, and one which cannot fail to interest the studious mind, that the parting with his books seems to have touched upon his tenderest feelings, and to have been the only circumstance that could provoke the notice of his muse. The scholar only knows how dear these silent, yet eloquent, companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours become in the seasons of adversity. When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow. *W. Irving.*

BOOKS—Four.

God has given us four books: the book of grace, the book of nature, the book of the world, and the book of providence. Every occurrence is a leaf in one of these books: it does not become us to be negligent in the use of any of them. *Cecil.*

BOOKS—A Desirable Treasure.

The desirable treasure of wisdom and knowledge, which all men covet from the impulse of nature, infinitely surpasses all the riches of the world; in comparison with which, precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold grains of sand; in the splendour of which, the sun and moon grow dim to the sight; in the admirable sweetness of which, honey and manna are bitter to the taste. The value of wisdom decreaseth not with time; it hath an ever-flourishing virtue that cleanseth its possession from every venom. *Richard De Bury.*

BOOKS—Their Divine Idea.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and, as it were, printed His ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which, by this great invention of our latter ages, may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley, in his poem on the "Resurrection," mentioning the destruction of the universe, has these admirable lines:—

> "Now all the wide extended sky,
> And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
> And Virgil's sacred work, shall die."

There is no other method of fixing these thoughts which arise and disappear in the minds of men, and transmitting them to the last periods of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas, and preserving the knowledge of any particular person, when his body is mixed with the common mass of matter, and his soul retired into the world of spirits. Statues can last but a few thousands of years, edifices fewer, and colours still fewer than edifices. *Addison.*

BOOKS—of Ideas and mere Words.

How are we to judge what books will, and what will not, repay perusal? To tell a good book is not really perplexing, any more than to distinguish a wholesome food. A good book, like a great nature, opens out a fine foreground, wherever we may open it, and like the breath of a summer's morning, invites us onward. It may be known by the number of fragmentary aphoristic sayings which may be gleaned from it, full of grace and pleasing truth, as flowers on that summer morning's walk. Bacon and Shakespeare have multitudes of such sayings. The Bible has more than all other books together. Books that soon perish, die because void of them. They make the difference between books of *ideas*, and books of *mere words.* The value of a book consists not in what it will do for our amusement, but in what it will *communicate.* Whether dealing with fancy or with fact, all books in their kind are dictionaries, and those are the best which yield most material for reflection. It is not fine writing, as many suppose, that makes fine books. Books are fine only in so far as they flow from sound and abundant knowledge, a picturesque and unobtrusive presentation of which is their infallible characteristic. It is given, moreover, compactly. When an author of any pretensions is found abridging everything, the simple fact of the matter is, that he *perceives* everything. Good books, again, may be known by their rarely containing anything unintelligible, to earnest reading, whatever hardness may appear upon the surface. We should always be glad to find a book invite us further and deeper than we have previously gone; for if it do *not*, it will only leave us where we were. Those writers who never go further into a subject than we can readily accompany them, or than is compatible with making what they say indisputably clear to man, woman, and child, may gratify us indeed;—by awakening and enlivening our recollections, they may even benefit us—but they do nothing whatever to increase the vigour of our intellect; for how can we gather strength except by exercise?

Another excellent test of a good book is, that the opinions of its author do not range with those of any recognized party. It will not readily fall in with any particular creed in theology or school in philosophy; librarians do not know what to do with it; and sectarians become angry and abusive. Freedom from sectarian bias by no means implies freedom from religion. So far from this, every great and good book, whatever may be its subject, discloses, from beginning to end, a devout and intelligent submission to revealed truth. Books that give no recognition to religion are stones rather than bread. Here we see our way towards learning what to *avoid*,—a difficulty almost as great as that of choice. One golden rule will almost include the whole—namely, avoid that class of literature which has a *knowing* tone. Every truly good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; it may contain firm assertions or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly, nor asserts haughtily, and it always leads you to reverence and love something with your whole heart. What constitutes an "improper book" depends chiefly on the intelligence and purity of the reader. To charge unfitness upon a book, unless it be in palpable antagonism with Scripture and good manners, is often only to show that the plane of thought is lowered and contracted.

Finally, let our favourite subject of study be what it may, we should above all things take care not to restrict our reading too much to particular themes or particular authors. "Preserve proportion in your reading," says Dr. Arnold. Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it, a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views it supplies are true; whereas, he who reads in one class of writers only, contracts views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow but false. *Grindon.*

BOOKS—the Legacy of Genius.

Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn. *Addison.*

BOOKS—Likened to a Glass.

Books may be likened to a glass in which the face of society is minutely reflected. The poet Cowper seems to have entertained a similar idea, when he penned these expressive lines:—

"Books are not seldom talismans and spells
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
Some to the fascination of a name,
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more; too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice,
The total grist, unsifted husks and all."

Cowper.

BOOKS—Their Object.

Books, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail; and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. *Goldsmith.*

BOOKS—Parting with.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affliction's dart;

Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;

For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore:
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold.
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.
Ruscoe.

BOOKS—Part of our Prerogative.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travelled that of old.
Our life, Fame pierceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.
Overbury.

BOOKS—and Tradition.

Books may be helps to learning and knowledge, and make it more common and diffused; but I doubt whether they are necessary ones or no, or much advance any other science beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time: and these, perhaps, might be as long preserved without them, by the care and exactness of tradition in the long succession of certain races of men with whom they were intrusted. *Temple.*

BOOKS—The Two.

God hath composed two books, by the diligent study of which we may come to the knowledge of Himself: the Book of the Creatures and the Book of the Scriptures. The book of the Creatures is written in those great letters of heaven and earth, the air and sea: and by these we may spell out somewhat of God: He made them for our instruction, as well as our service: there is not a creature that God hath breathed abroad upon the face of the earth, but it reads us lectures of His infinite power and wisdom. The whole world is a speaking workmanship.
Hopkins.

BOOKS—can never Teach the Use of Books.

Books (says Lord Bacon) can never teach the use of books; the student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice. No man should think so highly of himself, as to think he can receive but little light from books, nor so meanly as to believe he can discover nothing but what is to be learned from them. *Johnson.*

BOOKS—to be Wisely Used.

Books are pleasant; but if, by being over studious, we impair our health and spoil our good humour, two of the best pieces we have, let us give it over; I for my part am one of those who think, that no fruit derived from them can recompense so great a loss.
Montaigne.

BOOKS—Their great Value.

It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. *Milton.*

BOOKS, Thoughtful—Their Value.

For my own part, I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections. For this point, too, should be taken into account. We are wont to think slightly of that which it costs us a slight effort to win. When a maiden is too forward, her admirer deems it time to draw back. Whereas whatever has associated itself with the arousal and activity of our better nature, with the important and memorable epochs in our lives, whether moral or intellectual, is,—to cull a sprig from the beautiful passage in which Wordsworth describes the growth of Michael's love for his native hills,—

> "Our living being, even more
> Than our own blood, and,—could it less?—retains
> Strong hold on our affections, is to us
> A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
> The pleasure which there is in life itself."

If you would fertilize the mind, the plough must be driven over and through it. The gliding of wheels is easier and rapider, but only makes it harder and more barren. Above all, in the present age of light reading, that is, of reading hastily, thoughtlessly, indiscriminately, unfruitfully, when most books are forgotten as soon as they are finished, and very many sooner, it is well if something heavier is cast now and then into the midst of the literary public. This may scare and repel the weak; it will rouse and attract the stronger, and increase their strength by making them exert it. In the sweat of the brow is the mind as well as the body to eat its bread. *Hare.*

BOOKS—as a Whole.

Were the books of our best authors to be retailed in distinct sheets to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours. *Addison.*

BOOKS—Worthy.

Books, such as are worthy the name of books, ought to have no patrons but truth and reason. *Bacon.*

BORE—The.

The bore is one who is not an observer of signs. He plods on, set on delivering himself of what he has to say, and so bewitched with the sound of his own voice that he does not mark, or, what is worse, is indifferent to all evidences of fatigue or restlessness. No one need be a bore who notes the eyes and postures of those with whom he converses. No one need force himself habitually on the unwilling notice of others.

Essays on Social Subjects.

BOTANIST—His Fertility of Resource.

It may not be unimportant, occasionally, to view the extent of the means, and fertility of the sources, whence the botanist can draw his gratifications.

In considering the great number of plants united by such close affinities, yet each one distinct from its congener, the mind cannot but be strongly impressed with the magnificence of that design of the Divine Creator, of which we here catch a glimpse, in the detail of so inconsiderable a portion of His care. It must be kept in view that Nature, in the aggregate, presents us with unity of design. We usually examine isolated scraps, to compare their differences: when, however, we consider that all creation is comprehended under one regularly graduated whole; that it exhibits, step by step, a progressive development, from the lowest quality of inorganic matter, up to man, the most perfect of animated earthly creatures, how utterly incapable are we of tracing those gradations, and almost invisible distinctions, which lead from being to being, through the ascending scale of creation!

These considerations should be impressed on the mind of the young naturalist. None can comprehend all the laws of nature, but the outline of her works is more obvious. We may read the index to her operations, although the details are not unfrequently in secret characters. The whole may be seen as composed of an alphabet of simple elements —elements which combine into matter, as letters into words; matter combines into beings, as words into sentences; and, again, as series of sentences make chapters, so series of beings constitute classes, and of these the incomprehensible book of creation is compiled, and perfected by the hand of the original lawgiver. *Maund.*

BOUNTY—ought to be Reciprocal.

There is no bounty to be shew'd to such
As have no real goodness: bounty is
A spice of virtue: and what virtuous act
Can take effect on them that have no power
Of equal habitude to apprehend it,
But live in worship of that idol vice,
As if there were no virtue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, merely enforced?
This shews their knowledge is mere ignorance,
Their far-fetch'd dignity of soul a fancy,
And all their square pretext of gravity
A mere vain-glory: hence, away with them!
I will prefer for knowledge none but such
As rule their lives by it, and can becalm
All sea of humour with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: others fight below
With gnats and shadows; others nothing
know. *Ben Jonson.*

BOUNTY—should be Unselfish.

He that gives for gain, profit, or any by-end, destroys the very intent of bounty; for it falls only upon those that do not want.

Seneca.

BOY—The Blind.

Oh, say! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber.

BOY—The Orphan.

The room is old, the night is cold,
But night is dearer far than day;
For then, in dreams, to him it seems
That she's return'd who's gone away!
His tears are pass'd, he clasps her fast,
Again she holds him on her knee;
And, in his sleep, he murmurs deep
"Oh! mother, go no more from me!"

But morning breaks, the child awakes,
The dreamer's happy dream hath fled;
The fields look sere, and cold, and drear,
Like orphans mourning summer dead!
The wild birds spring on shivering wing,
Or, cheerless, chirp from tree to tree;
And still he cries, with weeping eyes,
"Oh! mother dear, come back to me!"

Can no one tell where angels dwell?
He's call'd them oft till day grew dim;
If they were near, and they could hear,
He thinks they'd bring her back to him!
"Oh! angels sweet, conduct my feet,"
He cries, "where'er her home may be;
Oh! lead me on to where she's gone,
Or bring my mother back to me!"

C. Swain.

BRAIN—The Phenomena of.

One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain; yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads to it from the injured part be divided, we become instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced; yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away down to the *corpus calosum*, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but has no longer a mind: it cannot think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into its stomach: once there, it is digested: and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain called the convolutions is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man—the gift of reason. *Wigan.*

BRAINS—Difference in.

Great brains (like brightest glass) crack straight, while those
Of stone or wood hold out, and fear not blows;
And we their ancient hoary heads can see
Whose wit was never their mortality.

Bishop Earle.

BREAD—Different sorts of.

Upon the question, What is the worst bread which is eaten? One answered, in respect of the coarseness thereof, Bread made of beans. Another said, Bread made of acorns. But the third hit the truth, and said, Bread taken out of other men's mouths, who are the true proprietors thereof. Such bread may be sweet in the mouth to taste, but is not wholesome in the stomach to digest.

Thos. Fuller.

BREAD—Provided of God.

How full of cheer,
Joyous, devout, and grateful is the soul
To see again its unexhausted God
Thus pile the table of a world with bread!
For what's the globe on which we all subsist?
The table of immortal bounty 'tis,
A feast perpetual, where unnumbered sons
Sit down to banquet as their sires withdraw,
And in succession generations feed,
Contented rise, give thanks, and pass away.

Hurdis.

BREAST—A pure one, Its Vanity.

Where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful? *Shakespeare.*

BRIDE—The.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring. *Spencer.*

BRIDGE—The.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the old church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleam'd redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seem'd to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wish'd that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seem'd greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumber'd men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have cross'd the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro;
The young heart, hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And forever, and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes.

The moon, and its broken reflection,
And its shadows, shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.
Longfellow.

BRITAIN—Its Characteristics.

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide;

There all around the gentle breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Goldsmith.

BRITAIN—Its Glorious Liberties.

When Britain on her sea-girt shore
Her ancient Druids erst address'd,
What aid, she cried, shall I implore?
What best defence by numbers press'd?
The hostile nations round thee rise,
The mystic oracles replied,
And view thine isle with envious eyes:
Their threats defy, their rage deride,
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls:
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle! What though thy vales
No vine impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field,
Yet liberty rewards the toil
Of industry to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest she has sown;
While other realms tyrannic sway enthrals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.
Dr. Arne.

BRITAIN—Its Rule.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia! &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia! &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia! &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All shall be subject to the main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule Britannia! &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia! &c. *Thomson.*

BRITAIN—Its True Place.

I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it:
In a great pool, a swan's nest.
Shakespeare.

BRITANNIA—Her Home.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep. *Campbell.*

BRITON—His home the Sea.

For Britions, chief,
It was reserved, with star-directed prow,
To dare the middle deep, and drive assured
To distant nations through the pathless main.
Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
Long months from land, while the black stormy night
Around them rages, on the groaning mast
With unshook knee to know their giddy way;
To sing, unquelled, amid the lashing wave;
To laugh at danger. Their's the triumph be
By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,
The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,
Each conquered ocean staining with their blood,
Instead of treasure, robbed by ruffian war,
Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
And bind the nations in a golden chain.
Thomson.

BROOK—Song of the.

I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

Tennyson.

BROTHERHOOD.

A happy bit hame this auld warld would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, "gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
"Sae, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
"Then, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane, high and laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
"Sae, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw;
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us
baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren
a'." *Robert Nicol.*

BURIAL—Popular Fiction of.

As the soul is the man, and the material body only his house while upon earth, a man is never really *buried.* No human being since the beginning of the world has ever yet been buried—no, not even for a few minutes. Buried! How can a living soul be buried? Man is where his conscious being is, his memory, his love, his imagination; and since *these* cannot be put in the grave, the man is never put there. So far from being our "last home," the grave is not a home at all; for we never are laid in it, or go near it. "How shall we bury you?" said Crito to Socrates, before he drank the poison. "Just as you please," replied Socrates, "if only you can catch me!" Socrates knew better than that he should die. He saw through death as a vapour curtain through which he would burst into another life. "I shall not die; I shall never die," is what every man ought to say, and energetically to think. "I shall never die; I shall never be buried; bury me if you can catch me."

Burying, as commonly spoken of, is a gross material idea, thoroughly vulgar, unpoetical, unscriptural, the result of materialism in theology, and a striking proof of the small amount of spirituality current in the popular religious creed. To talk of a man being "buried," put into the earth, and lying there, while his soul is somewhere else, is no less false and illogical to the understanding than it is offensive to the feelings. We ought to rise above the use of such base phraseology. We ought even to teach our children, from the earliest, that there are no men and women really in the grave: and truly they better understand and receive this great truth than many of their elders. How difficult to make a child believe that its mother, or father, or brother, is below the sods. And how foolish the efforts sometimes made to force it to believe the degrading falsehood! Leave it alone to its heaven-born thoughts. Why attempt to destroy the being of one who is merely absent to us, as we shall all be, ere long, to others? The very tomb-stone is inscribed falsely. It says,—"Here lies the the body of——." Rather should it be,—"Here lies the last of the bodies of——," since the body we depart out of at death is only the concluding one of a long series, every one of them quite as worthy of commemoration. The earth, let us remember, too, does not itself open the grave we deem so frightful. It is man who digs it, and who peoples it with the horror which he charges on it. People talk again of the "worms" which destroy the dead. Here is another falsity. Our bodies moulder and decay, but they are not *eaten.* Worms are engendered not by corruption, but by flies, who must lay the eggs from which they issue; and no flies have power to penetrate so far into the earth as the depth at which the dead are usually laid. Wrong feelings about dead bodies and the grave do more than anything else to vitiate religious teaching, to hinder consolation for the loss of friends, and, in general, to mar faith in immortality. Happy the day when all shall learn that the corpses of the departed are no more than relinquished garments of living men and women,—temples of God in which Divine service is over and finished—the chanting hushed, the aisles deserted, and to be contemplated with as little terror and revolting as we gaze at the silent ruins of Rivaulx or Tintern before altogether "wede away" by Time. *Grindon.*

BURIAL—at Sea.

Perhaps one of the most solemn and affecting scenes in the world is that of a death and burial at sea. At this time every thing seemed combined to make it so. The green clad isle of pines visible in the distance; the vessel gliding noiselessly on the bosom of the unruffled sea; the sun had just gone down, leaving no traces of its late reign, except the golden clouds which gathered in the west, emitting enough light whereby to read the solemn service, and casting on all around a holy calm. An unusual silence seemed to reign, which was broken only by the whistle of a passing bird, and the splash of the water as it received the lifeless body of our shipmate, from the plank on which it was carried to the side. Not the least affecting part of the service was the serious looks of some of the weather-beaten tars.

Colonial Churchman.

BUSINESS—differently Affects.

To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, "No thanks to him; if he had no business, he would have nothing to do." *Steele.*

BUSINESS—an Intellectual Activity.

Our business must be the main drain of our intellectual activities day by day. It is the channel we have chosen for them: they must flow in it with a diffusive energy, filling every nook and corner. This is a fair test of professional earnestness,—when we find our thoughts running after our business, and fixing themselves with a familiar fondness upon its details, we may be pretty sure of our way. When we find them running elsewhere, and only resorting with difficulty to the channel prepared for them, we may be equally sure we have taken a wrong turn. We cannot be earnest about anything which does not naturally and strongly engage our thoughts. It will be found everywhere that the men who have succeeded in business have been the men who have earnestly given themselves to it. Far more than mere talents or acquirements, enthusiasm and energy in work carry the day. *Dr. Tulloch.*

BUSINESS—Intervals of.

"Business must be attended to," is one of the best and safest maxims in the world. "A man," as Dr. Johnson said, "is never more usefully employed than when earning money." There is another maxim, however, fully as important, and founded upon as great a principle, and that is, the *intervals* of business must be attended to,—implying that there is none of the incongruity supposed. No one can sharpen his intellectual faculties, or widen the range of his knowledge, without becoming more skilful and successful in the business or profession in which he is engaged. Whatever tends to cheer the understanding in leisure moments, so far from being in antagonism to business thoughts, is complimentary to them, and gives them zest. It is doubtful whether any man can heartily enjoy the country who does not spend a large part of every week in town-work; and no less questionable, whether any one so thoroughly enjoys business as he who turns to it as a change. The same principle applies to literary recreations.

Many of our best writers are not professionally so: they sweeten a life of physical labour by intellectual activity, and society reaps the double harvest. In his ordinary life, the author is but an ordinary man; and it is a monstrous exaggeration to suppose, as many do, that he is "always walking with his head among the stars and his feet among the flowers." It would not be difficult to show that the man who is engaged during the day in what are commonly called intellectual employments, or in semi-intellectual uses, such as buying, selling, and casting accounts, has a decided advantage in his leisure moments over him who has wholly to *think.*

Grindon.

BUSINESS—Life's instant.

Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow the unprofitable moments roll
That lock up all the functions of my soul,
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day;
That task which, as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which, not done, the richest must be poor. *Pope.*

BUSINESS—a Relief to Some.

Dull fellows frequently prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to mercurial men is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them.

Steele.

BUSINESS—the Salt of Life.

If a man with a scythe should mow the empty air, he would sooner be weary than he who sweats with toil in cutting the standing corn. Business is the salt of life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it. There are in business three things necessary,—Knowledge, Temper, and Time. . . . Unless a man knows what he is going about, he is liable to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right course. . . . If he want temper, he will be sure not to want trouble. . . . It must be left to judgment to discern when the season is proper. *Feltham.*

BUSINESS—a Difficult Study.

It is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters; for many are perfect in men's humours that are not greatly capable of the real part of business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than books. Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they are good but in their own alley: turn them to new men, and they have lost their aim: so as the old rule, to know a fool from a wise man, "*Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos, et videbis,*" doth scarce hold for them; and, because these cunning men are like haberdashers of small wares, it is not amiss to set forth their shop. *Bacon.*

* * *

C.

CALAMITIES—How Estimated.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities—while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence—the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. *Goldsmith.*

CALAMITIES of the Human Frame—Divine Provision Against the.

When after a fracture, the bone of the limb is set, the ends may overlap, and thus the limb be shortened. What then shall become of the muscles which had been of a length to fit the former size of the bone? Those muscles immediately begin to shorten, much beyond their original natural contraction, and they acquire a power of further contraction, to suit the altered length of the bone. It is as if when any accident happening to one part of a steam-engine, whereby it had changed its dimensions, the neighbouring parts, wholly unaffected by the accident, were of themselves to change their dimensions or their position, so that their action should so be varied, and varied exactly to suit the alteration in the part affected, thus continuing the movement of the machine, but in different adjustment, and all without any interference of the engineer. *Brougham.*

CALM—in Nature.

There is a time when Nature sadden'd lies,
Not slumbering, but undisturb'd in night,
Gazing aloft with all her flowers' eyes,
Into the tranquil heaven's liquid light.
Then shows the distant landscape clear and fair,
And softly thrills the lone bird's simple song;
Sere leaves float silently amid the air,
And distant sounds glide echoless along.

There is a calm which comes upon the heart,
Shedding a sense of holiness around;
Assuaging pain, allaying throe and smart,
And turning all its chords to tender sound.
It is not hope, nor patience; but the soul,
Exalted, yet resigned, feels one by one
Its passions ebb, and gazing on the goal,
Breathes the unconscious prayer, "Thy will be done!" *Household Words.*

CALM—at Sea.

A calm at sea resembles that artificial sleep which is produced by opium in an ardent fever: the disease is suspended, but no good is derived from it. *Denon.*

CAPACITY—not all that is Required.

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible. *Johnson.*

CARE—Carefulness as to Character.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him. *Addison.*

CARE—Designed by Heaven.

Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that hath none must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
Young.

CARELESSNESS—Its Consequences.

Childish imbecile carelessness is enough to render any man poor, without the aid of a single positive vice. *Wayland.*

CARICATURIST—Portrays Society,

The caricaturist is one of the best of historical commentators. The striking peculiarities of the age, which are often but dimly seen in the pages of history, and carefully thrown into shadow in historical pictures, are always distinctly mirrored in the sketches of caricature, which has all the truth and vividness of a reflector; with permanence, instead of evanescence, in its forms and colours. It gives enduring shapes to the jests of the hour. It shows us the great men of a period as they were seen and laughed at by their contemporaries; and by enabling us to feel the emotions they inspired when alive, and enjoy the mirth their conduct or appearance suggested, lets us into the understanding of their characters, both more truly and more amusing than biography. As one of the vehicles for the expression of opinion, caricature partakes of the nature of discussion, and in so far it is fraught with the advantages of discussion. This much we have thought it necessary to say in favour of this curious and neglected subject, though, to justify the attention we intend to bestow on it, we might have contented ourselves with observing that caricature is a department of art in which much talent and invention of a rich and remarkable kind have been displayed in portraying the manners and follies, the very spirit and features, of every stage and state of society. *Westminster Review.*

CASTLE, Old—an object of Awe.

What an object of wonder and awe is an old castle to a boyish imagination! Its height, how dreadful! up to whose mouldering edges his fear carries him, and hangs him over the battlements. What beauty in those unapproachable wallflowers, that cast a brightness on the old brown stones of the edifice, and make the horror pleasing. *Wilson.*

CATHOLICS—The Meaning of the Term.

You will please, however, to notice that this is a very different thing from the Roman Catholic Church, which, instead of being universal, is a particular, and even a corrupt Church. The Roman Catholics or papists pretend, indeed, to say that they are the Catholic Church; and accordingly they are very desirous to drop the word "Roman," and call themselves Catholics only. Many people among us are inclined to give way to them in this, as if a mere word was of no consequence; but nothing can be more inconsiderate, more weak and foolish, than to humour them by calling them Catholics,—since, by so calling them, we do, in fact, condemn ourselves; for if they be indeed the Catholic Church, then are they the Church called and ordained of God to be His; then we ought to belong to them, to be one with them; and then, of course, we ought to reject and abolish the Reformation, to go back into all the superstitions and idolatries of Rome, and to make the pope supreme over the spiritual concerns of England. Therefore, my brethren, never call them Catholics, but Papists, or Romanists; or those of the Romish Church, or Romish communion; or any other suitable, but not insulting name; only never call them Catholics. *Stonard.*

CAUSES—Chain of.

The great chain of causes which link one to another, to the throne of God Himself, can never be unrolled by any industry of ours. When we go but one step beyond the immediate sensible qualities of things, we go out of our depth; all we do after is but a faint struggle, that shows us we are in an element which does not belong to us. *Burke.*

CAUTION.

Y'had best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wisely,—Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow you are like to reap.
Butler.

CAUTION—to Discern.

He that goes too near sin to-day, may fall into it to-morrow. God has been so indulgent as to give us a latitude and liberty to exercise a pious zeal over ourselves, that we may show how much we fear to offend him: and a cautious Christian will say with St. Paul, "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." Prudence will not always venture to the brink of innocence. *Boyle.*

CAUTION—against Self-satisfaction.

Think not all is well within, when all is well without; or that thy being pleased is a sign that God is pleased: but suspect every thing that is prosperous, unless it promotes piety, and charity, and humility. *Taylor.*

CAVE—The Magic.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air,

Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
Folded in cells of crystal silence there;
Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die—yet ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone.

And there lay visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
Each in its thin sheath, like a chrysalis;
Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint
With the soft burthen of intensest bliss:
It is its work to bear to many a saint
Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,
Even Love's—and others white, green, gray and black,
And of all shapes—and each was at her beck.

And odours in a kind of aviary
Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,
Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy
Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept;
As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
They beat their vans; and each was an adept,
When loos'd and mission'd, making wings of winds,
To stir sweet thoughts, or sad, in destined minds. *Shelley.*

CEMETERIES—should have Trees.

In the fact that vegetation purifies the air by absorbing from it what is deleterious, resides a capital argument against intra-mural interments. There cannot be a doubt that the beautiful, time-honoured, and world-wide practice of sheltering graves with trees and adorning them with flowers is attended by valuable sanitary results, such as are wholly precluded when burials are made amid streets and houses—while the sight of ever-green trees, and of flowers in their season, soothes and consoles the mind, by virtue of their associations and emblematic teachings, the atmosphere is improved and renovated. So true it is, that whatever is practically wise, is always in keeping with what is poetically beautiful, and an exemplification of it. Many of the trees which poetical intuition has pronounced appropriate to the side of the sepulchre, by reason of their evergreen or other symbolical characters, are precisely such as scientific design would approve. Witness the arbor-vitæ, the Oriental cypress, and certain kinds of coniferæ; all of them more or less narrow and conical in form, neither covering a large space with their branches, nor casting too much shade when the sun shines, and freely admitting the air and light. The beauty of the cypress-planted cemeteries of the Turks is well-known. At Constantinople, the chief promenade for Europeans is the cemetery of Pera, delightfully placed on a hill-side, and abounding with this handsome tree. "At Scutari," Miss Pardoe tells us, "preferred by the Turks to all other burial-places, because of certain comfortable superstitions connected with it, a forest of the finest cypress extends over an immense space, clothing hill and valley, and seen far-off at sea,—an object at once striking and magnificent." In the cemetery appropriated to the Armenians, instead of the cypress, the acacia is the prevailing tree. Marble is good, but waving boughs are better: it will be one of the most certain indications of progress in real practical science, when town burial-grounds shall be abolished for the sake of rural cemeteries like gardens. Whenever such have been formed, they have been regarded with satisfaction, and their general establishment would unquestionably lead to a marked diminution of average mortality by removing a deadly evil. *Grindon.*

CEREMONIAL—has its Use.

The ceremonial of the world is not without its use: it may indeed take from warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of indifference. *Mackenzie.*

CEREMONY—Done, of no Avail.

Ceremonies do but clothe the covenant of grace. There are men who cannot see the body for the clothing, the signification of the spirit for the letter, the sword for the sheath, the kernel for the shell. They cannot see Christ but in the outward bark and rind of ritual observances and ceremonies, in the shell of them; and so they become unprofitable servants. *Preston.*

Ceremony has made many fools.
It is as easy way unto a duchess
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves. *Tourneur.*

CEREMONY—a base Coin.

Ceremony resembles that base coin which circulates through a country by the royal mandate: it serves every purpose of real money at home; but it is entirely useless if carried abroad: a person who should attempt to circulate his native trash in another country would be thought either ridiculous or culpable. He is truly well bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national peculiarities which are regarded by some with so much observance. A traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over; but that fools are only polite at home. *Goldsmith.*

CEREMONY—keeps up Things.

Ceremony keeps up things; 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it, the water were spilt, and the spirit lost. *Selden.*

CEREMONY—Its Uses.

As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals. *Steele.*

CHAMBER—An Ancient.

My chamber was in the old part of the mansion, the ponderous furniture of which might have been fabricated in the days of the giants. The room was panelled with cornices of heavy carved work, in which flowers and grotesque faces were strangely intermingled; and a row of black-looking portraits stared mournfully at me from the walls. The bed was of rich though faded damask, with a lofty tester, and stood in a niche opposite a bow window. I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighbouring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened—they became more and more tender and remote; and, as they gradually died away, my head sunk upon the pillow, and I fell asleep. *Irving.*

CHAMBER—Requisites of a.

"Silken, hushed, and chaste." *Keats.*

CHAMBER—A Privileged.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Young.

CHAMBER—Sick.

So passed the night, and now and then one rose
From out her place to do what might avail,
To still the new-born infant's fretful wail;
Or through the softly-opened door there came
Some nurse new waked, who, whispering low the name
Of her whose turn was come, would take her place,
Then toward the King would turn about her face,
And to her fellows whisper of the day,
And tell again of her just past away.
Morris.

CHANCE.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some thing all, in all things none are cross'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all. *Southwell.*

CHANCE—Its Folly.

The mite has eyes, and turns aside if it meet with such objects as may be hurtful to it; place it in any thing that is black, for the help of your observation, and if, whilst it is walking, you lay but the least bit of straw in its way, you will see it alter its course immediately; and can you think that the crystalline humour, the retina, and the optic nerve, all which convey sight to this little animal, are the product of chance? *La Bruyere.*

CHANCE-MEDLEY.

A case in law was related to Martin Luther; namely, that a miller had an ass which ran out of his paddock, and came to a river's side, where he went into a fisherman's boat that stood in the river, to drink thereout. But inasmuch as the boat had not been tied fast by the fisherman, it floated away with the ass, so that the miller lost his donkey, and the fisherman his boat. The miller thereupon complained of the fisherman for neglecting to tie his boat fast; and the fisherman accused the miller, for not keeping his ass at home, desiring satisfaction for his boat. Now, the question was, What is the law? Did the ass take the boat away, or the boat the ass? Whereupon Luther said, "These are called cases in law: they were both in error; the fisherman in not tying his boat fast, and the miller in not keeping his ass at home. There is a fault on both sides; it is a chance-medley: there was negligence on both sides: such cases wave the rigour of lawyers; for the extreme rigour is not to be exercised, but only equity. All things are to be governed by equity."

Luther's Familiar Discourses.

CHANGE—Of Life a Part.

"Change is of life a part." Its power
As a shadow marks each passing hour.
It silvers the wave with sparkling light,
With rainbow beauty, intensely bright.
In the clouds and tempests that roll on high
It reigns, in gorgeous revelry.

"Change is of life a part." Its spell
Has thrilled the hero's heart as a knell;
Clouding his hopes in their hour of pride,
Till the haughty spirit within him died:
It came where earthly triumph had been,
Shading with sadness the gorgeous scene.

"Change is of life a part." E'en where
Soft music falls on the perfumed air,
In banquets brilliant as those of old,
When the red wine sparkled in sculptured gold,
'Twill come; like a cloud o'er a summer sky,
Like a phantom whose presence we cannot fly.

"Change is of life a part." The flow
Of time reveals its power below;
In memory's visions, as on they sweep,
Breathing a truth sacred and deep,
That in heaven alone change cannot be,
Where the sunlight of bliss shines eternally.

Church of England Magazine.

CHANGE—Prophetic Sense of.

Motions and means, on land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss,
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

Wordsworth.

CHANGE—The Spiritual.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load,
As if new-born he triumphs in the change:
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To Reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Young.

'CHANGE—A Thought on.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury.

Addison.

CHANGES—Local.

All our removes in this world are but from one wilderness to another. *P. Henry.*

CHARACTER—Beauty of.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
  Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
  And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
  And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
  By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
  Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
  When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Shakespeare.

CHARACTER—not Affected by Place.

A brier is a brier, though it be in a paradise; and a lily is a lily, though it grow in a wilderness. *Reynolds.*

CHARACTER—the Best Security.

"I owe my success in business chiefly to you," said a stationer to a paper-maker, as they were settling a large account; "but let me ask how a man of your caution came to give credit so freely to a beginner with my slender means?" "Because," replied the paper-maker, "at whatever hour in the morning I passed to my business, I always observed you without your coat at yours." I knew both parties. Different men will have different degrees of success, and every man must expect to experience ebbs and flows; but I fully believe that no one in this country, of whatever condition, who is really attentive, and, what is of great importance, who lets it appear that he is so, can fail in the long-run. Pretence is ever bad; but there are many who obscure their good qualities by a certain carelessness, or even an affected indifference, which deprives them of the advantages they would otherwise infallibly reap, and then they complain of the injustice of the world. The man who conceals or disguises his merit, and yet expects to have credit for it, might as well expect to be thought clean in his person, if he chose to go covered with filthy rags. The world will not, and cannot, in great measure, judge but by appearances, and worth must stamp itself, if it hopes to pass current even against baser metal. *Walker.*

CHARACTER—Virtue its Basis.

A horse is not known by his furniture, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth. *Socrates.*

CHARACTER—Its Importance to the Young.

The young grow up and go into the world and take their places there often with little feeling of another world, and how they stand in relation to it. Their characters are formed, as it might seem, by chance, and the tastes and opinions of the accidental society into which they are thrown. And no doubt such influences are very potent. They are the enveloping atmosphere of character, silently feeding and rounding the outlines of its growth. But withal, its true springs are deeper,—"Out of the heart are the issues of life." The soul within is the germ of the unfolding man, no less than the seed is that of the plant, fashioned and fed as it may be by the outer air. And the *essential form* of character will be found in every case to depend upon the nature of the inner life from which it springs. Whether this be dull and torpid, or quick and powerful, will very soon show itself in the outward fashion of the man. The mere surface of many lives may look equally fair, but there will be found to be a great difference, according as some hold to a higher life, and draw their most central and enduring qualities thence, and as others are found to have no higher attachment—no living spring of Divine righteousness and strength. What is deepest in every man, and most influential, however little at times it may seem so, is, after all, his relation to God and the Unseen. The genuine root of character is here, as trial soon proves. How a man believes concerning God and the higher world—*how his soul is*—will show itself in his whole life. From this inner source, its essential and determining qualities will run. On this foundation its structure rests. The religious belief of young men, therefore, is a subject of the most vital moment for themselves and for all. Whatever tends to affect it is pregnant with incalculable consequences. To weaken or lose it, is to impair the very life of society. To deepen and expand it, is to add strength to character and durability to virtue. *Tulloch.*

CHARITY—of Life.

The sweet charities of life, sympathy, affection, and benevolence, are the blessings blended with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity; and from the restraints of temper and mutual forbearance we practise to each other, arise the kindness and good-will which are the charms of social life. *Mrs. King.*

CHARITY—not Alms-giving merely.

I am not inclined to attach any high degree of merit to the mere act of giving money to the poor, because I esteem it a luxury to be thus instrumental in relieving their pressing difficulties; and I am also in considerable doubt whether this is the best method of relieving them. The point I am about to remark upon, however, is the extreme inconsistency of those longings, so prevalent amongst ladies, that they could give to the poor; and the lamentations they frequently utter relating to the absolute necessity they are under of not giving more. We find them elegantly dressed, dwelling amongst costly furniture, and denying themselves nothing which their wealthier neighbours enjoy, and all the while they do so wish they could give more to the poor.

I confess it sickens the heart, and wearies the mind, to listen to absurdities like this. If these individuals would but let the matter rest, and be content to be fashionable without pretending to be generous, half their culpability would cease to exist.

The measure of charity which it is our duty to bestow upon the poor is a point of very difficult adjustment, as well as the manner we may choose to adopt in the distribution of our means. We cannot properly make ourselves the judge of a brother or sister in these respects. But if we have sufficient resources for the purchase of luxuries, it is in vain to pretend we cannot give to the poor; and if we will not spare a little out of our little, we cannot expect to be believed when we boast of the pleasure it would afford us to be charitable with more.

There are noble instances afforded, by women in the middle classes of society in England, of what can really be done in the way of benevolence, in a persevering and unobtrusive manner, which it is truly refreshing to the soul to contemplate; and I would earnestly recommend my young countrywomen to look seriously to these, and to ask whether they cannot go and do likewise, rather than accustom themselves to the dangerous habit of inquiring whether they cannot afford to purchase what is fashionable and becoming to a lady, even when it is not necessary for comfort or respectability. By this means they would at least be able to attain a degree of merit; for if they did not go to the extent of the truly devoted and praiseworthy, they might avoid involving themselves in that interminable chain of expensive contingencies which are sure to follow if we set out in life by making it our first object of ambition to stand well with the world, and to accommodate our dress and mode of living to that which is most admired in society.

The fallacious mode of reasoning induced by too slavish a conformity to the fashions and the customs of the world, creates an endless series of entanglements, most fatally seductive to woman's better feelings. The fact of having or not having absolute debts unpaid seems to be, with most young ladies, the boundary line of their morality, as relates to their pecuniary affairs; and well would it be if all were strictly scrupulous even to this extent. Within this line, however, there may be deviations from the integrity of a noble, generous, and enlightened mind, which yet the world takes no cognizance of, and which do not materially affect the character, as it is judged of by society in general.

I have said that the world is an unjust judge; and in no instance is it more so than in this. The world pays homage to an expensive, elegant, and lady-like appearance, but it takes little note of the principle that would condemn this appearance, if it could not be maintained without encroachment upon a parent's limited means. The restrictions of civil law refer only to the payment of pecuniary debts; and, when these are discharged, we may appear without reproach before society. But, happily for us, we have a higher standard of moral duty; and the integrity of the Christian character requires a strict observance of points of conduct unseen by society, and perhaps known only to ourselves and to the great Searcher of human hearts, by whose judgment we must stand or fall.

Mrs. Ellis.

CHARITY—should be Catholic.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad: a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole. *Cumberland.*

CHARITY—Christian.

He who shows hatred against the sinner, instead of exercising it only against the sin, condemns himself. *St. Ephraim.*

CHARITY—Christian.

Oh, divinest Christian charity, what tongue can worthily describe thy most heavenly beauty, thy incomparable sweetness, thy more than royal clemency and bounty! How nobly dost thou enlarge our minds beyond the narrow sphere of self and private regard, into an universal ease and complacence, making every man ourself, and all concernments to be ours! How dost thou entitle us unto, how dost thou invest us in all the goods imaginable; dost enrich us with the wealth, dost prefer us with the honour, dost adorn us with the wisdom and virtue, dost bless us with all the prosperity of the world; whilst all our neighbour's good by our rejoicing therein becometh our own! How dost thou raise a man above the reach of all mischiefs and disasters, of all troubles and griefs, since nothing can disturb or discompose that soul wherein thou dost constantly reside and absolutely reign! How easily dost thou, without pain or hazard, without drawing blood or striking stroke, render him that enjoyeth thee an absolute conqueror over all his foes, triumphant over all injuries without, and all passions within; for he can have no enemy who will be a friend to all, and nothing is able to cross him who is disposed to take everything well! How sociable, how secure, how pleasant a life might we lead under thy kindly governance! What numberless sorrows and troubles, fears and suspicions, cares and distractions of mind at home, what tumults and tragedies abroad might be prevented, if men would but hearken to thy mild suggestions! What a paradise would this world then become in comparison to what it now is, where, thy good precepts and advices being neglected, uncharitable passions and unjust desires are predominant! How excellent, then, is that doctrine which brought thee down from heaven! and would but man embrace thus the peace and joy of heaven with thee!

Dr. Isaac Barrow.

CHARITY—the End of the Commandment.

My own experience, and every succeeding year of my protracted life, have more and still more convinced me that "the end of the commandment is charity;" that by this chiefly we are known to be the disciples of Christ, and that the deficiency of brotherly kindness and true Christian love, more perhaps than all other "things that are wanting," hinders the spread of the Gospel, and the good fruits of Christianity. Little need we wonder that the apostle, who continually, and the more as he advanced in age, exhorted Christians to "love one another," was the "disciple whom Jesus loved." *Bishop Gresweld.*

CHARITY—once Diffusive.

If God has bestowed His gifts upon us in the greatest abundance; if He have filled our granaries with corn, and multiplied our flocks in the fold, but has not enriched us with that fraternal affection wherewith we should support one another; if He has not given us a bountiful heart and a charitable hand to give some of our goods to the relief, and some of our bread to the nourishment of the poor—He hath given us but half a blessing. Wealth is but a confused lump till bounty shape and put it into form; but a dead useless piece of earth till charity animate and quicken, and by sending it abroad make it current, and by distributing it to several hands, give it heat and motion. *King.*

CHARITY—a Gush of Goodness.

Give! as the morning, that flows out of
Heaven!
Give! as the waves, when their channel is
riven!
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing;
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth overglowing;
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing;
Give as He gave thee! who gave thee to
live!

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river;
Wasting its waters for ever and ever
Through the burnt sands that reward not the
giver. *Household Words.*

CHARITY—Indiscriminate.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

Lamb.

CHARITY—A Noble.

MRS. FRY AT NEWGATE PRISON.

The harsh key grated in its ward,
The massy bolts undrew,
And watchful men of aspect stern,
Gave us admittance through—

Admittance where so many pine
  The far release to gain,
Where desperate hands have madly striven
  To wrest the bars in vain.

What untold depths of human woe
  Have roll'd their floods along
Since first these rugged walls were heaved
  From their foundations strong!
Guilt, with its seared and blacken'd breast,
  Fierce Hate, with sullen glare,
And Justice, smiting unto death,
  And desolate Despair.

Here Crime hath spread a loathsome snare
  For souls of lighter stain,
And Shame hath cower'd, and Anguish drain'd
  The darkest dregs of pain.
And Punishment its doom hath dealt,
  Relentless as the grave,
And spurn'd the sinful fellow-worm,
  Whom Jesus died to save.

Yet be not strict their faults to mark,
  Nor hasty to condemn,
Oh, thou whose erring human heart
  May not have swerved like them;
But, with the tear-drop on thy cheek,
  Adore that guardian Power
Who held thee on the slippery steep
  Amid the trial-hour.

Who entereth to his dreary cell?
  Who dares the harden'd throng,
With fearless step and brow serene,
  In simple goodness strong?
She hath a Bible in her hand,
  And on her lips the spell
Of loving and melodious speech,
  Those lion-hearts to quell.

She readeth from that holy book,
  And in its spirit meek
Doth warn them as those straying ones
  Whom Christ vouchsafes to seek;
She kneeleth down and asketh Him
  Who deign'd the lost to find,
Back to His blessed fold to lead
  These impotent and blind.

Oh, beautiful! though not with youth,
  Bright locks of sunny ray,
Or changeful charms that years may blot,
  And sickness melt away;
But with sweet lowliness of soul,
  The love that never dies,
The purity and truth that hold
  Communion with the skies.

Oh, beautiful! yet not with gauds,
  That strike the worldling's eye,
But in the self-denying toils
  Of heaven-born charity.
Press onward, till thou find thy home
  In realms of perfect peace,
Where, in the plaudit of thy Lord,
  All earthly cares shall cease. *Sigourney.*

CHARITY—of the Poor.

  And thus, among the untaught poor,
  Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
    Of classic Greece and Rome.

J. R. Lowell.

CHARITY—Unselfish.

To give and to lose is nothing; but to lose and to give still, is the part of a great mind. *Seneca.*

CHARITY—Wisdom in.

Proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity; let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest in seeking applause thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth. *Quarles.*

CHARMS—Female.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
  Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-placed words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
  As the bright stars and Milky-way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
  While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
  Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
  Yet friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care;

He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love. *Waller.*

CHASTENINGS—The, of the Lord.

We see in a jeweller's shop, that, as there are pearls and diamonds and other precious stones, so there are files, cutting instruments, and many sharp tools for their polishing; and while they are in the workhouse they are continual neighbours to them, and often come under them. The church is God's jewellery, His workshop, where His jewels are polishing for His palace and house; and those which He especially esteems and means to make most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon. *Leighton.*

CHASTISEMENTS—Divine.

As it concerns us to observe when the creatures become corrosives, so it does also to improve this corroding dispensation. Let it be a means to eat out the proud flesh of some sin or other, which is the procuring cause of all. The creatures frown; but doth not God frown on some sin, in their frowning? It would better become those who cry out against their superiors, to consider how the taking cold in the feet is often the cause of disorder in the head. The sins of people, wives, children, servants, are the cold vapours which cause a distemper. The headache of some above others, becomes a heartache to and from those below others. View sin, then, so as to be more abased for it, and creatures less in the way of disquiet. So the prophet teaches (Lam. iii. 40). The overtaking of sin with hue-and-cry is the best remedy under such maladies. *Crane.*

CHASTISEMENT—sent in Love.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of celestial love;
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw, when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom to the paleness of woe.
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
And *He* strengthened the chain He had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
I love thee, I love thee;—pass under the rod!

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So bright and so fresh to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, *He* had placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey;
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
I love thee, I love thee;—pass under the rod!

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear cherished son;
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid;
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,

And joy from their bosoms had fled;
But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderest care;
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas THEIR *star shining brilliantly there!*
They had *each* heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
I love thee, I love thee;—pass under the rod!

Dana.

CHASTITY—Modesty of.

True chastity is tongued so weak,
'Tis overcome ere it know how to speak.

Decker.

CHASTITY—Praise of.

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns, hagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?

Anon.

CHASTITY—Highly Prized.

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity, whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or, that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

Addison.

CHASTITY—Pure.

Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart does hold. *Buckingham.*

CHEAT—His Characteristics.

A cheat is a freeman of all trades, and all trades of his fraud and treachery are his calling, though his profession be integrity and truth. He spins nets like a spider out of his own entrails, to entrap the simple and unwary that light in his way, whom he devours and feeds upon.

The common ignorance of mankind is his province, which he orders to the best advantage. He is but a tame highwayman that does the same thing by stratagem and design which the other does by force, makes men deliver their understandings first, and after their purses. Oaths and lies are his tools that he works with, and he gets his living by the drudgery of his conscience. . . .

He can put on as many shapes as the devil that set him on work, is one that fishes in muddy understandings and will tickle a trout in his own element, till he has him in his clutches, and after in his dish, or the market. He runs down none but those which he is certain are *feræ naturæ*, mere natural animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no feats without the co-operating assistance of the chouse, whose credulity commonly meets the impostor half way, otherwise nothing is done; for all the craft is not in the catching (as the proverb says), but the better half at least in being catched. He is one that, like a bond without fraud, covin, and further delay, is void and of none effect, otherwise does stand and remain in full power, force, and virtue. He trusts the credulous with what hopes they please at a very easy rate, upon their own security, until he has drawn them far enough in, and then makes them pay for all at once. The first thing he gets from him is a good opinion, and afterwards any thing he pleases.

Fuller.

CHEERFULNESS.

A rational repast;
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,

A military discipline of thought,
To foil temptation in the doubtful field,
And ever-waking ardour for the right—
'Tis these first give, then guard, a cheerful heart. *Young.*

CHEERFULNESS.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them. *Miss Tallbot.*

CHILD—A Beauteous and Beloved.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball;
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next;
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be:
And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now! *Moultrie.*

CHILD—Town and Country.

Child of the Country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to the sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
I sing of thee:—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless wood,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp,—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the Country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town! for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
No roses, twin-born on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds,—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the Country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;

Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing's sake—'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone.
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower;
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb o'er which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope and holiness and God.

Allan Cunningham.

CHILD—the Father of the Man.

The child is father of the man.

Wordsworth.

CHILD—Its Impressibility.

The mind of a child is not like that of a grown person, too full and too noisy to observe everything: it is a vessel always ready to receive, and always receiving. *Mrs. Child.*

CHILD—Its Joyousness.

Light as the lark, and merry as the lay,
He high in Heaven's blue concave carols loud;
And graceful as the hare-bell lightly bowed,
With the sweet breath and dews of early day;
Oh! be thy future still as fair and gay.
For, would thy destinies my wish allow,
Thy life should be, ev'n as thy open brow,
Careless and lovely; or thy part of grief,
Since all who enter life must feel its care,
Should be but as a foil or shadow, brief,
To make thy sunny path seem still more fair.
Well do I know how guilt and sorrow spare
Rarely earth's loveliest blossoms; and in me
The thought, at times, hath wakened fears for thee. *Howitt.*

CHILD—Loss of.

Can I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child?
We have this sign of joy, that many days
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His holy food, his sleep, his ease from pains.
Oh may that sound be rooted in my mind
Of which in him such strong effect I find!
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship far above
The course of nature, or his tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage;
Let his pure soul—ordained seven years to be
In that frail body, which was part of me—
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

Beaumont.

CHILD—The Neglected.

I never was a favourite—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That bless'd her fairer child;
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense:
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence.
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learn'd to know thy worth;
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love that claim'd
A smile or an embrace.
But when I raised my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;

I saw my sister's lovely form
  With gems and roses deck'd;
I did not covet them; but oft,
  When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
  Of being so beloved. *Bayly.*

CHILD—A Sleeping.

Oh, that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstacy.
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts beyond thy years.
Thou smil'st, as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or errors dim
The glory of the Seraphim.

Oh, vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm.
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise.
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Wilson.

CHILDHOOD.

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles,
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
White.

CHILDHOOD—Characteristics of Right.

The first character of right childhood is that it is modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows everything. It may think its father and mother know everything—perhaps that all grown-up people know everything; very certainly it is sure that *it* does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. A second character of right childhood is to be faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, and having found always, when it has tried its own way against his, that he was right and it was wrong, a noble child trusts him at last wholly, gives him its hand, and will walk blindfold with him if he bids it. A third character of right childhood is to be loving and generous. Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child—would trust nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it—does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so little a way. And, because of all these characters, it is cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing—being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; trusting somebody else to take care of to-morrow, knowing indeed what labour is, but not what sorrow is; and always ready for play—beautiful play—for lovely human play is like the play of the sun. There's a worker for you! He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but also, he *rejoiceth* as a strong man to run a race. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here, and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere;—that's the sun's play; and great human play is like his—all various—all full of life, and light, and tender, as the dew of the morning.

So, then, you have the child's character in these four things—Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That's what you've got to be converted to. "Except ye be converted and become as little children." You hear much of conversion now-a-days: but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion—to be converted to long faces. No, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight, and delightsomeness. You can't go into a conventicle, but you'll hear plenty of talk of backsliding. Backsliding, indeed! I can tell you on the ways most of us go, the faster we slide back, the better, slide back into the cradle, if going back is into the grave—back, I tell you;—back, out of your long faces, and into your long clothes. It is among children, and as children only, that you will find medicine for your healing, and true wisdom for your teaching. There is poison in the counsels of the *men* of this world; the words they speak are all bitterness, "the poison of asps is under their lips," but the "sucking child shall play by the hole of the asp." There is death in the looks of men, "their eyes are privily set against the poor;" they are as the uncharmable serpent, the cockatrice which it slew by seeing. But "the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice den." There is death in the steps of men: their feet are swift to shed blood; they have compassed us in our steps like the lion that is greedy of his prey, and the young lion lurking in secret places, "but in that kingdom, the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the fatling with the lion, and a little child shall lead them." There is death in the thoughts of men: the world is one wide riddle to them, darker and darker as it draws to a close; but the secret of it is known to the child, and the Lord of heaven and earth is most to be thanked in that "He has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes." Yes, and there is death—infinitude of death—in the principalities and powers of men. "As far as the east is from the west," so far our sins are—*not* set from us, but multiplied around us: the sun himself, think you *how* he "rejoices" to run his course, when he plunges westward to the horizon, so widely red, not with clouds, but blood? And it will be red more widely yet. Whatever draught of the early and latter rain may be, there will be none of that red rain, you fortify yourselves, you arm yourselves against it in vain; the enemy and avenger will be upon you also, unless you learn that it is not out of the mouths of the knitted gun, or the smoothed rifle, but "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" that the strength is ordained, which shall "still the enemy and avenger."

Ruskin.

CHILDHOOD—Its Memories.

Oh, my golden days of childhood,
  Many, many years ago!
Ah! how well do I remember
  What a pride it was to know,
When my little playmates muster'd
  On this old familiar spot,
To select their infant pastimes,
  That my name was ne'er forgot;
When with merry, rosy faces,
  They so eagerly would come,
Boasting of the longest top-string,
  Or a top of loudest hum;
Or, as proud and prancing horses,
  Chase each other to and fro,
In my golden days of childhood,
  Many, many years ago!

Oh, my balmy days of boyhood,
  Many, many years ago!
When I ranged at will the wild woods,
  For the berry or the sloe;
Or the gentle blue-eyed violet,
  Traced by its own perfume sweet;
Or with light and cautious footstep
  Sought the linnet's snug retreat;
Or with little blooming maidens
  To the nutting groves repair'd,
And in warmth of purest boy-love,
  The rich clusters with them shared;
Or when hoary-headed winter
  Brought his welcome frost and snow,
How we throng'd the frozen streamlets,
  Many, many years ago!

Then my days of dawning manhood,
  Many, many years ago!
When the future seem'd all brightness
  Lit with love's enchanting glow;
When what hopes and blissful day-dreams
  Would my buoyant bosom crowd,
As I forth led my beloved one,
  She as fair as I was proud;
Led her forth with lightsome footstep,
  Where some happy rustic throng
To old Robin's merry music
  Would so gaily dance along.
Or when round came joyous Christmas,
  Oft beneath the mistletoe
Have I toy'd with blushing maidens,
  Many, many years ago!

Ah, ye golden days! departed,
  Yet full oft on memory's wing
Ye return like some bright vision,
  And both joy and sorrow bring.
Where are now my boy companions,
  Those dear friends of love and truth?
Death hath seal'd the lips of many,
  Fair and beautiful in youth.
Robin's lute has long been silent,
  And the trees are old and bare;
Silent too the rippling brooklets,
  The old playground is not there;
Time hath stolen my fair one's beauty,
  And he soon will strike the blow
That will break those ties that bound us
  Many, many years ago! *Loker.*

CHILDHOOD—Recollections of.

The productions of the vegetable kingdom are among the first objects that forcibly attract the attention of young children; becoming to them the source of gratifications, which are among the purest of which our nature is capable; and of which, even the indistinct recollection imparts often a fleeting pleasure to the most cheerless moments of after-life.

Who does not look back with feelings, which he would in vain attempt to describe, to the delightful rambles which his native fields and meadows afforded to his earliest years? Who does not remember, or at least fancy that he remembers, the eager activity with which he was used to strip nature's carpet of its embroidery, nor ceased to cull the scattered blossoms till his infant hands were incapable of retaining the accumulated heap? Who, on even seeing the first violet of returning spring, much more on inhaling its sweetness, or in catching the breeze that has passed over the blossom of the bean or of the woodbine, does not again enjoy the very delights of his early childhood?

The pleasure of such recollections is for the most part of a moral and intellectual nature; but the pleasure of the original enjoyment appears to be principally of a physical character; and is no doubt intended to produce, at the moment, a highly beneficial, though merely physical effect: for while the eye of a child is attracted by the unexpected forms and colours of the plants and flowers presented to his view, and his mind is instigated to gratify the eager desire of possessing them, he necessarily subjects his limbs to that degree of exercise and fatigue, which contributes to the general health of his body. Nor let such pleasures be undervalued in their consequence: they give that moderate stimulus to the whole system, which even the early age of infancy requires; and, by shutting out the listlessness that would arise from inactivity, they become eventually the source of moral and intellectual improvement.

Kidd.

CHILDREN—Their Attractions.

Holy is the sway
Of that mysterious sense which bids us bend
Toward the young souls new clothed in helpless clay—
Fragile beginnings of a mighty end—
Angels unwing'd—which human care must tend,
Till they can tread the world's rough path alone,
Serve for themselves, or in themselves offend:
But God o'erlooketh all from His high throne,
And sees with eyes benign their weakness—and our own.

Therefore we pray for them, when sunset brings
Rest to the joyous heart and shining head;
When flowers are closed, and birds fold up their wings,
And watchful mothers pass each cradle-bed
With hush'd soft steps, and earnest eyes that shed
Tears far more glad than smiling! Yea, all day
We bless them; while, by guileless pleasure led,
Their voices echo in their gleesome play,
And their whole careless souls are making holiday.

And if, by Heaven's inscrutable decree,
Death calls, and human skill is vain to save;
If the bright child, that clamber'd to our knee,
Cold and inactive fills the silent grave,—
Then with what wild lament we moan and rave!
What passionate tears fall down in ceaseless shower!
There lies perfection! there, of all life gave,
The bud that would have proved the sweetest flower
That ever woke to bloom within an earthly bower.

For in this hope our intellects abjure
All reason—all experience—and forego
Belief in that which only is secure,
Our natural chance and share of human woe;
The father pitieth David's heart-struck blow,
But for himself such augury defies;
No future Absalom his love can know:
No pride, no passion, no rebellion lies
In the unsullied depth of those delightful eyes!

Their innocent faces open like a book,
Full of sweet prophecies of coming good;
And we who pore thereon with loving look
Read what we most desire, not what we should,
Even that which suits our own ambitious mood.
The scholar, sees distinction promised there—
The soldier, laurels in the field of blood—
The merchant, venturous skill and trading fair—
None read of broken hope—of failure—of despair!

Nor ever can a parent's gaze behold
Defect of nature as a stranger doth;
For these (with judgment true, severe and cold)
Mark the ungainly step of heavy sloth—
Coarseness of feature—tempers easy wroth:
But those with dazzled hearts such errors spy,
(A halo of indulgence circling both).

The plainest child a stranger passeth by
Shows lovely to the sight of some enamour'd eye!

The mother looketh from her latticed pane,
Her children's voices echoing sweet and clear;
With merry leap and bound her side they gain,
Offering their wild field flow'rets; all are dear,
Yet still she listens with an absent ear;
For while the strong and lovely round her press,
A halt uneven step sounds drawing near:
And all she leaves that crippled child to bless,
Folding him to her heart with cherishing caress.

Yea, where the soul denies illumined grace
(The last, the worst, the fatalest defect),
She gazing earnest in that idiot face,
Thinks she perceives a dawn of intellect;
And year by year continues to expect
What time shall never bring, ere life be flown:
Still loving, hoping, patient, though deject,
Watching those eyes that answer not her own—
Near him, and yet how far! With him, but still alone.

Want of attraction this love cannot mar;
Years of rebellion cannot blot it out:
The prodigal returning from afar
Still finds a welcome given with song and shout!
The father's hand, without reproach or doubt,
Clasps his—who caused them all such bitter fears;
The mother's arms encircle him about—
That long dark course of alienated years
Mark'd only by a burst of reconciling tears!
Hon. Mrs. Norton.

CHILDREN—Best Judges of Character.

It is a curious fact, that children are the best judges of character at first sight in the world. There is an old Scotch proverb, "They are never cannie, that dogs and bairns dinna like;" and there is not a more true one in the whole collection. *Hogg.*

CHILDREN—Cling to their Mother.

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise. *Landor.*

CHILDREN—Disobedient, their End.

Disobedient children, if preserved from the gallows, are reserved for the rack, to be tortured by their own posteritie. One complaining, that never father had so undutiful a child as he had. "Yes," said his sonne, with less grace than truth, "my grandfather had." *Fuller.*

CHILDREN—Hostages to Fortune.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. *Bacon.*

CHILDREN—Due Indulgence to.

Dr. Johnson was exceedingly disposed to the general indulgence of children, and was even scrupulously and ceremoniously attentive not to offend them. He was, however, full of indignation against such parents as delight to produce their young ones too early into the talking world, and was known to give a good deal of pain by refusing to hear the verses that children could recite, or the songs they could sing; particularly to one friend, who told him that his two sons should repeat Gray's "Elegy" to him alternately, that he might judge who had the happiest cadence. "No, pray, Sir," said he, "let the little dears both speak it at once; more noise will by that means be made, and the noise will be sooner over." *Dr. Johnson.*

CHILDREN'S—Playthings.

Though it be agreed they should have playthings of several sorts, I think they should have none bought for them. This will hinder that great variety they are often overcharged with, which serves only to teach the mind to wander after change and superfluity, to be unquiet, and perpetually stretching itself after something more still, though it knows not what, and never to be satisfied with what it hath. The court that is made to people of condition in such kind of presents to their children does the little ones great harm; by it they are taught pride, vanity, and covetousness, almost before they can speak; and I have known a young child so distracted with the number and variety of his playgames, that he tired his maid every day to look them over, and was so accustomed to abundance that he never thought he had enough, but was always asking, "What more? What more? What new thing shall I have?" A good introduction to moderate desires, and the ready way to make a contented, happy man! How, then, shall they have the playgames you allow them, if none must be bought for them? I answer, they should make them themselves, or at least endeavour it, and set themselves about it; till then they should have none, and till then they will want none of any great artifice. A smooth pebble, a piece of paper, the mother's bunch of keys, or anything they cannot hurt themselves with, serves as much to divert little children as those more chargeable and curious toys from the shops, which are presently put out of order and broken. *Locke.*

CHILDREN—Sweeten Labour.

Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. *Bacon.*

CHILDREN—Little.

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water side;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside:
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!
In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labours and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod—
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified—
Little children, ye abide! *Mary Howitt.*

CHILDREN—their Sensitiveness.

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother, more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-mistresses in the universe. *White.*

CHILDREN—Soften and Humanize.

Of all sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children, enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion. *Southey.*

CHILD'S—Love, Winning a.

We must be one of the right sort to win a child's love. No "sham" will go down with the juveniles. If they see the world in one's face too much, they will fly you. It must be something in your looks, or voice, or smile that will bring them towards you, confident that the heart speaks in addressing them. Depend upon it, my friend, if children are fond of you, there's something of the true metal in your system. Let wiser people, behind your back, say what they may. *"Owen," A Waif.*

CHILD'S—Wish in June.

Mother, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;

And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee. *Mrs. Gilman.*

CHRIST—the Rock of Ages.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Keep me ever near to Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r!

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Leprous, to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eyes shall close in death,—
When I soar to worlds unknown,—
See Thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! *Toplady.*

CHRIST—in Whom we have our Being.

Oh, Thou great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
While on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.
Wotton.

CHRIST—Belief in, induceth Charity.

He that believeth truly in Christ, succoureth the poor members of Christ. He leaveth no man comfortless. He goeth about to hurt no man, but studieth to profit all men. He wisheth and procureth no less goodness to others than he doth to himself. For out of sincere faith cometh charity, insomuch that he which believeth truly in God can never be without it. *Bacon.*

CHRIST—by His Death glorified God.

To suffer death was the immediate end of the interposition of Christ. The principal end was to right the honour of God, and glorify His attributes in the recovery of the creature; but the immediate end was to suffer, because this was the only way to bring about that end, which was principally aimed at in Christ's interposition, and God's determination concerning Him. Death being denounced as the punishment of sin, Christ interposeth Himself for our security, with a promise to bear that punishment in our stead, for the procuring our exemption from it. . . . What was He afflicted for, but to procure our peace? bruised for, but to heal our wounds? brought before an earthly judge to be condemned, but that we might be brought before a heavenly judge to be absolved? fell under the pains of death, but to knock off from us the shackles of hell? and became accursed in death, but that we might be blessed with eternal life. *Charnock.*

The incarnation of Christ was for a purpose which God only could accomplish, and God himself could accomplish in no other way: it was for the execution of a plan, which divine wisdom could alone contrive,—divine love and almighty power could alone effect: it was to rescue those from endless misery whom divine justice (which because it is mere and very justice, must be inflexible) demanded for its victims. . . . This could only be effected by the wonderful scheme in which mercy and truth are made to kiss each other, when the same God who in one person exacts the punishment in another, Himself sustains it; and thus makes His own mercy pay the satisfaction to His own justice. To believe, therefore, that Jesus is the Son of God, is to believe that He is God Himself incarnate. This is the faith "that overcometh the world." *Bishop Horsley.*

CHRIST'S—Doctrine, the only True.

Christ's doctrine must be observed above all other doctrines, whether they be of angels or men, because He neither could nor willed to err in His teaching. But in men's doctrine there chanceth oftentimes to be error; and, therefore, we must forsake their doctrines, if clokedly or expressly they be repugnant to the doctrine of Christ. . . . He being the Wisdom that cannot be deceived, and the Truth that cannot be uttered of man's lips, He hath in this world taught the will of God his Father. *W. Brute.*

CHRIST—our Example.

The Gospel doth not only represent the doctrine of Christ to be believed; but also the life of Christ to be followed: nor shall any have Him for their advocate and propitiation, but such as are willing to have Him for their pattern and example; to copy out and imitate His humility, patience, purity, benignity, and self-resignation. None shall be benefited by His death, that are unwilling to live His life. *Dr. Worthington.*

The universal command of the Gospel, that comprises all our duties, is to walk as Christ walked. *Dr. Bates.*

If any earnest desire of happiness, any high esteem of virtue, any true affection to genuine sanctity, do lodge in our breasts, we should apply this most excellent means of attaining them; the study and endeavour of imitating the life of our Lord. If we have in us any truth and sincerity, and do not vainly prevaricate in our profession of being Christ's disciples, and votaries of that most holy institution, let us manifest it by a real conformity to the practice of Him, who is our master, and author of our faith. If we have in us any wisdom or sober consideration of things, let us employ it in following the steps of that infallible guide, designed by heaven to lead us in the straight, even, and pleasant ways of righteousness, unto the possession of everlasting bliss. If we do verily like and approve the practice of Christ, and are affected with the innocent, sweet, and lovely comeliness thereof, let us declare such our mind by a sedulous care to resemble it. If we bear any honour and reverence, any love and affection to Christ; if we are at all sensible of our relations, our manifold obligations, our duties to our great Lord, our best friend, our most gracious Redeemer; let us testify it by a zealous care to become like to Him; let a lively image of His most righteous and innocent, most holy and pious, most pure and spotless life be ever present to our fancies; so as to inform our judgments, to excite our affections, to quicken our endeavours, to regulate our purposes, to correct our mistakes, to direct, amend, and sanctify our whole lives. Let us, with incessant diligence of study, meditate upon the best of histories, wherein the tenor of His divine practice is represented to us. Revolving frequently in our thoughts all the most considerable passages thereof, entertaining them with devout passions, impressing them on our memories, and striving to express them in our conversation: let us endeavour continually to walk in the steps of our Lord, and "to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Which that we may be able to do, do thou, O blessed Redeemer, draw us; draw us by the cords of Thy love; draw us by the sense of Thy goodness; draw us by the incomparable worth and excellency of Thy person; draw us by the unspotted purity and beauty of Thy example; draw us by the merit of Thy gracious death, and by the power of Thy holy Spirit; draw us, "good Lord, and we shall run after thee." *Barrow.*

CHRIST—our True Helper.

Look for your assistance from Christ. You serve God in Christ when you serve God through Christ. "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." When your own hands are in God's works, your eyes must be to Christ's hands for support in it. *Manton.*

CHRIST—His Humanity.

Commit yourself to Him; cast your care upon Him, and He will care for you. Let Christ be your scope and mark to aim at; let Him be your pattern to work by; let Him be your ensample to follow; give Him, as your heart, so your hand,—as your mind, so your tongue,—as your faith, so your feet; and let His word be your candle to go before you. He that gathereth not with Christ, scattereth abroad. *Bradford.*

CHRIST—The Kingdom of.

The hand of Providence has been visible in many important events, which have distinguished these latter ages; all concurring mutually to promote each other, and all seeming uniformly to tend to the same point. The revival of learning, arts, and sciences; their progress westward; their great increase among those who were able to diffuse them most widely, and to carry their influence to the most distant parts; the invention of printing; the reformation of religion in Europe; the discovery of the long-hidden continent of America; the opening of a new passage to the east; the improvement of navigation; the extension of commerce; the continual addition of new regions to the known parts of the world, and the communication rendered more safe and easy between the most remote: all these bearings and tendencies indicate a general effort, under a superior direction, towards a union and comprehension of the affairs of mankind in one great system; not a system of civil policy, not of universal temporal dominion; for no such shall ever arise: the only universal kingdom, which shall henceforth be established upon earth, is the spiritual kingdom of Christ. "To him shall be given dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away; and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed" (Dan. vii. 14). *Bishop Lowth.*

CHRIST—our Life.

All the principles and parts, all the actions and progressions of our spiritual life are derivations from the Son of God, by whom we are born and nourished up to life eternal. *Taylor.*

CHRIST—Looking to.

That flower which follows the sun, doth so even in cloudy days: when it doth not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it. So, the soul that moves after God, keeps that course when He hides His face; is content, yea, is glad at His will in all estates, or conditions, or events. *Leighton.*

CHRIST—His Nature ours, but Incorrupt.

Christ having Adam's nature, as we have, but incorrupt, deriveth not nature but incorruption, and that immediately from His own Person, into all that belong unto Him. As, therefore, we are really partakers of the body of sin and death, received from Adam; so, except we be truly partakers of Christ, and as really possessed of His Spirit, all we speak of eternal life is but a dream. That which quickeneth us is the Spirit of the second Adam, and His flesh that wherewith He quickeneth. *Hooker.*

CHRIST—The Only One.

There is one Lord, the only one from the only Father, God of God; the character and image of the divinity; the powerful word; the wisdom that containeth the system of the world, and the power which made the whole creation; the true Son of the true Father; the invisible Son of the invisible Father; and the incorruptible Son of the incorruptible Father; and the immortal Son of the immortal Father; and the eternal Son of the eternal Father. *St. Gregory Thaumaturg.*

CHRIST—His Omniscience.

Christ, as its head, guides and rules the church. He never slumbereth nor sleepeth. The minutest things of its government are exposed to His eye; He knoweth whatsoever can set forward its well-being; He is able to supply whatsoever can do it good. So knoweth He likewise whatsoever can harm it, and hath power to guard and protect it. He presides over every conflict which its members are called to endure, and crowns them with a glorious triumph. . . . He enlighteneth us with His light; He cherisheth us with the warmth of His divine love; and purifieth us with His Spirit; and rendereth us conformable unto Himself; by Him and into Him we grow and are incorporated. *Pictet.*

CHRIST—the Giver of Peace.

As a needle in a compass trembles till it settles in the north point, so the heart of a sinner can have no rest but in Christ. *Dingley.*

CHRIST—the Physician.

Christ came not into the world merely to cast a mantle over us and hide all our filthy sores from God's avenging eye with His merits and righteousness; but He came especially to be a chirurgeon and physician of souls, to free us from the filth and corruption of them; which is more grievous and burthensome, more noisome to a true Christian than the guilt of sin itself. *Cudworth.*

CHRIST—the Redeemer.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. *Shakespeare.*

CHRIST—a Shield.

Christ is God stooping to the weakness of man, and is "nigh to all them that call upon Him." I will sit under His shadow. I will stand waiting at the foot of His Cross. Here I know,—I know, I shall not weep and wait in vain. *Cecil.*

CHRIST'S—Solicitation and Promise.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him and sup with him." Christ does not come in and sup, that is, take up His residence and be a familiar guest, till His voice be heard, and the door opened; that is, till the man has well attended to, and complied with, those his antecedent motions and suggestions; till he has swept and made clean the inner room of his heart: so that purity of heart is absolutely necessary, though not for the first preventing influences, yet for the residence and indwelling of the Holy Spirit, who though He visit those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, yet He will not lodge but in a pure and bright soul. *Norris.*

CHRISTIAN—The.

Every man living in the state of grace is a perpetual miracle. *Taylor.*

CHRISTIAN—The, hath Three Eyes.

A faithful man hath three eyes: the first, of Sense, common to him with brute creatures; the second, of Reason, common to all men; the third, of Faith, proper to his profession: whereof each looketh beyond other, and none of them meddleth with others' objects. For, neither doth the eye of Sense reach to intelligible things and matters of discourse; nor the eye of Reason to those things which are supernatural and spiritual; neither doth Faith look down to things that may be sensibly seen. *Bishop Hall.*

CHRISTIANITY—Corrupted by Men.

That the corruptions of Christianity have been injurious to its interests is but too manifest, whether we look to the past or the present. Men who distinguish between other things and their abuses, bring not their wonted fairness and discrimination to the history and circumstances of our holy religion. They do not hold astronomy responsible for the frauds of the astrologer, nor chemistry for the dreams of the alchemist. They admit that a science may be sound in its principles, while many of its votaries are deficient in intelligence; and that a system may be pure, while many who profess it are far from immaculate. But, with respect to revealed religion, another rule would seem to have been tacitly agreed upon. Here the fault of the professor is commonly assumed as belonging to the thing professed; and a degenerate community, bearing the Christian name, becomes a sort of demonstration against the pretensions of Christianity. And when the philosopher shall have detected and examined all the causes producing this effect on the systems originating with men, we are prepared to show, that to the whole influence of every one of these Christianity is exposed; and to contend, as a consequence, that nothing can be more at variance with sound philosophy, or with the Word of God, than to make that a reason for scepticism in one of these cases, which is never so admitted in the other. *Vaughan.*

CHRISTIAN—Courage.

Christ will make timorous *hares* to own His cause, when those that think themselves courageous *lions* turn their backs upon Him. Paul had the most transcendent affection for the church, though at one time their bitter persecutor. And Peter, after the coming of the Spirit, was as courageous as before he was cowardly in his Master's cause. *Charnock.*

CHRISTIAN—at the Cross.

Now I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble; and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more. *Bunyan.*

CHRISTIANITY—Firmness of.

The rock of salvation is solidity itself: it cannot be shaken either by the doubts of the sceptic, or the sarcasm of the sneerer. *Haller.*

CHRISTIAN—Grace in the.

Admiration is all the glory you can give to God for His grace, seeing you can add nothing to His essential glory. There is not a grace in thee but is more glorious than the sun with all its regiments of stars; and is more like to God than the great fountain of light with all its amazing splendour. It is something of that heaven which is more glorious than all the rest of the heavens, and is above the reach of the natural eye. *Charnock.*

CHRISTIAN—the only Happy Man.

He that lives in God cannot be weary of his life, because he ever finds something to do and to solace himself with; cannot be ever loath to part with it, because he shall enter into a nearer life and society with that God in whom he delighteth. Whereas, he that lives without Him, lives many times uncomfortably here, because he knows not any cause of joy in himself; and dies miserably, because he either knows not where he goes, or knows he goes to torment. There is no true life but the life of faith. O Lord, let me live out of the world with Thee if Thou wilt: but let me not live in the world without Thee. *Bishop Hall.*

CHRISTIAN—His Imperfections.

My God! how fearful is the fight
Within my heart two spirits wage:
One seeks alone Thy heavenly light,
And every thought with Thee t' engage;
The other scorns Thy sovereign will,
And dares revolt against it still.

One with celestial beauty fair
Would fain to heaven devote each hour,
And yearns eternal gifts to share,
Scorning the world's brief pomp and power;
The other with a fearful chain
Would still to earth my thoughts retain.

Alas! while in my bosom's shrine
Contention dwells, where may I find
The gentle sway of peace divine,
To guide my path, and soothe my mind?
I cannot do the good I love,
And evil all my actions prove.

Oh, grace! oh, ray of love benign!
Shed o'er my heart the balm of peace;
With thy benignant power divine
From thy dark foe my soul release,
And make this slave of death to be
A voluntary slave to thee. *Racine.*

CHRISTIAN—The, his Lofty Soul.

The Christian walks aloft, while the base worldling is licking the dust below. One of these heavenly pearls which the Christian trades for is worth more than the worldling gets with all his sweat and travail in his whole life. The Christian's feet stand where other men's heads are: he treads on the moon, and is clothed with the sun: he looks down on earthly men (as one upon a high hill doth upon those that live in some fen or moor), and sees them buried in a fog of carnal pleasures and profits, while he breathes in a pure, heavenly air, but yet not so high as to be free from all storms and tempests. *Gurnall.*

CHRISTIAN—The, his Placidity.

Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Cowper.

CHRISTIAN—The, above Self-seeking.

All self-seeking and self-love do but imprison the soul, and confine it to its own home. The mind of a good man is too noble, too big for such a particular life: he hath learned to despise his own being in comparison of that uncreated beauty and goodness which is so infinitely transcendent to himself or any created thing. *Smith.*

CHRISTIAN—a true Traveller.

Each true Christian is a right traveller: his life his walk, Christ his way, and Heaven his home. His walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. I will not loiter, lest I come short of home: I will not wander, lest I come wide of home, but be content to travel hard, and be sure I walk right, so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painful walk make my home welcome. *Warnock.*

CHRISTIAN—The True.

It is not a little will serve: for many precious ingredients go to the making of a true Christian; and much of each ingredient goes to the making of a strong Christian. There must be profession, faith, obedience, self-denial, patience, humility, outward preparation and inward graces, outward embellishments and inward ornaments: and a little of it is but of little worth. *Hopkin.*

CHRISTIANITY—a Living Principle.

Christianity is not only a living principle of virtue in good men, but affords this further blessing to society, that it restrains the vices of the bad; it is a tree of life, whose fruit is immortality, and whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations. *Fuller.*

CHRISTIANITY—the Support of Men.

Christianity, that great support of man's welfare, and God's glory, like a well-built arch, the greater the load of opposition and reproach its enemy lays on it, the stronger it stands. *Dr. Young.*

CHRISTMAS—A Song for.

Ye who have scorn'd each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!
Let sinn'd against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast-fading year:
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come, gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourish'd sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'er-burdened mind
Made aliens from your kind,
Come, gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly Bough. *Mackay.*

CHURCH—The.

As we may say of a rock—nothing more quiet, because it is never stirred; and yet nothing more unquiet, because it is ever assaulted;—so we may say of the Church,—nothing more peaceable, because it is established upon a rock; and yet nothing more unpeaceable, because that rock is in the midst of seas, winds, enemies, persecutions. *Reynolds.*

CHURCH—The, Compared to the Moon.

Christ is the Sun; His Church is the Moon, to reflect upon the world the light of the "Sun of Righteousness," during His absence in the heavens. In herself she has no light at all; without her Sun she has virtually no existence; severed from Him, she is nothing worth. The Church has nothing whatever in herself which can radiate those beams of Light, and Life, and Love, without which all is darkness within; yea, a darkness which may be felt. No doctrine will fully enlighten the mind, but the doctrine of Christ. No truth will dissipate the error of fallen nature's teachers, but the truth as it is in Jesus. The ordained purpose of God is, that the Church upon earth should not dispense the heat of her absent Sun, but continually, and unto all the ends of the earth, dispense His light. For this, and this alone, was the Church ordained to exist in the world; this purpose must be sadly mistaken by those who virtually substitute the Church for the Saviour; who, instead of holding her up in her true character, as the faithful reflector of the Sun of Righteousness, present her before us as a self-lighting instrument. *Kidd.*

CHURCH—Music.

When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his Church Music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply. "I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:—

"For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing 's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness."

Suddenly the notes of the deep-labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

Irving.

CHURCH—Set Apart for God's Service.

It is a wise, a salutary, and a laudable provision of the Church's discipline, that she sets apart, and consecrates, by solemn religious rites, to God's glory the places which she intends for His worship; and by outward signs of decency and reverence, of majesty and holiness, impresses them with an appropriate character, which, whilst it redounds to the honour of God, operates also with no mean or trivial influence on the minds of His people. Connected with this character, and in some degree generated by it, together with an awful veneration for the great Proprietor, a certain secret sense of serene and holy pleasure is diffused over the pious and meditative mind, as soon as the feet cross the threshold which separates the house of God from common places. We feel with delight that we are on "holy ground;" and a still small voice within, as we draw near to "worship God in the beauty of holiness," answers in the words of the apostle at the sight of the "excellent glory,"—"It is good for us to be here." *Bishop Mant.*

CHURCHYARD.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Gray.

CITIZEN—A Good One.

He who undertakes an occupation of great toil and great danger, for the purpose of serving, defending, and protecting his country, is a most valuable and respectable member of society; and if he conducts himself with valour, fidelity, and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace, and the virtues of a devout and holy life, he most amply deserves, and will assuredly receive the esteem, the admiration, and the applause of his grateful country; and, what is of still greater importance, the approbation of his God.

Bishop Porteous.

CLASS—Distinctions of.

None but the dissolute among the poor look upon the rich as their natural enemies, or desire to pillage their houses and divide their property. None but the dissolute among the rich speak in opprobrious terms of the vices and follies of the poor. *Ruskin.*

CLERK—A Learned.

A clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake;
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But all that he might of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

Chaucer.

CLOUD—The.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded, I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent of sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-colour'd bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again. *Shelley.*

CLOUDS—ever Changing their Beauty.

With the movements, though silent, of the clouds, as, massively dark or softly brilliant, their swelling mountains change, unite, separate, and unite again, unveiling infinite depths of calm, sweet azure, or, if it be sunset, fields of clear burning brightness that seem to reach into heaven itself. Looking at the clouds merely as aqueducts, we miss the chief part of their beautiful ministry, which is to fill the sky with the idea of life. Rhymesters and parlour naturalists would have us believe that skies, to be perfectly beautiful, must be "cloudless." It is not only not true, but it would be contrary to the nature of things for it to be true. The skies even of Italy are not cloudless, except, as in our own country, at certain periods, and derive their charm from their transparency, rather than from cloudlessness. Clouds are to the heavens what human beings are to the earth. They dwell in them and move about in them, various in their aspects and their missions, as men and women; and as of the latter come all the true dignity and grace of earth, so of the former comes every splendour that glorifies the sky. *Grindon.*

COMET—The Rushing.

Amid the radient orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing Comet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
Thomson.

COMET—an Object of Wonder.

Who can contemplate without astonishment the motion of a comet, running far beyond the orb of Saturn, endeavouring to escape into the pathless regions of unbounded space, yet feeling at its utmost distance the attractive influence of the sun; hearing, as it were, the voice of God arresting its progress and compelling it, after a lapse of ages, to reiterate its ancient course. *Bishop Watson.*

COMFORTS—Divine.

In the multitude of our thoughts within us the divine comforts do delight our souls; and it is they only that can do it. Miserable are all other comforters, and vain is all the comfort that they administer. Neither philosophic discourses, nor the common arts of diversion, music, dancing, drinking, or gaming, can afford any great or long relief to a troubled spirit: its weight will soon make way through these slight things, and indeed will never find a stay strong enough to bear it up, till it repose itself upon the divine comforts. After all experiments, its last sanctuary must be in God and religion. *Norris.*

COMFORT—in Times of Trouble.

Hast thou gone sadly thro' a dreary night,
And found no light;
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain—
No friend, save pain?
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn,
Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control
Bent thy sad soul,
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears?
Yet calm thy fears,
For thou canst gain, even from the bitterest part,
A stronger heart!

Has fate o'erwhelm'd thee with some sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know, when storms are past, the heavens appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when furthest from their shining rays,
For brighter days.

Hast thou found naught within thy troubled life
Save inward strife?
Hast thou found all he promised thee, Deceit
And Hope a cheat?
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast
Eternal rest.
Household Words.

COMMENTATORS.

Commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candles to the sun.
Young.

COMMERCE—Flourishes by Multitudes.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.
Addison.

COMMUNION—with God, the Christian's Ideal.

Anything lower than a life of communion with God in Christ, is repudiated by the Christian ideal as an imperfect and sinful life. It may possess much that the world calls virtue—it may be honest, industrious, and self-sacrificing—it may even show a strength and consistent manliness that some manifestations of the Christian life are found to fail in; but, nevertheless, it is of an inferior quality. It not merely comes short of, but it does not really touch the Christian ideal; for it is impossible to separate the life of man from God without fatal injury to that life. If God is, and if we are His creatures, our being cannot grow into any healthy or perfect form while we remain divorced in spirit and love from Him. Certain elements of character may flourish in us, but certain other, and still more important, elements must be wanting. The rougher excellencies of worldly virtue may be found, but not the deeper and gentler traits of pious affection. When the soul has not turned into the light of Divine love, and known to rest there amid the darkness and confusion of the present, there cannot be the fullness of sympathetic intelligence, and the strength and patience of hope, out of which the highest character grows. There may be much to admire, or respect, or even to love, but there cannot be "the beauty of holiness," nor the excellence of charity. These only live and flourish in the soul which has been awakened to a consciousness of Divine communion, and which, even in moments when it may fall below this communion and forget its kindred with heaven, is yet sustained by a living love, binding it with a quiet embrace. Every other life, however lovely or admirable for a time, will sink and grow dull when the flush of youth is gone, and the canker of sorrow begins to prey on its early promise. *Dr. Tulloch.*

COMMUNION—with God.

You will find it more difficult to walk closely with Jesus in a calm than in storm, in easy circumstances than in straits. A Christian never falls asleep in the fire or in the water, but grows drowsy in the sunshine. We love to nestle, but cannot make a nest in a hard bed. God has given you good abilities. This, of course, will make you respected by men of business, and tempt you at times to admire yourself, and thus bring a smart rod upon your back. Sharp genius, like a sharp knife, often makes a wrong gash, and cuts a finger instead of food. We scarcely know how to turn our backs on admiration, though it comes from the vain world; yet a kick from the world does believers less harm than a kiss. I apprehend a main part of your trial will lie here. When you are tempted to think gaudily of yourself, and spread your feathers like a peacock, remember that fine parts in themselves are like the fine wings of a butterfly, which garnish out the moth and grub beneath. Remember, too, that a fiend has sharper parts than the sharpest of us, and that one grain of godly grace is of more worth than a hundred thousand heads full of Attic wit, or of philosophic, theologic, or commercial science. *John Berridge.*

COMPANIONS—Their Influence.

One rotten apple will infect the store: the putrid grape corrupts the whole sound cluster. If I have found any good companions, I will cherish them as the choicest of men, or as angels which are sent as guardians to me. If I have any bad ones, I will study to lose them, lest by keeping them I lose myself in the end. *Feltham.*

COMPANY—of Nature.

"I am in fine company," said the baron.

"In the very best of company," said the friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians."
Peacock.

COMPANY—How to Please.

He that would please in company must be attentive to what style is most proper. The scholastic should never be used but in a select company of learned men. The didactic should seldom be used, and then only by judicious aged persons, or those who are eminent for piety or wisdom. No style is more extensively acceptable than the narrative, because this does not carry an air of superiority over the rest of the company, and therefore is most likely to please them. For this purpose we should store our memory with short anecdotes and entertaining pieces of history. Almost every one listens with eagerness to extemporary history. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity, for he that is a hearer in one place, wishes to qualify himself to be a principal speaker in some inferior company, and therefore more attention is given to narrations than anything else in conversation. It is true, indeed, that sallies of wit and quick replies are very pleasing in conversation, but they frequently tend to raise envy in some of the company, but the narrative way neither raises this, nor any other evil passion, but keeps all the company nearly upon an equality, and if judiciously managed, will at once entertain and improve them all. *Johnson.*

COMPETENCY—and Content.

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease.
Sick, or encumber'd is our happiness.
A competence is all we can enjoy.
Edward Young.

COMPLAISANCE—Definition of.

Complaisance may be defined an address which aims at pleasing by disreputable means. The complaisant is one who salutes a man at a distance, calls him the best of creatures, seizes both his hands with expressions of admiration, and will not let him go: he insists upon accompanying him a little way, teazes him with inquiries of "when he shall have the honour of seeing him," and at last leaves him with exclamations of praise. If he is called to an arbitration between two parties, he is not more anxious to please the person for whom he appears than his opponent, that he may be called impartial and a common friend. He tells foreigners that their pronunciation is superior to that of the natives. When invited to dinner, he entreats the host to call in his children, and when they come, he observes, that one fig is not more like another than they to their father: he takes and kisses them, and makes them sit by him: with some of them he cracks childish jokes, and others he dandles to sleep on his knee, at the same time feeling the greatest discomfort and inconvenience. He is shaved with the greatest nicety, and whitens his teeth with dentifrice: he changes his garments before they have the least soil, and always smells of perfumes. On the forum you always see him among the men of most note and substance, and at the theatre he is always close to the people of rank and fashion. He buys nothing for himself, but purchases little presents for his friends abroad, which he takes care to make known through all the city. He keeps monkeys, doves, vases, and every sort of knick-knack and curiosity, for the amusement of his friends: he fits up in his mansion a little wrestling-room and a tennis-court; he goes about to the philosophers, the sophists, the teachers of fencing and dancing, and offers them the use of his rooms for the exercise of their respective arts; and takes care himself to be present at their exhibitions, to give some spectator the opportunity of saying to another,—"That is the gentleman to whom this place belongs." *Theophrastus.*

COMPLAISANCE—not a Moral Virtue.

Complaisance, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Pluto's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar, or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. *Addison.*

COMPLIMENTS—Deserved.

Compliments, which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favours given away.

Goldsmith.

CONDITION—Content therewith.

If an excellent sculptor be employed to carve a statue, whatsoever the materials be, he may use as much skill in carving on an ordinary stone as upon the finest marble. So, whatsoever thy condition is in the world, thou mayest glorify God in it, and bring praise to His name, and show as excellent grace as in the highest condition. He that grinds at the mill may glorify God as well as he that sits upon the throne. *Dr. Bates.*

CONDITION—Our: Its Insecurity.

Among other instructive lessons with which the book of Job abounds, we have a lively instance of the weakness and insecurity of our condition, unless the watchful eye and hand of Providence be over us, to guard us against the dangers and miseries that surround us, and are ready to break in upon us. No sooner did the Almighty see fit, for the trial and exercise of this good man's virtues, to remove the hedge that was set about him for his defence, than men and devils invade his happiness. His greedy neighbours spoil his goods, and slay his servants; fire from heaven consumes the rest; a wind from the desert overturns the house where his sons and daughters were all feasting together, and buries his children in its ruin. His person is next attacked, and his body smitten with sore and grievous boils, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. And the patriarch became at once childless, destitute, and afflicted, who, the day before, was famous among the people of the east for his prosperity and the glory of his house.

The calamities which Job suffered were indeed uncommon. But what was it that rendered them so? It was because God, in His wisdom, was pleased to suspend for a while the *ordinary* protection of His Providence; and not because any *new* evils were called up from the bottomless pit on purpose to torment him. The terror by night, the arrow that flieth by day, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday, are always ready to invade us, as they did him, but that the Almighty controls their fury. For the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, are His.

These considerations leave no room for confidence in the arm of flesh; at the same time, they remove all just ground of anxiety and disquiet, while we so live as to make God our friend, without whose permission nothing sad or disastrous can befall us. And, although we may expect to meet trials—for this life is a state of trial, and we see that the good and righteous have their afflictions—yet, under a sense of God's disposing and overruling Providence, we have no reason to be cast down: nay, we have all reason to the contrary, whatever may befall us; since what is appointed by Him must be wisely and graciously appointed, either to correct and amend what is amiss, or to try and exercise what is good in His servants, for their improvement in grace, and preparation for glory. *Townson.*

CONDITION—of your own Making.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condition, have wanted not the power, but the will, to obtain a better state. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil sufficiently to quicken aversion or invigorate desire; they have indulged a drowsy thoughtlessness or giddy levity; have committed the balance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accustomed themselves to receive all that chance offered them, without examination, lament at last that they find themselves deceived. *Rambler.*

CONFIDENCE.

Nothing but innocency and knowledge can give sound confidence to the heart. *Bishop Hall.*

CONFIDENCE—Vain.

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart:
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear:
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires. *Young.*

CONFUSION—Utter.

Such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. *Milton.*

CONQUEROR—The True.

The fine and noble way to kill a foe
Is not to kill him: you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so;
And then he 's slain. Sigismund used to say
His pardons put his foes to death; for when
He mortify'd their hate, he kill'd them then.
Aleyn.

CONSCIENCE—Its Self-reflective Abilities.

View the Conscience and thoughts with their self-reflective abilities, wherein the soul retires into itself, and sits concealed from all eyes but His that made it, judging its own actions, and censuring its estate; viewing its face in its own glass, and correcting the indecencies it discovers there. Things of greatest moment and importance are silently transacted in its council-chamber betwixt the soul and God. Here it impleads, condemns, and acquits itself as at a privy session, with respect to the judgment of the great day: here it meets with the best of comforts, and with the worst of terrors. *Flavel.*

CONSCIENCE—its Own Accuser.

Every man who is about to do a wicked action should, above all things, stand in awe of himself, and dread the witness within him, who sits as a spy over all his actions, and will be sure, one day or other, to accuse him to himself, and put him on such a rack, as shall make him accuse himself to others too.

Pythagoras.

CONSCIENCE—The Joy of a Clear One.

Conscience is undoubtedly the grand repository of all those pleasures which can afford any solid refreshment to the soul; when this is calm and serene, then, properly, a man enjoys all things, and, what is more, himself; for that he must do, before he can enjoy anything else. It will not drop, but pour in oil upon the wounded heart; it will not whisper, but proclaim a jubilee to the mind. *South.*

CONSCIENCE—Proper Culture of.

Conscience, like all other powers, comes to maturity by insensible degrees; and may be more aided in its strength and vigour by proper culture. *Reid.*

CONSCIENCE—Minutes every Fault.

Oh, treacherous Conscience! while she seems
to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lulled with siren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to
drop
On headlong appetite the slackened rein,
And give us up to licence, unrecalled,
Unmarked;—see, from behind her secret
stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.

Young.

CONSCIENCE—A Good.

"Having a good conscience."—1 PETER iii. 16.

A good conscience is a waking, speaking conscience; and the conscience that questions itself most, is of all sorts the best. That which is dumb, therefore, or asleep, and is not active and frequent in self-inquiries, is not "a good conscience." Will you not answer unto conscience but when it begins to speak? and turn to business or company that you may not hear it? Know that it and you must answer unto God. That conscience alone is good which speaks much with itself and much with God.

Archbishop Leighton.

CONSCIENCE—sometimes Ill-judged.

No man thinks his conscience erroneous: every one judges himself to be in the right, and to be rightly informed. Now, if he thus judges, and acts contrarily, he sins, because he intends to sin; and, therefore, by crossing an erroneous conscience, though possibly he doth well in the action, yet he sins in intention, since he doth that that he himself thinks doth cross the rule by which he should walk. . . .

It is very sad to fall under the entanglements of an erroneous conscience; for then we are under the sad necessity of sinning on both hands: if we act according to it we sin; and if we act not according to it we sin.

Hopkins.

CONSCIENCE—Sting of.

How small things may annoy the greatest! Even a mouse troubles an elephant, a gnat a lion, a very flea may disquiet a giant. What weapon can be nearer to nothing than the sting of this wasp? Yet what a painful wound hath it given me! That scarce visible point, how it envenoms, and rankles, and swells up the flesh! The tenderness of the part adds much to the grief. If I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry fly, how shall I be able to endure the sting of a tormenting conscience? *Bishop Hall.*

CONSCIENCE—and Wealth.

Conscience
And wealth are not always neighbours.

Philip Massenger.

CONSCIENCE—A Wounded.

A wounded conscience is able to unparadise paradise itself. *Thomas Fuller.*

CONSTANCY—Commendable.

Constancy in friendships, attachments, and familiarities, is commendable, and is requisite to support trust and good correspondence in society. But in places of general, though casual concourse, where the pursuit of health and pleasure brings people promiscuously together, public conveniency has dispensed with this maxim; and custom there promotes an unreserved conversation for the time, by indulging the privilege of dropping afterwards every indifferent acquaintance without breach of civility or good manners. *Hume.*

CONSUMPTION.

She saw him—death's untimely prey,
  Struck with the blight of slow decline;
She watched his vigour waste away,
  His ardent spirit droop and pine.
The rose upon his cheek, she knew,
Bloomed not with health's transparent hue:
It was a softer, fainter glow—
  A tint of fading loveliness,
Which told a canker lurked below:
So gleams o'er fields of wintry snow
  The pale moon, cold and comfortless.
And oft she marked within his eye
A wild, unwonted brilliancy—
The lovely, but delusive ray
Of nature, sinking to decay;
And oft she caught his stifled moan—
It breathed a deep and hollow tone,
Which told of death, ere life was gone.
At times, when fever's burning flush
Heightened consumption's hectic blush,
Fond hope—the latest still to leave,
The first to flatter and deceive—
Once more would brighten—but to fly
  When that false flush forsook his cheek,
  And spoke the pang he would not speak,
And froze her fears to certainty.
Nor deem it strange, that hope had power
To soothe her soul in such an hour;
Where time has rent the lordly tower,
  And moss entwines the arches gray,
Springs many a light and lovely flower
  That lends a lustre to decay.
  Thus, while existence wanes away,
Consumption's fevered cheek will bloom,
  And beauty's brightest beams will play
In mournful glory o'er the tomb.
Rev. T. Dale.

CONTEMPLATION—of the Divine.

Divine contemplate, and become divine.
Young.

CONTEMPLATION—of God Delectable and Divine.

As Daniel in his captivity did three times a day open his window towards Jerusalem, though far out of sight, when he went to God in his devotions, so may the believing soul in this captivity to the flesh look towards Jerusalem which is above. . . . As the pretty lark doth sing most sweetly, and never cease her pleasant ditty while she hovereth aloft, as if she were there gazing into the glory of the sun, but is suddenly silenced when she falleth to the earth, so is the frame of the soul most delectable and divine, while it keepeth in the views of God by contemplation: but, alas! we make there too short a stay; down again we fall, and lay by our music. *Baxter.*

CONTEMPLATION—amidst Nature.

Morn found me on the mountain-top, and night
Descended on me in the glens, where hut
Or shieling scarcely hid me from the stars.
All shadows then of life how beautiful!
As sometimes when the sunset spell is strong,
And all the elements seem rarefied,
Mountains and woods and towers delight the
    soul,
On an inverted world in wonder down
Deep gazing, as it hangs on the abyss
Of the evanish'd lake, far, far beyond
The real mountains, where the living flocks
Are browsing or at rest—the real woods,
Where flit the living birds from shade to shade,
Or in the sunshine sing—the real towers,
Where chime the clear-toned sabbath evening
    bells
Unto the real clouds, whose purple light
On people walking to the house of God
Falls gracious; for all these are what they
    seem,
And but by common things inhabited;
But those are all ideal in that glow
So evanescent in its purity,
And appertain to a remoter life
Untouch'd by sin or sorrow; not a sound
Disturbing their beatitude divine,
Transmitted, through the silence of the eye,
To that congenial region of the spirit
Where all reflections from this noisy world
Hang floating in their beauty, till the breath
Of some rude passion curl along the calm,
And all at once is gone! Then reappears
The daily bosom of our mother earth,
Where weary feet are pacing to and fro,
And weary hearts are wishing they were laid
In her insensate dust! *Willis.*

CONTEMPLATION—Scene for.

The night was winter in its roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at
    noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,

And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
And thro' the trees I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the globe.
The roof, tho' movable thro' all its length,
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought;
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half-suppressed:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests, he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That twinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May sink down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning, wiser grow without his books.
Cowper.

CONTENT—and Advancement.

I would be so content with what I have, as I would ever think the present best; but then I would only think it best, for the present: because, whensoever I look forward, I see what is better; to arrive at which my soul will long. The soul that with but half an eye sees God, will ever be on the wing, till she alights on Him. *Feltham.*

CONTENT—Careless.

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So, when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content. *Byrom.*

CONTENT—Divine.

Divine content!
Oh, could the world resent
How much of bliss doth lye
Wrapp'd up in thy
Delicious name; and at
How low a rate
Thou might'st be boŭght; no trade would driven be
To purchase any wealth, but only Thee!
Beaumont.

CONTENT—Happy Faculty of.

Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed;
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.
White.

CONTENT—No One so.

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear;
And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of thoughts did rise.

I saw the little boy, and thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to 'scape the rod, a tall young man to be;
The young man eke, that feels his bones with pains oppressed,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest;

The rich old man, that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.
Whereat, full oft I smiled, to see how all those three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.

And musing thus, I think the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to change.
Thus, thoughtful as I lay, I saw my withered skin,
How it doth show my dented chewes; the flesh was worn so thin.

And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say,
"The white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,
That show, like lines of true belief, that this life doth assuage,

"Bids thee lay hand and feel them hanging on thy chin,
The which doth write, to ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up, therefore, the bit of thy young wanton time;
And thou, that therein beaten art, the happiest life define."

Whereat I sighed, and said, "Farewell my wonted Toy,
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me, to every little boy,
And tell them thus from me,—Their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had to know the truth of this."

Howard, Earl of Surrey.

CONTENT—Its Privileges.

Give me to be pleased in myself, and thankful to Thee for what I am, though I be not equal to others in personal perfections. For such peculiar privileges are courtesies from Thee when given, and no injuries to us when denied. *Fuller.*

Content may dwell with want,
So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear. *Burns.*

CONTENT—not of this World.

There is no estate of life so happy in this world as to yield a Christian the perfection of content; and yet there is no state of life so wretched in this world but a Christian must be content with it. Though I can have nothing here that may give me true content, yet I will learn to be truly contented here with what I have. What care I though I have not much; I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want; I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire. *Warwick.*

CONTENTION—to be Avoided.

I see that candle which is as a sun in the darkness, is but as a darkness in the sun: the candle not more lightening the night's darkness than the sun darkening the candle's light. I will take heed, then, of contention, especially with great ones. As I may be too strong for the weaker, so I must be too weak for the stronger. I cannot so easily vanquish mine inferiors, but my superiors may as easily conquer me. I will do much to be at peace with all men, but suffer much ere I contend with a mighty man. *Warwick.*

CONTENTMENT—The Art of.

To learn the art of contentment, is only to learn what happiness actually consists in. Sensual pleasures add little to its substance. Ease, if by that be meant exemption from labour, contributes nothing. One, however, constant spring of satisfaction, and almost infallible support of cheerfulness and spirits, is the exercise of domestic affections—the presence of objects of tenderness and endearment in our families, our kindred, our friends. Now, have the poor anything to complain of here? Are they not surrounded by their relatives, as generally as others? The poor man has his wife and children about him; and what has the rich man more? He has the same enjoyment of their society, the same solicitude for their welfare, the same pleasure in their good qualities, improvement, and success: their connection with him is as strict and intimate, their attachment as strong, their gratitude as warm. I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but, if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be, a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in a morning, to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night. *Paley.*

CONTENTMENT—Contrasted.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light—
One ray of God's great mercy—gild
The darkness of their night. *French.*

CONTENTMENT—the Parent of Delight.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight!
Say, goddess! in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy Temple choose my heart!
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchemy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find;

They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solid garb of spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd, when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And, covered by the shield, defy
The whizzing shafts that round them fly.
Green.

CONTENTMENT—The Happiness of.

Happy are those
That, knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain changes, are still prepared and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour learn'd in Wisdom's school.
Massinger.

CONTENTMENT—The Pleasures of.

When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
And sunk into the sweetness of himself,
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts,
Not great but good desires his daily servants,
How quietly he sleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure!
Beaumont and Fletcher.

CONTENTMENT—A Satire upon.

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My choice would be Vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;—
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin—
Some, not so large, in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame shall dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);—
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait, two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few;—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch,
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!
Oliver W. Holmes.

CONTENTMENT—from Within.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, oh, whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Thomas Parnell.

CONTRADICTIONS.

In unclear and doubtful things, be not pertinacious, as the weakest minds are readiest to be upon seeming reason, which, when tried, will possibly fall to nothing; yet they are most assured, and cannot suffer a different thought in any from their own. There is naturally this popeness in every man's mind, and most, I say, in the shallowest; a kind of fancied infallibility in themselves which makes them contentious, contrary to the apostle's rule, "Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory" (Phil. ii. 3), and as earnest upon differing in the smallest punctilio as in a high article of faith. Stronger spirits are usually more patient of contradiction, and less violent, especially in doubtful things; and they who see furthest are least peremptory in their determinations. The apostle, in his second epistle to Timothy, hath a phrase, "the spirit of a sound mind:" it is a good, sound constitution of mind, not to feel every blast, either of seeming reason, to be taken with it, or of cross opinion, to be offended at it.

Leighton.

CONTROVERSIES—Never-ending.

All controversies that can never end had better perhaps never begin. The best is to take words as they are most commonly spoke and meant, like coin, as it most currently passes, without raising scruples upon the weight of the alloy, unless the cheat or the defect be gross and evident.

Sir W. Temple.

CONTROVERSIES—Violent.

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Butler.*

CONTROVERSY—How to Manage.

The most notable way of managing a controversy is that which we may call arguing by torture. These disputants convince their adversaries with a sorites, commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, galleys, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic. *Addison.*

CONTROVERSY—Stifles True Religion.

I cannot but see, and that with trouble and regret, how much Christianity has in almost all times suffered by those nice and subtle, by those obstinate and passionate disputes, with which writers have even oppressed and stifled the most practical subjects; and do most earnestly desire to see the spirit of polemical divinity cast out of the Church of Christ, and that of a practical and experimental one established in the room of it.

Lucas.

CONVERSATION—Christian.

There is so much correspondence betwixt the heart and tongue, that they will move at once. Every man, therefore, speaks of his own pleasure and care. If the heart were full of God, the tongue could not refrain to talk of him: the rareness of Christian communication argues the common poverty of grace. If Christ be not in our hearts, we are godless; if He be there without our joy, we are senseless; if we rejoice in Him, and speak not of Him, we are shamefully unthankful. . . . I will think of Thee always, O Lord; so it shall be my joy to speak of Thee often; and if I find not opportunity, I will make it. *Bishop Hall.*

CONVERSATION—Well-expressed.

If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them. *Steele.*

CONVERSATION—with Good Men.

Next to conversation with God by prayer, the conversation of good men does wonderfully contribute to the building us up in faith and virtue. How does the sense and experience of such as deserve our esteem and affection settle and establish our judgment when they concur with us! How does their knowledge enlighten us, their reason strengthen our faith, and their example inflame us with emulation!

A pious friendship renders religion itself more engaging: it sanctifies our very diversions and recreations, and makes them minister to virtue; it minds us when we are forgetful, supports and encourages us when we faint and tire, reproves and corrects us when we give back, and recalls us in the right path when we go out of it. This is, or it should be, the business of conversation, the end and advantage of friendship; we should be often talking together of the things of God, communicating and laying open the state of our souls, our fears, our hopes, our improvements, and defects: we should watch over one another, comfort and support one another; our discourse should always minister new warmth, or new strength to our holy faith and love. *Dr. Richard Lucas.*

CONVERSATION—and Prayer.

Let thy conversation with men be sober and sincere: let thy devotion to God be dutiful and decent: let the one be hearty, and not haughty: let the other be humble, and not homely: so live with men, as if God saw thee: so pray to God, as if men heard thee. *Quarles.*

CONVERSATION—Religious.

Would you talk of religion securely, with true freedom and assurance, without any secret checks or faint-hearted misgivings? The rule is both short and infallible—Do what you say. Practise as much of religion as you talk; and then you have a full licence to talk as much of it as you please. *Norris.*

CONVERSATION—Ventilates Thought.

Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun—
Thought, too, delivered, is the more possessed;
Teaching we learn, and giving we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forget.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine:
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.
What numbers, sheathed in erudition, lie
Plunged to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And played a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue! *Young.*

CONVERSATION—Opens our Views.

Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. *Melmoth.*

CO-OPERATION—Simple and Complex.

All improvements in the productive powers of labour, including division of employments, depend upon co-operation. Co-operation appears to be of two distinct kinds: first, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in the same employment; secondly, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in different employments. These may be termed simple co-operation and complex co-operation. It will be seen presently, that until men help each other in simple operations, they cannot well help each other in operations which consist of several parts. *Wakefield.*

COUNSEL—Behaviour in.

For your behaviour, let it be free and
Negligent; not clogg'd with ceremony
Or observance; give no man honour but
Upon equal terms; for, look how much thou
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou
Tak'st from thyself. *Chapman.*

COUNTRY—Its Rural Beauties.

How often have I paused on every charm,—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
Goldsmith.

COUNTRY—Made of God.

God made the country, and man made the town. *Cowper.*

COUNTRY—Love of.

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and, which still more I regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never framed a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early strayed
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful Muse,
Sporting and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigued me; never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.
Cowper.

Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team,
Vociferous and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of various growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the grey, smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wanish grey; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,—
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright. *Cowper.*

COURAGE—Tempered with Meekness.

Courage in suffering for a good cause is well; but if courage be not tempered with meekness, if our resentments burn in our breasts, and boil over in projects of revenge, opprobrious language, or any sort of indecent bitterness, neither we nor our cause are like to gain by it. *Stanhope.*

COURTESY.

When is courtesy
In better practice, than when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining strangers? *Middleton.*

COURTIER—Defined by the Senses.

A courtier, to all men's thinking, is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about princes. Hee smells; and putteth away much of his judgement about the scituation of his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sunne, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronuntiation than his words. Occasion is his Cupid, and hee hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee followes nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is newes, and his censure like a shot depends vpon the charging. Hee is not, if he be out of court, but, fish-like, breathes destruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he moues by the vpper spheres, and is the reflexion of higher substances. If you finde him not heere, you shall in Paules with a pick-tooth in his hat, a cape cloke, and a long stocking.
Sir T. Overbury.

COURTSHIP—Assenting to.

She turned on him
A look of love—a look that richly crowned
A moment heavenly rich, and murmured "Yes."
He kissed her proudly; while a giddy tear,
Wild with its happiness, ran down her cheek,
And perished in the dew.

Alexander Smith.

COVETOUSNESS—Its Characteristics.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill-grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence; a very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Pope.

COVETOUSNESS—Cracks the Sinews of Faith.

Trust not to the omnipotency of gold, and say not unto it, Thou art my confidence. Kiss not thy hand to that terrestrial sun, nor bore thy ear unto its servitude. A slave unto Mammon makes no servant unto God. Covetousness cracks the sinews of faith; numbs the apprehensions of any thing above sense; and only affected with the certainty of things present, makes a peradventure of things to come; lives but unto one world, nor hopes, but fears, another; makes their own death sweet unto others, bitter unto themselves; brings formal sadness, scenical mourning, and no wet eyes at the grave.

Sir T. Browne.

COWARD—in Faith.

A coward in the field is like the wise man's fool: his heart is at his mouth, and he doth not know what he does profess: but a coward in his faith is like a fool in his wisdom; his mouth is in his heart, and he dares not profess what he does know. I had rather not know the good I should do, than not do the good I know. It is better to be beaten with few stripes than with many.

Warwick.

COWARDICE.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Shakespeare.

COWARDICE—Its Misery.

A hundred times in life a coward dies.

Marston.

CRADLE—Song of the.

Lullaby—lullaby, baby dear!
Take thy rest without a fear:
Quiet sleep for mother is here,
Ever wakeful, ever near,
Lullaby!

Lullaby—lullaby! gone is the light,
Yet let not darkness my baby fright;
Mother is with her amid the night,
Then softly sleep, my heart's delight,
Lullaby!

May thy small dreams no ill things see,
Kind Heaven keep watch, my baby, o'er thee;
Kind angels bright thy guardians be,
And give thee smiling to day and to me,
Lullaby!

Sleep, sleep on! thy rest is deep;
But, ah! what wild thoughts on me creep,
As by thy side my watch I keep,
To think how like to death is sleep!
Lullaby!

But God our Father will hear my prayer,
And have thee, dear one, in His care;
Thee, little one, soft breathing there,
To me the Lord's dear love will spare,
Lullaby!

Sleep on! sleep on! till glad day break,
And with the sunshine gladly wake
Thy mother's day, how blest to make!
Her life, what joy! through thy dear sake,
Lullaby!

W. C. Bennett.

CRAFT—Its own Punishment.

Craft once known,
Doth teach fools wit; leaves the deceivers none.

Middleton.

CREATION—Enjoyment of.

There is a peculiar sweetness in the recollection of those hours which we have spent with friends of a kindred spirit, amidst the beauties of created nature. The Christian can alone find that congeniality in associates, who not only possess a lively and cultivated sense of the high beauty which landscape scenery presents to the eye, but who can also see creation's God in every feature of the prospect. The painter can imitate, the poet describe, and the tourist talk with ecstasy of the sublime and beautiful objects which constitute the scene before him; but he only can be said to enjoy them aright, whose talents, tastes, and affections are consecrated to the glory of Him by whom all things were made, and without whom "was not anything made that was made." When the pencil that traces the rich and animated landscape of mountains, lakes, and trees is guided by a grateful heart, as well as by a skilful hand, then the picture becomes no less an acceptable offering to God than it is a source of well-directed pleasure to the mind of man. And when the poet, in harmonious numbers, makes hill and dale responsive to his song, happy is it if his heart be in unison with the harp of David, and if he can call on all created nature to join in one universal chorus of gratitude and praise. The Christian traveller best enjoys scenes like these. In every wonder, he sees the hand that made it; in every landscape, the bounty that adorns it; in rivers, fields, and forests, the providence that ministers to the wants of man; in every surrounding object he sees an emblem of his own spiritual condition;—himself a stranger and a pilgrim, journeying on through a country of wonders and beauties; alternately investigating, admiring, and praising the works of his Maker; and anticipating a holy and happy eternity, to be spent in the paradise of God, where the prospects are ever new, and the landscapes never fade from the sight. *Leigh Richmond.*

CREATION—God in.

The gentle music of His voice
Stirred thro' my heart-strings like a wind thro' reeds.
He said, "It was God's hand that shaped the world,
And laid it in the sunbeams;" and that "God
With His great presence fills the universe;
That could we dwell like night among the stars,
Or plunge with whales in the unbounded sea,
He still would be around us with His care."
And also,—"That, as flowers come back in Spring,
We would live after Death." I heard no more! *Alexander Smith.*

CREATION—A Divine Hymn on the.

No power can justly praise Him, but must be
As great, as infinite as He;
He comprehends His boundless self alone:
Created minds too shallow are and dim
His works to fathom, much more Him.
Our praise at height will be
Short by a whole infinity
Of His all-glorious Deity:
He cannot have the full and stands in need of none.

How large thy empire, Love, how great thy sway!
Omnipotence does thee obey.
What complicated wonders in thee shine!
He that t' Infinity itself is great
Has one way to be greater yet;
Love will the method show—
'Tis to impart; what is 't that thou,
O Sovereign Passion, canst not do?
Thou mak'st Divinity itself much more divine. *Norris.*

CREATION—for ever in Progress.

How close does it bring the Creator to us to regard Him, not so much as having *made* the world, as still engaged in *making* it; *i.e.*, by supplying the life on which its laws, and thus its being and incidents, depend. It is an ill-constructed theology which regards God as having created only in past ages. A gorgeous sunset, the leafing of a tree in the sweet spring-time, betokens the Divine hand no less palpably than did the miracles which provided the hungry multitudes of Galilee with food. "Depend upon it (says an eloquent preacher), it is not the want of greater miracles, but of the soul to perceive such as are allowed us still, that makes us push all the sanctities into the far spaces we cannot reach. The devout feel that wherever God's hand is, *there* is miracle; and it is simply an undevoutness which imagines that only where miracle is, can there be the real hand of God. He who will but discern beneath the sun, as he rises any morning, the supporting finger of the Almighty, may recover the sweet and reverent surprise with which Adam gazed on the first dawn in Paradise; and if we cannot find Him there,—if we cannot find Him on the margin of the sea, or in the flowers by the wayside,—I do not think we should have discovered Him any more on the grass of Gethsemane or Olivet. *Grindon.*

CREATION—Study of.

The respect for, and the study of, the works of creation, tend to make us wiser and happier, and lead us to the contemplation of the omniscient Dispenser of the objects we admire. *Maund.*

CREATION—Delight in the Works of.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,

Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind
before.
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thy heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have
wrought.
The soul that sees Him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,—
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling
worlds. *Cowper.*

CREATOR—The, His Beneficence.

Wherever we turn our eyes, in the world around us, we behold innumerable instances of our Creator's beneficence. In order that the eye and the imagination may be gratified and charmed, He has spread over the surface of our terrestrial habitation an assemblage of the richest colours, which beautify and adorn the landscape of the earth, and present to our view a picturesque and diversified scenery, which is highly gratifying to the principle of novelty implanted in the human mind. On all sides we behold a rich variety of beauty and magnificence. Here, spread the wide plains and fertile fields, adorned with fruits and verdure; there, the hills rise in gentle slopes, and the mountains rear their snowy tops to the clouds, distilling from their sides the brooks and rivers, which enliven and fertilize the plains through which they flow. Here, the lake stretches into a smooth expanse in the bosom of the mountains; there, the rivers meander through the forests and the flowery fields, diversifying the rural scene, and distributing health and fertility in their train. Here, we behold the rugged cliffs, and the stately part of the forest; there, we are charmed with the verdure of the meadow, the enamel of flowers, the azure of the sky, and the gay colouring of the morning and evening clouds. In order that this scene of beauty and magnificence might be rendered visible, He formed the element of light, without which the expanse of the universe would be a boundless desert, and its beauties for ever veiled from our sight. It opens to our view the mountains, the hills, the valleys, the woods, the lawns, the flocks and herds, the wonders of the mighty deep, and the radiant orbs of heaven. It paints a thousand different hues on the objects around us, and promotes a cheerful and extensive intercourse among all the inhabitants of the globe. *Dick.*

CREATOR—Wisdom of the Great.

The manner in which the Creator has contrived a supply for the thirst of man, in sultry places, is worthy of admiration. He has placed amidst the burning sands of Africa a plant, whose leaf, twisted round like a cruet, is always filled with a large glassful of fresh water. The gullet of this cruet is shut by the extremity of the leaf itself, so as to prevent the water from evaporating. He has planted, in some other districts of the same country, a great tree, called by the negroes Boa, the trunk of which, of a prodigious bulk, is naturally hollowed, like a cistern. In the rainy season it receives its fill of water, which continues fresh and cool in the greatest heats, by means of the tufted foliage which crowns its summit. In some of the parched rocky islands of the West Indies there is found a tree, called the Water Lianno, so full of sap that if you cut a single branch of it, as much water is immediately discharged as a man can drink at a draught, and it is perfectly pure and limpid.

St. Pierre.

CREDIT—Its Use.

I will mention three facts illustrative of the vastly superior extent to which, in commercial countries, credit is necessarily employed as an instrument of exchange beyond real or metallic money. These are, first, that the entire commerce of Scotland, both foreign and domestic, is carried on without the practical use of a single gold piece. Secondly, that at the Banker's Clearing-house in London, exchange transactions are daily settled to the extent of five millions sterling—on some days of thirteen millions—without the intervention of any coin whatever, and by the employment of a floating balance of only about £200,000 in Bank of England notes, themselves merely representing the credit of that establishment. Thirdly, that there is at every moment in existence in England an aggregate mass of transferable credit in the shape of book-debts, foreign and inland bills of exchange, mortgages, annuities, and other moneyed liabilities, including the great national debt itself, to an extent, as regards the whole empire, certainly of several thousand millions in value, the whole of which is strictly in employment as a medium of exchange; an instrument, that is, whereby one individual obtains possession, by consent, of the produce or property of another; while the amount of real or metallic currency circulating through the same countries does not, perhaps, exceed thirty millions, and might probably, as in Scotland, be dispensed with altogether, without in the least affecting the extent of this prodigious mass of transactions on credit. *Scrope.*

CREDULITY—Allied to Superstition.

Although credulity is nearly allied to superstition, yet it differs very widely from it. Credulity is an unbounded belief in what is possible, although destitute of proof and perhaps of probability; but superstition is a belief in what is wholly repugnant to the laws of the physical and moral world. Thus, if we believe that an inert plant possesses any remedial power, we are credulous; but if we were to fancy that, by carrying it about with us, we should become invulnerable, we should in that case be superstitious.

Dr. Paris.

CRIMINATE.

To criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation. *Burke.*

CRIMINAL—Excitement.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take.

Addison.

CRITIC—A True.

Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine. *Pope.*

CRITICS.

Detractors and small critics would do well to remember that many kinds of errors are only possible to great souls, and that the very circumstances which in their weak visions render a work "unfit," may certify royal nature and descent. The assistance in choice of books furnished by critics and reviewers is not always trustworthy. They may have *intellect* enough to criticise, but the preeminent quality needed to their vocation is Christian love to the neighbour. The primary office of a critic is not, as many seem to think, to detect imperfections. That is a very shallow mind which seeks to distinguish itself by facility in finding errors. The first duty of the critic is to create happiness, where it may be done faithfully, and to shrink from giving pain, where it can honestly be avoided. Steadfastly to adhere to this, the highest principle of criticism, requires, however, too noble a nature to be met with frequently. "A true critic," says Addison, "ought to dwell upon excellencies rather than defects; to discover the concealed beauties of a writer; and communicate to the world such things as are worth its observation." The rule applies universally. Rightly to comprehend and estimate things, whether in art, literature, or nature, we must train ourselves to admiration of excellence. The contrary course serves only to blind and darken. He who does not strive to rise *above* nature, will sink below it.

Grindon.

CROSS—of Christ.

The Cross of Christ is the invincible sanctuary of the humble, the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just. It is the key of Paradise, the weak man's staff, the convert's convoy, the upright man's perfection, the soul and body's health, the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good. *Quarles.*

CROSS—of our Salvation.

Yes, Cross of our Lord, Cross of our salvation! thou, thou only art our refuge. Sinking under the burthen of our unworthiness, covered with the shame of sin, our heart rent by remorse, we cast ourselves at the foot of the Cross; we embrace it with tears of love and repentance; we look up to it as the Israelites looked up in the wilderness to the brazen serpent, and are healed by the blood which trickles down from the blessed Victim which it bore. Be then the Cross of Christ the endless triumph of thy soul, and let the treasures beyond price which it hath purchased for thee be thy glory and thine inheritance. *Diodati.*

CROSS—The, a Type.

God's scholars have learned to think of the Cross, that it is the frame-house in the which God frameth His children like to His Son.

Christ; the furnace that fineth God's gold; the highway to heaven; the suit and livery that God's servants are served withal; and the earnest and beginning of all consolation and glory. *Bradford.*

CURIOSITY—Principle of.

The principle of curiosity, which was implanted in man for high and holy ends, took a wrong bent and direction at the moment of his first transgression; and is to be rectified only by the influence of the same Spirit who first breathed it into the soul. A restless appetite of knowledge more than God has revealed, which made the first man rebel against his Maker, has ever since been a fruitful source of evil and misery. *Bishop Blomfield.*

CRUELTY—Prolific.

Nothing is so pregnant as cruelty; so multifarious, so rapid, so ever-teeming a mother, is unknown to the animal kingdom; each of her experiments provokes another, and refines upon the last; though always progressive, yet always remote from the end. *Lavater.*

CUNNING.

But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body
follow. *Shakespeare.*

CUNNING—Floats between Vice and Virtue.

Cunning is none of the best nor worst qualities,—it floats between virtue and vice: there is scarce any exigence where it may not, and perhaps ought to be, supplied by prudence. *Bruyere.*

CUNNING—Persons, How to Treat.

In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees. *Lord Bacon.*

CURIOSITY—hath no Limits.

What can limit the excursive flight of human curiosity? It dives into the bowels of the earth, explores the mine, and speculates on the formation of the world itself. The sea forms no obstacle to its career. It visits the equator and the poles, and circumnavigates the globe. Nor does it take a cursory flight only, which seems merely to measure space,—it pauses to meditate and to inquire. There is not an animal that traverses the desert, there is not an insect that crawls on the ground, there is not a flower that blooms in the air, there is not a stone cast carelessly along our path, but it stops, and interrogates, and forces to declare its nature. You behold it scaling the heavens, measuring the magnitudes and distances of the celestial bodies, and even determining their weight. In short, every sound, every motion, every attitude attracts its attention. And shall man, while he thus casts an inquisitive eye on every thing around him, be incurious only about himself? Shall the lord of the lower world busy himself in acquiring a knowledge of the properties, habits, and functions of the beasts which perish, while he is careless about the qualities of that superior mind which has elevated him to the rank of their master, and which betokens a dignity and a destination far beyond the limits of their nature? Shall he immerse himself in the contemplation of corporeal beings, and never once inquire into the operations of that finer spirit which actuates himself, and makes him to be what he is? *Young.*

CURIOSITY—Profitless.

Avoid him who, from mere curiosity, asks three questions running, about a thing that cannot interest him. *Lavater.*

CUSTOM—Its Force.

A person might as well refuse to speak the language of a country, as to comply with its customs in matters of indifference; like it, they are signs, which, though unmeaning, perhaps, in themselves, are established by general consent to express certain sentiments; and a want of attention to them would appear to express a want of those sentiments, and, therefore, in regard to others, would have a bad effect. But though the neglect of these things be blamable, those who consider them as the essential part of true politeness are much wider of the mark, for they may be strictly observed where that is entirely wanting. *Bowdler.*

CUSTOM.

Use makes nothing huge, and huge things nothing. *Chapman.*

CUSTOM—the World's Idol.

Custom 's the world's great idol we adore,
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.

What education did at first conceive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
Pomfret.

CUSTOM—a Monster.

That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.
Shakespeare.

CUSTOM—Overrules Reason.

Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.
Rochester.

D.

DANCE—The Mazy.

Now it opens, now it closes,
Like a wreath dropping into roses.
Ah, see again my favourite dance,
See the wavelike line advance;
And now in circles break,
Like raindrops on a lake.
Bailey.

DANGERS—and Delights.

Our dangers and delights are near allies;
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise.
Daniel.

DANGERS—Two Extremes of.

Look upon any duty or grace, and you will find it lie between Scylla and Charibdis, two extremes alike dangerous. Faith, the great work of God, cuts its way between the mountain of presumption and the gulf of despair. Patience (a grace so necessary that we cannot be without it a day, except we would be all that while beside ourselves) keeps us that we fall neither into the sleepy apoplexy of a blockish stupidity, nor into a raging fit of discontent. *Gurnall.*

DANGER—of One-sided Views.

There is one class of dangers pertaining alike to every profession, every branch of study, every kind of distinct pursuit. I mean, the danger in each, to him who is devoted to it, of over-rating its importance as compared with others, and again of unduly extending its province. To a man who has no enlarged views, no general cultivation of mind, and no familiar intercourse with the enlightened and the worthy of other classes besides his own, the result must be more or less of the several forms of narrow-mindedness. To apply to all questions, on all subjects, the same principles and rules of judging that are suitable to the particular questions and subjects about which he is especially conversant;—to bring in those subjects and questions on all occasions, suitable or unsuitable, like the painter Horace alludes to, who introduced a cypress tree into the picture of a shipwreck; to regard his own particular pursuit as the one important and absorbing interest; to look on all other events, transactions, and occupations, chiefly as they minister more or less to that; to view the present state and past history of the world chiefly in reference to that; and to feel a clannish attachment to the members of that particular profession or class he belongs to, as a body or class (an attachment, by the by, which is often limited to the collective class, and not accompanied with kindly feelings towards the individual members of it), and to have more or less an alienation of feeling from those of other classes: all these, and many other such, are symptoms of that narrow-mindedness which is to be found alike in all who do not carefully guard themselves against it, whatever may be the profession or department of study of each.
Archbishop Whately.

DARING—A Noble.

I have a heart to dare,
And spirit-thews to work my daring out:
I'll cleave the world as a swimmer cleaves the sea,
Breaking the sleek, green billows into froth,
With tilting, full-blown chest, and scattering,
With scornful breath, the kissing, flattering foam,
That leaps and dallies with his dipping lip.
Thou'rt distant, now, O World! I hear thee not:
There 's no pale fingers of thy fires to-night
Around the large horizon. Yet, O World!
I have thee in my power, and as a man
By some mysterious influence can sway

Another's mind, making him laugh and weep,
Shudder or thrill, such power have I on thee.
Alexander Smith.

DARK—Side, The.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,
To lift the bright disguise,
And lay the bitter truth
Before our shrinking eyes;
When evil crawls below
What seems so pure and fair,
Thine eyes are keen and true
To find the serpent there:—
And yet—I turn away,
Thy task is not divine;
The evil angels look
On earth with eyes like thine.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,
To show how closely wound
Dark threads of sin and self
With our best deeds are found;
How great and noble hearts,
Striving for lofty aims,
Have still some earthly cord
A meaner spirit claims;
And yet—altho' thy task
Is well and fairly done,
Methinks for such as thee
There is a holier one.

Shadows there are, who dwell
Among us, yet apart,
Deaf to the claim of God,
Or kindly human heart;
Voices of earth and heaven
Call, but they turn away,
And love, thro' such black night,
Can see no hope of day;
And yet—our eyes are dim,
And thine are keener far;
Then gaze until thou see'st
The glimmer of some star.
Household Words.

DARKNESS—Spiritual.

As night and shadows are good for flowers, and moonlight and dews are better than a continued sun, so is Christ's absence of special use, and it hath rare nourishing virtue in it, and giveth sap to humanity, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furnisheth a fair field to faith to put forth itself. *Rutherford.*

We often see men whose blindness is such that they cannot behold the bright orb of day in the heavens. But because they are blind, do we doubt the existence of a sun, or do we quarrel with his beams? The fault, indeed, is not in the sun, but in the eyes of such persons, which will not permit them to admire his radiance. Thus blinded are the eyes of the soul, and our sins are those shadows which hide from us the glorious light of heaven and of celestial beauty. Oh, man, how art thou fallen by nature! How miserably abject thy condition! But if thou wilt, thou canst be healed. Go to the true physician of the soul; to Him belongs a light which can dissipate the darkest shadows. Beseech Him to open thine eyes, that thou mayest see. *Theophilus of Antioch.*

DARKNESS—not necessarily Terrific.

It is Mr. Locke's opinion, that darkness is not naturally an idea of terror; and that though an excessive light is painful to the sense, that the greatest excess of darkness is no ways troublesome. He observes, indeed, in another place, that a nurse or an old woman having once associated the ideas of ghosts and goblins with that of darkness, night ever after becomes painful and horrible to the imagination. The authority of this great man is doubtless as great as that of any man can be, and it seems to stand in the way of our general principle. We have considered darkness as a cause of the sublime; and we have all along considered the sublime as depending on some modification of pain or terror: so that if darkness be no way painful or terrible to any, who have not had their minds early tainted with superstitions, it can be no source of the sublime to them. But, with all deference to such an authority, it seems to me, that an association of a more general nature, an association which takes in all mankind, may make darkness terrible; for in utter darkness it is impossible to know in what degree of safety we stand; we are ignorant of the objects that surround us; we may every moment strike against some dangerous obstruction; we may fall down a precipice the first step we take; and if an enemy approach, we know not in what quarter to defend ourselves; in such a case strength is no sure protection; wisdom can only act by guess; the boldest are staggered; and he who would pray for nothing else towards his defence is forced to pray for light.

As to the association of ghosts and goblins, surely it is more natural to think, that darkness, being originally an idea of terror, was chosen as a fit scene for such terrible representations, than that such representations have made darkness terrible. The mind of man very easily slides into an error of the former sort; but it is very hard to imagine that the effect of an idea so universally terrible in all times, and in all countries, as darkness, could possibly have been owing to a set of idle stories, or to any cause of a nature so trivial, and of an operation so precarious. *Burke.*

DAY.

Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate. *Bishop Hall.*

DAY—Approach of.

As when the sun
Mounts up Olympus' hill, the spangled lights
Shrink in their beams and disappear till night
Calls forth her ornaments. *John Bancroft.*

DAY—Autumnal.

The morning shines
Serene, in all its dewy beauties bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
O'er all the soul its sacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, through the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Thomson.

DAY—the Offspring of the Sun.

For when the sun—rich father of the day,
Eye of the world, king of the spangled vale—
Had run the circuit of the horizon,
And that Arctophylax, the night's bright star,
Had brought fair Luna from the purpled main,
To lend her light to weary travellers,—
Then 'twas my chance to arrive at Osrick's house.
Old Play, "*Knack to Know a Knave*," 1594.

DAY—The Rainy.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary:
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary:
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
Longfellow.

DAYLIGHT—the Light of Heaven.

Daylight, then, may well be called the "light of heaven," since it not only enables us to see all things that come within the range of our optical organs, but actually communicates a great portion of that beauty which it shows to us; since it not only sheds upon the flowers those hues which make the face of our earth a vision of delight, but it assists in giving health to the human frame, and paints the cheek of beauty with those colours which no art can imitate, and no eye can help admiring. *Gurney.*

DAYS—How to Spend our.

I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must: pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health: neither do I consult so much with the sun as my own necessity, whether of body or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased that it may be serviceable. Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God. My first thoughts are for Him, who made the night for rest, and the day for travel; and, as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task; bethinking what is to be done, and in what order; and marshalling, as it may, my hours with my work.

That done, after some while meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and, sitting down amongst them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them till I first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred, without whom I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over-great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions; wherein I am not too scrupulous of age;

sometimes I put myself to school, to one of those ancients, whom the Church hath honoured with the name of Fathers, whose volumes I confess not to open without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity: sometimes to those latter doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical: always to God's Book. That day is lost whereof some hours are not improved in those Divine monuments: others I turn over out of choice; these out of duty.

Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions, not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. Now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while, mine eyes are busied; another while, my hand; and sometimes, my mind takes the burden from them both; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures. One hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy, histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake its own: sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, often for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts: I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use: only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious.

Thus could I, all day, as ringers use, make myself music with changes; and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both: while my body and mind are joined together in those unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker.

Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all my thoughts; and now would forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal: the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that for its own sake. Neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end; so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple; and would please myself in a wilful denial. I rise capable of more, not desirous: not now immediately from my trencher to my book; but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

After my latter meal my thoughts are slight; only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day: and my heart is busy in examining my hands, and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And, now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably which, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God.

I grant, neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions: yet must all conspire in honest labour. Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men which spend the time as if it were given to them, and not lent!—as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for!—as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning:—*I'em*, spent upon my pleasures forty years. These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away—time.

Bishop Hall.

DEAD—The.

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!
And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies,

And by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the angel
Calls them, they slumber! *Longfellow.*

DEAD—Lamentation over the.

Did I not love thee, too? pure, perfect thing;
This is a soul I see, and not a body.
Go, beauty, rest for aye; go, starry eyes,
And lips like rosebuds peeping out of snow;
Go, breast love-filled as a boat's sail with wind,
Leaping from wave to wave as leaps a child
Thoughtless, o'er grassy graves; go, locks which have
The golden embrownment of a lion's eye.
Yet one more look; farewell, thou well and fair!
All who but loved thee shall be deathless. Nought
Named if with thee can perish. Thou and Death
Have made each other purer, lovelier seem,
Like snow and moonlight. Never more for thee
Let eyes be swollen, like streams with latter rains.
To die were rapture, having lived with thee.
Thy soul hath passed out of a bodily heaven,
Into a spiritual. Rest for aye;
Pure after love as e'er thou wast before;
Pure as the dead in life. The dead are holy.
I would I were among them. *Bailey.*

DEAD—Deep Sorrow for.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living. *Irving.*

DEAD—Mistaken Idea of.

Why will we dedicate the dead to God,
And not ourselves the living? Oft we speak,
With tears of joy and trust, of some dear friend
As surely up in Heaven; while that same soul,
For aught we know, may be shuddering even in hell
To hear his name named. *Bailey.*

DEAD—The Nations of the.

Lo! the nations of the dead,
Which do outnumber all earth's races, rise;
And high in sunless myriads overhead
Sweep past us in a cloud, as it were the skirts
Of the Eternal passing. *Bailey.*

DEATH.

The death we feared
Was but a grey eve 'tween two shining days.
Alexander Smith.

DEATH—a Feared and Hated Thing.

Still feared and hated thing! thy ghostly shape
Stood in his avenues of fairest hope;
Unmannerly and uninvited, crept
Into his haunts of most select delight.
Still on his halls of mirth, and banqueting,
And revelry, thy shadowy hand was seen,
Writing thy name of Death! Vile worm that gnawed
The root of all his happiness terrene, the gall
Of all his sweet, the thorn of every rose
Of earthly bloom, cloud of his noonday sky,
Frost of his spring, sigh of his loudest laugh,
Dark spot on every form of loveliness,

Rank smell amidst his rarest spiceries,
Harsh dissonance of all his harmony,
Reserve of every promise, and the "if"
Of all to-morrows. *Pollok.*

DEATH—Its Certainty.

There is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. I will, therefore, be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better. *Warwick.*

DEATH—Certainty of.

Sooner or later all things pass away,
And are no more. The beggar and the king
With equal steps tread forward to their end:
The reconciling grave
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes;
Then all alike lie down in peace together.
Southerne.

DEATH—an Inward Tendency.

Men look on death as lightning, always far
Off, or in heaven. They know not it is in
Themselves, a strong and inward tendency,
The soul of every atom, every hair:
That nature's infinite electric life,
Escaping from each isolated frame,
Up out of earth, or down from heaven, becomes
To each its proper death, and adds itself
Thus to the great reunion of the whole.
Bailey.

DEATH—Description of.

Behold there, Death!
Throned on his tomb—entombéd in his throne;
Just as he ceased he rests for aye; his scythe,
Still wet out of its bloody swathe, one hand
Tottering sustains: the other strikes the cold
Drops from his bony brow: his mouldy breath
Tainteth all air. *Bailey.*

DEATH—His Longings.

And Death sits quivering there, and watering
His great gaunt jaw at me. *Bailey.*

DEATH—of a Child.

My child! I see him plainly now
As any time his eight bright years.
His the soft eyes, the changeful glow,
Too delicate for this world's tears.

And so, perhaps, the angels knew:
Alas! *they* gather blossoms too.
This depth of grief to me was given,
Or else I had not valued heaven.
Household Words.

Nelly, darling, Nelly, darling, why this pallor on thy cheek?
Quarters from the clock have sounded, since I heard my loved one speak;
Since I heard thy gentle voice, Nell, full an hour has pass'd away;
Why those tears upon thy eyelids? why so silent, Nelly, say?

Ah! too well I now remember, twelve months since, this very day,
Darkness fell upon our dwelling; one we worshipped turn'd to clay.
Long we watch'd her colour fading, long we mark'd her eye grow dim;
Day by day the strength departing from each little wasted limb.

Came at last, the dreaded moment, in the watches of the night;
Back into the realms of heav'n the infant spirit wing'd its flight;
While the morning sun, uprising in a flood of golden red,
Fell on two bereavéd mourners, kneeling by a little bed.

Brave were the broken words I utter'd, brave as husband's words should be;
But the father's choking sorrow struggled hard to be set free;
I talk'd to thee of resignation—strove my anguish to conceal—
Said—"It was the common lot—that time at length the wound would heal."
Household Words.

Another little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone,
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born;—
Two little feet have gone the way
To the home beyond the skies;
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair,
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook
Where the flowers love to grow,—
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago.

The birds that sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high. *Bennett.*

DEATH—The Christian's.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease:
If unrestored by this, despair your cure,
For here resistless demonstration dwells:
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tired Dissimulation drops her mask
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man, you see his hold on heaven,
If sound his virtue; as Philander's, sound.
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men;
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice confusion, and to virtue peace.
Young.

DEATH—Conjectural.

Who can take
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death and his image rising in the brain
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; fancy loves excess;
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades;
And these the formidable picture draw.
Young.

DEATH—Contemplated.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never. *Anon.*

DEATH—Longed for.

Forgive me, Father! but I long to die,
I long to live to Thee, a pure, free mind.
Take again, God! and thou, fair Earth, the form
And spirit which, at first, ye lent to me.
Such as they were, I have used them. Let them part.
I, weary of this world; and like the dove,
Urged o'er life's barren flood, sweep, tired, back
To Thee who sent'st me forth. Bear with me, God! *Bailey.*

DEATH—of a Fair-Haired Girl.

Go, golden lily, bloom thou on the breast
Of everlasting sanctity. *Bailey.*

DEATH—the Last Conqueror.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
Shirley.

DEATH—duly Considered, its Fruits Self-known.

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with earthly hopes and fears, from which it is necessary to be at intervals disencumbered, that we may place ourselves in His presence, who views effects in their causes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expresses it, consider things, as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourselves; or, to use language yet more awful, "may commune with our own hearts, and be still."

Death, says Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb. "I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now who I am, or more properly, who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee, but I entreat thee to know thyself."

Johnson.

DEATH—of a Daughter.

And this is death! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears;
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.
The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never look'd so fair as now
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppress'd.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
In gazing thus, grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn;
The spirit hath an early part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart,
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those eyes shall never weep again.
For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the churchyard sod,—
'Twas made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly;
I see thee, like a new-born star,
Move up thy pathway in the sky.
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthen'd heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead;
Thrice happy—that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin;
And only breathed life's morning airs,
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell! I shall not soon forget!
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet;
But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

Peabody.

DEATH—Desolates.

The time is near, when the great and the rich must leave his land and his well-built house; and of all the trees of his orchards and woods, nothing shall attend him to his grave, but oak for his coffin, and cypress for his funeral. *Bishop Taylor.*

DEATH—Eloquence of.

Solemn, though sweet, hours are those, when death lingers at the portals of the door, yet not the less surely shows his presence. When the flesh is weak, the soul willing to go, and no distracting thoughts of the loss, the sad bereavement (or still more painful fear for the future lot), afflicts the lookers on, —then comes a season, good, beneficial. A pause in the work of life, during which the spirit, imprisoned in the flesh, feels it may, despite its mundane wants, forego its worldly duties, and, lifting up the heart to God, taste and see what death is like, ere he touches one's own lips. And this touch, this taste, is as the fire that purifies the gold. What is dross becomes plainly visible to light; can be taken—handled at its worth, and happily put aside in such an hour for ever—while every good and holy feeling is brought out, exercised, wanted, used, as the costly merchandise of earth is displayed for high and noble guests. The angels of heaven keep watch round the dying-bed of the Christian, that no evil spirit may disturb the last conflict. The sanctity of their presence falls on all around, covering the petty sins of every-day life with the sheen of their wings, until the soul, kept, as it may be, in the bars of a strong frame and healthful pulses, pants to be free from both, that it may never lose again the sublimity of thought that now fills it. Earth too soon recalls it to its duty and its work; yet the calm, peaceful death-bed of a penitent Christian leaves an indelible mark behind.

There is a terrible reaction from the sublimity of death, and the contemplation of the unseen world, to the painful and distressing realities that accompany all the forms of "putting your dead away from your sight." When you have brought yourself, through hard and direful conflicts, to give up all you loved more than yourself to God, how unseemly and unnecessary appear the ensuing details: a natural desire to flee away and be alone with God and the spirit just made perfect, piteously fills the stricken heart. And yet too often the one most smitten—the real bereaved one—has to put away his grief, stifle his agonized cries to God for patience and submission, and assume the control and order for the burial of *that* which was his life.

The Lady of Glynne.

DEATH—Its Peaceful Ending.

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.

Blair.

DEATH—Everywhere.

Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument and in all chances, and enters in at many doors,—by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the meeting of a vapour, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair or a raisin, by violent motion or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy or God's anger, by everything in Providence and everything in manners, by everything in nature and everything in chance: we take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and get our death in the purchase; and the person is snatched away and the goods remain.

And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of Providence, and the decree of heaven; the chains that confine us to this condition are as strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God.

Jeremy Taylor.

DEATH—Figure of.

The other shape
(If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either), black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and His Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd.

Milton.

DEATH—and Futurity.

Oh, get the lovely image of the future glory into your minds! Keep it ever before your eyes. Make it familiar to your thoughts. Imprint daily there these words—"I shall behold Thy face, I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness." See that your souls be enriched with that righteousness, have inwrought into them that holy rectitude that may dispose them to that blessed state. Then will you die with your own consent, and go away, not driven, but allured and drawn. You will go, as the redeemed of the Lord, with everlasting joy upon their heads: as those that know whither you go, even to a state infinitely worthy of your desires and choice, and where it is best for you to be.

Shake off your bands and fetters—the terrene affections that so closely confine you to the house of your bondage. And lift up your heads in expectation of the approaching Jubilee, the day of your redemption: when you are to go out free, and enter into the glorious liberty of the sons of God; when you shall serve, and groan, and complain no longer. Let it be your continual song, and the matter of your daily praise, that the time of your happy deliverance is hastening on;

that ere long you shall be absent from the body, and present with the Lord; that He hath not doomed you to an everlasting imprisonment within those close and clayey walls, wherein you have been so long shut up from the beholding of His sight and glory. In the thoughts of this, while the outward man is sensibly perishing, let the inward revive and be renewed day by day. Rejoice that it is the gracious pleasure of thy God, thou shalt not always inhabit a dungeon, nor lie amidst so impure and disconsolate darkness; that He will shortly exchange thy filthy garments for those of salvation and praise. The end approaches. As you turn over these leaves, so are your days turned over. And as you are now arrived at the end of this book, God will shortly write "finis" to the book of your life on earth, and show you your names written in heaven, in the book of that life which shall never end. *Howe.*

DEATH—A Gentle One.

Softly woo away her breath,
  Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
  Tender, mournful, murmuring Life.
She hath seen her happy day—
  She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
  Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
  Angels dear,
Bear her perfect soul above,
  Seraph of the skies—sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
  And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
  Take her, then, for evermore—
  For ever—evermore!

Death, take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms!
  And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
  The angels lie!
Wilt bear her there, O Death! in all her whiteness?
  Reply, reply! *W. B. Procter.*

DEATH—at Home Desirable.

It is a sad thing to feel we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth. He knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air that hangs over his native land; that, more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long-known and long-loved; they cannot read, as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate without hesitation all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of Oriental benediction, "May you die among your kindred!" *Greenwood.*

DEATH—Hymn to.

  Daughter of endless Night!
Mysterious offspring of mysterious shade,
  Who meet'st not mortal sight
In any imaged form of flesh arrayed;
  We build a temple here,
But in what shape shall we thy power enshrine?
  What image shall we rear,
That our bow'd hearts may venerate as thine?
  Through every day and hour
Thine acts are manifest—thy work is done;
  Earth thrills beneath thy power,
Alike 'midst winter storm or summer sun.
  Still is thy message sent—
Still from thy viewless hand shoots many a dart;
  Nor hath thy mother lent
One of her stars to show us what thou art.

* * * * * * *

  But thou, who dost possess
A power more dread, more universal sway,
  All vague and bodiless,
Hauntest all living things by night and day.

  We look for thee in vain
In the dim twilight, where all shadows rise,
  Upon the spacious plain,
Or darkly hovering between earth and skies;
  Or 'midst the leafy shades
Of the thick forests, when the moon is low;
  But whilst thy rule pervades
All things, thy deeds are all of thee we know.

To other deities
We bring our offerings, chosen each with care;
But thou hast sacrifice
Of every kind, and taken everywhere.
Well, goddess, might'st thou laugh
At our poor gifts of herds, or corn, or wine,
Who life's best springs dost quaff,
And when thou wilt, canst make all nature thine.
M. A. Browne.

DEATH—Implanted from the First.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
Pope.

DEATH—of an Infant.

'Tis the work
Of many a dark hour and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
The images from all the silent rooms,
And every sight and sound familiar to her
Undo its sweetest link—and so at last
The fountain, that once struck, must flow for ever—
Will hide and waste in silence.
Willis.

DEATH—the Foreshadowing of Life.

Death is the foreshadowing of life. We die that we may die no more.
Herman Hooker.

DEATH—Lurketh in Life.

Death doth lurk always in life's delicious cup:
The mulberry-leaf must bear the biting of a worm,
That so it may be raised to wear its silken form.
Ruckert.

DEATH—and Life.

The air consumes itself in the last love-sigh it gave;
To God's breath then transformed, it wakes life from the grave.
Ruckert.

DEATH—in Life.

The breathing miracle into silence passed!
Gerald Massey.

DEATH—of a Loved One.

She 's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwall in heaven:
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwalling out o' heaven.

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
Oh, what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven,
To sing the evening psalm.

There 's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's naught but dust now mine;
My saul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!
Allan Cunningham.

DEATH—The Pomp of.

Death is not dreadful to a mind resolved:
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make death a dreadful thing. The pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Lee.

DEATH—Power of.

The kings and princes of the world have alwayes laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those great ones which preceded them. They are alwayes transported with the glorie of the one, but they never minde the miserie of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life or hope; but they follow the counsell of death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdome of the worlde without speaking a word; which God, with all the words of His law, promises, and threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is beleeved; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. "I have considered," says Solomon, "all the workes that are under the sunne, and behold, all is vanitie and vexation of spirit;" but who beleeves it till death tell it us? It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make man to know himselfe. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them crie, complaine and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happinesse. He takes the account of the riche, and proues him a beggar—a naked beggar—which hath interest in nothing but in the grauell that filles his mouth. He holds a glasse before the eyes of the most beautifull, and makes them see therein their deformitie and rottennesse; and they acknowledge it. *Raleigh.*

DEATH—Answers many a Prayer.

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I, who love them all, shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!—
Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray!
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble! Can the soul decay?
Or that which thinks and feels, in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steep'd in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;
I have a hope, a faith—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven—
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far
Are stretch'd before my eyes than those of mortals are! *Robert Nicol.*

DEATH—Premeditation of.

The premeditation of death is the premeditation of liberty: he who has learnt to die has forgot to serve. *Montaigne.*

DEATH—Preparation for.

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And, being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.
St. P. N. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?
Youth. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.
St. P. N. And, when you are one, what do you intend?
Youth. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.
St. P. N. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?
Youth. That I may get to be a canon too.
St. P. N. Well; and how then?
Youth. Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.

St. P. N. Be it so—
What then?
Youth. Why, cardinal 's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
St. P. N. Suppose it was—what then?
Youth. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?
St. P. N. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
Youth. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.
St. P. N. What! must you die? fond youth! and at the best
But wish, and hope, and may be, all the rest!
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which may be, and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.
Dr. Byrom.

DEATH—Regrets of.

That which has died within us is often the saddest portion of what death has taken away—and to all, and above measure, to those in whom no higher life has been awakened. The heavy thought is the thought of what we were, of what we hoped and proposed to have been, of what we ought to have been, of what but for ourselves we might have been,—set by the side of what we are, as though we are haunted by the side of our own youth. This is a thought the crushing weight of which nothing but a strength above our own can lighten. *Hare.*

DEATH—a Release.

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer, cold, and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury odours of the early spring.
He breathed it not!—the laugh of passers-by
Jarr'd like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marred not his slumbers—he was dead!
Household Words.

Though we believe that death will completely free the holy soul from its remaining pollutions—that it will exchange defective sanctification into perfect purity, entangling temptations into complete freedom, suffering and affliction into health and joy, doubts and fears into perfect security, and oppressive weariness into everlasting rest—yet there is no magic in the wand of death which will convert an unholy soul into a holy one.
Hannah More.

DEATH—Results in Lasting Rest.

What is 't to die?
To leave all disappointment, cares, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest for ever! Oh, dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain. *Longfellow.*

DEATH—The Results of.

Meditate often on the change in the condition which death effects. It is by a thin partition that we are here separated from what is inconceivably great and awful: for the spiritual and eternal world is near. At the moment of death this partition is broken: the dark veil that is between us and the other world is rent; and we are instantly amidst a new and amazing state of things, awake and conscious in the world of spirits. What a wonderful and important situation! The very thought is almost overwhelming. The spiritual world bursting in upon the soul and its faculties, in the vastness of its extent, the newness of its objects, the splendour, the glory, and the might of its inhabitants, and the importance of its demands on the stranger that has entered it, presents what is greatly filled with alarm. And do you not think that you shall then need support, and a kindly ministering hand to lead and guide you? You are not destitute. Be disciples of the mighty Saviour, who died as your Friend, but who lives for evermore; who has gone before to provide mansions, and prepare a place of rest and delight for His followers. Seek now to be faithful; and amidst all that might appal you in that unknown land, He will bear you up. He will receive you to Himself; that where He is, there you may be also. *Dr. Taylor.*

DEATH—Its Results.

Death will be the funeral of all our evils, and the resurrection of all our joys. *Mason.*

DEATH—a Dread Revealer.

When we think of death, a thousand sins, which we have trode as worms beneath our feet, rise up against us flaming serpents.

Sir Walter Scott.

DEATH—Satisfied.

Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd. *Milton.*

DEATH—Spiritually in.

"I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." How few are arrived to such a height of spirituality! This desire is the fruit of faith with respect to the reality and glory of the eternal state, and our interest in it. According as the revelation of the invisible kingdom is in our minds, such is its attractive power in our hearts. To vanquish the terrors of death, and with a clear and cheerful spirit to leave the body in the grave, that we may for ever be freed from sin, and made like to Christ in purity and glory, is the effect of love stronger than death.

Dr. Bates.

DEATH—Its Stealthy Approach.

Is death uncertain? therefore be thou fixed;
Fixed as a centinel,—all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe. *Young.*

DEATH—Sudden.

"It has always appeared to me," says Dr. Johnson, "as one of the most striking passages in the visions of Quevedo, that which stigmatizes those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. Quevedo asks, How can death be sudden to a being who always knew that he must die, and that the time of his death was uncertain?" *Dr. Johnson.*

DEATH—Sympathy with.

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die. *Campbell.*

DEATH—the Great Teacher.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Pope.

DEATH—always Terrible.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony, are thine.

John Greene Halleck.

DEATH—Terrible.

He dies, and makes no sign.

Shakespeare.

DEATH—What art thou?

Death!
What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
The way to thee we know; diseases, famine,
Fire, sword, and all thy ever-open gates,
Which day and night stand ready to deceive us;
But what's beyond them!—Who shall draw that veil? *Hughes.*

ANSWER.

Beyond? and, Who shall draw that veil?—The man
Whom Christian Spirit hath ennobled can.
He from th' abyss beyond, the veil shall tear,
For 'tis his triumph, that Death is not there!
That there is all sublime devotion's scope;
All rest from sorrow; all expanse of hope;
There perfect souls, the path he treads, who trod;
There Immortality! there Heaven! there God! *Rev. S. Bishop.*

DEATH—Fearful to the Unprepared.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wistfully she looks

On all she 's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh, might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood: and every groan
She heaves is big with horror; but the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Blair.

DEATH—Vanquished.

Through the Redeemer's sacrifice, death becomes to the Christian as one in a various catalogue of things which must work together for his good. So complete, indeed, is the atonement which has been made for human guilt, that the Father might cause our spirits to be enlightened and sanctified at once, and our bodies to pass at once into heaven, without tasting of death, were such His pleasure. But the wisdom which has determined that our victory over spiritual death should be by means of a various and protracted warfare, has arranged that victory over natural death should be through the passage of the grave. Thus a new character attaches to this event, when viewed in connection with the second Adam, instead of being regarded merely in its relation to the first. From the one, this enemy derives all that power which has rendered him the king of terrors; by the other, the foe has been deprived of his main strength, and rendered comparatively and ultimately harmless. *Vaughan.*

DEATH—of the Young.

Grieve not that I die young. Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:
Here I am bless'd—but I would be more free;
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.
Let me depart!

Ah! who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold?
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,
Cast their dark shadows o'er this faëry world;
Till fancy's many-coloured wings are furl'd,
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?
I would depart!

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul,
A joyous thank-offering, to Him who gave
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart.
Sisters—sweet sisters, bear me to my grave—
Let me depart!

Lady Flora Hastings.

DEATH—of the Young and Queenly.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll!
A saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere,
Hast thou no tear?
Weep now or nevermore!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier
Low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come, let the burial-rite be read—
The funeral-song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead,
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
And hated her for her pride;
And when she fell in feeble health,
Ye bless'd her—that she died!
How shall the ritual, then, be read?
The requiem, how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—
By yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young!"
From grief and groan,
To a golden throne
Beside the King of Heaven.

Edgar A. Poe.

DEATHBED—of the Saints.

The last hours of some men, eminent in piety and usefulness, as they were in talents and labours through life, have been overcast with gloom that prevented bystanders from recognizing the glories of their departure. But the orb setting behind a bank of dense black clouds is himself far beyond their reach. They affect not his brightness, but merely our view of it. While to us he seems to sink in darkness that extinguishes his beams, he is really rising in other skies, gladdening the sight of other observers, and clothed in splendours as if the Almighty had afresh, or for the first time, robed him in the reflection of His own Divine effulgence. "We walk by faith, not by sight;" and when a man's life has testified that his heart is right with

Christ, we know that his safety for glorification is in Christ's hands, though his enemies be, in malice, loading him with anathemas, or he, by morbid influence from what is animal or what is mental, be writing volumes of bitter things against himself, at the crisis of his leaving the body. *Dr. Urwick.*

DEATHBED—The Pauper's.

Tread softly! bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There 's one in that poor shed—
One by thy paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter!—no crowds attend—
Enter!—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp—and then
The parting groan!

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God. *Caroline Southey.*

DEATHBED—Its Teachings.

Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external goods, might here have seen them weighed against each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that sparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the bosom of suspicion, at once become dust in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praise, lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which to-morrow shall be bestowed upon another, authority which shall this night expire for ever, and praise which, however merited or however sincere, shall, after a few moments, be heard no more.

In those hours of seriousness and wisdom, nothing appeared to raise his spirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodness; nor to excite his attention, but some opportunity for the exercise of the duties of religion. Everything that terminated on this side of the grave was received with coldness and indifference, and regarded rather in consequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deserved value: it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engrossed by the consideration of another state, and all conversation was tedious that had not some tendency to disengage him from human affairs, and open his prospects into futurity. *Dr. Johnson.*

DEBT—to be Avoided.

Run not into debt, either for wares sold or money borrowed; be content to want things that are not of absolute necessity, rather than to run up the score. Such a man pays at the latter end a third part more than the principal comes to, and is in perpetual servitude to his creditors; lives uncomfortably; is necessitated to increase his debts, to stop his creditors' mouths; and many times falls into desperate courses. *Hale.*

DEBTS—Pleasure in Paying.

I remember to have heard Sir Thomas Lyttleton make this observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of simple reputation. *Shenstone.*

DECAY—Gradual.

The world is worn away, and continents
And oceans take each other's places here.
The mountain's summit and the sea's last depth
Is but a question after all of time.
Most greatest things are gradual. Star on star
The Heavens fulfil their issue; line by line
Old ocean saps earth's vaulted base, and whelms
In transubstantiation infinite,
'Neath his abysmal bowl, the mountain tops;
Beam after beam truth warms the spirit here,
Dipped in substantial lightning of the sun,
And now with an eternal saving saved.
Bailey.

DECEPTION.

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below.
Campbell.

DECEPTION—a Lie Reduced to Practice.

All deception in the course of life is, indeed, nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.
South.

DECLAMATION.

In declamation there is nothing which more powerfully operates on the hearers' minds than when the speaker illustrates his argument by way of antithesis; and the writer to the Hebrews has given us a matchless example.

"Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thine hands: they shall perish,—but Thou remainest; and they shall all wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed:—but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." *St. Paul.*

DEEDS—Good, their Inefficacy.

I dare not think.
The very best deeds I have ever done
Seem worthy reprobation, have to be
Repented of. But have I done aught good?
Oh that my soul were calmer! Grant me, God!
Thy peace; that added, I can smile and die.
Thy Spirit only is reality:
All things beside are folly, falsehood, shame.
Bailey.

DEEDS—of Ill.

The hand that doth a deed of ill, for that
Purpose incarnates hell, if hell there be;
In our own brain, or secret-chambered heart,
The magic circle lies, wherein we raise
Sprites, good or bad. With our own blood, it is,
We pour libations to forbidden powers;
Or satisfy with expurgative fires,
Fed from the fuel of unbounded grief,
The offended God within us. *Bailey.*

DEITY—Everywhere.

There is no creature in the world, wherein we may not see enough to wonder at; for there is no worm of the earth, no spire of grass, no leaf, no twig, wherein we see not the footsteps of a Deity. The best visible creature is man. Now, what man is he that can make but an hair, or a straw, much less any sensitive creature, so as no less than an infinite power is seen in every object that presents itself to our eyes: if, therefore, we look only on the outside of these bodily substances, and we do not see God in every thing, we are no better than brutish; make use merely of our sense, without the least improvement of our faith or our reason. Contrary, then, to the opinion of those men who hold that a wise man should admire nothing, I say that a truly wise and good man should admire everything, or rather that infiniteness of wisdom and omnipotence which shows itself in every visible object.
Bishop Hall.

DEITY—His Power.

"The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

Dr. Johnson has thus imitated it in his "Tragedy of Irene":—

"Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings bear him above the wondering clouds, and seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariot, thence shall my fury drag him down to tortures."

DEITY—Omnipotence of.

"By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. He gathereth the waters of the sea as an heap, He layeth up the deep in storehouses. Let all the earth fear the Lord. Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him; for He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." *Psalms.*

DEITY—Ubiquitous.

All points are central to the infinite:
Therefore it is that Deity which fills
The spheres, unnumbered but of Him who made
The space-existent whole, one human heart
With equal power and speciality inspires.
And all along it is the heart of man
Emblemed, created, and creative mind.
It is a statued mind and naked heart
Which is struck out. *Bailey.*

DEJECTION.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.
Shelley.

I am all alone!—and the visions that play
Round life's young days, have pass'd away;
And the songs are hush'd that gladness sings,
And the hopes that I cherish'd have made them wings;
And the light of my heart is dimm'd and gone,
As I sit in my sorrow—and all alone!
And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,
And friends have parted—one by one;
And memory sits, whole lonely hours,
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear!
And the hour of my childhood is distant far,
And I walk in a land where strangers are;
And the looks that I meet, and the sounds that I hear,
Are not light to my spirit, nor song to my ear;
And sunshine is round me—which I cannot see,
And eyes which beam kindness—but not for me!
And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,
But I am desolate all the while!
And faces are bright and bosoms glad,
And nothing, I think, but my heart is sad!
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom!
I wander about like a shadow of pain,
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain;
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of gladness,—
Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness!—
So, I turn from a world where I never was known,
To sit in my sorrow—and all alone.
Hervey.

DELIGHTFUL—

To the eye, as music to the ear. *Sir P. Sydney.*

As fancy to poets, music to the ears, or beauty to the eyes. *Duchess of Newcastle.*

As the recovery of lost sight. *Preston's App. Rhodius.*

As the copious shower whose drops refresh the new-shorn plain. *Merrick.*

As the soft whispers of the southern wind that play through trembling trees. *Dryden.*

As from the violets' bank with odours sweet breathes every gale. *Gay.*

As when the smiling face of youthful May invites soft Zephyr to her fragrant lap. *J. G. Cooper.*

No sound is so delightful to the mother's ear as the voice of her infant. *N. E. Kindersley.*

More delightful than blooming morn's approach, even then in youthful prime of opening May, when from the portals of the saffron East she sheds fresh roses and ambrosial dews. *T. Warton.*

DEPENDENCE—an Essential of Life.

The joint dependence of human beings has led to the most beneficial results, inasmuch as long experience has shown the inadequacy of unaided exertion. By so much as the highly cultivated individual is superior to the houseless savage, by so much is man in society, and assisted by his fellows, raised above those who dwell in isolation and estrangement. Thus, human wants promote the cultivation of human energies, and evils at first sight irremediable, become the source of intelligence and refinement. The solitary wanderer may have few vices, but he can have no virtues; for the qualities that ennoble the heart of man, and send his intellect careering through the boundless fields of science and art, are to be ascribed to the influence of association with his fellows, on his mental, moral, and physical capabilities. The errors of society must be rectified by society itself; the breaking up of intercourse might diminish, but could not increase human excellence. *M'Cormac.*

DEPRAVITY—The Course of.

We fall not from virtue, like Vulcan from heaven, in a day. Bad dispositions require some time to grow into bad habits; bad habits must undermine good, and oft-repeated acts make us habitually evil; so that by gradual depravations, and while we are but staggeringly evil, we are not left without parentheses of consideration, thoughtful rebukes, and merciful interventions, to recall us to ourselves. *Brown.*

DEPRAVITY—Human, Unlimited.

There 's nought so monstrous but the mind of man,
In some conditions, may be brought to approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named. *Lilly.*

DEPRAVITY—Human.

'Tis in vain, O man, that you seek within yourself the remedy of your miseries. All your light extends to this only, that you cannot find within yourself either happiness or truth. The philosophers promised, but could not perform this. They neither apprehended your true state, nor your real good. How could they apply remedies to your evils, when they were not even acquainted with them? Your chief infirmities are Pride, which alienates you from God; and Concupiscence, which fastens you down to earth: and whatever they have been able to effect, has tended only to cherish one at least of the maladies, if not both. *Pascal.*

DEPRECATION.

In descriptions of a deprecatory nature, few will be found in any uninspired writer more beautiful and impressive than the following supplication of the prophet Ezra:—

"I fell upon my knees, and spread out my hands unto the Lord, and said, O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to Thee; for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens."

DESCEND—

As gently as night dews fall to the earth. *Blair.*

Like purifying rain. *Watts.*

Like a serenely-setting sun. *Jenyns.*

Like the bright officer of day. *Davenant.*

In majesty, as Jove to Semele. *Play, "Triumphs of Virtue."*

Like the managed falcon on the dove. *Hoole's Ariosto.*

Softly as snow-flakes. *J. Wilson.*

Sleep descends upon the eyelids of the happy, like heaven's dewdrops on the earth, cool and refreshing. *Colman.*

DESIRE—Not Right to be always Granted.

It is a most miserable state for a man to have every thing according to his desire, and quietly to enjoy the pleasures of life. There needs no more to expose him to eternal misery. *Bishop Wilson.*

DESIRES—of Different Tendencies.

Since, of desires, some are natural and necessary; others natural, but not necessary; and others neither natural nor necessary, but the offspring of a wrong judgment; it must be the office of temperance to gratify the first class, as far as nature requires; to restrain the second within the bounds of moderation; and as to the third, resolutely to oppose, and if possible, entirely repress them.

History of Philosophy.

DESIRES—Unreasonable.

The reason that many men want their desires is, because their desires want reason. He may do what he will that will do but what he may. *Warwick.*

DESOLATION—Picture of.

Solitary shores
Beside lone oceans, where no sound can come
But harmonies of winds and swooning waves,
Or clamour of imprisoned waters, deep
In rocky chasms. *Ollier.*

DESPAIR.

To despair because we are poor and wretched is not humility, but the most abominable pride; we are not willing to owe the cure to God alone. *Bishop Wilson.*

Moonlight is o'er the dim and heaving sea,—
Moonlight is on the mountain's frowning brow,
And by their silvery fountains merrily
The maids of Castaly are dancing now.
Young hearts, bright eyes, and rosy lips are there,
And fairy steps, and light and laughing voices,
Ringing like welcome music through the air—
A sound at which the untroubled heart rejoices.
But there are hearts o'er which that dancing measure
Heavily falls,
And there are ears to which the voice of pleasure
Still vainly calls!
There 's not a scene on earth so full of lightness
That withering care
Sleeps not beneath the flowers, and turns their brightness
To dark despair!

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

DESPAIR—the Desperation of the Soul.

I can grapple
With certain ill, and bid it strike, and shrink not;
Woo danger with my sword, and dally with her
Like some pale bride, in battle won and ravish'd;
Making that pastime which is others' toil.
Give peril but a name, and I will seek it
Front join'd to front. But when the laden bosom,
With its own weight oppress'd, sees not its foe,
And struggles with it knows not what,—some phantom
Like that which rides the sleeper in his dreams,
Stifling all utterance, benumbing motion,
And stagnating the life-blood at the heart.—
Then I am but a coward.
Fear, like a warder, sentinels my steps,
And haunts me in a myriad shapes—not one,
Yet all without a shape, and undefined.
I must know further, and the dead must speak it. *Rev. P. Smedley.*

DESPATCH—in Business.

The good and wise make the empire easy. Reason and right give the quickest despatch. All the entanglements that we meet with, arise from the irrationabilities of ourselves or others. With a wise and honest man, a business is soon ended; but with a fool or a knave, there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning. *Feltham.*

DESPERATION.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

Milton.

DESTINY—Our.

Oh! there is nothing in this world of ours
So sad to see
As the dark worm which dwells wherever flowers
Our destiny;
Eating the heart out of youth's budding hours
Of glee.
Not oft in sunny beds, nor sheltered bowers,
Life's lot is cast,
But chiefly lost in shade, and chilled by showers,
Or the rude blast;
Till all its delicate and wholesome powers
Are past.
And this then is the end of all the bliss
Which love and beauty offered, and my soul
Made certain of in natural triumph; this
The heritage of life; and this love's goal.

Bailey.

DETERMINATION—Fixed.

Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them. *Shakespeare.*

DEVIL—His Costly Courtesies.

When I think on the eagle's carrying up of the shell-fish into the air, only to the end he may break him by his fall, it puts me in mind of the devil's costly courtesies, who, out of the bounty of his subtility, is still ready to advance us to destruction. Thus more than once he dealt with my Redeemer; no sooner had he raised Him to the top of an high pinnacle, but straight follows, "Cast Thyself down;" and having placed Him on an high mountain, let Him fall down and He shall be largely rewarded with His own. If advancement be so dangerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any estate shall give me content: I am high enough if I can stand upright. *Warwick.*

DEVIL—His Deceit.

What, can the devil speak true?
Shakespeare.

DEVIL—the Essence of Rancour.

The rancour of malice is the true nature of the devil, and the soul possessed therewith is his dearest darling. For where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there God hath no room at all left to be in all his thoughts. I may meet a mad man, and avoid him; I may move a choleric man, and pacify him; I may cross a furious drunkard, and shun him; but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable, than they all. Malice omits no occasion to do mischief: and if it miss thy body and substance, it prosecutes thy shadow. "My soul, come not thou into their secrets; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." I must not turn anger out of my nature, I must not turn my nature into anger; I must give place to wrath, but not a resting-place, but a place to let it pass by, that I may let go displeasure. I may give entrance to anger on just cause, I may not give it entertainment on any cause, till it sour with the leaven of malice. I must be angry with sin, but I must be angry and sin not.
Warwick.

DEVIL—the Impersonation of Evil.

He was
The spirit evil of the universe,
Impersonate. Oh, strange and wild to know!
Perdition and destruction dwelled in him,
Like to a pair of eagles in one nest.
Hollow and wasteful as a whirlwind was
His soul; his heart as earthquake, and engulphed
World upon world. In him they disappeared
As might a morsel in a lion's maw.
The world which met him rolled aside to let him
Pass on his piercing path. His eyeballs burned
Revolving lightnings like a world on fire;
Their very night was fatal as the shade
Of Death's dark valley. And his space-spread wings—
Wide as the wings of darkness when she rose
Scowling, and backing upwards, as the sun,
Giant of light, first donned his burning crown,
Gladdening all Heaven with his inaugural smile—
Were stained with the blood of many a starry world:
Yea, I have seen him seize upon an orb,
And cast it careless into worldless space,
As I might cast a pebble in the sea.
His might upon this earth was wondrous most.
He stood a match for mountains. Ocean's depths
He clove unto their rock-bed, as a sword
Through blood and muscle to the central bone,
With one swoop of his arm. His brow was pale—
Pale as the life-blood of the undying worm
Which writhes around its frame of vital fire.
Eclipse-like fell his thought upon the mind,
Space-piercing shadow, alighting on the face
Of some fair planet circling deep in Heaven;
Causing it shudder as an angel when
He hears the thunder-curse of demon foe.
His voice blew like the desolating gust
Which strips the trees, and strews the earth with death.
His words were ever like a wheel of fire,
Rolling and burning this way now, now that:
Now whirling forth a blinding beam, now soft
And deep as Heaven's own luminous blue—and now
Like to a conqueror's chariot wheel they came,
Sodden with blood and slow-revolving death:
And every tone fell on the ear and heart,
Heavy, and harsh, and startling like the first
Handful of mould cast on the coffined dead,
As though he claimed them his. *Bailey.*

DEVIL—Works of the.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth error, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affliction.

Quarles.

DEVIL—Universally Cursed.

Nor only those; when once the virgin bloom
Of soul is soiled—and rudely hath my hand
Swept o'er the swelling clusters of all life—
Little it matters whether crushed or touched
Scarcely: each speaks the spoiler hath been there.
The saved, the lost, shall curse me both alike:
God too shall curse me, and I, I, myself.
That curse is ever greatening—quick with hell;
The coming consummation of all woe.

Bailey.

DEVOTION—Interpretation of.

Devotion signifies a life given or devoted to God. He, therefore, is the devout man who lives no longer to his own will, or the way and spirit of the world, but to the sole will of God in everything, who serves God in everything, who makes all the parts of his common life parts of piety, by doing everything in the name of God, and under such rules as are conformable to His glory.

Devotion implies not any particular *form of prayer*, but a certain form of life, that is offered to God, not at any particular times or places, but everywhere, and in everything. As a good Christian should consider every place as holy, because God is there, so he should look upon every part of his life as a matter of holiness, because it is to be offered to God. Devotion, we thus see, is an earnest application of the soul to God as its only happiness. That soul is devoted to God which constantly rises and bends toward God in habitual love, desire, faith, hope, joy, and truth. *W. Law.*

DEVOTION—Marred by the Devil.

If the devil lay but one finger upon our heart, he damps all our acts of devotion, and makes them give but a dead sound in the hearing of the Lord of heaven. *J. Mede.*

DEVOTION—Induced by the Right Contemplation of Nature.

There is no way in which the young can better learn the sentiments of devotion, or the old preserve them, than by cultivating those habits of thought and observation which convert the scenes of nature into the temple of God; which makes us see the Deity in every appearance we behold, and change the world, in which the ignorant and the thoughtless see only the reign of time and chance, into the kingdom of the living and ever-present God of the universe. Reflections of this kind arise very naturally amidst the scenes we at present behold. In the beautiful language of the wise man, "The winter is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." In these moments we are witnessing the most beautiful and astonishing spectacle, that nature ever presents to our view. The earth, as by an annual miracle, arises, as it were, from her grave into life and beauty. It is in a peculiar manner the season of happiness. The vegetable world is spreading beauty and fragrance amidst the dwellings of men. The animal creation is rising into life; millions of seen, and myriads of unseen beings are enjoying their new-born existence; and hailing with inarticulate voice the Power which gave them birth. Is there a time when we can better learn the goodness of the universal God? Is it not wise to go abroad into nature, and associate His name with every thing which at this season delights the eye and gratifies the heart? *Alison.*

DEVOTION—Private.

A man may pray with others from a variety of motives; but he will never love praying by himself until he feels his constant need of the Divine care, and views God as the chief good. Some professors are very deficient in this duty, in which they ought to abound. They are known by a sickly languor in other duties, and are proofs that none relish public ordinances so well, as those who keep up a constant correspondence with heaven in private. Remissness in duty is always attended by a deficiency of comfort. We can only climb the mount of communion on the knee of prayers. *Herrick.*

DEVOTION—Pure.

Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,

As where the rays through blazing oriels pour
On marble shaft and tesselated floor;—
Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels.

O. W. Holmes.

DEVOTION—the Life of Religion.

Devotion is the life of religion, the very soul of piety, the highest employment of grace, and no other than the prepossession of heaven by the saints of God here upon earth, every improvement whereof is of more advantage and value to the Christian soul than all the profit and contentment which this world can afford it. *Bishop Hall.*

DEVOTION—Secret.

Solid devotions resemble the rivers which run under the earth, they steal from the eyes of the world to seek the eyes of God; and it often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth, are best known in heaven.

Caussin.

DEW.

Gems which adorn the beauteous tresses of the weeping morn. *Poole.*

DEW—Liquid Diamonds.

Gently-falling pearly dew,
Liquid diamonds of the morn,
Which various glist'ring to the view,
Pendant from the leaf or thorn,
The pomp of nature's dress declare,
And make the morning's self more fair.

Paraphrase on "Song of the Three Children."

DEW—Pearly.

All wan and shiv'ring in the leafless glade,
The sad anemone reclined her head,
Grief on her cheeks had paled the roseate hue,
And her sweet eyelids dropp'd with pearly dew.

Darwin.

DEWS—Daughters of the Humid Air.

And you, dear daughters of the humid air,
Begotten by the influence of the moon,
You fruitful nourishers of herbs and flowers,—
Fresh morning dews,—now shut your silver urns,
For now the fields have satisfied their thirst,
And meads have drunk their fill.

Prologue to "Phillis of Scyros."

DEWS—Pearly.

The pearly dews which youthful May
Scatters before the rising day.

Poole's "Parnassus."

DIFFICULTIES—to be Overcome.

Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no man can master it; but whatever you observe proper, and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power. *Steele.*

DIFFICULTIES—not to Scare us.

It is weak to be scared at difficulties, seeing that they generally diminish as they are approached, and oftentimes even entirely vanish. No man can tell what he can do till he tries. It is impossible to calculate the extent of human powers; it can only be ascertained by experiment. What has been accomplished by parties and by solitary individuals in the torrid and frozen regions, under circumstances the most difficult and appalling, should teach us that, when we ought to attempt, we should never despair. The reason why men oftener succeed in overcoming uncommon difficulties than ordinary ones, is, that in the first case they call into action the whole of their resources, and that in the last they act upon calculation, and generally undercalculate. Where there is no retreat, and the whole energy is forward, the chances are in favour of success; but a backward look is full of danger. Confidence of success is almost success; and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them. There is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord among its slaves; all is prostration where it appears. When bent on good, it is almost the noblest attribute of man; when on evil, the most dangerous. It is by habitual resolution that men succeed to any great extent; impulses are not sufficient. What is done at one moment is undone the next; and a step forward is nothing gained unless it is followed up. Resolution depends mainly on the state of the digestion, which St. Paul remarkably illustrates when he says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." *Moir.*

DIFFICULTY—Engenders Greatness.

Another source of greatness is difficulty. When any work seems to have required immense force and labour to effect it, the idea is grand. Stonehenge, neither for disposition nor ornament, has anything admirable; but those huge rude masses of stone, set on end and piled on each other, turn the mind on the immense force necessary for such a work. Nay, the rudeness of the work increases this cause of grandeur, as it excludes the idea of art and contrivance; for dexterity produces another sort of effect, which is different enough from this. *Burke.*

DIGNITY—True.

True dignity is never gain'd by place,
And never lost when honours are withdrawn.
Massinger.

DIGNITY—Illustration of.

Does any deem
That great imperial creature would descend
From those sublimest solitudes of heaven,
Where it had dwelt in snowy sanctity,
For ages, ere the mud-made world below
Was more than half-conceived, to parley there
At its own footstool, and lay down its crown,
And elemental commune with the skies,
Because its height was so intolerable,
And its supremacy termed tyranny?
Bailey.

DILIGENCE—Incessant.

Never suffer the invaluable moments of thy life to steal by unimproved, and leave thee in idleness and vacancy; but be always either reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or employed in some useful labour for the common good. *Kempis.*

DILIGENCE—Christian.

Man has but one state of probation, and that of an exceeding short continuance; and therefore, since he cannot serve God long, he should serve Him much; employ every minute of his life to the best advantage; thicken his devotions; hallow every day in his calendar by religious exercises, and every action in his life by holy reference and designments; for let him make what haste he can to be wise, Time will outrun him. *J. Norris.*

DANGERS—Over-ruled by God.

Under the persuasion that no disaster can reach us without the permission of Him who watches over us with an eye that never slumbers, and a tenderness which nothing but guilt can withdraw from us, we can face those unknown terrors from which pagan philosophy turned away dismayed; we can look forward, unmoved, into futurity, and contemplate all the possible contingencies that may befall us, with intrepidity and unconcern; with the cheerfulness of a mind at perfect ease, reposing itself in full confidence and security on the great Disposer of all human events. *Bishop Porteus.*

DIAMOND—Its Worth.

The lonely diamond which decked her pale
Transparent brow was worth a mansion; worth
A mine and an estate; so pure and clear,
All globular and gloriously sized,
Like one large drop of paradisal dew
Immortalized, it shone; and so it was,
Which from a leaf she gathered of the tree
Of perfect life, on Eden's natal morn.
Bailey.

DIE—away—

Like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. *Ossian.*

Like zephyrs ceasing at the close of day. *Scott of Amwell.*

Like breezes with declining day. *Penrose.*

Like the breeze that met the orient ray, and 'mid the noon-day fervours fann'd the grove. *C. Fox.*

DISBELIEF—Implies Knowledge.

Absolute disbelief implies knowledge: it is the knowledge that such or such a thing is not true. If the mind admit a proposition without any desire for knowledge concerning it, this is credulity. If it is open to receive the proposition, but feels ignorance concerning it, this is doubt. In proportion as knowledge increases, doubt diminishes, and belief or disbelief strengthens. No one ought to profess to disbelieve any proposition, unless he is sure that he perfectly understands the subject to which it relates. To do so is the most absurd presumption. Those who profess to doubt the truth of important propositions thereby acknowledge their ignorance; they ought, therefore, not to rest till they have sought information by every possible means. *Elements of Thought.*

DISAGREEABLE—Saying, and Impertinent Things.

Some people, not otherwise ill-natured, are apt to season their conversation with disagreeable sayings, unpleasant comments, uncomfortable insinuations. Such a person, we sometimes hear, is a good sort of fellow, but he has a way of saying disagreeable things. Such a woman can be very charming when she pleases, "but ——." In fact, these people are never spoken of for three consecutive sentences without a qualification. A disagreeable thing is distinguished from an impertinence, which it often closely resembles, by certain marks. In the first place, an impertinence we need not stand, but the other we often must, aware that it is the result of certain conditions of our friend's mind, which, as we cannot hope to alter, we must resign ourselves to. An impertinence may, or may not be true—its main design, independent of truth, is, more or less, to insult. It is of the essence of a disagreeable thing that it should be true—true in itself, or true as representing the speaker's state of feeling. And yet an unpalatable truth is not technically a disagreeable thing any more than an impertinence, though, of course, the being told it is an unpleasant operation. It is necessary for us, every now and then, to hear unwelcome and unpalatable truths; it is spoken to relieve the speaker's mind, not to profit the hearer. The same utterance may be an impertinence, an unpalatable thing, or a disagreeable thing, according to time and circumstance. For example, in a fit of absence, we perpetrate some solecism in dress or behaviour. It is an unwelcome truth to be told it, while there is yet opportunity for remedy, or partial remedy: it is an impertinence to be informed of it by a stranger, who has no right to concern himself with our affairs: it is a disagreeable thing when, the occasion past, our friend enlightens us about it, simply as a piece of information. We all of us, no doubt, have friends, relations, and acquaintances, who think it quite a sufficient reason for saying a thing, that it is true. Probably we have ourselves known a state of mind in which we find a certain fact or opinion a burden, a load to be got rid of; and under the gross mistake that all truth must be spoken, that it is uncandid and dangerous not to deliver a testimony, convinced that truth, like murder, will out, and that our friend, sooner or later, must learn the unacceptable fact—we come to the conclusion that it is best for all parties to get the thing over by being ourselves the executioner. But this crude simplicity of candour, where it is the result of the mere blind intrusive assertion of truth, is a real weight; and the primary law of politeness, never to give unnecessary pain, as soon as it is apprehended, is welcomed as a delivery. *Saturday Review.*

DISCIPLINE—Healthful.

In the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes, and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature: and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east! *Jeremy Taylor.*

The children of God are in their underage here: all their time they are children, and have their frailties and childish follies: and therefore, though they are not always under the stroke of the rod, for that they were not able to endure, yet they are under the discipline and use of the rod all their time. *Leighton.*

DISCONTENT—

Is like ink poured into water, which fills the whole fountain full of blackness. It casts a cloud over the mind, and renders it more occupied about the evil which disquiets it, than about the means of removing it. *Feltham.*

DISCONTENT—Sour.

Sour discontent, that quarrels with our fate,
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate;
The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit,
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.
Sir R. Blackmore.

DISCONTENT—to be Striven Against.

Beg of God a meek and quiet spirit, which is of so great price in the sight of God; and watch after your prayers, not only how the Lord answers, but how you endeavour. He that prays against discontent, binds himself to watch and strive against it, or else his prayers are sin. Beg an humble heart of God; the humble man is seldom discontented; he thinks that the least of mercies is good enough for the chief of sinners. Here is a poor house, coarse fare, hard lodgings, unkind usage; but it is good enough for me: any thing short of hell is mercy; if I have but bread to eat, and raiment to put on, it is good fare for such an one as I. And then beg a mortified heart to all that is in the world. When the heart is dead to the world, worldly troubles do not trouble. He that is dead to the world will save his bones whole: when crosses, straits, and troubles come upon him, it may be said of such an one, "Yonder man is dead already to the world, his heart is crucified to it; he feels nothing so as to be distempered by it." When we strip dead men they struggle not; we may take all, they are not troubled at it. Oh, beg such a heart, that God may do what He will with thee, that His will may be done; and this prayer will procure patience and help against discontent.

Steele.

DISCORD—is Unchristian.

Ye lovers of strife! by whose name shall I call you? I would I might call you brethren; but alas, this heart of yours is not brotherly: I would I might call you Christians; but alas, you are no Christians. I know not by what name I shall call you; for if you were brethren, you would love as brethren; if you were Christians, you would agree as Christians.

Bishop Jewel.

DISCOURSES—Tedium of Long.

It may seem a paradox, but it is a very truth, that though in matter of speech all is more than enough, yet enough is as much as all. Long discourses are over-feathered arrows that overshoot the mark, and ordinarily lose both game and labour by wearying the attention.

Herle.

DISCOURSE—Its Sweetness.

In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Milton.

DISCUSSION—Its Importance.

The present must be held to be a time of trial, so far as the faith of the young and the faith of all are concerned. Questions touching the worth and the authority of Christianity are widely mooted and openly canvassed. There may be something to alarm—there is certainly much to excite serious thought—in this prevailing bias of religious discussion. Of one thing we may be sure, that it is neither possible to avert this course of discussion, nor desirable to do so. It must have free course. The thoughts of many hearts must be spoken out—otherwise it will eat within, and the last state will be worse than the first. It may be perilous to have the faith of our youth tried as by fire; but it would be still more perilous to discountenance or stifle free inquiry. Christianity has nothing to fear from the freest discussion. Its own motto is, "Prove all things—hold fast that which is good."

Dr. Tulloch.

DISEASE—Completed of Death.

It may be said, that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perverted, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence.

Addison.

DISEASES—Desperate.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Shakespeare.

DISORDER—Fruit of Sin.

Man's world is black and blighted,
Steep'd through with self and sin;
And should his feeble purpose
Some feeble good begin,
The work is marr'd and tainted
By leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter;
Wherever he has trod
He spoils the tender beauty
That blossoms on the sod,
And blasts the loving heaven
Of the great good world of God.

Man's world is pain and terror;
He found it pure and fair,
And wove in nets of sorrow
The golden summer air:
Black, hideous, cold, and dreary,
Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking:
Man will not hear it call;
But listens where the echoes
Of his own discords fall,
Then clamours back to heaven
That God has done it all.

Household Words.

DISORDER—Moral.

Now the distempered mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deformed,
Convulsive anger storms at large: or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloyed desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixed emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Formed infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling fell;
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturbed
Is deemed, vindictive, to have changed her course.

Thomson.

DISPATCH—False.

False dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call pre-digestion, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities, and secret seeds of diseases. I knew a wise man had it for a byeword, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner." On the other side, true dispatch is a rich thing: for time is the measure of business, as money is of wares: and business is bought at a dear hand when there is small dispatch. *Bacon.*

DISPOSITION—Coloured by our Thoughts.

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts.

Marcus Amoninus.

DISPUTES.

In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quietly; whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long, and injurious to both parties. *Bishop Taylor.*

DISSIMULATION—Grows upon us.

It is a common weakness with men in power, who have used dissimulation successfully, to form a passion for the use of it. Dupes to their love of duping, their pride is flattered by it. He who fancies he must be perpetually stooping to the prejudices of his fellow-creatures, is perpetually reminding and reassuring himself of his vast superiority over them; but no greatness can long co-exist with deceit; the whole faculties of men must be exerted in order to noble energies, and he who is not earnestly sincere lives but in *half* his being—self-mutilated, self-proscribed.

Coleridge.

DISSIMULATION—a Bad Policy.

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it: therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.

Lord Bacon.

DISSIMULATION—a Fearful Vice.

It is no small fault to be bad, and seem so: it is a greater fault to seem good, and not be so. The cloak of dissimulation is a main part of the garment spotted with the flesh: a vice thus covered is worse than a naked offence. There is no devil to the hypocrite.

Arthur Warwick.

DISTRESS—Perception of.

Perception of distress in others is a natural excitement, passively to pity, and actively to relieve it: but let a man set himself to attend to, inquire out, and relieve distressed persons, and he cannot but grow less and less sensibly affected with the various miseries of life with which he must become acquainted; when yet at the same time, benevolence, considered not as a passion, but as a practical principle of action, will strengthen; and whilst he passively compassionates the distressed less, he will acquire a greater aptitude actively to assist and befriend them.

Archbishop Whately.

DOCTOR—of Physic.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir friendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Avverois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete measurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

Chaucer.

DOCTRINE—must be Sifted.

When the peace and purity of our mind, the rectitude and happiness of our lives, and the blessedness of eternity, has so close and necessary a dependence upon the doctrines we imbibe, that we hereby either secure or forfeit them; who sees not, unless he be stupid and infatuated, that greater care and solicitude is necessary here, than in any matter whatever, because there is no other of equal moment? Bad money, or bad wares instead of good; an ill title or conveyance instead of a firm and clear one, may impoverish us: bad drugs instead of good may infect the body, and destroy the health: but what is all this to the dismal consequences of error and heresy, which impoverishes and infects the mind, perverts the life, and damns the man to all eternity? We must admit nothing hastily, assent to nothing without examining the grounds on which it stands. Credulity, precipitation, and confidence are irreconcilable enemies to knowledge and wisdom.

Lucas.

There is need of great caution in the trial and examination of doctrines. The Devil sows his tares among the wheat. Errors, and these too fatal and destructive ones, are frequently obtruded upon the world for the revelations of God; and every party, nay, every single author, lays the stress of salvation on their peculiar and distinguishing opinions.

Lucas.

DOMESTICITY—Its Test.

Our domestic behaviour is the main test of our virtue and good-nature.

Seed.

DOUBT.

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

Pope.

DOUBT—The Dangers of.

To doubt
Is worse than to have lost: and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us.

Massinger.

DOUBT—the Effect of Fear.

Cry here, then there, seem to direct enough,
But all the while shift place; making the mind,
As it goes out of breath, despair to find;
And if at last something it stumbles on,
Perhaps it calls it false, and then 'tis gone.
If true, what 's gained? only just time to see
A breathless play, a game at liberty;
That has no other end than this, that men
Run to be tired, just to sit down again.

Howe.

DOUBTING.

'Tis good to doubt the worst;
We may in our belief be too secure.

Webster and Rowley.

When there is a great deal of smoke and no clear flame, it argues much moisture in the matter, yet it witnesseth, certainly, that there is fire there; and therefore dubious questioning is much better evidence than that senseless deadness which most take for believing. Men who know nothing in sciences, have no doubts. He never truly believed, who was not made first sensible and convinced of unbelief. Never be afraid to doubt, if only you have the disposition to believe; and doubt, in order that you may end in believing the truth. *Leighton.*

DOUBTING—and Fearing.

Known mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have none;
And better is despair than fruitless hope
Mix'd with a killing fear. *May.*

DOUBTING—Its Impiety.

There 's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt, were impious.
Massinger.

DOUBTS—are Traitors.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win.
Shakespeare.

DREAD.

Next sawe we Dread al tremblyng, how he shooke,
With foot uncertayne profered here and there;
Benumbe of speache, and with a gastly looke
Searcht evry place al pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne up with starting of his heare,
Stoynde and amazde at his owne shade for dreed,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede.
Sackville.

DREAM—The Old Man's.

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-hair'd boy
Than reign a grey-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silver'd hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wish'd-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With these dissolving years!"

"Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!"

The smiling angel dropp'd his pen,—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laugh'd,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grey-hair'd boys.
Oliver W. Holmes.

DREAMS—The Fantasies of.

Still, when the golden sun withdraws his beams,
And drowsy night invades the weary world,
Forth flies the god of dreams, fantastic Morpheus,
Ten thousand mimic phantoms fleet around him,
Subtle as air, and various in their natures;
Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent forms,
In which they dance confused before the sleeper,
While the vain god laughs to behold what pain
Imaginary evils give mankind. *Rowe.*

DREAMS—World of.

The world—the dreary world of dreams!
Why must the spirit tread
All night, beside its moaning streams,
And alleys of the dead?—

Must he, who rises up to grieve,
Lie down again to weep?
Oh! for the long and quiet eve
Which brings the heavy sleep,
That lays the faint and aching head,
At length, upon a dreamless bed!

And yet, in youth, how beautiful
Was that enchanted land!
What matchless flowers I used to cull
Within its haunted strand!
What gorgeous visions spread the wing
Amid its twilight shades;
And oh! what shapes went, beckoning,
Along its moon-lit glades!
The dewy showers and silver gleams
That sweeten'd all the land of dreams!

Alas, the world of rest! it takes
Too much the day-world's part,—
Alike—to him who sleeps or wakes—
The shows it brings the heart;
Still, as the waking eye grows dim,
The dreaming gathers gloom,—
But sleep has not a ghost for him
Whose world has not a tomb:
The shadows of life's outer sky
Make darkness for the dreamer's eye!

The land of dreams! how sad it is,
Upon that silent shore,
To meet the eye whose glance, in this,
Shall meet me never more!
Ah! why must midnight's grief or fear
Replace the day's despair;
Or they who went, to grieve me here,
Come back, to grieve me there;
Or voices fill mine eyes with tears
Whose silence has been wept for years?

And so, I touch the dreaming land
Upon its wildest shore,
A dreary sea and dreary strand,—
The spirit's Labrador:
Oh! never more its flowery heights
Stand out to meet mine eyes;
And, most of all, youth's guiding lights
Have fallen from life's skies;
And Hope, that was my pilot then,
Will never sail with me again! *Anon.*

DREAMS—Double Life.

That high and welkin-like infinity—
The brighter upper-half of the mind's world,
Thick with great sun-like and constellate thoughts;
And in the night of mind, which is our sleep,
These thoughts shine out in dreams. Dreams double life;
They are the heart's bright shadow on life's flood;
And even the step from death to deathlessness—
From this earth's gross existence unto Heaven—
Can scarce be more than from the harsh hot day
To sleep's soft scenes, the moonlight of the mind.
The wave is never weary of the wind,
But in mountainous playfulness leaps to it
Always; but mind gets weary of the world,
And glooms itself in sleep, like a sweet smile,
Line by line, settling into proper sadness;
For sleep seems part of our immortality:
And why should anything that dies be sad?
Bailey.

DREAMS—Mind-Clouds.

Dreams are mind-clouds, high and unshapen beauties,
Or but God-shaped, like mountains, which contain
Much and rich matter; often not for us,
But for another. Dreams are rudiments
Of the great state to come. We dream what is
About to happen to us. *Bailey.*

DREAMS—sometimes Indicate Truth.

Many, the greatest, truths
Have been made known in visions or in dreams.
For then it is the soul recals the spheres
Of pre-existent nature, and evokes
The ghosts of coming ages, or unites
Past, present, future, in one windlike touch
Which loosens the world's zone and renders mind
The master of creation. Be it so!
Once I received a vision—for the crown
Of nature is passivity, and our
Best mood the pure recipient—in a state
Of twilight-like existence, such as that
Of universal substance when the sun,
And light, and darkness, moon, and Heaven, and earth,
Were nigh all one, and nought distinct save souls,
Echoes of Light, reacting heavenwardly.
It was the spirit of the universe,
Whose breast was of like hemispheres of bliss,
Whereon the worlds were nursed, that I beheld.
The fragrance of the fadeless fields of heaven,
The endless blessings of an act of grace,
Or mercy's matron-bosom filled her words;
And each articulate air she did expire,

O'erladen with the lore of ages, e'en
As earth was with her old baptismal flood.
In her deep eye immortal quiet dwelled,
As though all Heaven had settled on one star.
She spake, and I regarded with such awe
As eaglet when he first beholds the sun.
And though what I remember be all true,
Yet in so far as worded it is not
The entire truth uncircumscribable.
Can a spar speak how it was crystallized?
She spake, I said, the spirit, and at her word,
Behold! the heavens were opened as a book.
I am the world-soul, nature's spirit I.
Ere universe or constellation was,
System, or sun, or orb, or element,
Darkness, or light, or atom, I first lived;
I and necessity, though twain in life,
Yet one in Being. Time and life are one:
But insomuch as nature is destroyed
In God's assumption to Divine estate
Of an especial soul, necessity
Ends in extreme original nothingness;
And leaves all supernatural existence free,
As breath in air, like-natured with the same,
Yet altered in condition, function, form,
And glorified. God is, and men exist.
Free agency extends 'tween man and man,
And every finite nature; between God
And man, and every finite being, fate.
What is divine is of necessity free.
I heard, and I received, and from my soul,
Intense in quiet, perfect in repose,
Like sleep's fantastic frost-work melted death;
And entering straight the heaven-surrounding state
Of deified existence among gods,
It grew ignited with divinity. *Bailey.*

The world of dreams!—there is a sleep,
(Oh! for that sleeping sea!)
A dark and still and stormless deep,
That leads no more to thee.

* * * * * * *

Beyond its waters spreads the strand
That holds the loved and lost,
The all of which the dreaming-land
Can only show the ghost:—
How beautiful should be its light
To eyes long used to weep!
Why tarrieth the long dim night
To bring the slumber deep,
Which lays the worn and weary head,
At length, upon a dreamless bed?

Hervey.

DRESS—of a Lady.

There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That, shadowy, in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms, were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.

Coleridge.

DRESS—On.

I leave the broadcloth,—coats and all the rest,
The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys "vest."
The things named "pants" in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents;"
One single precept might the whole condense:
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.

O. W. Holmes.

DRESS—Pride in.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters. For, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency; besides, why should any brag of what is but borrowed? Should the ostrich snatch off the gallant's feather, the beaver his hat, the goat his gloves, the sheep his suit, the silkworm his stockings, and neat his shoes (to strip him no farther than modesty will give leave), he would be left in a cold condition. And yet it is more pardonable to be proud, even of cleanly rags, than (as many are) of affected slovenness. The one is proud of a molehill, the other of a dunghill. *Fuller.*

DRESSING—True Aims in.

It is not the cheapest of games. I saw a brooch in a jeweller's in Bond Street not an inch wide, and without any singular jewel in it, yet worth £3,000. And I wish I could tell you what this "play" costs altogether, in England, France, and Russia annually. But it is a pretty game, and on certain terms I like it; nay, I don't see it played quite as much as I would fain have it. You ladies like to lead the fashion:—by all means lead it thoroughly, lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the *fashions for the poor* first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better. The fashions you have set for some time among your peasantry are not pretty ones; their doublets are too irregularly slashed, and the wind blows too frankly through them. *Ruskin.*

DRINK—Its Evils.

The cases of disease with which the hospitals are filled tend to confirm, in a strong manner, the evils of dram-drinking. There is little doubt that a large, if not the greatest, proportion of maladies which furnish the hospitals with patients, must be referred to this source. From official connection with the City hospitals, and from rather an extensive acquaintance with the habits and afflictions of the poor, I have seen enough to convince me that drinking of spirits is a considerable source of disease and death in the lower classes of society. It is not a moral pestilence alone, but a physical scourge; and innumerable indeed have been the victims who have fallen beneath its power: many local diseases (even in surgery) are referable to the habitual use of spirits, and their destructive influence is constantly manifested in cases of sore legs,—a complaint which afflicts a very great proportion of the inferior orders in this town: the worst specimens of this disease are to be traced to the inordinate use of spirituous liquors, and they are commonly cases which never completely get well; and the subjects of them drag out their existence in going from one hospital to another, while they are rendered incapable of laborious exertions when thrown upon the country.

Poynder.

DROWNING.

Next, oh, unhappy chief! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the living tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong Nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black Adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclosed;
His lovely daughter left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless Guilt that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs enfold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For death bids every clinching joint adhere:
All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "Oh! protect my wife and child!" he cries—
The gushing stream rolls back the unfinished sound,
He gasps; and sinks amid the vast profound.

Falconer.

DRUNKARDS—Responsibility of.

It is a maxim in legal practice, that those who presume to commit crimes when drunk must submit to punishment when sober. This state of the law is not peculiar to modern times. In ancient Greece, it was decreed by Pittacus, that he who committed a crime when intoxicated should receive a double punishment—viz., one for the crime itself, and the other for the ebriety which prompted him to commit it. The Athenians not only punished offences done in drunkenness with increased severity, but, by an enactment of Solon, inebriation in a magistrate was made capital. In our own country, at the present time, acts of violence committed under its influence are held to be aggravated, rather than otherwise; nor can the person bring it forward as an extenuation of any folly or misdemeanour which he may chance to commit. A bond signed in intoxication holds in law, and is perfectly binding, unless it can be shown that the person who signed it was inebriated by the collusion or contrivance of those to whom the bond was given.

Anatomy of Drunkenness.

DRUNKENNESS.

It is not so much the money that drunkenness wastes as the misery it produces—the domestic, temporal, and eternal misery—which most of all appals us. As to the expense of this vice, great as it is, that we least deplore; for the loss of money, we hate it least. On the contrary, we should be content were the money and the vice to perish together. We should be content to pay that hundred million as yearly tribute, would this enemy to God and man, this foe to our peace and piety, leave these shores. We wish to keep, and were it possible to get back, something far more precious than money. Give that mother back her son, as he was on the day when he returned from his father's grave, and in all the affection of his uncorrupted boyhood, walked to the house of God with a widowed weeping woman leaning on his arm. Give that grieved man back his brother as innocent and happy as in those days when the boys, twined in each other's arms, returned from school, bent over the same Bible, slept in the same bed, and never thought that the day would come when brother should blush for brother. Give this weeping wife, who sits before us wringing her hands in agony, the tears dripping through her jewelled fingers, and the lines of sorrow prematurely drawn on her beautiful brow; give her back the man she loved, such as he was when her young heart was won, when they stood side by side on the nuptial day, and receiving her from a fond father's hands, he promised his love to one whose heart he has broken, and whose once graceful form now bends with sorrow to the ground. Give me back, as a man, the friends of my youthful days, whose wrecks now lie thick on this wreck-strewn shore. Relieve us of the fears that lie heavy on our hearts for the character and the souls of some who hold parley with the devil by this forbidden tree, and are floating on the outer edge of that great gulf-stream, which sweeps its victims onwards to most woful ruin. Could this be done, we would not talk of money. The hundred millions which drink costs this land is not to be weighed or even mentioned with this. Hearts are broken which no money can heal. Rachel is "weeping for her children," refusing to be comforted. *Guthrie.*

DUELS—Imperious Crime.

When I see two game cocks, at first sight, without premeditated malice, fight desperately and furiously, the one to maintain the injury offered, the other to revenge the injury received by the first blow, and to maintain this quarrel not only dye the pit with their blood, but die in the pit with their mutual bloody wounds, methinks I see the success of those duellers of our time, which being ambitious of Achilles' praise, desperately and furiously adventure their lives here, and endanger their souls hereafter, only for the vain terms of false honour. I will not say but that, being flesh and blood, I may be careless of my flesh and blood to revenge injurious indignities offered me: yet since as a tenant my soul must answer her landlord for reparations of the house she dwells in, and I have no warrant of God or man for such revenge, I will not kill my own soul to kill another man's body. I will not pull the house of my body on my soul's head in a fury, that God may make them both fuel for the fury of hell-fire. *Warwick.*

DUELS—Imperious Murders.

Duels are but illustrious murders. It is an imperious crime, which triumphs both over public revenge and private virtue, and tramples boldly upon the laws of the nation and the life of our enemy. Courage thinks law here to be but pedantry, and honour persuades men that obedience here is cowardice. *Mackenzie.*

DUTIES—are Ours, Events are God's.

This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only, can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes in peace. *Blair.*

DUTIES—Their Motives.

There is a difference, and a wide one, between practising moral duties and being a Christian. Christianity is a religion of motives. It substitutes an eternal motive for an earthly one: it substitutes the love of God for the love of the world or the love of self. There may be, and are, many persons who practise temperance and other virtues which Christianity inculcates, but who never think of doing so because they are so inculcated. It would be as absurd to ascribe a knowledge of mechanics to savages because they employ the lever, or of the principles of astronomy to brutes because in walking they preserve the centre of gravity, as it is to call such persons Christians. A Christian is one, whose motives are Christian faith and Christian hope, and who is, moreover, able to give a reason of the hope that is in him. *Whately.*

DUTIES—Religious.

The Christian ought to examine what operation, what influence his religious performances have upon him. Prayer, hearing, reading, and such-like duties, do naturally tend to enlighten the mind, purify the heart, increase our love, strengthen our faith, and confirm our hope: and therefore where this is not the effect of them, we may conclude, that they are not discharged in that manner, and with that sincerity they ought. *Lucas.*

DUTIES—Rules of.

It must be confessed, from melancholy experience, that a speculative acquaintance with the rules of duty is too compatible with the violation of its dictates, and that it is possible for the convictions of conscience to be habitually overpowered by the corrupt suggestions of appetite. To see distinctly the right way, and to pursue it, are not precisely the same thing. Still, nothing in the order of means promises so much success as the diligent inculcation of revealed truth. He who is acquainted with the terrors of the Lord, cannot live in the neglect of God and religion with present any more than with future impunity; the path of disobedience is obstructed, if not rendered impassable; and wherever he turns his eyes he beholds the sword of Divine justice stretched out to intercept his passage. Guilt will be appalled, conscience alarmed, and the fruits of unlawful gratification embittered to the taste. *Hall.*

DUTY.

Oh! ask not thou, how shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?
Sufficient for to-day, its care,
Its evil and its sorrow.
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

Endeavour, with unruffled brow
And with a mind serene,
To meet the duties of the *Now*,
The Present and the Seen.
He who doth a Saviour own,
Is not left to strive alone.

The man who would himself reclaim,
And master his own heart,
Must work with fix'd and steadfast aim,
And act an honest part;
Look before thee as thou goest!
Do the duty which thou knowest!

Clench thy difficulties fast
With a determined hand,
Until, in thy victorious grasp,
They crumble into sand;
He who overcomes at last,
Will not mourn about the past.

But think not thou canst live alone,
As if all men beside
Were pigmies, round about the throne
Of thy contemptuous pride;
To the neighbour whom thou knowest
Do the duty which thou owest.

Selfishness may live apart,
But mutual joy and sorrow
Mingle in the loving heart,
And train it for to-morrow.
Claim not Jesus for your Brother,
If ye love not one another.

If prosperity doth bubble
Briskly in thy golden cup,
Raise it to pale lips; that trouble
Sorrowfully parcheth up:
Riches generously given
May be found again in heaven.

But if, in thy narrow border,
Many bitter herbs are set;
Duly framed and kept in order,
They may recompense thee yet!
Use the bitter and the sweet
As thy med'cine and thy meat.

They who, in appointed duty,
Live most secretly with God,
Shall come forth in fullest beauty,
Blossoming like Aaron's rod;—
Plants can flourish in the dark,
If within the Golden Ark.

Lady Teignmouth.

DUTY—Actuated by.

Never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Shakespeare.

DUTY—Its Call.

Oh, say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it—
That Nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness—
Oft look on those who loved them too,
With fancy's idle gladness;
Again I long'd to view the light
In Nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern Duty rose, and frowning, flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me,—
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with Nature?"

Wolfe.

DUTY—Calm and Resolute.

There are few things more beautiful than the calm and resolute progress of an earnest spirit. The triumphs of genius may be more dazzling; the chances of good fortune may be more exciting; but neither are at all so interesting or so worthy as the achievements of a steady, faithful, and fervent energy. The moral elements give an infinitely higher value to the latter, while, at the same time, they bring it comparatively within the reach of all. Genius can be the lot of only a few; good fortune may come to any, but it would be the part of a fool to wait for it; whereas all may work with heartiness and might in the work to which they have given themselves. It is their simple duty to do this. It may seem but a small thing to do. No one certainly is entitled to any credit for doing it. Yet just because it is a duty, it will be found bearing a rich reward. The labour of the faithful is never in vain. The fruits will be found gathered into his hand, while the hasty garlands of genius are fading away, and the prizes of the merely fortunate are turned into vanity. *Dr. Tulloch.*

DUTY—Its Comprehensiveness.

The area of duty, which is committed to the superintendence of each of us by the sublime code of evangelical morals, is confessedly larger than our scanty powers can occupy. In this state of original helplessness, accordingly, one resource only remains open to us,—to throw ourselves, with all our infirmities, on the Divine help.

Bishop Shuttleworth.

DUTY—and Danger.

Let us not run out of the path of duty, lest we run into the way of danger.

Rowland Hill.

DUTY—Neglected, Difficult to Perform.

The longer the soul hath neglected a duty, the more ado there is to get it taken up; partly through shame, the soul having played the truant, now knows not how to look God in the face, and partly from the difficulty of the work, being double to what another finds that walks in the exercise of His grace. It requires more time for him to tune his instrument than for another to play the lesson.

A Divine of the 17th Century.

DUTY—Performance of, is Happiness.

Without recurring to any effects produced upon the general system, every individual in every stage, and under every circumstance of existence, has a post to maintain, in which he is placed by the Sovereign Disposer of the universe: on a diligent attention to the duties arising from that situation, whatever it be, and not from a desertion of it, must all our happiness depend. *Mrs. Carter.*

DUTY—Unreal.

Those who give to God only the shadow of duty, can never expect from Him a real reward. *Flavel.*

DUTY—Moulded by Religion.

Suppose the case of a young man entering upon life, with the sense of duty beginning to form in him, or at least working itself clear and firm in his mind, how directly must all his views of the near and the present be affected by his thought of the Supreme and the future? It may not be that he has any distinct consciousness of moulding his views of the one by the other. But not the less surely will the "life that now is" to him be moulded by the character of the life that he believes to be above him and before him. The lower will take its colour from the higher —the "near" from the "heavenly horizon." There will be a light or a darkness shed around his present path in proportion as his faith opens a steady or a hesitating—a comprehensive or a partial—gaze into the future and unseen. *Dr. Tulloch.*

DUTY—The Sense of.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say, the darkness shall cover us—in the darkness, as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which yet lies further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

Webster.

DYING—Act of.

I said that I was dying. God is good.
The Heavens grow darker as they grow the purer;
And both, as we do near them; so, near death,
The soul grows darker and diviner, hourly.

Bailey.

My confessor art Thou, O God, alone.
Soon all the shows of nature shall depart,
And nought that is not unified with God,
Goodness and love, and righteousness and peace,
Yea, nought but the eternal be for aye.
He His hand opened and the world was born.
He shuts it, and the essential nothingness
Embodied, dies its everlasting death,
The infinite conclusion of all things.
Open thine arms, O death! thou fine of woe
And warranty of bliss! I feel the last
Red mountainous remnant of the earth give way.
The stars are rushing upwards to the light;
My limbs are light, and liberty is mine.
The spirit's infinite purity consumes
The sullied soul. Eternal destiny
Opens its bright abyss. I am God's!
Bailey.

Festus! come to me. I do think I am dying.
Let me bequeath my life to thee, that so,
In doubling thine, I may live alway with thee.
I know that I am dying. It is my heart
Which makes me live that kills me. But I want
To see him ere I do die. Oh! he will come!
He must know how I love him. It is long—
Long since I saw him: I am ill with waiting.
And I will fancy him coming to me now—
Now he is thinking of me, loving me—
He sees me—flies to me, half out of breath—
His hand is on my arm—he looks on me—
And puts my long locks backwards—God! Thy ban
Lies upon waking dreams. To weep and sleep—
Dream—wake, and find one's only one hope false,—
Is what we can bear, for we do endure it,
And bear with Heaven still. *Bailey.*

* * *

E.

EAR—Wonderful Construction of the.

The ear, it is true, in respect to beauty, must give place to the eye. However, it is perfectly well formed, and is no less a masterpiece of the creative hand. In the first place, the position of the ear shows much wisdom. It is placed in the most convenient part of the body, near the brain, the common seat of all the senses. The outward form of the ear is worthy our admiration. It greatly resembles a muscle; but has neither the softness of mere flesh, nor the hardness of bone. If it was only flesh, its upper part would fall down over the orifice, and would prevent the communication of sounds. If, on the contrary, it had been composed of hard bones, it would be very painful and inconvenient to lie on either side. For this reason, the Creator formed the outward part of the ear of a gristly substance, which has the consistence, the polish, and the folds, most proper to reflect sound; for the use of all the external part is to collect and convey them to the bottom of the ear. The interior construction of this organ must still more excite our admiration. There is in the shell of the ear an opening, which they call the auditory pipe. The entrance of it is furnished with little hairs, which serve as a bar to keep insects from penetrating into it; and it is for the same purpose that the ear is moistened with a substance that is conglutinous and bitter, which separates itself from the glands. The drum of the ear is placed obliquely in the auditory pipe. This part of the ear really resembles a drum; for, in the first place, there is in the cavity of the auditory pipe a bony ring, on which is stretched a round membrane, dry, and thin. In the second place, there is, under that skin, a string stretched tight, which does here the same service as that of the drum, for it increases by its vibrations the vibration of the drum of the ear, and serves sometimes to extend and sometimes to relax the membrane. In the hollow, under the skin of the drum, there are some very small bones, but very remarkable, called auditory bones, and distinguished by these names: the hammer, the anvil, the orbicular, and the stirrup. Their use is to contribute to the vibration, and to the tension of the skin of the drum. Behind the cavity of the drum another opening must be observed, which communicates with a pipe which leads to the palate, and which is equally necessary to produce the sensation of exterior sounds. Next comes the snail, which rises in a spiral line. Behind is the auditory pipe, which joins the brain.

The soul then experiences a sensation proportionable to the force or weakness of the impression received, and, by virtue of a mysterious law of the Creator, it forms to itself representations of objects and of truths.

God, in order to make us more sensible of His general goodness towards mankind, permits now and then, that some should be born deaf. Must it not teach us to value highly the sense of which they are deprived? The best way to prove our gratitude for so great a blessing is to make a good use of it.

Sturm.

EARLY—Rising, Early Rest.

The studious are noted for their disregard of "the regular hours of rest." The solemn stillness of night inviting to those pursuits which require a fixed attention, and a connected series of thought and reasoning, leads them first into the habit; which is subsequently strengthened by the circumstance of intense application of the mind uninterrupted by sufficient and appropriate exercise, producing a state of nervous irritability inimical to sleep. Hence the student fears to leave his midnight lamp for a couch, which he can only occupy in a state of restlessness. Let him, however, relinquish his nocturnal studies, and seek, during the natural period, that repose which his mind and body alike demand—appropriating "the hours of early morn" to study, and the residue of the forenoon to exercise, and we are well persuaded, that while his progress in the pursuit of knowledge would be in no degree retarded, he will be the gainer, not merely in the enjoyment of more perfect health, but in the increased clearness and vigour of the intellectual faculties.

It has been very correctly remarked, that the atmosphere of the night is always more vitiated, and consequently less fit for respiration, than that of the day; and as we respire a greater portion of air when awake than in a sleeping state, it follows that from these, independent of other causes, the system is more liable to injury in the former than in the latter state.

Early rising is equally important to the health of the system as early rest. On no account should any one permit himself again to slumber, after the moment of his first awaking in the morning, whether this happen at the early dawn or before the sun has risen; even though from accident or unavoidable causes he may not have enjoyed his six or eight hours of repose. It is much better to make up the deficiency, if necessary, at some other time, than to attempt taking another nap. Whoever shall accustom himself thus to rise, will enjoy more undisturbed sleep during the night, and awake far more refreshed, than those who indolently slumber all the morning.

Even this second nap is, however, by no means so injurious to health as the practice of continuing in bed of a morning, long after waking; nothing tends, especially in children, and young persons generally, more effectually to unbrace the solids, exhaust the spirits, and thus to undermine the vigour, activity, and health of the system.

Journal of Health.

EARLY—Rising.

Oh, how [can I] renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds?

Beattie.

I love to rise ere gleams the lovely light,
Winter's pale dawn; and as warm fires illume
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through musty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom,
That slow recedes; while yon gay spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height,
By indistinctness given, then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, e'er they unfold
To friendship or the muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page! Oh, hours more worth than gold!
By whose bless'd use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

Miss Seward.

EARLY—Rising and Prayer.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up—prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers;
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings among them. Not a spring

Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
Oh, leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.
Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star—the stone and hidden food,
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities: life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.
Vaughan.

EARLY—Rising: Its Delights.

I now, an early riser, love to hail
The dreamy struggles of the stars with light,
And the recovering breath of earth, sleep-drowned,
Awakening to the wisdom of the sun,
And life of light within the tent of Heaven;
To kiss the feet of Morning as she walks
In dewy light along the hills, while they,
All odorous as an angel's fresh-culled crown,
Unveil to her their bounteous loveliness.
Bailey.

EARTH—The Centre of the.

LUCIFER. Behold us in the fire-crypts of the world.
Through seas and buried mountains, tomblike tracts,
Fit to receive the skeleton of death
When he is dead—through earthquakes, and the bones
Of earthquake-swallow'd cities, have we worm'd
Down to the ever-burning forge of fire,
Whereon, in awful and omnipotent ease,
Nature, the delegate of God, brings forth
Her everlasting elements, and breathes
Around that fluent heat of life which clothes
Itself in lightnings, wandering through the air,
And pierces to the last and loftiest pore
Of earth's snow-mantle mountains. In these vaults
Are hid the archives of the universe;
And here, the ashes of all ages gone,
Each finally inurn'd. These pillars stand,
Earth's testimony to eternity.
FESTUS. All that is solid now was fluid once;
Water, or air, or fire, or some one
Permanent, permeating element;
As in this focal, world-evolving fire
Like what I see around—the vacuous power
Whereon the world is based, e'en as wherein
It rolls, I must believe.
LUCIFER. The original
Of all things is one thing. Creation is
One whole. The differences a mortal sees
Are diverse only to the finite mind.
FESTUS. This marble-wall'd immensity, o'erroof'd
With pendant mountains glittering, awes my soul.
God's hand hath scooped the hollow of this world;
Yea, none but His could; and I stand in it,
Like a forgotten atom of the light
Some star hath lost upon its lightning flight.
LUCIFER. Here may'st thou lay thy hand on Nature's heart,
And feel its thousand-year'd throbbings cease.
High overhead, and deep beneath our feet,
The sea's broad thunder booms, scarce heard; around,
The arches, like uplifted continents
Of starry matter, burning inwardly,
Stand; and, hard by, earth's gleaming axle sleeps,
All moving, all unmoved.
FESTUS. Age here on age
Lie heap'd like wither'd leaves. And must it end?
LUCIFER. God worketh slowly; and a thousand years
He takes to lift His hand off. Layer on layer
He made earth, fashion'd it, and harden'd it
Into the great, bright, useful thing it is;
Its seas life-crowded and soul-hallow'd lands,
He girded with the girdle of the sun,
That sets its bosom glowing like love's own
Breathless embrace, close-clinging as for life;
Vein'd it with gold, and dusted it with gems;
Lined it with fire, and round its heart-fire bow'd
Rock-ribs unbreakable; until at last

Earth took her shining station as a star
In heaven's dark hall, high up the crowd of worlds.
All this and thus did God; and yet it ends.
The ball He roll'd and rounded melts away
E'en now to its constituent atomies.
With eldest time and primal matter, space,
And stars, and air, and all-inherent fire,
The watery deep and chaos, night, the all,
And the interior immortality,
And first-begotten love. These rocks retain
Their cavern'd footsteps printed in pure fire.
Those were the times, the ancient youth of earth,
The elemental years, when earth and heaven
Made one in holy bridals,—royal gods
Their bright immortal issue: when men's minds
Were vast as continents, and not as now
Minute and indistinguishable plots,
With here and there acres of untill'd brains; when lived
The great original, broad-eyed, sunken race,
Whose wisdom, like these sea-sustaining rocks,
Hath form'd the base of the world's fluctuous lore:—
When, too, by mountainous travail, human might
Sought to possess the everlasting heavens,
And incommunicable, by the right
Of self-acquirement and high kindred with
Celestial virtues;—when the mortal powers—
Forecounsel, wisdom, and experience,
Teachers of all art, founders of all good—
With Godhood strove, and gloriously fail'd—
In failure half successful; as these scenes
Fire-fountains, and volcano-utterances,
Earth-heavings, island-vomitings, evince.
FESTUS. The world hath made such comet-like advance
Lately on science, we may almost hope,
Before we die of sheer decay, to learn
Something about our infancy. But me
This troubles not. Were all earth's mountain-chains
To utter fire at once, what a grand show
Of pyrotechny for our neighbour moon!
Let us ascend; but not through the charred throat
Of an extinct volcano.
LUCIFER. This way—down.
So shalt thou thread the world at once.
FESTUS. Haste, haste.
Bailey.

EARTH—Cultivation of.

From the cultivation of the earth, a second paradise of beauty and sweets springs up to our delighted view: from exertion and industry our most valuable comforts arise: and the endeavours we use in the attainment of any earthly good stamp a double value on its possession, and give a keener relish in its enjoyment. *Mrs. King.*

EARTH—Its Beauty.

Hail, beauteous Earth! Gazing o'er thee, I all
Forget the bounds of being; and I long
To fill thee, as a lover pines to blend
Soul, passion, yea, existence, with the fair
Creature he calls his own. I ask for nought
Before or after death, but this,—to lie,
And look, and live, and bask, and bless myself
Upon thy broad bright bosom. From thee I
Sprang, and to thee I turn, heart, arm, and brain.
Yes, I am all thine own. Thou art the sole
Parent. To rock and river, plain and wood,
I cry, Ye are my kin. While I, O Earth!
Am but an atom of thee, and a breath,
Passing unseen and unrecorded, like
The tiny throb here in my temple's pulse.
Thou art for ever; and the sacred bride
Of heaven—worthy the passion of our God.
Oh! full of light, love, grace!—the grace of all
Who owe to thee their life; thy Maker's love;
His face's light. All thine rejoice in thee;
Thou in thyself for aye; rolling through air,
As seraphs' song, out of their trumpet lips,
Rolls round the skies of heaven. *Bailey.*

EARTH—Its Vanity Half-Divine.

Oh! earth, like man her son, is half-divine.
There is not a leaf within this quiet spot,
But which I seem to know; should miss, if gone.
I could run over its features, hour by hour,
The quaintly-figured beds—the various flowers—
The mazy paths all cunningly converged—
The black yew hedge, like a beleaguering host,
Round some fair garden province—here and there,
The cloud-like laurel clumps sleep, soft and fast,
Pillowed by their own shadows—and beyond,
The ripe and ruddy fruitage—the sharp firs'
Fringe, like eyelash, on the faint blue west,
The white owl, wheeling from the grey old church,
Its age-peeled pinnacles, and tufted top—
The oaks, which spread their broad arms in the blast,
And bid storms come, and welcome; there they stand,
To whom a summer passes like a smile:

And the proud peacock towers himself there, and screams,
Ruffling the imperial purples of his neck.
O'er all, the giant poplars, which maintain
Equality with clouds half-way up heaven;
Which whisper with the winds none else can see,
And bow to angels as they wing by them.
Bailey.

EARTH—no Resting-place.

I am weary of life; I am tired of the earth;
Of its dark sorrows, and boisterous mirth;
Of its changeful scenes, and uncertain joys;
Its woe that frowns, and its pleasure that cloys;
Of its charms that delude the youthful breast:
Would I could find me a place of rest!

I sought in a land far across the sea,
Where the flowers came forth in radiancy,
Where shone the clearest and sunniest sky;
But, alas! I found that the flowers would die;
That clouds would o'ershadow the heaven's blue breast;
And I left it—for me 'twas no place of rest.

I returned again, the place of my birth,
But change sad came on its cheerful hearth;
Some were now wanderers o'er the far wave,
Some were at peace in the lonely grave;
There were still some hearts that were not estranged;
But, except their affections, all things were changed.

There were voices beloved, but the tremulous tone
Told of the years that had over them gone;
There were brows that, scarce touched by Time's darkening wing,
Looked like the lingering flowers of spring;
There were smiles, but they only shone on decay,
Like the fading light on the dying day.

There were heads with whose sunny clust'ring hair
Was mingled the early snow of care;
There were eyes, but where was their once bright hue?—
A mist of tears had come over their blue.
Oh! I brooked not to look on such altered things,
And I stayed not there in my wanderings.

I went to fair cities, and in the crowd
I mingled awhile with the gay and the proud;
I strove to be happy—I strove to smile;
But the days passed heavily on the while;
And tho' every hour with pleasure was fraught,
It bore not within it the peace I sought.

I fled away into solitude;—
I hoped to find quiet by mountain and wood;
But, alas! when the spirit would use its wings,
And mingle with grand and glorious things,
'Tis fettered by clay to its mortal sphere,—
Rest there was none for my bosom here.

I sat me down 'neath the midnight sky,
The bright stars sparkled like gems on high;
Before me lay the mighty deep
Still murmuring on in its peaceless sleep;
And I thought, as I looked on its heaving breast,
There is indeed no place of rest.

But there a still small voice thro' the gloom,—
"Thing of the dust, return thee home;
Is it thine to repine at the will of Him
Before whom yon glorious stars are dim!"
Oh! then, pray that thy sins be forgiven,
And hope for a resting-place in heaven!
Brown.

EARTH—Nothing on, Permanent.

Then Wisdom again
His treasury of words unlocked,
Sung various maxims,
And thus expressed himself:—
"When the Sun
Clearest shines,
Serenest in the heaven,
Quickly are obscured
Over the earth
All other stars;
Because their brightness is not
Brightness at all,
Compared with
The Sun's light.
When mild blows
The south and western wind
Under the clouds,
Then quickly grow
The flowers of the field,
Joyful that they may:
But the stark storm,
When it strong comes
From north and east,
It quickly takes away
The beauty of the rose.
And also the northern storm,
Constrained by necessity,
That it is strongly agitated,
Lashes the spacious sea
Against the shore.
Alas! that on earth
Aught of permanent

Work in the world
Does not ever remain." *King Alfred.*

EARTHLY—Things.

Temporal things are not the Christian's freight, but his ballast, and therefore are to be desired to poise, not to load the vessel.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

EASE—the Characteristic of Capacity.

Who doeth not great things with equal ease,
And small, doth but indifferently. *Bailey.*

EATING—a Characteristic of Humanity.

To eat, in the true idea of the act, requires a far more scientific use of the mouth than is the case with mere feeding. Epicurism is no mere invention of low sensuality: they who practise it do but carry to an unworthy extreme one of the most excellent and characteristic powers of human nature. No man is wise who is not an epicure within the legitimate limits; none are more foolish and unkind to themselves than those who regard only quantity and speed. So with the mental palate. If we be not deliberate epicures in our reading, half our advantages and privileges are thrown away, and we are only like quadrupeds unintelligently munching grass. Not that we ought to pick out Apician morsels. *Grindon.*

EATING—and Drinking.

By a sparingness in diet, and eating as much as may be what is light and easy of digestion, I shall, doubtless, be able to think more clearly, and shall gain time. First, by lengthening out my life. Secondly, I shall need less time for digestion after meals. Thirdly, I shall be able to study more closely, without injury to my health. Fourthly, I shall need less time for sleep. Fifthly, I shall more seldom be troubled with the headache. *President Edwards.*

EATING—a Duty.

No one need think ill of eating, or of any of its associations, except the abuse. Good, substantial, wholesome food, properly cooked, and neatly served up, is one of the highest proofs and privileges of civilization; it is a criterion of every well-conducted household, and of every true and clever wife; while the legitimate enjoyment of it is one of the most honest and innocent of pleasures. All sensible and good-natured people are fond of eating; and one of the pleasantest things it is possible either to feel in one's self or to witness in another, is a healthy and natural readiness for the bounties of the table. To satisfy nature without surfeiting it is one of the foremost of the "good works" we are required to enact. Thankful enjoyment of our daily bread is no small part of Christianity. If "lying lips" be "an abomination to the Lord,"so is the ungratitude of asceticism; and infinitely more so the dyspepsia which disables the intemperate from the great, universal duty of all mankind, to *have a good appetite.* While all possible forms of intemperance and excess are denounced both in the Old Testament and the New, the substantial viands gathered from the fields and the vineyards, the firstling of the flocks and herds, the fig, the olive, and the pure juice of the grape are promised, over and over again, as the rewards of virtuous toil, and catalogued with the blessings to be received in this lower world. "I have no patience," says a wise writer, "with those who pretend not to care for their dinner, or the ludicrous assumption that 'spiritual' negations imply superior souls. A man who is careless about his dinner is generally one of flaccid body and feeble mind." As old Samuel Johnson authoritatively said,—"Sir, a man seldom thinks of anything with more earnestness than he thinks of his dinner; and if he cannot get *that* well dressed, he *may be suspected of inaccuracy in other things.*" When a man is not barely insensible to hunger of soul, the keen intellectual voracities and emotional desires, he is all the healthier, all the stronger, all the better for a noble capacity for food,—a capacity which becomes noble when it ministers to a fine, and not merely to a gluttonous nature. Even a plain diet is but half-good. It cannot be doubted that, on the whole, refinement, in board as well as lodging—being a fruit of intelligence—is honourable alike to health and longevity. There are advantages we little think of in those culinary ingenuities which, not significantly adding to the cost of our food—in fact, reducing it by assisting to diminish waste—at once modify and neutralize ill-flavours, and so greatly augment its pleasant sapidity. The pleasures of meal-times is one of the prerogatives of human nature; the lower mammalia—the only other animals who appear to enjoy the flavour of their food—are insensible to "*haut-gout.*" Granivorous birds and most kind of fishes not only have cartilaginous tongues, which prevent them from tasting, but swallow their food whole, guided probably to the choice of it by sight rather than by taste or smell. Fishes seem to depend entirely on the eye, if we may judge from the readiness with which they swallow artificial bait. Man's palate, in short, was not given him for nothing; but to procure pleasures for him commensurate with his patrician rank. *Grindon.*

ECCENTRICITY—not the Attribute of Genius.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagancies with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron; others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason: it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher by subduing them; and that so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagancies, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagancies, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting, of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the few. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent, in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities, in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent. *Lacon.*

ECHO—a Reflected Sound.

An echo is nothing more than a reflected sound. When the aerial vibrations strike against any obstacle of sufficient magnitude, they are reflected back to the ear, and produce a repetition of the sound, which will appear to proceed from the point whence they are reflected, so that the apparent direction of the voice becomes completely changed by an echo. A considerable extent of level wall will sometimes produce it in great perfection; for a smooth surface reflects sounds much better than a rough one; but the circumstance which, perhaps, contributes more than any other to the perfection of an echo, is the form of the reflecting surface: a convex surface is a very bad reflector of sound, a flat one reflects very well, but a small degree of concavity is the form best adapted to the purpose. Fluid bodies will, also, under certain circumstances, so reflect sound as to produce echoes; the surface of water, especially at the bottom of a well, and sometimes even clouds, will produce this effect. *Philosophy in Sport.*

ECHO—Verse.

In one of the masques played before Queen Elizabeth is "a dialogue with echo; devised, penned, and pronounced by Maister Gascoigne, and that upon a very great sudden." It is a specimen of versification not common in our literature.

Well, Echo, tell me yet
  How I might come to see
This comely Queen of whom we talk?
  Oh, were she but by thee!
          "By thee."

By me! oh, were that true,
  How might I see her face?
How might I know her from the rest,
  Or judge her by her grace?
          "Her grace."

Well then, if so mine eyes
  Be such as they have been,
Methinks I see among them all,
  This same should be the Queen.
          "The Queen." *Gascoigne.*

ECONOMY.

He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he poor who runs behind a penny in a year. *Skelton.*

ECONOMY—Extravagance and.

When a spendthrift sees his error he generally becomes a miser. Few, indeed, are the instances where extravagance is converted into a well-ordered generous expenditure; and it is with nations as with individuals. A minimum in expenditure will produce a minimum in other things of more consequence; and in elevation of thought, we seem to be on the road to merit the appellation which has been bestowed upon us, of a nation of shopkeepers; and for the benefit of what class the change would be, I am utterly at a loss to discover. I will conclude my observations with an extract from Burke, who did not forget the statesman in the reformer; and I beg my reader's attention to his description of Parsimony, as being particularly applicable to some of the retrenchers of the present day.

"When a cold penury blasts the abilities of a nation, and stunts the growth of its active energies, the ill is beyond all calculation. Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unpresuming merit. If none but meritorious service or real talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the service it ever will receive, and encouraging all the merit it ever will produce. No State, since the foundation of society, has been impoverished by that species of profusion." Burke might have gone much further, and have said that any State which should indulge in such species of profusion would be incalculably enriched by it, both pecuniarily and morally. *Moir.*

ECONOMY—a High, Humane Office.

Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high, humane office; a sacrament, when its aim is grand; when it is the prudence of simple tastes; when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion. Much of the economy which we see in houses is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight. Parched corn eaten to-day, that I may have roast fowl to my dinner to-morrow, is a baseness; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations of mind; that I may be serene and docile to what the gods shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or good-will, is frugality for gods and heroes. *Emerson.*

ECONOMY—Wise.

In expenses I would be neither pinching nor prodigal; yet, if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing than a little profuse. 'Tis no disgrace to make my ability my compass of sail and line to walk by. I see what I may do, others but what I do; they look to what I spend, as they think me able; I must look to what my estate will bear; nor can it be safe to strain it at all. 'Tis fit I should respect my own ability before their forward expectation. He that, when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too little to spend. *Feltham.*

EDUCATION.

"No man cared for my soul."

Weep, sire, with shame and rueing,
Weep, for thy child's undoing;
For the days when I was young,
And no prayer was taught my tongue,
Nor the record from on high,
Of the life that cannot die:
Wiles of the world and men,
Of their threescore years and ten;
Human profit, earthly praise,
Thou didst set before my gaze,
As the beacon stars of life,
As the meed of toil and strife:
I ran the world's race well,
And find my guerdon—hell.

Weep, mother, weep, yet know,
'Twill not shorten endless woe;
Nor thy tears unbind my chain,
Thy repentance soften pain;
Nor the life-blood of thy frame
For one moment quench this flame.
Weep not beside my tomb,
That is gentle, painless gloom;
Let the worm and darkness prey
On my senseless, slumbering clay:
Weep for the priceless gem,
That may not hide with them;
Weep the lost spirit's fate,
Yet know thy tears too late:
Had they sooner fallen—well,
I had not wept in hell.

Physician! canst thou weep?
Then let tears thy pillow steep;
Could'st thou view time's nearing wave,
Doom'd to whelm me in its grave,

The last and lessening space,
My life's brief hour of grace,
Yet, with gay, unfaltering tongue,
Promise health, and sojourn long;
On the brink of that profound,
Without measure, depth, or bound.
View me, busied with the toys
Of a world of shadowy joys.
Oh! had look, or sign, or breath,
But whisper'd then of death,
Though nature in the strife,
Had loos'd her hold of life;
And the worm received its prey,
Perchance an earlier day;
This, this, and who can tell
That I had wept in hell!

False prophet! flattering priest,
Full fraught with mirth and feast,
Thy weeping should not fail
But with life's darken'd tale;
For the living, for the dead,
There is guilt upon thy head;
Thou didst make the narrow way,
As the broad one, smooth and gay.
So speak in accents bland,
Of the bright and happy land,
That the soul unchang'd within,
The sinner in his sin,
Of God and Christ unshriven,
Lay down with dreams of heaven;
False priest! thy labours tell,
I dreamed, and woke in hell. *Jewsbury.*

EDUCATION—American Aphorisms on.

"Good instruction is better than riches," was the motto that William Penn, the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, placed on the seal of a literary incorporation, granted by him 150 years ago. "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened," said Washington. "A well-instructed people alone can be a permanently free people," said Madison. "Make a crusade against ignorance," said Jefferson.

EDUCATION—Art of.

It is a great art in the education of youth to find out peculiar aptitudes, or, where none exist, to create inclinations, which may serve as substitutes. Different minds are like different soils: some are suited only to particular cultivation; others will mature almost anything; others, again, are best adapted to a round of ordinary products; and a few are wasted, unless they are reserved for what is most choice. The common run of minds may be compared to arable land, and are suited indifferently to the drudgery of any business. There is a more rugged, and apparently sterile class, which yields no return to ordinary cultivation, but is like the mountain side, rearing, in a course of years, the stately forest; and there are the felicitous few, which resemble the spots calculated for the choicest vineyards. It is fortunate for the individuals and society, when each class is put to its proper use. To pursue the comparison, minds, like soils, are often deceitful in their early promise; and as a young orchard will sometimes thrive vigorously for a time, and when its owner expects a fair return, will canker and die—so youth will promise success in a particular line, till some hidden defect begins to operate, and the fondest hopes are blasted. However, these are the exceptions, and not the rule; and sound judgment in the destination of children will, in the vast majority of cases, be amply repaid. The great error, I apprehend, that parents fall into, and often unconsciously, is, that they consult their own interests and inclinations rather than those of their children, and that vanity, ambition, and avarice too often blind their understandings. There are difficulties even with the purest intentions, because apparent aptitudes are not, as I have already observed, always real ones, and because inclinations often arise from accidental causes, and change for the same reason. Where there is a great and undoubted aptitude, it must be injudicious to thwart it; for though the indulgence may be attended with objections, it must in the nature of things be compensated by keen enjoyment, and it is better to be eminently successful in an inferior line than moderately so, with a great chance of failure, in a superior one. Where it seems a matter of indifference to what a young person is destined, it is important, when the choice is made, to create a corresponding inclination, which will serve in some sort instead of an aptitude; and this may be easily accomplished in general by contriving some attraction to the calling, as by bringing about an intimacy with one already engaged in it, and turning the will of the parent into the choice of the child. Some such course is the most likely to ensure that willingness and steadiness which are the forerunners of success. There are certain useful branches of learning which it is expedient, or rather necessary, that every one should be instructed in according to situation in life, whatever may be the individual repugnance or unfitness. But it is otherwise with accomplishments and the higher parts of learning; for they profit really nothing, where there is no turn for them, and the time and attention they are made to occupy might often be advantageously employed on plainer subjects. I will instance the routine of accomplishments that young ladies are constrained to acquire, whether they have any taste for them or not, the display of which, when unaccompanied by taste, is a great annoyance in society. A taste cultivated affords pleasure both to the possessor and to others; and if people would only addict themselves to that in which they excel, they might well afford to be ignorant of most other matters. *Moir.*

EDUCATION—Business of.

The business of education is not to perfect a learner in all, or any of the sciences, but to give his mind that freedom, that disposition, and those habits that may enable him to obtain any part of knowledge he shall apply himself to, or stand in need of, in the future course of his life. *Locke.*

EDUCATION—Its Early Commencement.

The education of the human mind commences in the cradle; and the impressions received there frequently exert their influence through the whole of life. Principles which take the deepest root are those implanted during the seasons of infancy, childhood, and youth. The young pupil takes early lessons from everything around him; his character and habits are forming before he has any consciousness of his reasoning powers. *Cogan.*

EDUCATION—Christian.

It may, indeed, be thought strange to introduce Christian doctrines into philosophical studies; and yet why should it be so? Christianity is the great business of life. Not satisfied with having it as the white margin, merely to adorn the page of our history, we must have it the entire fabric on which the text is imprinted; and if we are thus to interweave it with everything connected with ourselves, and with St. Paul, to "count all things but loss for the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord," we ought to be equally earnest to incorporate it with every branch of knowledge we communicate to our children. We must apply to ourselves the commandment which God gave to the Jews,—"Thou must teach my words diligently unto your children; thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in the house, when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." There is, therefore, no object of study which ought not to be studied in relation to Christianity.

Must we not stand rebuked before the heathen, when we remember the almost universal infusion of their idolatry into all the various occupations of life? Referring to the religion of ancient Rome, Mr. Gibbon tells us, "It was, moreover, interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, of public or private life, with all the offices and amusements of society." And how interesting the reply of the Chickasaw Indian to Mr. Wesley, when he asked him if his tribe often thought and talked of their gods. "We think of them always," said the Indian; "wherever we are, we talk of them and to them, at home and abroad, in peace and in war, before and after we fight, and, indeed, whenever and wherever we meet together.

Observations on Modern Education.

EDUCATION—Early.

The outer law of childhood is often the best vehicle in which the inner law of mature life can be contained for its various purposes. The man remembers with affection, and keeps as with delight, the customs of the home of his childhood; tempted, perhaps, to over-estimate their value; but even when perfectly aware that they are no more than one form out of many which a well-ordered household might adopt, preferring them because of his long familiarity, and because of the memories with which they are associated. So, too, truth often seems to him richer and fuller when expressed in some favourite phrase of his mother's, or some maxim of his father's. He can give no better reason, very often, for much that he does every day of his life, than that his father did it before him; and, provided the custom is not a bad one, the reason is valid. And he likes to go to the same church. He likes to use the same prayers. He likes to keep up the same festivities. There are limits to all this. But no man is quite free from the influence; and it is in many cases, perhaps in most, an influence of the highest moral value. There is great value in the removal of many indifferent matters out of the region of discussion into that of precedent. There is greater value still in the link of sympathy which binds the present with the past, and fills old age with the fresh feelings of childhood. If truth sometimes suffers in form, it unquestionably gains much in power; and if its onward progress is retarded, it gains immeasurably in solidity, and in its hold on men's hearts. *Dr. Temple.*

EDUCATION—Early Dawn of.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way;
Making houses in the sand;
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,—
Why to me this weary task?
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child:
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,—
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true;
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity. *Household Words.*

EDUCATION—Early Religious.

As the sculpture is on the seal, so will the print on the wax be: if the fear of God be deeply engraven on thy heart, there is no doubt but it will make a suitable impression on the duty that thou performest.

A Divine of the 17th Century.

EDUCATION—Its Effects.

The general desire for education, and the general diffusion of it, is working, and partly has worked a great change in the habits of the mass of the people. And though it has been our lot to witness some of the inconveniences necessarily arising from the transition state, where gross ignorance has been superseded by a somewhat too rapid communication of instruction, dazzling the mind, perhaps, rather than enlightening it, yet every day removes something of this evil. Presumption and self-sufficiency are sobered down by the acquirement of useful knowledge, and men's minds become less arrogant in proportion as they are better informed. There cannot be a doubt, therefore, but that any evils which may have arisen from opening the flood-gates of education, if I may so say, will quickly flow away, and that a clear and copious stream will succeed, fertilizing the heretofore barren intellect with its wholesome and perennial waters. *Bishop Ryder.*

EDUCATION—Emulative in its Effects.

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages. *Milton.*

EDUCATION—Erroneous.

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they were so bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
Dryden.

EDUCATION—Female.

If, in conducting the education of a female, care be taken to impress upon her mind that the most proper sphere for woman to shine in is the domestic circle; if example and precept combine to prove that the literary acquirements with which she is endowed are not intended to form a means of display, or to supersede the acquisition of domestic knowledge; if Christian humility be instilled as a counterpoise to feminine vanity, then will literature become a source of genuine pleasure to herself, and enable her the better to fulfil the duties of daughter, sister, wife, or mother. *Mrs. Riley.*

EDUCATION—A Generous.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. *John Milton.*

EDUCATION—in Germany and America.

The two most strongly contrasted cases which can be found are probably those of Germany and the United States. In the United States, it is well known, a provision of university education is made as ample as that of schools for an earlier stage; yet no one pretends that a highly finished education is to be looked for in that country. The cause is obvious. In a young nation, the great common objects of life are entered upon earlier, and every preparatory process is gone through in a more superficial manner. Seats of learning are numerous and fully attended, both in Germany and America; and they testify in each to a pervading desire of knowledge. Here the agreement ends. The German student may, without being singular, remain within the walls of his college till time silvers his hairs; or he has even been known to pass eighteen years among his books, without crossing the threshold of his study. The young American, meanwhile, satisfied at the end of three years that he knows as much as his neighbours, settles in a home, engages in farming or commerce, and plunges into what alone he considers the business of life. Each of these pursues his appropriate objects; each is right in his own way; but the difference of pursuit indicates a wider difference of sentiment between the two countries than the abundance of the means of learning in each indicates a resemblance. The observer must therefore mark not only what and how many are the seats of learning, but who frequent them; whether there are many, past the season of youth, who make study the business of their lives; or whether all are of that class who regard study merely as a part of the preparation which they are ordained to make for the accomplishment of the commonest aims of life. He can scarcely take his evening's walk in the precincts of a university without observing a difference so wide as this. The great importance of the fact lies in this,—that increase of knowledge is necessary to the secure enlargement of freedom. Germany may not, it is true, require learning in her youth for political purposes, but because learning has become the taste, the characteristic honour of the nation; but this knowledge will infallibly work out, sooner or later, her political regeneration. America requires knowledge in her sons because her political existence itself depends upon their mental competency. The two countries will probably approximate gradually towards a sympathy which is at present out of the question. As America becomes more fully peopled, a literature will grow up within her, and study will assume its place among the chief objects of life. The great ideas which are the employment of the best minds of Germany must work their way out into action; and new and immediately practical kinds of knowledge will mingle themselves, more and more largely, with those to which she has been, in times past, devoted. The two countries may thus fall into a sympathetic correspondence on the mighty subjects of human government and human learning, and the grand idea of liberty may be made more manifest in the one, and disciplined and enriched in the other. *Miss Martineau.*

EDUCATION—Infant.

Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.
Thomson.

Every look, every movement, every expression, does something towards forming the character of the little heir to immortal life. *Mrs. Child.*

EDUCATION—Early: Its Influence.

Education, indeed, has made the fondness for fine things next to natural: the corals and bells teach infants on the breast to be delighted with sound and glitter. *H. Brooke.*

EDUCATION—Neglected.

Where education has been entirely neglected, or improperly managed, we see the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway. Good sense degenerates into craft, and anger rankles into malignity. Restraint, which is thought most salutary, comes too late, and the most judicious admonitions are urged in vain. *Parr.*

EDUCATION—Object of.

The first object of education is to train up an immortal soul. The second (but second at an immeasurable distance) is, to do this in a manner most conducive to human happiness; never sacrificing either the interests of the future world to those of the present, or the welfare of the man to the inclinations of the child; errors not dissimilar in complexion, though so awfully different in the importance of their results. *Mrs. Trench.*

EDUCATION—Its True Object.

Infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. *Milton.*

EDUCATION—A Religious.

That call not education, which decries
God and His truth, content the seed to strew
Of moral maxims, and the mind imbue
With elements which form the worldly wise.

So call the training, which can duly prize
 Such lighter lore, but chiefly holds to view
 What God requires us to believe and do,
And notes man's end, and shapes him for the skies.
Bishop Mant.

EDUCATION—Religious.

It is not a branch of education, but the whole intent of education, to bring forth that in man which looks upward and to crush his downward tendencies; if no man ever believed that he had a humanity, however he might talk about it, who did not realize the conviction by looking out of himself and above himself; if every higher thought and aspiration has its ground in the belief of an actual established connection between himself and his Creator, it would seem the most extravagant inconsistency to disconnect human cultivation with acts of habitual and united worship. On the other hand, it would seem most accordant with the whole scheme, that all great and humanizing influences—the influences of music and architecture especially, which formed a separate head of culture among the Greeks, should be all connected with this, and made dependent upon it: that whatever acts most directly and powerfully upon the spirit within us should from our earliest youth witness to us what we are, and how we may attain the ends of our being, so that hereafter the world may not be a perplexed crowd of undistinguishable impressions, but that everything may be felt to proceed from one source and have one termination. Clearness of vision, to distinguish shadows from substances, simplicity of heart to embrace the true and hate the false, strength of will to bear up against infinite complications of passions within and influences without, depend far more than we can conceive upon our being early imbued with the feelings of a unity in things, and with our being taught to refer them all to one centre. *Maurice.*

EDUCATION—Scriptural.

It may be safely affirmed, that the whole success, under God, of the present widely extended plan of education, depends upon the character of our parochial clergy. Human intelligence is said to be in quick progress; but human intelligence must travel much in the night, and along the highway of national improvement there are numberless pits and precipices, which require the stationary public lights to be kept burning and bright. He who, having the patronage of a benefice, consults the safety of his own soul, by setting over the souls of others a ministry of godly sufficiency for his spiritual charge, does more for the public happiness and improvement than would result from the establishment of many schools, useful as, under good management, such institutions undoubtedly are. Parish schools produce their specific benefit only under the superintending genius of a wise and zealous parish priest. On the right use of patronage, therefore, in the appointment of such a superintendent, the character, the peace, and the happiness of a neighbourhood depend; and can a man, with any right feelings in his bosom, enjoy any peace there, after putting an entire vineyard of the Lord out of due cultivation? *W. Roberts.*

EDUCATION—the Spread of Thought.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins;
And, as in climes where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended, by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart.
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal, hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

The spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause:
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe,

While mutual wishes, mutual woes, endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Gray.

EDUCATION—of the Young.

For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost; for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved; but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind; but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and the mind too. *Wm. Penn.*

EFFIGY—Its Associations.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armour. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction; between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honourable lineage, than one which affirms of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous." *W. Irvine.*

EFFRONTERY.

And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

Scott.

EGOTIST—His Utter Weakness.

Only by the supernatural is a man strong—only by confiding in the Divinity which stirs within us. Nothing is so weak as an egotist—nothing is mightier than we, when we are vehicles of a truth before which the state and the individual are alike ephemeral.

R. W. Emerson.

ELECTION—Sanctification of the Heart.

There is no way for men to discern their names written in the book of life but by reading the work of sanctification in their own hearts. I desire no miraculous voice from heaven, no extraordinary signs, or unscriptural notices and informations in this matter. Lord, let me but find my heart obeying Thy calls; my will obediently submitting to Thy commands; sin my burden, and Christ my desire: I never crave a fairer or surer evidence of Thy electing love to my soul: and if I had an oracle from heaven, an extraordinary messenger from the other world, to tell me Thou lovest me, I have no reason to credit such a voice, whilst I find my heart wholly sensual, averse to God, and indisposed to all that is spiritual. *Flavel.*

ELECTRIC—Telegraph.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Pope.

ELEGANCE—Allied to the Beautiful.

When any body is composed of parts smooth and polished, without pressing upon each other, without showing any ruggedness or confusion, and at the same time affecting some regular shape, I call it elegant. It is closely allied to the beautiful, differing from it only in this regularity; which, however, as it makes a very material difference in the affection produced, may very well constitute another species. Under this head I rank those delicate and regular works of art that imitate no determinate object in nature, as elegant buildings, and pieces of furniture. When any object partakes of the above mentioned qualities, or of those of beautiful bodies, and is withal of great dimensions, it is full as remote from the idea of mere beauty; I call it fine or specious. *Burke.*

ELEGY — on the Death of a Young Girl.

Fair was thy blossom, tender flower,
That opened like the rose in May,
Though nursed beneath the chilly shower
Of fell regret, for love's decay.

How oft thy mother heaved a sigh
O'er wreaths of honour early shorn,
Before thy sweet and guiltless eye
Hath opened on the dawn of morn!

How oft, above thy lowly bed,
When all in silence slumbered low,
The fond and filial tear was shed,
Thou child of love, of shame, and woe!

Her wronged but gentle bosom burned
With joy thy opening bloom to see;
The only breast that o'er thee yearned;
The only heart that cared for thee.

Oft her young eye, with tear-drops bright,
Pleaded with Heaven for her sweet child,
When faded dreams of past delight
O'er recollection wandered wild.

Fair was thy blossom, bonnie flower,
Fair as the softest wreaths that spring,
When late I saw thee seek the bower
In peace, thy morning hymn to sing.

Thy little foot across the lawn
Scarce from the primrose pressed the dew;
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the greenwood flew.

E'en then the shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever,
A tear of pity wet the string
That twanged and sealed thy doom for ever.

I saw thee late, the emblem fair
Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
Start tiptoe on the verge of air,
'Twixt childhood and unstable youth.

But now I see thee stretched at rest:
To break that rest shall wake no morrow!
Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast,
Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow!
Hogg.

ELOQUENCE — the Sweet Extract of Speech.

Do let me hear.
Thy talk is the sweet extract of all speech,
And holds mine ear in blissful slavery.
Bailey.

ELYSIUM—not Heaven.

This is a world where every loveliest thing
Lasts longest; where decay lifts never head
Above the grossest forms; and matter here
Is all transparent substance; the flower fades not,
But every eve gives forth a fragrant light;
Till by degrees the spirit of each flower
Essentially consuming the fair frame
Refines itself to air; rejoining thus
The archetypal stores where nature dwells
In pre-existent immortality.
The beautiful die never, here: Death lies
A-dreaming—he has nought to do—the babe
Plays with his darts. Nought dies but what should die.
Here are no earthquakes, storms, nor plagues; no hell
At heart; no floating flood on high. The soil
Is ever fresh and fragrant as a rose—
The skies, like one wide rainbow, stand on gold—
The clouds are light as rose-leaves—and the dew,
'Tis of the tears which stars weep, sweet with joy—
The air is softer than a loved one's sigh—
The ground is glowing with all priceless ore,
And glistening with gems like a bride's bosom—
The trees have silver stems and emerald leaves—
The fountains bubble nectar—and the hills
Are half alive with light. Yet it is not heaven. *Bailey.*

ELEGY—Sequel to Gray's.

The celebrated "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," by Gray, is well known, and justly admired, by every one who has the least pretensions to taste. But with all its polish and deep poetic beauty and feeling, it always appeared to me to be defective; and I have met with a remark in "Cecil's Remains" to the same effect. Amid a scene so well calculated to awaken in a pious mind reflections on the sublime truths and inspiring hopes of Christianity, Gray, with the exception of two or three somewhat equivocal expressions, says scarcely a word which might not have been said by one who believed that "death was an eternal sleep," and who was disposed to regard the humble tenants of those tombs as indeed "each in his narrow cell for ever laid." With these views I have regretted that sentiments similar to the following had not sprung up in the heart, and received the exquisite touches of the classic pen of Gray. They might, with great propriety, have followed the stanza beginning—

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer;
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The Sacred Volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters day by day;
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly pass'd
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low-mouldering aisles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb:

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise,
In sweet communion rose before the Throne.

Here, from those honoured lips, which sacred fire
From Heaven's high chancery hath touch'd, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear.

When life flow'd by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beam'd from every eye.

Then gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign;
With quiet tears the simple rites are said,
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.
From an American Writer.

ELOQUENCE.

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is free.
Shakespeare.

EMINENT—Persons, Death of.

There is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to everything he says or does, because we are sure that, some time or other, we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are, perhaps, characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble. *Addison.*

EMPLOYMENT—is Holiday Making.

Employment does not mean no amusement; the workers, or those who use their time instead of wasting it, have more holidays than any one else, for every change is a going out to play. When rational and unsophisticated play, commonly so called, is still work; at all events, no man ever played genially and heartily without gaining something by it, and thus gathering from it a fruition of work. Play, moreover, is perfectly compatible with work: let no one suppose that art and science disallow it, or that they render play uninteresting and distasteful. Pastime and fun are as great a need as occupation, and as great a luxury. He who refuses to play is but a stately fool; to sport and gambol with children is one of the sweetest lyric-songs of life: grown people, however, should remember that, as the end of all exertions, even the slightest, should be profit, play should always be based upon an intelligent idea. People may be mirthful without being silly, just as they may be grave without being gloomy; a mind in right order can descend into frolics as readily as it can soar into magnificent ideas; for it is the characteristic of well-disciplined intelligence, and of purity and earnestness of the affections, that they are universal in their capacity.

It is this which makes the *philosopher* the true idea of whom is that of an amiable and pious man—who, with the profound and scientific, combines the lively and the droll. "My idea of wise men," says some author, "needs that they shall be very lively; I don't call dull men wise." Plato and Aristotle were not always seen in their long robes, dignified and serious. No; they were good-natured fellows, who enjoyed a laugh with their friends like the rest of the world, and who loved, and hoped, and listened to a good story with as much zest as the least learned. "As much," did we say? Culture of mind enables us to enjoy far more intensely when enjoyment is afloat, than when our heads are ill-provided. Love-poetry owes to Plato a more exquisite stroke of nature than ever was penned by a mere writer of songs and valentines:—"While kissing Agathon, I had my soul upon my lips, for it came, the hapless, as if about to depart." Many persons, it is true, live *without* amusements,—grave, dull, would-be moralists and sages; and certainly pastime is not so indispensably necessary after the mental and physical constitutions have arrived at maturity, as before. It by no means follows, however, that such persons would not live happier and more useful lives if they resorted occasionally to the ordinary sports of mankind. None ever decry play and fun but those who are strangers to their value. The love of them is one of the signs of a great nature. All true genius is, in its very essence, a *joyous* faculty; "wit" originally signifies the very highest efforts of mind. It is only by looking around, as well as upwards, that a large and just conception of life is attainable, and, therefore, that life is truly realized. A mind charged with vitality, and sustained by trust in God, will not only look cheerfully to the goal of its pilgrimage, but have ample stores of gladness to expend upon the journey. The Muses have left no diaries, or doubtless we should find that they had their gipsy-parties and lively games—that they danced and sang for pure enjoyment, and visited mortal dreamers, not only in inspiring vision, but sometimes to

"Tickle men's noses as they lay asleep."

In a word, though recreation, with science and literature, be the most solid and unfailing kind of play, it is not the only kind we need. With all his care, and toil, and penury of time, the man who devotes himself to learning, or science, or business, is no gainer in the end, if he do not take part sometimes in lively entertainments. For a while he may seem to suffer nothing; but the belief of his being able to dispense with such playing is only a delusion; there is a heavy reckoning going on against him, which sooner or later will have to be paid in suffering and premature exhaustion. Work and play are reciprocally advantageous. While without due play there is no effective working, on the other hand, in order to play heartily with the body, we must learn how to play heartily, in privacy, with the soul. No man thoroughly enjoys play, or knows what play really is, who cannot spend hours of solitude in comfort. *Grindon.*

EMULATION—and Envy.

Griefe for the successe of a competitor, if joyned with endeavours to enforce our own abilities to equal or excel him, is emulation: if joyned with endeavours to supplant or hinder, envie. *Hobbes.*

ENCHANT—To.

Enchant like Circe. *R. Greene.*

Sounds as enchanting as the Theban lyre, or all the music of the spheres at once. *J. Harris.*

Melody, more enchanting than the syren's. *R. Greene.*

ENDURANCE.

Stillest streams
Oft water meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Cowper.

ENERGY—Moral.

Moral energy, or constancy of purpose, seems to be less properly an independent power of the mind than a mode of action by which its various powers operate with effect; but, however this may be, it enters more largely, perhaps, than mere talent as commonly understood, into the formation of what is called character. In the ordinary concerns of life, indeed, it is more serviceable than brilliant parts; while, in the more important, these latter are of little weight without it, evaporating only in brief and barren flashes, which may dazzle the eye by their splendour, but pass away and are forgotten. *Prescott.*

ENGLAND.

. . . . which stands
As Neptune's park ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear her enemy's boats,
But suck them to the top-mast. *Lornlin.*

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. *Cowper.*

ENGLAND—Ages ago.

Imagine a long tract of woodland spreading over a varied but not deeply indented surface, and covered with short broad oaks, thick hollies, and ragged thorns. On the hills and the declivities that sweep gently from them, are thickets of copse-wood, impervious in most places to the sun, and traversed only by the smaller beasts of prey. . . . Conceive, in one of these sylvan glades, a few rude huts, constructed of the branches and bark of trees, and seeming to be merely an outpost of the woodland, from which their materials have been taken; conceive the inhabitants of them, half covered with skins, and with their own thickly matted hair, to be basking in the broad sunshine, and gazing idly on the half-tamed herds which supply them with their food and clothing; and you have a picture of pastoral life as it once existed in the uplands of ancient Britain.

What, then, before the final departure of the Romans from the island, and when their own empire was falling rapidly into decay, was the change which had gradually, but inevitably, followed? The wild herds of cattle, and their half-tamed owners, the deep forest and its savage hunters, the morass, with its scarcely human inhabitants, had been driven backward from public notice, or insensibly absorbed in the gradual increase of civilization. Instead of them appeared the populous city and the cultivated landscape, the toil of labour, and the discoveries of science, the splendour of opulence, and the debasement of pauperism, and a national character, which, still retaining its original fierceness and independence, and sometimes exalting them to the highest degrees of gallantry and self-devotion, had united and blended with them much of the knowledge and the refinements of their conquerors. *Cardwell.*

ENGLAND—Its Beauties.

We have been dwellers in a lovely land,
A land of lavish lights and floating shades,
And broad green flats, border'd by woody capes
That lessen ever as they stretch away
Into the distant blue; a land of hills,
Cloud-gathering ranges, on whose ancient breast
The morning mists repose: each autumn tide
Deep purple with the heath-bloom; from whose brow
We might behold the crimson sun go down
Behind the barrier of the western sea;
A land of beautiful and stately fanes,
Aërial temples most magnificent,
Rising with clusters of rich pinnacles
And fretted battlements; a land of towers,
Where sleeps the music of deep-voiced bells,
Save when in holyday time the joyous air
Ebbs to the welling sound; and Sabbath morn,
When from a choir of hill-side villages
The peaceful invitation churchward chimes.
So were our souls brought up to love this earth
And feed on natural beauty: and the light
Of our own sunsets, and the mountains blue
That girt around our home, were very parts
Of our young being; link'd with all we knew,
Centres of interest for undying thoughts
And themes of mindful converse. Happy they
Who in the fresh and dawning time of youth
Have dwelt in such a land, turning their souls
To the deep melodies of Nature's laws
Heard in the after-time of riper thought
Reflective on past seasons of delight.
Alford.

ENGLAND—Its Comparative Peace.

From the insular situation of this country, it has been exempted from the horrors of actual warfare. With the exception of a few invasions of the Scottish monarchs into the northern counties, which were transient in their operations, and partial in their effects, England has never been the seat of foreign war since the Conquest; and the southern counties, by far the most important in riches and population, have never seen the fires of an enemy's camp for 800 years. Securely cradled in the waves, her industry has never felt the devastating influence of foreign conquest; her arms have often carried war into foreign states, but never suffered from its havoc in their own. Periods of foreign hostility have been known to her, only from the increased excitation of national feeling, or the quickened encouragement of domestic industry. The effects of this happy exemption from the peril of foreign invasion have been incalculable *Alison.*

ENGLAND—Its Freedom.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall. *Cowper.*

ENGLAND—Land of Freedom.

Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests,—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are intrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the the field, where God Himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious mortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready "to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever," they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, "gird on Thy sword, thou Most Mighty," go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own; and, while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! "Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."

Hall.

ENGLAND—Old.

There she sits in her Island-home,
Peerless among her peers!
And Humanity oft to her arms doth come,
To ease its poor heart of tears.
Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
Of a past she can never forget;
They would mock at her now, who of old look'd forth
In their fear, as they heard her afar;
But loud will your wail be, O kings of the earth!
When the Old Land goes down to the war.
The avalanche trembles, half-launch'd, and half-riven,
Her voice will in motion set:
The old nursing mother's not hoary yet,
There is sap in her Saxon tree;—
Lo! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
Through her mists, to the sun and the sea.
Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
Or a star in a dark cloud set. *Anon.*

ENGLAND—Salubrity of.

The salubrity of England, either from its climate, its manners, or its intellectual cultivation, to the more advanced periods of social life, is indicated by the fact that, in 1834, it was calculated that there were then seventy peers in the House of Lords, who were between seventy and eighty years of age, or a sixth part of the 426 of whom the House, including the bishops, consists. Eleven of these were noticed as octogenarians, or still older. These eleven peers were thus represented:—

Lord Wodehouse,	93
Lord Lynedoch,	84
Lord Stowell,	89
Lord Eldon,	83
Lord Scarsdale,	83
Lord Carrington,	82
Lord St. Helens,	81
Earl Fortesque,	81
Earl of Ranfurley,	80
Earl Powis,	80
Lord Middleton,	80

To these might have been added the Bishop of Norwich, the Earl of Egremont, and Lord Rolle.

Turner.

ENGLAND—in the Time of the Saxons.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which has scarcely been sufficiently adverted to, that, with very few exceptions indeed, all the towns, and even the villages and hamlets, which England yet possesses, appear to have existed from the Saxon times. This is in general sufficiently attested by their mere names, and their is historical evidence of the fact in a large proportion of instances. Our towns and villages have become individually larger, in most cases, in the course of the last eight or ten centuries; but in all that space of time no very great addition has been made to their number. The augmentation which the population and wealth of the country have undergone, vast as it has been in the course of so many ages, has nearly all found room to collect and arrange itself round the old centres. This fact does not disprove the magnitude of the increase which has been made to the numbers of the people; for the extension of the circumference; without any multiplication of the centres, would suffice to absorb any such increase, however great; but seeing how thickly covered the country actually is with towns and villages, it is certainly very curious to reflect that they were very nearly as numerous over the greater part of it in the time of the Saxons. And if only about twenty-eight of our cities and towns, or even twice that number, can be traced to a Roman original, the number indebted to the Saxons for their first foundation must be very great; for, as we have seen, nearly all that are not Roman are Saxon. As for our villages, the undoubted fact that the present division of the country into parishes is, almost without any alteration, as old at least as the tenth century, would alone prove that the English villages in the Saxon times were nearly as numerous as at the present day. . . . . Let it be conceded that many of the villages were very small, consisting, perhaps, of only a dozen or two of cottages; still we apprehend the facts imply a diffusion of population and of cultivation, vastly beyond what can be supposed to have taken place in the preceding or Roman period, during which, indeed, the country was traversed in various directions by noble roads, and ornamented with some considerable towns, but does not appear, from any notices that have come down to us, or any monuments or signs that remain, to have been generally covered with villages of any description.

Pictorial History of England.

ENGLAND—Its Noble Setting.

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

ENGLAND—Naval Glory of.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the inconstant sky;
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Waller.

ENGLAND—the Heart of the World.

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee.
How shall my country fight
When her foes rise against her?
But with thine arm, O sea!
The arm which thou lent'st her.
Where shall my country be buried
When she shall die?
Earth is too scant for her grave:
Where shall she lie?
She hath brethren more than a hundred,
And they all want room;
They may die and may lie where they live—
They shall not mix with her doom.
Where, but within thine arms,
O sea, O sea?
Wherein she hath lived and gloried,
Let her rest be!
We will rise and say to the sea,
Flow over her!
We will cry to the depth of the deep,
Cover her!
The world hath drawn his sword,
And his red shield drips before him:—
But my country rise!
Thou canst never die
While a foe hath life to fly;
Rise land, and gore him.

Bailey.

ENGLISH—Character of the.

There is a sort of variety amongst us which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourselves too at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities as well as good. We may allow some distempers incident to our climate, since so much health, vigour, and length of life have been generally ascribed to it; for, among the Greek and Roman authors themselves, we shall find the Britons observed to live the longest, and the Egyptians the shortest of any nations that were known in those ages. Besides, I think none will dispute the native courage of our men and beauty of our women, which may be elsewhere as great in particulars, but nowhere so in general; they may be (what is said of diseases) as acute in other places, but with us they are epidemic. For my own part, who have conversed much with men of other nations, and such as have been both in great employments and esteem, I can say very impartially, that I have not observed among any so much true genius as among the English; nowhere more sharpness of wit, more pleasantness of humour, more range of fancy, more penetration of thought, or depth of reflection, among the better sort; nowhere more goodness of nature and of meaning, nor more plainness of sense and of life, than among the common sort of country people; nor more blunt courage and honesty than among our seamen.

But with all this, our country must be confessed to be, what a great foreign physician called it, the region of spleen; which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year. And how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations. This makes us unequal in our humours, inconstant in our passions, uncertain in our ends, and even in our desires. Besides, our different opinions in religion, and the factions they have raised or animated for fifty years past, have had an ill effect upon our manners and customs, inducing more avarice, ambition, disguise, with the usual consequences of them, than were before in our constitution. From all this it may happen, that there is nowhere more true zeal in the many different forms of devotion, and yet nowhere more knavery under the shows and pretences. There are nowhere so many disputes upon religion, so many reasoners upon government, so many refiners in politics, so many curious inquisitives, so many pretenders to business and state employments, greater porers upon books, nor plodders after wealth; and yet nowhere more abandoned libertines, more refined luxurists, extravagant debauchees, conceited gallants, more dabblers in poetry, as well as politics, in philosophy, and in chemistry. I have had several servants far gone in divinity, others in poetry; and have known in the families of some friends a keeper deep in the Rosicrucian principles, and a laundress firm in those of Epicurus.

Sir W. Temple.

ENMITY—to God.

It profite thus nothing to be peaceful towards all men, if we be at war with God; it is no good to us if all men approve, and the Lord be offended; neither is there any danger, though all shun and hate us, if with God we find acceptance and love.

St. Chrysostom.

ENJOYMENTS—Temporal.

Every comfortable enjoyment, whether it be in relations, estate, health, or friends, is a candle lighted by Providence for our comfort in this world: and they are but candles which will not always last: and those that last longest will at length be consumed and wasted: but oftentimes it falls out with them as with candles—they are blown out before they are half consumed. *Flavel.*

ENJOYMENT—True.

The sentiment that we should make the most of life, that as we go along, we should enjoy every gift of God as ardently and as copiously as we can, consistently with sobriety and order, is a perfectly right and proper one; —it is true, it is one of our first and highest duties.

To sell one's self to sensuality is one thing; thankfully to accept, and temperately to enjoy the honest pleasures of the senses, is quite a different matter. Sight and hearing, taste and touch, were bestowed for no other end than to be exercised on things congenial to them. The true way to enjoy most of heaven is previously to strive how much we can enjoy of earth; not, however, by striving to enjoy it exclusively as an earthly thing, still less as a sensuous one, to the neglect of the moral and intellectual; neither, again, by laying ourselves out for pleasure, purely *as such*, but by taking as our ruling motive in our search for enjoyment the higher development of our humanity. The golden rule of all is to connect, as often and as closely as we can, the terrestrial with the heavenly. The highest delight of which human intelligence is susceptible, is that which comes of the habit of translating the ordinary circumstances of daily life into ideas that lead ultimately to God—there are no truly beautiful and nourishing ideas but such as are felt to gravitate imperceptibly towards Him, while none are so practical and efficacious, as ingredients of happiness, as those that are sucked, honey-like, from the merest trifles of existence. So in regard to the *time* for enjoyment. Though we may rely upon the recurrence of some few sources of pleasure, the greater part are so fitful, the total of the circumstances is so unlikely ever to be the same again, and our own changes of emotional state are so frequent and extreme—what enraptures to-day often becoming distasteful and even bitter on the morrow—that if we would realise life in its fulness, we must let no chance, not the slightest, escape, though at the moment it may seem utterly insignificant. Life is made up of minutes, and its happiness of corresponding little pleasures: the wise man secures the atoms as they flit past him, and thus becomes owner of the aggregate. Making every circumstance of life—sensuous, moral, and intellectual—and every day and hour, contribute a little something, he finds that though a brilliant and memorable pleasure may come but twice or thrice, the secret of a happy life is nevertheless his own. That fine secret is not so much to lay plans for acquiring happy days, as to pluck our enjoyment on the spot; in other words, to spend that time in *being* happy, which so many lose in deliberating and scheming how to *become* so.

"I'll live to-morrow, 'tis not wise to say;
'Twill be too late to-morrow,—live *to-day*."

To accomplish this we have only, as said before, to make the most of each little incident and opportunity, contemning and repudiating nothing; always remembering, however, that the way to make such incidents and opportunities most prolific of enjoyment, is so to humanize them that they shall flower into thoughts of heaven. *Grindon.*

ENNUI—Its Utter Folly.

Now am I idle; I would have been a scholar, that I might have studied now! The punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do. I must take some of the common courses of our nobility, which is thus:—If I can find no company that likes me, pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets till I be discovered; then "There goes Count Such-a-one," says one; "There goes Count Such-a-one," says another; "Look how fast he goes," says a third; "There's some great matters in hand questionless," says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so. This hath been used. Or, if I can find any company, I'll after dinner to the stage to see a play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house; every one that does not know, cries, "What nobleman is that?" all the gallants on the stage rise, vail to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places; then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him: the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced; thinks all the auditors esteem him one of my bosom friends, and in right special regard with me.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

ENTHUSIASM—is Thought Enkindled.

What is enthusiasm? What can it be
But thought enkindled to a high degree;
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,
Right or not right, with equal ardour burn?
That which concerns us, therefore, is to see
What species of enthusiasts we be;
On what materials the fiery source
Of thinking life shall execute its force;
Whether a man shall stir up love or hate,
From the mixed medium of this present state;
Shall choose with upright heart and mind to rise,
And reconnoitre heaven's primeval skies;
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,
Brute for a time and demon at its end.
When true religion kindles up the fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous desire
That burns to reach the end for which 'twas given,
To shine and sparkle in its native heaven?

Byrom.

ENTHUSIAST—The.

There was a youngster boy of golden mind,
Not many years agone, who with his mother
In humble house did sweet seclusion find;
No other relative he had—no brother
To link him with mankind—no friend to smother
Fantasies wild and dim; no sister young
To woo and win, far surer than another;
His nature from its dreams, and with sweet tongue
To scatter silver sounds his listening thoughts among.

His mother was a gentle woman, one
That could not thwart him—she did love him so;
Her hopes did grow like ivy round her son,
And yet his dreaming mind did work her woe;
She deem'd he would be happier would he know
Less of the essences of things,—and less
Of solitary mysteries that throw
The mind upon itself. And he would press
Her hand, and say he would forsake all loneliness.

But, like the certain backward flow of rivers,
His thoughts would course again to their romance;
And as the light upon the waters quivers,
So would his mind upon his wonders dance;
And he would sit for hours listening the prance
Of barbed steed,—watching the steeled knights,
That went in olden days with targe and lance
To succour ladies fair: such dazzling sights
Were unto him enchantment—magic to his nights.

Oh, sunn'd romance! Spirit of Spenser's song!
Spirit of moonlight worlds—of ladies eyes—
Spirit of high ethereal hearts that long
To beat for ever!—Spirit of golden skies—
And winter cloud, that like a giant lies
Slumbering in heavy gloom the livelong day:—
Spirit of love! Sole light from Paradise
Brought by the wandering two;—ah, who shall say
Our dreaming boy was wrong, who loved thy proud array?

Some say that from the cradle he was prone
To strange delights, unlike his simple kind;
That he did love to lie and be alone,
To creep from out his bed, when night was blind,
And listen at the window to the wind,
Singing in lofty elms; to feed his eyes,
Which then were dark, and deep, and full of mind,
With sight of the wan moon in desert skies,
Till tears to those two orbs, like night-stars, would arise.

Reynolds.

ENVY.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them. Through envy proceeded the fall of the world and death of Christ.

Quarles.

ENVY.

Thy danger lies in acting well,
No crime so great as daring to excel.
Churchill.

ENVY—Description of.

Envy will Merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, prove the substance true.
Pope.

ENVY—Diabolical.

Envy is a passion actually diabolical in its nature, for it makes war against God himself; and being incapable in its impotence of clouding His Sovereign Majesty, it attacks Him in the gifts His beneficence has bestowed on man. *Book of the Fathers.*

ENVY—a Lean-faced Monster.

There is in princes' courts a lean-faced monster,
Term'd Envy, reigning in unworthy breasts,
To fame's heroic sons. Such as know to cringe
With subtle motion to their prince's smiles,
Adore his footsteps and his awful nods,
And can, like asps, instil into his ears
A sweet yet killing venom; these thin souls,
When the blunt soldier has, on piles of wounds
Built up his country's peace, whisper,—Beware
In time, my lord, lest he do grow too great!
Glapthorne.

EPIGRAPH.

Self of myself, unto the future age
Pass, murmuring low whate'er thine own has taught,
"I think, and therefore am,"—exclaim'd the Sage,
As now the Man, so henceforth be the page;
A life, because a thought.

Through various seas, exploring shores unknown,
A soul went forth, and here bequeaths its chart,
Here Doubt retains the question, Grief the groan,
And hear may Faith still shine, as when she shone
And saved a sinking heart.

From the lost nectar-streams of golden youth,
From rivers loud with Babel's maddening throng,
From wells whence Lore invokes reluctant Truth,
And that blest pool the wings of angels smoothe,
Life fills mine urns of song.

Calmly to time I leave these images
Of things experienced, suffer'd, felt, and seen:
Fruits shed or tempest-torn from changeful trees,
Shells murmuring back the tides in distant seas,
Signs where a soul has been.

As for the form Thought takes—the rudest hill
Echoes, denied to gardens, back may give;
Life speaks in all the forms which Thought can fill;
If Thought once born can perish not—here still
I think, and therefore live!
E. B. Lytton.

EPITAPH—On an.

It may be written on the grave of every sinner, who lives and dies in that state,—"Here lies the man that never did God an hour's work in all his life." *Gurnall.*

EQUANIMITY.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
Pope.

ERROR—Causes of.

None sooner topple over into error than such who have not an honest heart to a nimble head. The richest soil, without culture, is most tainted with such weeds.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

ERROR—A Lethargic.

There is a laxy and lethargic error, that hath seized on many, who make Christ not only their Surety to work out a righteousness, but also a Servant to work out an obedience and holiness for them. What need they pray, or hear, or perform any other duty of religion or obedience; for Christ hath done all for them, and if they believe they are sure of being accepted and saved? and therefore they account it the sign of a legal spirit, to do any more than idly sit down, and believe; expecting to be carried to heaven in such a vain dream and contemplation.
Hopkins.

ERROR—Natural to us.

Man, whose grace (as well as nature) is (here) like himself in a state of mixture and imperfection, must shake hands with error and earth at once: after once he is gone beyond the land-marks of sense, his whole steerage of knowledge 'tis but that of discourse; and be the compass of Truth he looks at never so exact, yet the helm of the discourse he steers by cannot so regularly move to it, but there will be somewhat of variation and error. These variations or errors are of three sorts; some are against the foundation of saving truth, some about it, some beside it. The first sort *subvert*, the second *pervert*, the third *divert*. *Herle.*

ESTATE—A Competent.

Abundance is a trouble, want a misery, honour a burthen, baseness a scorn, advancments dangerous, disgrace odious. Only a competent estate yields the quiet of content. I will not climb, lest I fall, nor lie on the ground, lest I am trod on. I am safest while my legs bear me. A competent heat is most healthful for my body: I would desire neither to freeze nor to burn.

Warwick.

ESTRANGEMENT—of Friends.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart—
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together—
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

ESTRANGEMENT — of the Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom—thou more than a brother—
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces:

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Lamb.

ESTRANGEMENT—should not Continue.

Friends estranged, should rash words sever
Hearts once kindly beat as one!
Shall the tempest frown for ever
To eclipse the rising sun?
Pleasant once,—your every meeting;—
Now each meeting gives but pain:—
Make the next; the happier greeting
Shall give each a friend again.
Half a smile would wake another;
Half a nod all pride would bend;
Brother reconcile to brother,
And a calm the storm would end.
The sunshine of the heart would bless the scene,
And all again look lovely and serene.

Hind.

ETERNITY.

How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

Young.

ETERNITY.

Whence, my brethren, do you derive your confidence, that your dying day is so remote? From your youth? Yes, you reply; I am as yet only twenty—thirty years old. Ah! you completely deceive yourselves. No, it is not that you have advanced twenty or thirty years, but that death has gained twenty or thirty years upon you. God has given you thirty years of grace, by suffering you to live: you are His debtor for these years; and they have brought you so much the nearer to that term, when death awaits you. Take heed, then; eternity already marks upon your brow the fatal instant in which it will begin for you. ETERNITY! Ah! know you what it is? It is a time-piece, whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats two words only, in the silence of the tomb—ever, never—never, ever—and for ever.

During these fearful vibrations, a reprobate cries out, "What is the hour?" And the voice of a fellow-wretch replies—"ETERNITY!" *Bridaine.*

ETERNITY—of Joy or Woe.

He that will allow exquisite and endless happiness to be but the possible consequence of a good life here, and the contrary state the possible reward of a bad one, must own himself to judge very much amiss, if he does not conclude that a virtuous life, with the certain expectation of everlasting bliss which may come, is to be preferred to a vicious one, with the fear of that dreadful state of misery which it is very possible may overtake the guilty, or at best the terrible uncertain hope of annihilation. This is evidently so, though the virtuous life here had nothing but pain, and the vicious, continual pleasure; which yet is for the most part quite otherwise, and wicked men have not much the odds to brag of, even in their present possession: nay, all things rightly considered, have, I think, the worse part here. But when infinite happiness is put in one scale, against infinite misery in the other, if the worst that comes to the pious man, if he mistakes, be the best that the wicked attain to, if he be in the right, who can without madness run the venture? Who in his wits would choose to come within a possibility of infinite misery, which if he miss there is yet nothing to be got by that hazard? whereas, on the other side, the sober man ventures nothing against infinite happiness to be got, if his expectation comes to pass. If the good man be in the right, he is eternally happy; if he mistakes, he is not miserable, he feels nothing. On the other side, if the wicked be in the right, he is not happy; if he mistakes, he is infinitely miserable. Must it not be a most manifest wrong judgment that does not presently see to which side in this case the preference is to be given. *Locke.*

ETERNITY—No Æras in.

There are no æras in Eternity,
No ages. Time is as the body and
Eternity the spirit of existence. *Bailey.*

ETERNITY—and Time.

Eternity doth wear upon her face
The veil of Time. They only see the veil,
And thus they know not what they stand so
near! *Alexander Smith.*

ETERNITY—A Word of Immense Import.

"Ever," a little word, but of immense signification! a child may speak it; but neither man nor angel can understand it. Oh, who can take the dimensions of eternity? The whole space between the creation of the world, and the dissolution of it, would not make a day in eternity; yea, so many years as there be days in that space, would not fill up an hour in eternity. Eternity is one entire circle, beginning and ending in itself. This present world, which is measured out by such divisions and distinctions of time, is therefore mortal, and will have an end.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

If eternity did consist of finite times, though ever so large and vast, it would not be eternity, but a longer tract of time only; that which is made up of finite is finite. Eternity is but one immense, indivisible point, wherein there is neither first nor last, beginning nor ending, succession nor alteration, but is like God Himself, one and the same for ever. *Case.*

EUROPE—State of, in the Dark Ages.

In less than a century after the barbarous nations settled in their new conquests, almost all the effects of knowledge and civility, which the Romans had spread through Europe, disappeared. Not only the arts of elegance, which minister to luxury, and are supported by it, but many of the useful arts, without which life can scarcely be considered as comfortable, were neglected or lost. Literature, science, and taste, were words little in use during the ages which we are contemplating; or, if they occur at any time, eminence in them is ascribed to persons and productions so contemptible, that it appears their true import was little understood. Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; some of them could scarcely read it. The memory of past transactions was in a great degree lost, or preserved in annals filled with trifling events or legendary tales.

Dr. Robertson.

EVE—A Stilly.

Now eve crept silent on, and threw her
Dusky veil o'er nature's face. *Cumberland.*

EVANESCENCE.

'Tis peaceful night, the lonely moon
Looks on the waters clear;
The swan has floated to her nest,
And slumbering lie the deer.

The morn was full of joyousness,
Light flew the sunny hours,
Cheer'd on their way by sparkling mirth,
Her music and her flowers.

Those flowers now are drooping,
That music now is mute;
But the fragrance of the rose is left,
The echo of the lute.

Morn heard its gay, its joyful notes,
Eve caught its plaintive prayer;
But its softest, sweetest melody
Now floats upon the air.

Frazer's Magazine.

EVENING—Calm and Beautiful.

The sun
Behind the mountain summit slowly sank;
Crows came in clouds down from the moorlands dun,
And darken'd all the pine trees rank on rank;
The homeward milch-cows at the fountain drank;
Swains dropt the sickles, hinds unloose the car—
The twin-hares sporting on the clover bank,
And with the shepherd o'er the upland far,
Came out the cold pale moon, and star succeeding star.

Star follow'd star, though yet day's golden light
Upon the hills and headlands faintly stream'd;
To their own nest the twin-doves took their flight,
From crag and cliff the clamorous sea-mews scream'd;
Larks left the clouds; for fright the gray owl sat;
The founts and lakes up silver radiance stream'd;
Winging his twilight journey, humm'd the gnat,
The drowsy beetle droned, and skimm'd the wavering bat.

Nigh to the hill the sun's bright border came,
And pour'd its fire slant on the summit green,
Bathing the tree trunks in the purple flame;
On every field were busy labourers seen—
On every road was seen the tumbler car;
Whips smack'd, steeds snorted, fast the pitchfork sheen
Moved, and the corn-ricks 'neath the twilight star
Rose fast, and harvest home rung o'er the hills afar.

Sweet was the sound to those who toil since morn;
Maids hung their sickles in the standing stook,
And from their ringlets pull the bearded corn,
Or from their hands the stinging nettles took,
And laved their foreheads in the running brook,
And gave their hot necks to the dewy air;
The dewy air its glittering diamonds shook
Bright and profuse amid their snooded hair,
And cool'd the grass, and gemm'd white feet and ankles bare.

The horses, loosed from labour, gambol round,
Drink in the streams, or browse the waving grass;
Cows leave their pastures, o'er the moistening ground
Their udders drop white fragrance as they pass;
And every vale, and hill, and haugh pours home
Its people; nigh each farmer's door a mass
Of rustics stand; slow moving, others come,
Enjoying eve's sweet air by rivulet, bank, and holm.

This was the last night of the week, and joy
Was in the land, both man and beast were glad;
The air was balmy, from the heavens high
The clear moon chased off every vapour sad;

The groves with rooks as thick as leaves were clad,
The shepherd freed his right arm from his maud,
His plum-tree whistle dipt in odorous weet,
And from the green hill-side sent down his ditty sweet. *Allan Cunningham.*

EVENING—the Hall of Nature.

Sink, shining god—tired nature' halts; and parch'd
Earth needs the dews; adown the welkin arch'd
Falter thy languid steeds;—
Sink in thy ocean halls:
Who beckons from the crystal waves unto thee?
Knows not thy heart the smiles of love that woo thee?
Quicken the homeward steeds!
The silver Thetis calls! *Schiller.*

EVENING—the Hour of Peace.

When groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hushed, and cities sleep,—
Lord! is not this the hour of peace?

When infancy at evening tries
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And, gazing, meets their raptured eyes,—
Lord! is not this the hour of peace?

In golden pomp when autumn smiles,
And every vale its rich increase
In man's full barns exulting piles,—
Lord! is not this the hour of peace?

When Mercy points where Jesus bleeds,
And Faith beholds thine anger cease;
And Hope to black despair succeeds;—
This, Father! this alone is Peace!
Gisborne.

EVENING—Quietude of.

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return!
William Collins.

EVENING—Thoughts on.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky,
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come soften'd by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bow'd as if in prayer.

And in this hush'd and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook,—
All these their Maker own.
Thomas Miller.

EVENING—the Death-bed of Day.

The last high upward slant of sun on the trees.
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.
Oh! I could weep to see the day die thus:
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!
Linger, ye clouds, one moment longer there;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings!
Like pious prayers ye seem to soothe its end.
It will wake no more till the all-revealing day;
When, like a drop of water, greatened bright
Into a shadow, it shall show itself
With all its little tyrannous things and deeds,
Unhomed and clear. The day hath gone to God,—
Straight, like an infant's spirit, or a mocked
And mourning messenger of grace to man.
Bailey.

EVENTIDE.

There is an eventide in the day and hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearance of soberness and silence. It is an hour which in all ages the good have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendour of the day. Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. When all is silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness breathe upon our souls, and calm them from the agitations of society. In the day we live with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature. We see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted to still, but with a gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and to waken in our hearts those pure affections which the glare of day may have dissolved. While the shades of night darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these." *Alison.*

EVERMORE.

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it stream'd the radiance of a never-setting day;
While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way.
And the gates, for ever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore;
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word—Evermore!

And as I gazed and listen'd, came a slave all worn and weary,
His fettered links blood-crusted, his dark brow clammy, damp,
His sunken eyes gleam'd wildly, telling tales of horror dreary,
Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever swamp.
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking wretch and off his fetters tore;—
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Pass, brother, through our portal; thou'rt a freeman evermore!"

And as I gazed and listen'd, came a mother wildly weeping,—
"I have lost my hopes for ever—one by one they went away;
My children and their father the cold grave hath in its keeping,
Life is one long lamentation, I know nor night nor day!"
Then the angel, softly speaking,—"Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking,
Thou shalt find those thou art seeking beyond that golden door!"
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Thy children and their father shall be with thee evermore!"

And as I gazed and listen'd, came one whom desolation
Had driven like a helmless bark from infancy's bright land;
Who ne'er had met a kindly look—poor outcast of creation—
Who never heard a kindly word, nor grasp'd a kindly hand.
"Enter in, no longer fear thee: myriad friends are there to cheer thee—
Friends always to be near thee; there no sorrow sad and sore!"
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter, brother; thine are friendship, love, and gladness evermore!"

And as I gazed and listen'd, came a cold, blue-footed maiden
With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes fill'd with lurid light;
Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden;
Her home had been the roofless street, her day had been the night.
First wept the angel sadly, then smiled the angel gladly,
And caught the maiden madly rushing from the golden door;
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter, sister; thou art pure, and thou art sinless evermore!"

I saw the toiler enter to rest for aye from labour;
The weary-hearted exile there found his native land;
The beggar there could greet the king as an equal and a neighbour:
The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.
Edinburgh Guardian.

EVIL—Ministry of: Its Effects.

By ministry of evil good is clear,
And by temptation virtue: as of yore
Out of the grave rose God. Let this be deemed
Enough to justify the portion weighed
To the great spirit Evil, named herein.
If evil seem the most yet good most is:
As water may be deep and pure below,
Although the face be filmy for a time.
And if the spirit of evil seem more in
The work than God, it is but to work His will,
Who therefore is all that the other seems.
And evil is in almost every scene
Of life more or less forward. *Bailey.*

EVIL—only for a Time.

LUCIFER. Spirit serene! Hath evil no effect?
LUNIEL. Timeous it hath, being the shadow of good
Imperfect, creatural, which, changed in Christ,
For God's eternal virtue and divine,
Substance and shadow perish. Even thus
With man all good hath evil, but with God
Evil itself is good. *Bailey.*

EVIL—and Sin are Twins.

FESTUS. And sin and hell?
LUNIEL. Evil and sin are twin with Time and man.
Sin from a selfish sensual source proceeds,
Surceasing in an individual end;
Whereby we stand opposing Deity,
And the great commonwealth of worldly life;
Sin voluntary evil; evil is
Nature's involuntary sin 'gainst God,
Which from life issuing, sanctified by death,
The Deity unto Deity restores. *Bailey.*

EXAMPLES—to be well Chosen.

Be sure you set your pattern right. Take not the most noisy and airy Christians, who glory in talk and censures. Take not one who hath an affectation of being religious after a new mode and fashion. Take not one, who seeks to raise a fame for piety only, by decrying or condemning this or that form of profession; and who, if there were no differences among us, would lose very much of his reputation for sanctity: for these are only torrents, that run with a violent stream; but they are shallow, and we know not how soon they may grow dry. . . . But propound those to yourselves for examples, who are of fixed principles and sober practices; who are grave and solid, and, in all the duties that belong to a Christian conversation, labour to do them substantially rather than ostentatiously; that live within God and themselves; that have deep thoughts and solid expressions of them, and whose actions are suitable and correspondent to both. Such a one is the Christian indeed; and such, for some such there are, I recommend to you for your imitation. And yet there is no man that walks so uprightly, but that sometimes he steps awry. And therefore be not led by a blind and implicit adherence to them, but continually eye the rule; and whereinsoever they forsake that, be they Apostles, yea, or if it were possible, even angels themselves, therein forsake them. *Hopkins.*

EXAMPLE—Hand in Hand with Precept.

After all the good instruction that can be given, example must go hand in hand with precept.

If children receive solemn injunctions against a vice which they see their parents practise, or exhortation to the performance of a duty they see them neglect, the precept will be more likely to excite ridicule in the youthful mind than observance. *Mrs. King.*

EXCEL—

As the sun with beams most clear and bright excels the stars. *Lidgate.*

As Cynthia does the lesser stars, or Venus the sea-nymphs. *May.*

As much as diamond does glass.
"*Life and Death of Lord Cromwell.*"

As far as heaven's bright lamp doth a dull twinkling star. "*The Female Advocate.*"

As far as heaven's illustrious lamp, a little star. "*The Great Birth of Man.*"

Wisdom excelleth folly as far as light excelleth darkness. *Sacred Script.*

As far as doth the daughter of the day all other lesser lights in light excel. *Spenser.*

Its whiteness does as far excel the driven snow as the sun's bright rays a glittering star. *M. Coppinger.*

EXCELLENCE—Impossible in All Things.

It is no uncommon thing for some, who excel in one thing, to imagine they may excel in everything, and, not content with that share of merit which every one allows them, are still catching at that which doth not belong to them. Why should a good orator affect to be a poet? Why must a celebrated divine set up for a politician? or a statesman affect the philosopher? or a mechanic the scholar? or a wise man labour to be thought a wit? This is a weakness that flows from self-ignorance, and is incident to the greatest men. Nature seldom forms an universal genius, but deals out her favours in the present state with a parsimonious hand. Many a man, by this foible, hath weakened a well-established reputation. *Mason.*

EXCELSIOR.

Excelsior, starting from that sublime point of departure whereon the human soul was placed by the Almighty, *parlo mimis ab angelis*, the individual who wishes to improve himself never finds a halting-place on earth. His career is upward, in one sense, whatever it may appear to be. His very degradations are means of increased ennoblement, because of incessant compurgation and purity. And in *one* respect the human almost surpasses the angelic lot; because the one, being perfect in its kind, does not, *perhaps*, admit of progress, and the other does indefinitely. The yearning to fulfil this progressive lot engenders a noble discontent, and that discontent is expressed by the word *Excelsior*. Observe, it is not *Excelsius:* it is therefore entirely interior; whereas *Excelsius* would refer to the circumstances, rather than to him who was in them. *M. G. Keon.*

EXERCISE—Necessary for the Finer Organs.

As common labour, which is a mode of pain, is the exercise of the grosser, a mode of terror is the exercise of the finer parts of the system; and if a certain mode of pain be of such a nature as to act upon the eye or the ear, as they are the most delicate organs, the affection approaches more nearly to that which has a mental cause. In all these cases, if the pain and terror are so modified as not to be actually noxious; if the pain is not carried to violence, and the terror is not conversant about the present destruction of the person, as these emotions clear the parts, whether fine or gross, of a dangerous and troublesome incumbrance, they are capable of producing delight; not pleasure, but a sort of delightful horror, a sort of tranquillity tinged with terror; which, as it belongs to self-preservation, is one of the strongest of all the passions. Its object is the sublime. Its highest degree I call astonishment; the subordinate degrees are awe, reverence, and respect, which, by the very etymology of the words, show from what source they are derived, and how they stand distinguished from positive pleasure. *Burke.*

EXHORTATION—should be Gentle.

He that will take the bird, must not scare it. A froward, peevish messenger is no friend to him that sends him. Sinners are not pelted into Christ with stones of hard-knocking language, but wooed into Christ by heart-melting exhortations.

A Divine of the 17th Century.

EXPECTATION.

Expectation prepareth applause with the weak, and prejudice with the stronger judgment. The fashion of commending our friend's abilities before they come to trial, sometimes takes good effect with the common sort, who, building their belief on authority, strive to follow the conceit of their betters; but usually amongst men of independent judgments, this bespeaking of opinion breeds a purpose of stricter examination, and, if the report be answered, procures only a bare acknowledgment; whereas, if nothing be proclaimed or promised, they are perhaps content to signify their own skill in testifying another's desert. Otherwise, great wits, jealous of their credit, are ready to suppress worth in others, to the advancing of their own; or, if more ingenuous, to be no further just than to forbear detraction: at the best, rather disposed to give praise upon their own accord than to make payment upon demand or challenge. *Sir H. Wotton.*

EXPERIENCE—Elicits Truth.

Kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain,
And by success are tutored to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire;
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Young.

EYE—a Criterion of Attention.

The bland eye is the true test and sign of attention. Courtesy can control every other mark of roving thought, but no deception can be practised on the eye. If a man is not really attending, he cannot make his eye look as if it were. Either the iris is restless, or it is perceptible that its repose arises from thought turned inward; or, more hopeless still, the pupil is fixed in a determined unmeaning stare. In any case we have constantly to talk on. Things have to be said, and we must say them, and infuse into the so-called listener a general sense of our subject. But do not talk for the pleasure of talking—for the mere relief of unburdening the mind to the wandering, the rigid, or the introspective glance. The owner of those eyes is wondering when you will have done, or he is absolutely occupied with his own affairs.

Take the hint in good part, be as concise as you can, and relieve an unwilling, engaged attention. *Essays on Social Subjects.*

EYE—Wonderful Make of the.

The eye infinitely surpasses all the works of the industry of man. Its formation is the most astonishing thing the human understanding has been able to acquire a perfect knowledge of. The most skilful artist could imagine no machine of that kind which would not be much inferior to what we observe in the eye. Whatever sagacity or industry he might have, he could execute nothing which would not have the imperfections necessarily belonging to all the works of man. We cannot, it is true, perceive clearly the whole art of Divine Wisdom in the formation of this fine organ; but the little we do know is sufficient to convince us of the infinite knowledge, goodness, and power of our Creator. The most essential point is for us to make use of this knowledge, weak as it is, to magnify the name of the Most High.

In the first place, the disposition of the external parts of the eye is admirable. With what intrenchment, what defence, the Creator has provided our eyes! They are placed in the head at a certain depth, and surrounded with hard and solid bones, that they may not easily be hurt. The eye-brows contribute also very much to the safety and preservation of this organ. Those hairs which form an arch over the eyes prevent drops of sweat, dust, or such things, falling from the forehead into them. The eye-lids are another security; and also, by closing in our sleep, they prevent the light from disturbing our rest. The eye-lashes still add to the perfection of the eyes. They save us from a too strong light which might offend us; and they guard us from the smallest dust, which might otherwise hurt the sight. The internal make of the eye is still more admirable. The whole eye is composed of coats, of humours, of muscles and veins. The tunica, or exterior membrane, which is called cornea, is transparent, and so hard, that it can resist the roughest touch. Behind that there is another within which they call uvea, and which is circular and coloured. In the middle of it there is an opening, which is called the pupil, and which appears black. Behind this opening is the crystal, which is very perfectly transparent, of a lenticular figure, and composed of several little flakes very thin, and arranged one over another. Underneath the crystal there is a moist and transparent substance, which they call the glassy humour, because it resembles melted glass. The cavity, or the hinder chamber, between the cornea and crystal, contains a moist humour, and liquid as water, for that reason called the watery humour. It can recruit itself when it has run out from a wound of the cornea. Six muscles, admirably well placed, move the eye on all sides, raise it, lower it, turn it to the right or left, obliquely, or round about, as occasion requires. What is the most admirable is the retina, a membrane which lines the inside bottom of the eye. It is nothing but a web of little fibres extremely fine, fastened to a nerve or sinew, which comes from the brain, and is called the optic nerve. It is in the retina that the vision is formed, because the objects paint themselves at the bottom of the eye on that tunica. And, though the images of exterior objects are painted upside down on the retina, they are still seen in their true position. Now, in order to form an idea of the extreme minuteness of this picture, we need only consider, that the space of half a mile—that is to say, of more than eleven hundred yards, when it is represented in the bottom of the eye—makes but the tenth part of an inch.

I return Thee thanks, O Lord God, for having formed my eye in so wonderful a manner! My soul acknowledges Thy infinite power, goodness, and wisdom. Hitherto I had not considered my eyes as I should have done—that is, as a masterpiece of Thy hands, and as a demonstrative proof, that even the most minute parts of my body are not the works of chance, and that Thou hast formed them for most useful purposes. O wise and mighty Creator! pardon me, if hitherto, in making use of my eyes, I have not thought of Thee with the highest gratitude. Dispose me to remember Thy blessings with more gratitude. Teach me to use them only for the purposes Thou designest them; and never to profane or dishonour these fine organs. Grant that hereafter I may employ them in examining Thy works; and that every time I contemplate either the heavens or the earth, or myself, I may be induced to praise and bless Thy wonderful goodness. *Sturm.*

EYE—of the World.

To the natural eye this world is opaque, and shows only its surface; to the eye of faith, it is transparent, and may be seen through, so as to afford a view of somewhat beyond it. *Skelton.*

EYE—Its Beauties.

The beauty of the eye consists, first, in its clearness. What coloured eye shall please most, depends a good deal on particular fancies; but none are pleased with an eye whose water (to use that term) is dull and muddy. We are pleased with the eye in this view, on the principle upon which we like diamonds, clear water, glass, and such like transparent substances. Secondly, The motion of the eye contributes to its beauty, by continually shifting its direction; but a slow and languid motion is more beautiful than a brisk one; the latter is enlivening; the former lovely. Thirdly, With regard to the union of the eye with the neighbouring parts, it is to hold the same rule that is given of other beautiful ones: it is not to make a strong deviation from the line of the neighbouring parts, nor to verge into any exact geometrical figure. Besides all this, the eye affects, as it is expressive of some qualities of the mind, and its principal power generally arises from this. *Burke.*

EYE—Its Eloquence.

Your eye discourses with more rhetoric than all the gilded tongues of orators. *Marmion.*

What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning oratory.
Old Play, "*Edward the Third.*"

EYE—Star-like.

Her sparkling eye is like the morning star.
Sylvester.

EYE—A Woman's.

Beauty gilds the blushing morn,
Hangs the dew-drop on the thorn,
Paints the rose in richest bloom,
Fills the air with sweet perfume.
But sweet perfume,
Nor rose in bloom,
Nor dew-drop bright,
Nor morning light,
In charms can vie
With woman's eye.
In woman's eye we raptur'd view
Beauty at once, and pleasure too. *Kelly.*

EYE—Religious.

He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity. *Young.*

EYES—Watchfulness over.

Our eyes, when gazing on sinful objects, are out of their calling and God's keeping. *Fuller.*

EYES—Their Beauty.

Those eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are!
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy:
Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?
Tell me, beloved eyes. *Bulwer.*

EYES—Bland, Invite Confidence in Conversation.

There are eyes that invite confidence—bland, serene, clear-shining, out-looking eyes, at once patient and intelligent. This is the eye of the good listener. He keeps your pace; he goes with the fluctuations of thought, fact, or feeling, or argument, without effort. You may know you are not wearying him. Not that we would impose either upon a congenial glance or easy repose of attitude any unreasonable burden; but such people are not so common but that we should recognize them and value them when we see them. As it is, men constantly think they like and prize people for their talking, when it is, in fact, for their listening; and every kindly intelligent man who possesses this accomplishment, is certain to win himself a great social reputation, and to be a pillar of any cause he takes up. *Contributor to Saturday Review.*

EYES—Radiant.

Had ever eyes such radiance! how meek-orb'd
They melt beneath the pearl-distilling lids,
Whose shady lashes half impede their beams,
And seem departing suns 'twixt dripping boughs. *Bertie Greatheed.*

EYES—Rivals of the Morn.

Canst thou with ease resign that heaven of beauty,
And give those eyes—bright rivals of the morn—
Those brilliant orbs that beam a fairer day,
To light a rival to the shrine of love?
Hart.

EYES—Their Lustre.

Her eyes steal their quick lustre from the morning's beams. *Lovibond.*

EYES—Reproachful.

I dare not look upon her eyes, where wronged love sits like the basilisk.

Nathaniel Field.

EYES—Angry.

Her eyes, sparkling with great ire, resembled properly two stars of the night, that shoot forth their brightness upon the earth when all things be in silence.

William Painter.

EYES—Dignity in.

The bird of night can sooner bear the sun,
Than thou the influence of her eyes,—
But with a guilty and a downcast look,
Thou art compell'd to own that thou art
By a superior and diviner being aw'd.

John Dennis.

* * *

F.

FACE—Fresh and Lovely.

In the midst of the grand exotics
That blossom the season through,
It is there a rose of the garden,
Fresh from the wind and the dew;—
Fresh as a face that follows
The hounds up a rising hill,
With hair blown back by the breezes
That seem to live in it still.

So fresh, and rosy, and dimpled,
But oh, what a soul there lies,
Melting to liquid agate
Those womanly tender eyes!
How it quickens under the music
As if at a breath divine,
And the ripening lips disparted
Drink in the sound like wine.

* * * * * *

And she in her virginal beauty,
As pure as a pictured saint,
How should this sinning and sorrow
Have for her danger or taint?
What guesses the rosebud, glowing
In light, and odour, and dew,
Of the rose of the wind's despoiling,
Lamenting the summer through?

* * * * * *

Till the music surges and ceases
As the sea when the wind is spent,
And the blue of heaven brightens
Through cloudy fissure and rent.
It ceases, and all is over,
The box is empty and cold,
And the amber drapery deadens
To satin that has been gold. *W. Sawyer.*

FACE—a True Index.

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are. *Shakespeare.*

FACE—Workings of.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within, within — 'twas there the spirit wrought!
Love shows all changes,—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the governed aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.

Lord Byron.

FACT—a Sublime Thing.

Goodman Fact is allowed by everybody to be a plain-spoken person, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his aversion. He affirms everything roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaisance. He flatters nobody. Yet so great is his natural eloquence that he cuts down the finest orator, and destroys the best-contrived argument, as soon as ever he gets himself to be heard. *Addison.*

FACULTIES—must be Exercised.

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything,—such at least as would carry us further than can easily be imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

Locke.

FADE—

Like the stars, when morn is in the skies.

Moore.

Like the soft and summer light,
That mingles gently with the darkness.

Cornwall.

Like the prospects of a summer's day,
Which meet the night, and in its shades decay.

Universal Magazine.

Like the dim day melting into night.
J. Wilson.
Like the morning dew. *Campbell.*
Away like the pearled dew of May.
W. Balmford.
Like a flower. *Gay.*
Like a spring flower. *Sturm.*
Like a summer flower. *Ibid.*
From thee as flower in May. *T. Cibber.*
Quick as the flower, or vernal blade.
Merrick.
Like summer's grass.
Old Poem, "*Thameseidos.*"
As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades. *Watts.*
As a rose. *Lidgate.*
As doth the lily fresh, before the sunny ray.
Spenser.
Like the fair flower, dishevelled in the wind.
Cowper.
Like a flower that feels no heat of sun.
Spenser.
Like a withered autumn. *Powell.*
Like colours in the sun. *C. Bullock.*
On memory like a dream of night,
Whose fleeting shadows vanish from the dawn.
C. A. Elton.
Like the meteor. *John Lake.*
As the morning flower. *Poetical Calendar.*
Like a dream. *G. Keate.*
Love, like the gay colours of the rainbow, is apt to fade away all of a sudden.
Farce, "*She is not Him,*" *&c.*

FAINT—

As evening shadows. *Watts.*
As a glimmering taper's wasted light.
Jones.
And shy, as bashful maiden's half-formed sigh. *Scott.*

FAINTING—a Seeming Death.

I look on life as keeping me from God,
Stars, Heaven, and angels' bosoms. I lay ill;
And the dark, hot blood throbbing through and through me.
They bled me, and I swooned; and as I died,
Or seemed to die, a soft, sweet sadness fell,
With a voluptuous weakness, on my soul,
That made me feel all happy. But my heart
Would live, and rose, and wrestled with the soul,
Which stretched its wings and strained its strength in vain,
Twining around it as a snake an eagle.
Mine eyes unclosed again, and I looked up,
And saw the sweet blue twilight, and one star—
One only star in Heaven; and then I wished
That I had died and gone to it; and straight
Was glad I lived to love life once again.
And so our souls turn round upon themselves,
Like orbs upon their axles: what was night
Is day; what day, night. God will guide us on,
Body and soul, through life and death, to judgment. *Bailey.*

FAITH—Precedes Adoration.

Faith in the object of adoration must precede the act of adoration. It is as the root supporting the whole tree; or as the reasoning soul informing and dignifying the whole body. *Bishop Sumner.*

FAITH—Active.

Faith finds all the graces with work. As the rich tradesman gives out his wool, some to this man and some to that, who all spin and work off the stock he gives them out, so that when he ceaseth to trade, they must also, because they have no stock but what he affords them; thus faith gives out to every grace what they act upon. If faith trades not, neither can they.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

FAITH—Attention to God's Will.

Attend God's will as Himself openeth it, and give unto faith that which unto faith belongeth; for more worthy it is to believe than to think or know, considering that in knowledge, as we now are capable of it, the mind suffereth from inferior natures; but in all belief it suffereth from a spirit which it holdeth superior, and more authorized than itself. *Bacon.*

FAITH—Differs from Assurance.

Faith is not assurance. If it were, John might have spared his pains, who wrote to them "that believed on the name of the Son of God, that they might know that they had eternal life" (1 John v. 13). They might then have said, "We do this already; what else is our faith, but a believing that we are such as through Christ are pardoned, and shall through Him be saved." But this cannot be so: if faith were assurance, then a man's sin would be pardoned before he believes; for he must necessarily be pardoned before he can know he is pardoned. The candle must be lighted before I can see it is lighted. The child must be born before I can be assured it is born. The object must be before the act. *Gems of Thought.*

FAITH—is Calm and Peaceful.

Faith may live in a storm, but it will not suffer a storm to live in it. As faith rises, so the blustering wind of discontented troublesome thoughts go down. In the same proportion that there is faith in the heart, there is peace also: they are joined together. "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."
A Divine of the 17th Century.

FAITH—Divine: Its Chemistry.

It is the chemistry of faith (let me use that word) to turn all things into good and precious ore. It is Abraham's country, in a strange land: Jacob's wages, when Laban defrauded him: Moses' honour, when he refused to be the son-in-law of Pharaoh's daughter: Rahab's security, when all Jericho besides did perish: David's rescue, when there was but a step between him and death: the power of the apostles, to be able to cast out devils: Mary Magdalene's sweet ointment, to take away the ill savour of her sins. Plead, therefore, with the oratory of faith, and say, "Lord, I have no life but in Thee, I have no joy but in Thee, no salvation but in Thee: but I have all these in Thee; and how can my soul refuse to be comforted?"
Bishop Hacket.

To know Jesus Christ is to love Him as the Saviour ought to be loved by the sinner whom He visits; to love Him as the shepherd is loved by the sheep, whom he preserves, guides, collects, and feeds; to love Him as the friend ought to be loved, who has laid down His life for us. *Archdeacon Raikes.*

FAITH—to be Cherished.

Seeing faith is such a choice grace, be stirred up to a more than ordinary care to preserve faith. Keep that, and it will keep thee, and all thy other graces. Thou standest by faith; if that falls, thou fallest; where shall we find thee then but under the enemy's feet? *A Divine of the 17th Century.*

FAITH—in Christ.

What need he fear who is sure his short conflict will end in victory? Do but love, and that will banish all fear and all impatience; do but believe, and that will ensure a triumph; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Faith gives us arms and conquest too; love inspires with courage, and bestows the crown.
Wogan.

Faith in Christ can be no hindrance to critical and philosophical inquiries; otherwise he would himself impede the progress of truth. The best token that rejuvenescence of the soul is going on in us is, that the Word of God becomes daily a richer mine to our intelligence. *Vater.*

FAITH—an Operative Principle.

Without obedience our knowledge is but ignorance, our wisdom folly, and our belief no better, nay, it is worse, than infidelity. The more we know of our Maker's will, if we do it not, we shall be beaten with the more stripes. Orthodox opinions, unaccompanied with a good life, like blossoms without fruit, by promising fairly, but aggravate the disappointment. A Christian stands not on the same level with other men: his advantages are more eminent; what he does amiss is more criminal. God has provided for him the highest mansions in the kingdom of glory, and is desirous to place him nearest to Himself in heaven; but if he resist the means of grace, and reject the offers of salvation, his punishment will be as dreadful as his hopes are glorious. All the doctrines of our most holy faith are according to godliness—all the capital articles of it enforcing most strongly a virtuous and a holy life. We, who profess to be Christians, who call ourselves after the blessed name of our adorable Redeemer, have all the great reasons to walk holily which are common to others, and we have unspeakably more, and unspeakably greater. Oh, let us not suffer them to be lost upon us; let them not witness against us at the great day of account! Let our lives be answerable to those vast and accumulated obligations! And if our own solemn promises—if the precepts, or the doctrines, or the love of our Redeemer—if the example of His life, the propitiation of His death, the sanctification of His Spirit—if His promise of rewards which are unspeakable, and His threatenings of unutterable punishments, will not move us to repentance and amendment of life, His justice will triumph over us, who might have been monuments of His mercy! *Ogden.*

FAITH—True.

True faith all known transcends,
And whoso lives not as the Master lived,
The great Initiate here of life Divine,
In the dry wilderness of self-denial:
Beset by passions, wild, and brute-like sins;
Tempted by dæmons in the form of fame,
Power, beauty, wealth, may be, inordinate;

Aught that would turn aside the truth-fraught soul
From its serene procession towards God's throne,
To selfish objects; and, resisting these,
Been ministered unto by angel hopes,
Winged with the spirit of comfort from high Heaven,
Filling the craving mind with food celestial,
Greater or less than saint and spirit elect,
Hath most or nought of perfect manhood, tried
In God's all-cleansing fires. *Bailey.*

FAITH—Its Final Form.

The final form which perfect faith shall wear,
Is worship of, and in, the Holy Spirit,
The Everlasting Wisdom throned with God;
With whom is all Salvation of all kinds,
Sinner and saint, one world-completing plan.
Bailey.

FAITH—Comfort for Weak.

Let this thought, that God cannot lie, keep in conscious safety the heart of every one who looketh to Jesus. They who look shall be saved. The sun in the firmament is often faintly seen through a cloud; but the spectator may be no less looking at him than when he is seen in full and undiminished effulgence. It is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks to Christ. A bright view may minister comfort; but it is the looking which ministers safety. *Chalmers.*

FAITH—Want of: Its Evil Consequence.

It is certain that all the evils in society arise from want of faith in God and of obedience to His laws; and it is no less certain that, by the prevalence of a lively and efficient belief, they would all be cured. If Christians in any country—yea, if any collected body of them—were what they might, and ought, and are commanded to be, the universal reception of the Gospel would follow as a natural and a promised result. And in a world of Christians, the extinction of physical evil might be looked for, if moral evil—that is, in Christian language, sin—were removed. *Southey.*

FAITH—the Image of Eternity.

Faith is a certain image of eternity; all things are present to it; things past and things to come are all so before the eyes of faith, that he in whose eye that candle is enkindled beholds heaven as present, and sees how pleasant a thing it is to die in God's favour, and to be chained to our grave with the music of a good conscience. Faith converses with the angels, and antedates the hymns of glory: every man that hath this grace is as certain that there are glories for him, if he perseveres in duty, as if he had heard and sung the thanksgiving-song for the blessed sentence of doomsday. And therefore it is no matter, if these things are separate and distant objects: none but children and fools are taken with the present trifle, and neglect a distant blessing, of which they have credible and believed notices. Did the merchant see the pearls and the wealth he designed to get in the trade of twenty years? And is it possible that a child should, when he learns the first rudiments of grammar, know what excellent things there are in learning, whither he designs his labour and his hopes? We labour for that which is uncertain, and distant, and believed, and hoped for with many allays, and seen with diminution and a troubled ray; and what excuse can there be that we do not all labour for that which is told us by God, and preached by His only Son, and confirmed by miracles, and which Christ Himself died to purchase, and millions of martyrs died to witness, and which we see good men and wise believe with an assent stronger than their evidence, and which they do believe because they do love, and love because they do believe? There is nothing to be said, but that faith which did enlighten the blind, and cleanse the lepers, and washed the soul of the Ethiopian; that faith that cures the sick, and strengthens the paralytic, and baptizes the catechumens, and justifies the faithful, and repairs the penitent, and confirms the just, and crowns the martyrs; that faith, if it be true and proper, Christian and alive, active and effective in us, is sufficient to appease the storm of our passions, and to instruct all our ignorances, and to make us wise unto salvation; it will, if we let it do its first intention, chastise our errors, and discover our follies; it will make us ashamed of trifling interests and violent prosecutions, of false principles and the evil disguises of the world; and then our nature will return to the innocence and excellency in which God first estated it; that is, our flesh will be a servant of the soul, and the soul a servant of the spirit; and then, because faith makes heaven to be the end of our desires, and God the object of our love and worshippings, and the Scripture the rule of our actions, and Christ our Lord and Master, and the Holy Spirit our mighty assistant and our counsellor, all the little uglinesses of the world, and the follies of the flesh, will be uneasy and unsavoury, unreasonable, and a load; and then that grace, the grace of faith, that lays hold upon the Holy Trinity, although it cannot understand it, and beholds heaven before it can possess it, shall also correct our weaknesses, and master all our adversations: and though we cannot in this world be perfect masters, and triumphant persons, yet we be conquerors and more; that is, conquerors of the direct hostility, and sure of a crown to be revealed in its due time. *Taylor.*

FAITH—the Evidence of Things not Seen.

As faith is the evidence of things not seen, so things that are seen are the perfecting of faith. I believe a tree will be green when I see it leafless in winter: I know it is green when I see it flourishing in summer. It was a fault in Thomas not to believe till he did see; it were a madness in him not to believe when he did see. Belief may sometimes exceed reason, not oppose it; and faith be often above sense, not against it. Thus, while faith doth assure me that I eat Christ effectually, sense must assure me that I taste bread really. For though I oftentimes see not those things that I believe, yet I must still believe those things that I see.
Warwick.

FAITH—Amongst the Faithless.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he:
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. *Milton.*

FAITH—Accompanied by Forgiveness.

Wherever the sacred principle "of a true lively and Christian faith" is found, it is accompanied by the forgiveness of sins. By faith we are justified; the guilt of our past transgressions is taken away; and we are accounted righteous in the sight of God only by faith, and not for our own works or deservings. Thus we are admitted into a new state and a new relation to the Father of mercies. By believing in the Lord Jesus Christ "with the heart unto righteousness," we, who were in a state of alienation from God, are reconciled to Him, through the merits of our Redeemer, and become members of His spiritual household. *Horne.*

FAITH—the only Solid Foundation.

There is no fighting on a quagmire. Faith furnishes the only solid, the only safe ground on which we can contend. Faith clothes us with the whole armour of God. Faith connects us with the Captain of our Salvation, without whom we can do nothing, but through whose strengthening us we can do all things. *Jay.*

FAITH—in God.

God, my brothers, will not leave us,
Still His heaven is o'er us bent,
His commandments are not grievous;
Do His will and be content.
Only Truth and Love shall flourish,
In the end, beloved mates;
Only Charity can nourish
Those whom Charity creates.
Believe in God.

You have wrongs by forge and furnace,
You have darkness, you have dread,
But you work in radiant harness,
And your God is overhead.
Does not night bring forth the morning?
Does not darkness father light?
Even now we have forewarning,
Brothers, of the close of night.
Believe in God.

Many, many are the shadows
That the dawn of truth reveals:
Beautiful on life's broad meadows
Is the light the Christian feels.
Evil shall give place to goodness,
Wrong be dispossess'd by right;
Out of old chaotic rudeness
God evokes a world of light.
Believe in God.

Do ye toil? Oh, freer, firmer,
Ye shall grow beneath your toil;
Only craven spirits murmur
Lightly rooted in the soil.
Through the gloom and through the darkness,
Through the danger and the dole,
Through the mist and through the murkness
Travels the great human soul.
Believe in God.

Ye have often read the story
Of the Hero of our race,
How the gloom outran the glory
And the wrath outran the grace;

How He trod the earth in sorrow,
  Yet left bliss where'er He trod,
How He died, yet on the morrow
  Sprang from death to light and God.
          Believe in God.

In His love and His endurance,
  In His manliness sublime,
Labour shone with bright assurance
  Of a holier, happier time.
Then, my brothers, love and labour,
  As the Hero-God before;
Learn to bless a needy neighbour,
  Even from a scanty store.
          Believe in God.

Fades the prophet's lovely vision,
  While ye talk of force for force,
Golden hopes and dreams Elysian
  Fly from death on his white horse.
Trust me, there is strength in weakness,
  There 's a greatness lies in love,
The persistency of meekness
  Makes you like the Christ above.
          Believe in God.

Have you never felt the pleasure
  Of forgiving fraud and wrong,
Rippling through your soul like measure
  Sweet of sweetest poet's song?
Have you never felt that beauty
  Lies in pain for others borne?
That the sacredness of duty
  Bids you offer love for scorn?
          Believe in God.

But you tell me that I mock you
  With a measured mincing verse,—
O, my brothers! I could lock you
  To my heart while I rehearse.
But you tell me that your anguish
  And your death-toil drive you mad;
That you see your children languish,
  Your beloved ones spirit-sad.
          Believe in God.

And you say, "In homestead quiet,
  Where the roses climb and creep,
Where the vine is running riot,
  And the bees sing you to sleep,
You can give us counsel gravest,
  You can fancy and refine:
And you think your heart the bravest,
  And you call your creed divine.
          Believe in God.

"But if you had borne the burden
  And the heat of England's day,
Then your heart like ours would harden—
  You would not believe and pray;
If your soul like ours was hoary
  With the grief of many years,
You would never look for glory,
  Hope for life beyond the spheres,
          Nor trust in God."

I, too, have been hunger bitten;
  Much of sorrow and of sin,
More than ever could be written,
  Dwells this failing heart within.
Broken health, and pain, and trial,
  Loss of worldly gear are mine,
Yet, on God's eternal dial
  God's eternal sunbeams shine.
          Believe in God.

I through doubt and darkness travel,
  Through the agony and gloom,
Hoping that I shall unravel
  This strange web beyond the tomb.
O, my brothers! men heroic!
  Workers both with hand and brain!
'Tis the Christian, not the stoic,
  That best triumphs over pain.
          Believe in God.

O, my brothers! love and labour,
  Conquer wrong by doing right;
Truth alone must be your sabre,
  Love alone your shield in fight.
Virtues yet shall cancel vices;
  Love alone, beloved mates!
Only God Himself suffices
  Those whom God alone creates.
          Believe in God.

Thomas Cooper.

FAITH—hath Two Hands.

Faith hath two hands; with one it pulls off its own righteousness and throws it away, as David did Saul's armour; with the other it puts on Christ's righteousness over the soul's shame, as that in which alone dares see God, or be seen of Him.

A Divine of the 17th Century.

FAITH—Happiness of.

          The pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith,
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea that hides
The earth's fair breast, the sea, whose nether face,
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;

But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeam plays. *White.*

FAITH—Implicit.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight. *Keble.*

FAITH—Its Humility.

Faith is an humble, self-denying grace; it makes the Christian nothing in himself, and all in God. *Leighton.*

FAITH—by Inspiration.

There are three means of believing; by inspiration, by reason, and by habit. Christianity, which is the only rational religion, acknowledges none for its true sons but those who believe by inspiration. Not that she excludes reason or habit; on the contrary, she would open our mind to the proofs of the former, and confirm ourselves by the latter. But then, she chiefly engages us to offer ourselves, with all humility, to the succours of inspired grace, which alone can produce the true and salutary effect, "Lest the cross of Christ be made of none effect." *Pascal.*

FAITH—The Just Live by.

It is written, that "the just liveth by faith." If thou art just thou also livest by faith; if thou truly believest on God, why dost not thou, about to be with Christ, and sure of the Lord's promise, embrace thy calling to Christ, and rejoice that thou art free from Satan? . . . Whoever believeth God in Christ, and liveth by faith is found just. *Cyprian.*

FAITH—Its Justification.

Faith doth justify: justification washeth away sin: sin removed, we are clothed with the righteousness which is of God; the righteousness of God maketh us most holy. . . . To make a wicked and a sinful man most holy, through his believing, is more than to create a world out of nothing.

The God of pity give you all strength and courage, every day, and every hour, and every moment, to build and edify yourselves in this most pure and holy faith. *Hooker.*

FAITH—Begets Love.

Faith begets superlative love to Christ. And Christ, as considered in the glory and comeliness of His person, the graces and perfections of His nature, and the great offices to which He was anointed, namely, of a King, above all kings, in order, power, and authority—of a Priest, above all priests, in nature, compassion, sacrifice, and merit—of a Prophet, above all prophets, in primacy, infallibility, and efficacy, is beyond compare. There is nothing in Him but what is lovely; nor anything lovely, but what is eminently in Him. They see not only a need of Him, but an excellency in Him—excellency, and nothing but excellency—a superlative excellency, eclipsing the glory of all created excellency, more than the sun does the light of the stars—enough to beget wonder and astonishment, as one that is as far above their praise as He is of their love. From this apprehension of His glory and dignity arises their sincere obedience to Him, the effect of a constraining Divine power; and their incessant desires after Him, the sparks of that holy flame which are ever ascending to Him. Knowledge precedes faith—faith produces love—love evidences faith: it shows it to be true—it is not the cause of faith, but the sign of it, as breath is of life, and a full tide of a full moon. *Fuller.*

FAITH—as Effected by Human Means.

There is what is called faith, and yet no work of the Spirit in our hearts, but entirely an effect of human means,—our natural faculties assisted by the bare letter of the revelation; and as this faith may rise out of human abilities, so may it be attended with pride in our supposed accomplishments, envy of others' superior skill, and bitter strife against those who mistake or oppose such truths; and is therefore no manifestation of that Spirit which "resisteth the proud," and dispenses its "graces" only "to the humble." But the true saving faith, at the same time that it informs the understanding, also influences the will and affections. It is in the heart that the Christian man believeth; and "if thou shalt believe with thine heart, thou shalt be saved;" while infidelity proceeds from an averseness of our affections, from an evil heart of unbelief. We must not only assent to, but be sensible of the corruption of human nature; not only believe but dread the punishment of sin; not only acknowledge that the merits of Christ can save us, but ardently wish and endeavour the application of them. By this we apprehend spiritual truths, which the natural man cannot receive; we expect and covet spiritual joys for which the heart of mere man has no relish. *Ridley.*

FAITH—the Means to an End.

He that believes God for the event, believes Him for the means also. If the patient dare trust the physician for his cure, he dare also follow his prescription in order to it, and therefore, Christian, sit not still and say thy sins shall fall, but put thyself in array against them. *A Divine of the* 17*th Century.*

FAITH—Obedience of.

No perfume can be so sweet as the holy obedience of the faithful. How many carnal minds fly out of the ark of God's Church, and embrace the present world; rather choosing to feed upon the unsavoury carcases of sinful pleasures, than to be restrained within the straight lists of Christian obedience! . . . How happy a thing is faith! What a quiet safety, what an heavenly peace doth it work in the soul, in the midst of all the inundations of evil. *Bishop Hall.*

FAITH—Peace in.

You only keep yourself from rest by unbelief; enter upon it by faith, and you will find peace in your conscience; believing in the bleeding Lamb, you will find holiness and happiness in your heart; looking to Jesus, and believing in Him, you will go on your way rejoicing; looking unto Jesus, who is bound to keep you, and you will rest satisfied in the love of God, that He loves you from everlasting to everlasting. *Romaine.*

FAITH—Perversity in.

In the affairs of this world, as husbandry, trade, &c., men know little, and believe much; in the affairs of another world they would know everything, and believe nothing. *Bishop Horne.*

FAITH—a Pilgrim.

Faith is a right pilgrim-grace; it travels with us to heaven, and when it sees us safe got within our Father's doors (heaven I mean) it takes leave of us. Now the promise is this pilgrim's staff with which it sets forth, though (like Jacob on his way to Padan-Arem) it hath nothing else with it; "Remember thy word unto thy servant," saith David, "upon which thou hast caused me to hope." *A Divine of the* 17*th Century.*

FAITH—and Prayer.

Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—Prayer. *Lytton.*

FAITH—Sustained by Reason.

Faith is an understanding grace: it knows whom it trusts, and for what and upon what grounds it trusts. Reason of itself cannot find what it should believe, yet when God hath discovered the same, faith tells us there is great reason to believe it. Faith useth reason, though not as a ground, yet as a sanctified instrument to find out God's grounds that they may rely upon them. He believes best who knows best why he should believe. Confidence and love, and other affections of soul, though they have no reason grafted in them, yet thus far they are reasonable, as that they are in a wise man raised up, guided, and laid down with reason; or else men were neither to be blamed nor praised for ordering their affections aright; whereas not only civil virtue, but grace itself is especially conversant in ruling the affections by sanctified reason.

The soul guides the will and affections otherwise than it doth the outward members of the body. It sways the affections of confidence, love, joy, as a prince doth his wiser subjects, and as counsellers do a well ordered state, by ministering reasons to them; but the soul governs the outward members by command, as a master doth a slave—his will is enough. . . . The chief of David's reasons are fetched from God—what he is in himself, and what he is and will be to his children, and what to him in particular. Though godly men have reasons for their trust, yet those reasons be divine and spiritual as faith itself is: for as naturally as beams come from the sun, and branches from the root, even so by divine discourse one truth issueth from another. And as the beams and the sun, as the root and the branches are all of one nature, so the grounds of comfortable truths and reasons taken from those grounds, are both of the same divinity and authority, though in time of temptation discourse is oft so troubled, that it cannot see how one truth riseth from another. This is one privilege of heaven, that our knowledge there shall not be so much discoursive, proving one thing by another, as definitive, seeing things on their grounds with a more present view. . . . The reasons here brought by David are not so much arguments to convince his judgment, as motives and inducements to incline his will to trust in God: for trusting being a holy relying upon God,

carrieth especially the will to Him. Now the will is led with the goodness of things, as the understanding is led with truth. The heart must be sweetened with consideration of love and mercy in Him whom we trust, as well as convinced of His ability to do us good,—and therefore the most prevailing reasons that carry the whole heart, are such as are drawn from the sweetness of God, whereby the heart is enlarged to expect all good—and nothing but good—from His hands.
Sibbes.

FAITH—and Repentance.

Faith and repentance are the whole duty of a Christian. Faith is a sacrifice of the understanding to God; repentance sacrifices the whole will: that gives the knowing, this gives up all the desiring faculties: that makes us disciples, this makes us servants of the holy Jesus. Nothing else was preached by the Apostles, nothing else was enjoined as the duty of man, nothing else did build up the body of Christian religion. So that as faith contains all that knowledge which is necessary to salvation, so repentance comprehends in it all the whole practice and working duty of a returning Christian.
Bishop Taylor.

FAITH—Submits to Revelation.

The two inseparable properties of saving faith are,—it is humble and submissive to divine revelation—it is dutiful and obedient to divine precepts. *Dr. Bates.*

FAITH—Its Inward Satisfaction.

Faith is plainly made the instrument of inward sanctification, wrought, not by our own works, but the grace and Spirit of Christ. Whence we may well conclude, that the true object of the Christian faith is, not only the blood of Christ, shed upon the cross for the remission of sin, but also the renewing Spirit of Christ, for the inward conquering and mortifying of sin, and for the quickening or raising of us to an heavenly life. *Cudworth.*

FAITH—that Saveth.

So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.
Doane.

FAITH—Saving.

Saving faith and knowledge of divine things are productive of such affections and actions as are correspondent to the nature of the things believed. If the head be enlightened, and the heart in darkness—if one professes ever so fully his assent and adherence to all the articles of faith, and the beams of faith are not visible in his conversation, he is an infidel. *Dr. Bates.*

FAITH—Its Saving Principle.

In temptation, tribulation, and adversities, we should have perished, except faith went with us to deliver us. *Tyndale.*

FAITH—as Sure as Sense.

I were no Christian, if my faith were not as sure as my sense. *Bishop Hall.*

FAITH—Simple.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
Shakespeare.

FAITH—Fits for the Resistance of Sin.

Salt is a metaphor, expressing what preserves the moral nature, as well as the animal nature, from corruption. That which preserves the Christian nature, is the renewed heart; that which fits it for the fire of temptation, is faith. But if that faith have lost its active and its searching power, wherewith shall the heart be seasoned? how shall it be preserved in a suitable state for acceptance with God? Have, therefore, salt in yourselves. Have with you that preparation of the heart which comes from Christian Faith; and give the proof of it by being "at peace one with another." "For by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples:" by this shall faith in me be estimated and proved,—"that ye have love one towards another."
Bishop Sumner.

FAITH—Unwavering.

God cannot be seen but covered under something. See His mercy in His anger. In what appears bringing us to hell, faith sees Him bringing us to heaven; in darkness, it beholds brightness; in hiding His face from us, it beholds His cheering countenance. How did Job see God, but as you would say under Satan's cloak? For who cast the fire from heaven upon his goods? Who overthrew his house and stirred up men to take away his cattle, but Satan? And yet Job pierced through all these, and saw God's work, saying, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." *Bradford.*

FAITHFUL—The Purity of the.

Sun of Righteousness is a beautiful metaphor, applicable to Christ. The Saviour Himself, in describing the purity of the faithful at the end of the world, has recourse to the like figure; for He says, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." A similar passage is to be found in the book of Daniel,—"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." *Schultes.*

FAITHFUL—

As angel guardians. *Play, "Emilia."*
Vows as faithful as a dying saint's. *Centlivre.*
As the magnet. *W. S. Walker.*
As the needle to its pole. *Centlivre.*
As the pole star. *Cumberland.*
As the silent mirror shows in its true bosom. *J. G. Cooper.*
As the turtle's mate. *W. Hawkins.*

FALSE—and Hollow.

He seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worst appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. *Milion.*

FALSE—

As inconstancy. *L. Theobald.*
As the smooth deceitful sea. *Watts.*
As the ocean's smiles. *Settle.*
As the insatiate seas that smiling tempt the vain adventurer. *Behn.*
He has a heart as false as seas in calms, smiles first to tempt, then ruins with its storms. *Ibid.*
As the wind, the water, or the weather. *Otway.*
Falser than flattering seas, or fleeting wind. *N. Lee.*
Falser than the smiles of faithless April. *A. Cowley.*
As canker-blooms in spring. *Thurlow.*
As the unconstant winds. *M. Bladen.*
As watery bubbles blown by wind. *Lansdowne.*
As stairs of sand. *Shakespeare.*
As a quicksand. *Cumberland.*
As the loose coquet's inveigling airs. *Gay.*
As the adulterate promises of favourites in power when poor men court them. *Otway.*
Falser than the smiles of old-grown tyrants, or the sea when with its smoothest brow it courts to death. *Play, "Constant Nymph."*
As vows made in wine. *Shakespeare.*
As a harlot's tears. *Durfey.*
Falser than the weeping crocodile. *Dryden.*
As the fowler's artful snare. *Smollett.*
As clouds that flit before the wind. *Hoole's "Ariosto."*
As dicers' oaths. *Shakespeare.*
As Judas. *South.*
As Phaon to Sappho, or Jason to Medea. *G. Colman.*
Falser than the devil. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
As hell. *Shakespeare and others.*
Falser than malice in the mouth of envy. *M. Pix.*

FALSEHOOD—The Cowardice of.

Lying's a certain mark of cowardice:
And, when the tongue forgets its honesty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be resolved or done. *Southerne.*

FALSEHOOD—and Fraud.

There is nothing of so ill consequence to the public as falsehood, or (speech being the current coin of converse) the putting false money upon the world; or so dark a blot as dissembling, which, as Montaigne saith prettily, "is only to be brave towards God, and a coward towards man;" for a lie faceth God, and shrinketh from man. *Lloyd.*

FALSEHOOD—A Mutual.

Money and man a mutual falsehood show,—
Men make false money—money makes men so. *Alcyn.*

FAME.

Fondness of fame is avarice of air. *Young.*

FAME—Definition of.

Can we think a mouse can cast a shadow like an elephant? Can the sparrow look for a train like the eagle? A great fame is for princes, and such as for their parts are the glories of humanity. A good fame may crown the private man. *Feltham.*

FAME—Mutability of.

There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things:

our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. *Sir T. Browne.*

FAME—Less than a Vision.

Fame! What is that, if courted for herself?
Less than a vision, a mere sound, an echo,
That calls with mimic voice, through woods
and labyrinths,
Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
But never fix'd: a seeming nymph, yet
nothing. *Hughes.*

FAME—a Goodly Reputation.

Nor is the desire of Fame so vain as some have imagined; fame being, when belonging to the living, that which is more gravely called a steady and necessary reputation: and without it hereditary power or acquired greatness can never quietly govern the world. 'Tis to the dead a musical glory, in which God, the Author of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share; for the remembered virtues of great men are chiefly such of His works (as mentioned by king David) as perpetually praise Him; and the good fame of the dead prevails by example much more than the reputation of the living, because the latter is always suspected by our envy, but the other is cheerfully allowed and religiously admired; for Admiration, whose eyes are ever weak, stands still and at gaze upon great things acted afar off; but when they are near, walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our sons a valid inheritance, and not unuseful to remote posterity; and to our reason 'tis a first, though but a little taste of eternity. *Davenant.*

FAME—is Folly.

I care not; fame is folly: for it is, sure,
Far more to be well known of God than man.
With all my sins I feel that I am God's.
Bailey.

FAMILY—An Old English.

I always consider an old English family as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's portraits or Albert Durer's prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired; much knowledge of the physiognomies of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes those rows of old family portraits with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is, that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines; and I have traced an old family nose through a whole picture-gallery, legitimately handed down from generation to generation, almost from the time of the Conquest. Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their faces had evidently originated in a gothic age, and been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl in particular, of staid demeanour, with a high Roman nose, and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favourite of the squire's, being, as he said, a Bracebridge all over, and the very counterpart of one of his ancestors who figured in the court of Henry VIII. *W. Irving.*

FAMILY—Meeting.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate: as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were variously occupied; some at a round game of cards; others conversing around the fireplace; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night. *W. Irving.*

FAMILY—Prayer.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal
King,
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise.
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart?
The Power incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear well-pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

Burns.

FAMILY—Usages.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gipsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dovecote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weathercock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly in broad daylight. In short, John has such a reverence for everything that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

W. Irving.

FAMILY—Worship.

Family worship serves as an edge or border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling.

Robert Hall.

FANCY.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming:
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish even from her sky,
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost. *Keats.*

FANCY—Apish.

As all other parts of religion may be apishly acted over by fancy and imagination, so also may the internal parts of religion many times be acted over with much seeming grace by our fancy and passions: these often love to be drawing the pictures of religion, and use their best arts to render them more beautiful and pleasing; but as religion consists not in a form of words which signify nothing, so neither doth it consist in a set of fancies.

John Smith.

FANCY—Corrected by Age.

If thy fancy be but a little too rank, age will correct it: in process of time, the overplus will shrink to be but even measure.

Fuller.

FAR—

As the utmost bounds of creation extend. *Merrick.*
As the world's remotest ends. *Watts.*
As the utmost verge of earth and sky. *H. Carey.*
As the vast shore washed by the farthest sea. *Otway.*
As the ocean waters roll. *Montgomery.*
As danger from delight, as hell from heaven. *C. Cibber.*
As far from help as limbo is from bliss. *Titus Andronicus.*
As the sun is above the moon. *H. Checke.*
As the journeys of the sun. *Watts.*
As shines the sun in any place. *Lidgate.*
Whose worthiness as far abroad doth fly, as Phœbus doth run compass-bout the sky in one day's space. *Ibid.*
As ever Sol or Luna shined. *J. Taylor.*
As the east is from the west. *Watts.*
As the distant poles. *A. Portal.*
As far from fraud as heaven from earth. *Shakespeare.*
As heaven. *Moses Brown.*
As far as white Aurora's dews are sprinkled through the air. *Chapman.*
As is the eastern Inde. *J. Taylor.*

Far as the morn its early beam displays,
Or where the star of ev'ning darts its rays;
Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
Where blow the winds, or heav'n invests the pole. *Supplement to Dodsley's Collection.*

FAREWELL—The Emigrant's.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, the blithesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again! *Pringle.*

FAREWELL—The Last.

The last farewell to home and friends—
That word, though fond, which burns and rends,
Hangs on the lip with long delay,
The all that grief and love can say.

O God forgive! 'twas English earth
That gave the fugitive his birth;
Forgive that he could kiss the clay
He sacrificed to thee that day.

'Twas as a dream, confused and dark,
To see the waves—the unmoored bark,—
The sadness of a sister's tear,
As though she stood beside his bier.

How vain the sigh—the earnest glance—
The silent-speaking countenance—
The stifled sob that loads the heart
That loved, yet could consent to part.

'Twas love of home that made him grieve—
A nobler passion bade him leave;
Then let sweet charity attend
His foreign grave, and silent bend

Where he, a wanderer through each clime,
Found refuge from the strife of time;
Though frail as autumn's leaf, and sere,
Yet leaving all his frailties there;

In life, a cloud before the blast,
Yet calm with setting hope at last;
Mourn what he was—sing what he is—
A child of woe—an heir of bliss.
Rev. J. Lawson:

FAREWELL—A Sad.

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,

Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
 I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
 And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
 That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
 I strove myself to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
And ca' to mind some kindly word
 By ilka burn and tree. *Susanna Blamire.*

FASHION—Folly's Child.

Fashion, though Folly's child and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules;
From crowds and courts to Wisdom's seat she goes,
And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes. *Crabbe.*

FASHION—Irrepressible.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. *Shakespeare.*

FASHIONABLE—Modern Life.

She had been brought up gently, and passed on her way to womanhood, without having her senses distracted by what homely people call "a parcel of chaps." Undeniably a pretty girl! She had not made good looks her study, or sought to trade in them, and raise a sensation with them, as young ladies of a faster order of creation do now and then. She had not dressed for them, or talked of them, or invited them to her side by glances meant to be shy, or broad stares indisputably bold. She had not flirted and simpered, and ogled and angled, and been so "prettily fast," as is, alas! the fashion in the sad new times wherein husbands are scarce. The sad new time wherein such manner of fashionables (though they be) are scaring true lovers away, and bringing the false and rapid to nothing but empty compliments;—the trying, grievous time for mothers of families, whose daughters are on their hands still, and whose sons are going dead against God's law, and calling it life!—and when sin is looked at as a "jest"—and *sinners* are but "free-livers" and "horse-breakers." Society is undergoing a change which is bad for it; and against which every man that thinks and feels honestly *ought* to *protest.* *From Owen—a Waif.*

FAST—

As time's swift pinions can convey *Boyse.*

Ride faster than the fleeting air, or racing clouds. *J. Banks.*

Fly faster than the rushing thought. *Ibid.*

As Jehu drove for a crown. *Churchill.*

As mill-wheels strike. *Shakespeare.*

And spotless as an alabaster rock. *Glapthorne.*

FASTIDIOUSNESS—the Discernment of Small Defects.

Fastidiousness, the discernment of defects, and the propensity to seek them in natural beauty, are not the proofs of taste, but the evidences of its absence: it is at least an insensibility to beauty; it is worse than that, since it is a depravity, when pleasure is found in the discovery of such defects, real or imaginary. And he who affects this, because he considers it an evidence of his taste, is at least pitiably ignorant; while not seldom punished by the conversion of that affectation into a reality. And it is the same in criticism, as applied to works of literature. It is not the eye for faults, but beauties, that constitutes the real critic, in this as in all else: he who is most discerning in the beauties of poetry, is the man of taste, the true judge, the only critic. The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults, may care little to be told that this is the mark of unamiable dispositions or of bad passions; but he might not feel equally easy, were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste. *Macculloch.*

FATALISM—Undignified.

It is beneath the dignity of a soul, that has but a grain of sense, to make chance, and winds, and waves the arbitrary disposers of his happiness; or, what is worse, to depend upon some mushroom upstart, which a chance smile raised out of his turf and rottenness, to a condition of which his mean soul is so unequal, that he himself fears and wonders at his own height. *Lucas.*

FATHER—God our Heavenly.

God bears not in vain the name of a Father: He fills it up to the full. It is a name of indulgence, of hope, of provision—a name of protection. It argues the mitigation of punishment; a little is enough for a father. In all temptations, oh, let us by prayer fly to the arms of our Heavenly Father! and expect from Him all that a father should do for his child. But yet we must remember the name of a father is a word of relation; duty is expected from us; we must reverence Him as a Father with fear and love. He is a great God, we ought to fear Him; He is merciful, yea, hath bowels of mercy, we ought to love Him; if we tremble before Him, we forget that He is loving; and if over-bold, we also forget that He is a great and holy God. Therefore we should always go to the Throne of Grace with reverence, holy love, and confidence in the name of Jesus. *Sibbes.*

FATHER—Heavenly.

We have a Father, one who dwells serene,
'Bove thunder and the stars, Whose eye is mild,
And ever open as the summer's sky:
Who cares for everything on earth alike,—
Who hears the plovers crying in the woods,
The happy linnets singing in the broom—
Whose smile is sunshine.

Alexander Smith.

FATHER—Thou.

Oh, check not, thoughtless parent, childhood's tear!
Let him pour out the sorrows of his breast,
And know that thou, too, feelest them, and, lest
Too soon come iron days, and thoughts that sear
Young Virtue such as his, the child revere,—
That, while his limbs enlarge with man impress,
His little heart grow freely with the rest,
Nor learn alone one coward lesson—fear.

Open thy heart to me, ingenious Boy!
And know by thine own tears what 'tis to weep—
By thine own mirth how blessed to enjoy;
Truth part thy lips, nor niggard caution keep
Open thy heart—no narrow door for sin,
But wide, "that all the Virtues may rush in."

Blackwood.

FAULT—Finding.

It were to be wished that all who read the following expostulation would lay it deeply to heart:—"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye." There is a cutting question very similar to this of our Lord, proposed by a heathen,—"When you can so readily overlook your own wickedness, why are you more clear-sighted than the eagle or serpent of Epidaurus in spying out the failings of your friends?" This propensity of man to forget his own faults, and to look with the most criminal accuracy into those of his neighbour, which he often magnifies, distorts, and caricatures, is not only reprehended in the sacred Scriptures, but also by many of the Greek and Roman writers. *Harmer.*

FAULTS.

He that is angry at another man's faults, and is not angry at his own, is an hypocrite. *Bishop Wilson.*

Moral epochs have their course as well as the seasons. We can no more hold them fast than we can hold sun, moon, and stars. Our faults perpetually return upon us; and herein lies the subtlest difficulty of self-knowledge. *Goëthe.*

FAULTS—The Greatest.

On the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible, above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there the man according to God's own heart? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And, thereupon, the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults? What are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptation, true, often baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Of all acts, is not, for a man, repentance the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin—that is death; the heart, so conscious, is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact; is dead: it is "pure" as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that—"a succession of falls?" Man can do no other. In this wild element of a life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true. *Carlyle.*

FAULTS—Masked.

We are willing enough to keep at ever so great a distance from the faults to which we have little or no inclination, and often affect to make our zeal in that respect remarkable; but then, perhaps, more favourite vices have easy entrance into our breasts, and take firm possession of them. We are shocked, for instance, and with much cause, at the monstrous and ruinous eagerness for pleasure, the profligate and unprecedented contempt of religion that prevails in the world; our behaviour, on those heads, is unblameable, exemplary, and we value ourselves upon it beyond bounds. Yet possibly we indulge ourselves all the while to the full another way—are unjust and fradulent, or selfish and unreasonable, or penurious and hard-hearted, or censorious and unforgiving, or peevish and ill-tempered; make every one about us uneasy, and those chiefly whose happiness ought to be our first care. This is applauding ourselves for being fortified, where the enemy is not likely to make an attack; and leaving the places that are most exposed, quite undefended. *Archbishop Secker.*

FAVOURITE—The Court.

When I see a gallant ship well rigged, trimmed, tackled, manned and munitioned, with her top and top-gallant, and her spread sails proudly swelling with a full gale in fair weather, putting out of the haven into the smooth main, and drawing the spectators' eyes, with a well-wished admiration, and shortly hear of the same ship splitted against some dangerous rock, or wrecked by some disastrous tempest, or sunk by some leak sprung in her by some accident, meseemeth I see the case of some court-favourite, who to-day like Sejanus dazzleth all men's eyes with the splendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beak of his powerful prosperity cutteth the waves and plougheth through the praise of the vulgar, and scorneth to fear some remora at his keel below, or any cross-winds from above; and yet to-morrow, on some storms of unexpected disfavour, springs a leak in his honour, and sinks on the Syrtes of disgrace, or dashed against the rocks of displeasure, is splitted and wrecked in the Charybdis of infamy, and so concludes his voyage in misery and misfortune. I will not therefore adventure with the greedy shepherd to change my sheep into a ship of adventure, on the sight of a calm sea. I will study to deserve my prince's favour. I will not desire to be a prince's favourite. If I fall whence I am, I can raise myself; but to be cast down thence, were to be crushed with a desperate downfall. I prefer a mediocrity, though obscure, yet safe, before a greater eminency with a far greater danger.

Warwick.

FEAR—and Danger.

Though fear see nothing but extremity,
Yet danger is no deep sea, but a ford,
Where they that yield can only drownéd be.

Greville.

FEAR—of God.

Labour more to find the actings of this holy fear of God, and conscience of His will, in all your ways. Study to have an inward light, a practical, sanctifying light, directing you; and be not merely held, as beasts, by the authority and laws of men, but learn to know and be sensible of the sovereign authority of the most High God and His law, and to have respect unto all His commandments. *Leighton.*

FEAR—Godly.

There is a fear, that of falling from God, of which we ought never in this world to divest ourselves. It is the guard of our piety; and hence it is said, "Blessed is the man that feareth alway." "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Our present condition, whatever may be our spiritual attainments, is not one of absolute safety, and therefore is not one of perfect enjoyment. "I fast," says the apostle, "and keep my body under: lest when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." "Pass, then, the time of your sojourning here in fear." Who, indeed, can but fear, when his immortal spirit is trembling between heaven and hell? The word of Divine grace is often compared to seed sown in the earth. To how many hazards is it exposed before it is rooted in the ground! And after it has sprung up, and "the valleys stand thick with corn," when can we say it is safe? Our fears are not entirely removed till the wheat is gathered into the garner. *Richard Watson.*

FEAR—a Necessary Ingredient.

He that is without fear, is without hope. *Webster.*

FEARLESS—

As valour. *B. Hoole.*
As the strong-winged eagle. *Ossian.*

FEELING—True.

Where the Spirit is, there is feeling. For the Spirit maketh us feel all things. Where the Spirit is not, there is no feeling, but a vain opinion or imagination. A physician serveth but for sick men, and that for such sick men as feel their sicknesses, and mourn therefore, and long for health. Christ likewise serveth but for sinners only as feel their sin; and that for such sinners that sorrow and mourn in their hearts for health. *Tindal.*

FEELINGS—Fine.

He best shall paint them who shall feel them most. *Pope.*

FEELING—Revived Hope.

As letters some hand has invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame, will steal out to the sight,
So, many a feeling that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light. *Moore.*

FEELING—The Beautiful in.

The foregoing description of beauty, so far as is taken in by the eye, may be greatly illustrated by describing the nature of objects, which produce a similar effect through the touch. This I call the beautiful in Feeling. It corresponds wonderfully with what causes the same species of pleasure to the sight. There is a chain in all our sensations; they are all but different sorts of feelings calculated to be affected by various sorts of objects, but all to be affected after the same manner. All bodies that are pleasant to the touch, are so by the slightness of the resistance they make. Resistance is either to motion along the surface or to the pressure of the parts on one another; if the former be slight, we call the body smoothe; if the latter, soft. The chief pleasure we receive by feeling is in the one or the other of these qualities; and if there be a combination of both, our pleasure is greatly increased. This is so plain that it is rather more fit to illustrate other things than to be illustrated itself by an example. The next source of pleasure in this sense, as in every other, is the continually presenting somewhat new; and we find that bodies which continually vary their surface are much the most pleasant or beautiful to the feeling, as any one that pleases may experience. The third property in such objects is, that though the surface continually varies its direction, it never varies it suddenly. The application of anything sudden, even though the impression itself have little or nothing of violence, is disagreeable. The quick application of a finger a little warmer or colder than usual, without notice, makes us start; a slight tap on the shoulder, not expected, has the same effect. Hence it is that angular bodies—bodies that suddenly vary the direction of the outline—afford so little pleasure to the feeling. Every such change is a sort of climbing or falling in miniature; so that squares, triangles, and other angular figures, are neither beautiful to the sight nor feeling. Whoever compares his state of mind on feeling soft, smooth, variegated, unangular bodies, with that in which he finds himself on the view of a beautiful object, will perceive a very striking analogy in the effects of both; and which may go a good way toward discovering their common cause. Feeling and sight, in this respect, differ in but a few points. The touch takes in the pleasure of softness, which is not primarily an object of sight; the sight, on the other hand, comprehends colour, which can hardly be made perceptible to the touch: the touch, again, has the advantage in a new idea of pleasure resulting from a moderate degree of warmth; but the eye triumphs in the infinite extent and multiplicity of its objects. But there is such a similitude in the pleasures of these senses, that I am apt to fancy, if it were possible that one might discern colour by feeling (as it is said some blind men have done), that the same colours and the same disposition of colouring, which are found beautiful to the sight, would be found likewise most grateful to the touch. *Burke.*

FEELINGS—Musical Lightness of.

Yes, there are feelings so serene and sweet,
Coming and going with a musical lightness,

That they can make amends for their passingness,
And balance God's condition to decay;
As yon light fleecy cloudlet floating along,
Like golden down from some high angel's wing,
Breaks, but relieves and beautifies the blue.
Bailey.

FELICITY—and Industry.

Felicity shows the ground where Industry builds a fortune. *Sir. H. Wotton.*

FICKLE—

As the moon. *Scott.*
And inconstant as the air.
Play, "Nero."
And fierce as wavering whirlwinds blow.
A. Hill.
As the wind. *E. Ward.*
As the sea or wind. *Somervile.*
As the wave or wind.
Dodsley's Collection.
As April weather.
Play, "Lord of the Manor."
As a changeful dream. *Scott.*

FIDELITY—Example of.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scatter'd rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a break of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry.
Nor is there any one in sight
All round in hollow, or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth the leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crag repeats the raven's croak
In sympathy austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,
That if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appall'd discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since the day,
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watch'd about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourish'd here through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate. *Wordsworth.*

FIDELITY—Its Reward.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse. *Milton.*

FILIAL—Respect.

When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John, his father, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, he would, in Westminster Hall, beg his blessing of him on his knees. *Fuller.*

FIRE—Several Uses of.

Fire is, in some degree, the universal instrument of all the arts and all the necessaries of life. In order that man should make continual use of this element, the Creator has caused it to mix in the air, the water, and all fat and oily substances.

How very useful is all the combustible matter which supplies us with fuel. Without a sufficient provision of it, we should not only lose the greatest advantages, but we should be exposed to the greatest inconvenience.

In Winter, were it not for the fire which lights us, a great part of our time would pass in the most insupportable darkness. Deprived of that artificial light, our most agreeable amusements would cease at sun-set. We should be obliged to remain motionless, or else to wander in darknes, with horror, in the midst of a thousand dangers. How melancholy our state would be, if in these long evenings we could neither enjoy the pleasures of society nor make use of the resources of reading, writing, and working. Consider how unwholesome, and how little nourishmeut there would be in the greatest part of the food which the earth produces, if by means of fire they were not dissolved, softened, and prepared to a certain degree.

And how should we be able to provide so many other necessaries and conveniencies of life, if the workmen and artists did not procure them for us with the help of fire? Without that element, we should not be able to melt metals, to make them malleable, to refine them; to change sand into glass; or to give to lime the consistence of stone.

Without fire nature and all its treasures would become useless, and would lose in our eyes the most of their charms. *Sturm.*

FITNESS—The Real Effects of.

When I excluded proportion and fitness from any share in beauty, I did not by any means intend to say that they were of no value, or that they ought to be disregarded in works of art. Works of art are the proper sphere of their power; and here it is that they have their full effect. Whenever the wisdom of our Creator intended that we should be affected with anything, He did not confine the execution of His design to the languid and precarious operation of our reason; but He endued it with powers and properties that prevent the understanding, and even the will, which, seizing upon the senses and imagination, captivate the soul before the understanding is ready either to join with them or to oppose them. It is by a long deduction and much study that we discover the adorable wisdom of God in His works: when we discover it, the effect is very different, not only in the manner of acquiring it, but in its own nature, from that which strikes us without any preparation from the sublime or the beautiful. How different is the satisfaction of an anatomist, who discovers the use of the muscles and of the skin, the excellent contrivance of the one for the various movements of the body, and the wonderful texture of the other, at once a general covering, and at once a general outlet as well as inlet; how different is this from the affection which possesses an ordinary man at the sight of a delicate smooth skin, and all the other parts of beauty, which require no investigation to be perceived! In the former case, whilst we look up to the Maker with admiration and praise, the object which causes it may be odious and distasteful; the latter very often so touches us by its power on the imagination, that we examine but little into the artifice of its contrivance; and we have need of a strong effort of our reason to disentangle our minds from the allurements of the object, to a consideration of that wisdom which invented so powerful a machine. The effect of proportion and fitness, at least so far as they proceed from a mere consideration of the work itself, produce approbation, the acquiescence of the understanding, but not love, nor any passion of that species. When we examine the structure of a watch—when we come to know thoroughly the use of every part of it, satisfied as we are with the fitness of the whole—we are far enough from perceiving anything like beauty in the watchwork itself; but let us look on the case, the labour of some curious artist in engraving, with little or no idea of use, we shall have a much livelier idea of beauty than we ever could have had from the watch itself, though the masterpiece of Graham. In beauty, as I said, the effect is previous to any knowledge of the use: but to judge of proportion, we must know the end for which any work is designed. According to the end, the proportion varies. Thus there is one proportion of a tower, another of a house; one proportion of a gallery, another of a hall, another of a chamber. To judge of the proportions of these, you must be first acquainted with the purposes for which they were designed. Good sense and experience acting together. find out what is fit to be done in every work of art. We are rational creatures, and in all our works we ought to regard their end and purpose; the gratification of any passion, how innocent soever, ought only to be of secondary consideration. Herein is placed the real power of fitness and proportion; they operate on the understanding considering them, which approves the work and acquiesces in it. The passions and the imagination which principally raises them have here very little to do. When a room appears in its original nakedness, bare walls and a plain ceiling, let its proportion be ever so excellent, it pleases very little; a cold approbation is the utmost we can reach; a much worse-proportioned room, with elegant mouldings and fine festoons, glasses, and other merely ornamental furniture, will make the imagination revolt against the reason: it will please much more than the naked proportion of the first room, which the understanding has so much approved, as admirably fitted for its purposes. What I have here said and before concerning proportion, is by no means to persuade people absurdly to neglect the idea of use in the works of art. It is only to show that these excellent things, beauty and proportion, are not the same; not that they should either of them be disregarded. *Burke.*

FLATTERY—Folly of.

Fine speeches are th' instruments of fools
Or knaves, who use them when they want good sense;
But honesty needs no disguise or ornament.
Otway.

FLATTERY—Her Serpent Train.

Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.
Gray.

FLATTERY—is Sweet.

Sweet, sweet is flattery to mortal ears;
And, if I drink thy praise too greedily,
My fault I'll match with grosser instances.
Do not the royal souls that van the world
Hunger for praises? Does not the hero burn
To blow his triumphs in the trumpet's mouth?
And do not poets' brows throb feverous
Till they are cooled with laurels? *Smith.*

FLOW—

Like a torrent. *Francis.*
Like an inundation. *Pix.*
Like a stream. *Ossian.*
Like a river. *Watts.*
As smoothly as a summer's flood. *Hopkins.*

My temper, like a deep stream, flows on smooth and unruffled. *Holcroft.*

Like a spring tide. *Quarles.*
Amply, like the undulating tide. *Poem, "Russian Prophecy."*
As the sea. *Crown.*
Tears flowed like mountain rills. *Byron.*

FLOWERS.

Flowers, of all created things, the most innocently simple and most superbly complex,—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse in the coffin! Flowers, beloved by the wandring idot, and studied by the deep-thinking man of science! Flowers—that of perishing things are the most heavenly. Flowers—that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks,—partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow—fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes: welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves. Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation. What a desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. The very inutility of flowers is their elegance and great beauty; for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons to nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or from bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life. *Chapter on Flowers.*

FLOWERS—The Angel of the.

She comes adown the pale blue depths of heaven;
Above her head an undim'd wreath of light
Spans the deep ether dome. In either hand
A vase of frosted silver, whence arise
Transparent clouds of incense. On her head
A coronal of snowdrops, like gemm'd tears
New fallen from sad loving spirits' eyes.

Her spotless wings, like sun-illumined snow,
Fan the ambrosial air, as seedlings rise
In beauty infantine, spreading their leaves
To catch the luscious sighs. She gently comes.

To kiss her sister May,
Who, robed in hawthorn white,
Like a young fairy sprite,
Sings her enchanted lay.
The honeysuckle bells
The air with perfume swells;
And from the woodland spray
The songster's joy-notes trill,
As the low whispering rill
Breathes forth its calming music till the close of day.

The beauteous pansies rise
In purple, gold, and blue,
With tints of rainbow hue
Mocking the sunset skies;
The modest violets,
Under the hedge-row sets,
Lift up their soft blue eyes;
And the meek daisies show
Their breasts of satin snow,
Bedeck'd with tiny stars of gold 'mid perfume sighs.

Moon-dyed primroses spread
Their leaves, her path to cheer,
As her step draweth near;
And the bronzed wallflowers shed
Rich incense; summer hours
Are by the sweet bell-flowers
Usher'd to life, and fed
By the young zephyrs' wing,
Who elfin music ring,
Luring the bees from out their thyme-wove fragrant bed.

From their calm limpid cells
Fair Naiades arise,
With laughing, sunny eyes;
Casting their witching spells
The beauteous one to greet,
And lave her ivory feet;
At their bright crystal wells
Young buds pout forth their leaves—
Earth a green garland weaves—
New life and joy from Nature's lovely bosom swells.

She comes with smiles upon her blushing cheek—
With fragrance breathing from her rosy lips;
A paragon of beauty—a desire—
An angel she of gladness. *Ouseley.*

FLOWERS—a Revelation of God's love.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God has written in the stars above,
Yet not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.
Longfellow.

FLOWERS—Their Evanescence.

There is no true death:
What seems to blight the green earth like a curse
Is but a shade that briefly fluttereth
God-thrown upon the luminous universe,
To dusk the too great splendour. *Ollier.*

FLOWERS—Autumn.

Those few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings:

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That Time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half utter'd,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who ere the morrow's sun
Must leave us, and for aye?

Oh, precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the Summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death.
Caroline Southey.

FLOWERS—Bless God for.

Blessed God of love,
I thank Thee for these gifts, the precious links
Whereby my spirit unto Thee is drawn.
I thank Thee that the loveliness of earth
Higher than earth can raise me. Are not these
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
Beside th' immortal streams? Shall I not find
The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
In the serene and never-moaning air,
And the clear starry light of angel eyes,
A thousand-fold more glorious? Richer far,
Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
When it hath ne'er been pressed to broken hearts,
A record of lost love? *Hemans.*

FLOWERS—Cultivation of.

The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others: the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good-will has arisen, and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatsoever: the pleasures, the ecstacies of the horticulturist, are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will. *Journal of a Naturalist.*

FLOWERS—Decay of.

Die, blooming flowers! as if ye ne'er had been;
Die, and relinquish this empurpled scene;
Die, and in due succession, in your stead,
Others shall bloom, and equal fragrance shed:
Like you, bereaved of every living grace—
Like you, in every clime, the human race
Shall perish in succession. "No!" I hear
Reason announce, in accent soft and clear,
Tuned to the warbling of those heavenly strings,
With whose sweet strain the sapphire region rings,
When holy Faith, in pity to mankind,
Reveals the triumphs of th' immortal mind,—
I hear, with mingled music from on high
Reason announce, "Although they seem to die,
"Not like the blossoms of the woody glade,
"Shall the bright flowers of Human Nature fade!
"Adorned with mercy, piety, and truth,
"They still shall flourish in immortal youth."
Ye flowers of Human Nature! at the time
We grieve for your decay, in orient prime,
Beneath the brilliancy of heavenly skies,
Ye bloom; whilst here ye seem to fade, ye rise
Gay in th' embellishment of recent hues;
Gales of more exquisite perfume diffuse,
Than ye could breathe amid the mists below;
And gilt with beams of conscious splendour glow. *Richardson.*

FLOWERS—Farewell to the.

Farewell, farewell! bright children of the sun,
Whose beauty rose around our path where'er
We wander'd forth since vernal days begun,
The glory and the garland of the year.
Ye came, the children of the spring's bright promise;
Ye crown'd the summer in her path of light,
And now, when Autumn's wealth is passing from us,
We gaze upon your parting bloom, as bright
And dearer far than summer's richest hue—
Sweet flowers, adieu!

Ye will return again; the early beams
Of spring will wake ye from your wintry sleep,
By the still fountains and the shining streams
That through the green and leafy woodlands sweep;
Ye will return again to cheer the bosoms
Of the deep valleys, by old woods o'erhung,
With the fresh fragrance of your opening blossoms;
To be the joy and treasure of the young,
With birds from the far lands and sunny hours,
Ye will return, sweet flowers!

But when will they return, our flowers that fell
From life's blanch'd garland when its bloom was new,
And left but the dim memories that dwell
In silent hearts and homes? The summer's dew
And summer's sun, with all their balm and brightness,
May fall on deserts or on graves in vain;
But to the locks grown dim with early whiteness,
What spring can give the sable look again,
Or to the early-wither'd heart restore
Its perish'd bloom once more?

In vain, in vain! Years come and years depart;
Time hath its changes, and the world its tears;
And we grow old in frame, and gray in heart,
Seeking the grave through many hopes and fears;
But still the ancient earth renews around us
Her faded flowers, though life renews no more
The bright but early-broken ties that bound us,
The garlands that our blighted summers wore:
Buds to the trees and blossoms to the bowers
Return—but not life's flowers!

Thus sang the bard, when Autumn's latest gold
Hung on the woods, and Summer's latest bloom
Was fading fast, as Winter stern and cold
Came from the northern home of clouds and gloom.
But from the dying flowers a voice seem'd breathing
Of higher hopes: it whisper'd, sweet and low,
"When Spring again her sunny smile is wreathing
We will return to thee; but thou must go
To seek life's blighted blossoms on that shore
Where flowers can fade no more!"

F. Brown.

FLOWERS—Hymn to the.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendour
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Horace Smith.

FLOWERS—Love of, Natural.

The love of flowers seems a naturally-implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive. The cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and re-animate swith the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us; for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn. No, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season: to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise: to youth they are expanding beings, opening years, hilarity and joy; and the child let loose from the house riots in the flowery mead, and is—

> "Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with buttercups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours, in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

Journal of a Naturalist.

FLOWERS—Their Scent in Rooms Deleterious.

It is not sufficiently observed by all the admirers of flowers that the agreeable perfume of plants in full bloom, when diffused through close apartments, becomes decidedly deleterious, by producing headache, giddiness, and other affections of the brain. But it is in confinement alone that such effects become evident. In the garden, when mingled with a wholesome and exhilarating atmosphere, amidst objects that awaken the most delightful sensations of our nature, these sweets are a part of our gratifications, and health is promoted as a consequence of enjoyment so pure.

Who has not felt the excitement of spring? of nature, in that delightful season, rising from lethargy into beauty and vivacity, and spreading the sweets of the thorn and the violet, auxiliary to our gratifications? Amidst the beauties of the flower-garden, these pleasures are condensed and refined; and the fragrance there, hovering on the wings of the breeze, cannot be imagined less wholesome than pleasant.

Whatever increases our gratifications, so peculiarly unmixed with the bad passions of human nature, must surely tend to the improvement of mankind; and to the excitement of grateful feelings towards that beneficent Creator who has so bountifully supplied these luxuries, which none are denied. *Maund.*

FLOWERS—in a Room of Sickness.

Bear them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again!

Spread them not before the eyes
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the colour'd earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves!

Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art;
Calmer is her gentle heart.

Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love:
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these
In her fragile mind she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought!

Therefore, in the lily's leaf
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! Farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once and yet again
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart who goes
Where no death can touch the rose.

Mrs. Hemans.

FLOWERS—Use of.

Thou pluckest one to wear upon thy breast;
To quaff the fragrance it is ever breathing;
Oh, cherish lovingly thy bosom's guest,
Its graceful tendrils round thy heart-strings wreathing!

'Twill flourish gaily in the light of smiles,
And from such sunshine healthful vigour borrow,
To soothe in turn with soft enchanting wiles
Thy mind, when darken'd by a cloud of sorrow.

Showering the sweets of true and constant love
On all thy dear ones, make life ever vernal;
Until transplanted they shall bloom above,
With brighter hues, unfading and eternal!

Household Words.

FLOWERS—Wild.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather;
Or where by hoary rocks you make your beilds,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fix'd, as in a queenly diadem;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fann'd in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees;
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And, though the worldling, scorning, may deride—
I love ye all!

Nicol.

FOG—Its Density.

When all you see through densest fog is seen,
When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or half-conceal'd some figure at the stern;
Boys who, on shore, to sea the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast;
While the stern boatman growls his fierce disdain
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.
Crabbe.

FOLLY.

Surely he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he that utters them.
Bishop Hall.

FOLLY—Human.

A soul immortal spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Young.

FLUENT—

As air. *Shirley.*
As the sky-lark sings. *Akenside.*
The theme is as fluent as the sea. *Hill.*

FOOD—Immoderate.

Too *much* food is as bad as too little. To sacrifice to the stomach that nervous energy which ought to be devoted to the brain—the organ of our most ennobling and most pleasurable faculties—is, so far as regards the retention of genuine manliness, little better than to commit suicide outright. Disease—though probably a third part of all that there is in the world is attributable to this cause—is the least of the evils that have to be afflicted on ill-regulated eating: infinitely more dire are the peevishness and ill-humour which it engenders, the gloom, hypochondriacal and dissatisfied tempers, which generally overtake the intemperate eater and drinker, and make him a pest both to himself and to society. Many a man's fall and ruin have come of the overloaded and thence disordered stomach of another;—as many a man's rise and prosperity of another's temperance and cheerful health. No less destructive is intemperance to the intellectual energies. The intellects which lie sunk in sluggishness through overloading the stomach are incomparably more numerous than those which are slow and stupid by nature. The authors themselves of their condition, the cross and imbecile through overfeeding do not belong to society proper; they are not human, yet neither are they brutes, for no brute is intemperate;—no longer men, gluttons and drunkards form an outside class by themselves, the nobleness of their nature to be estimated, as in all other cases, by the quality and end of their delights. It is worthy of remark, that nothing is more speedily and certainly destructive also of the beauty of the countenance. Diet and regimen are the best of cosmetics: to preserve a fair and bright complexion, the digestive organs need primary attention.
Grindon.

FOOD—Evils of Insufficiency.

The benefits which accrue to the body from supplying it with a sufficiency of wholesome food show in the strongest light the evils which result from *in*sufficiency. Disease is one of the first. Many diseases are induced by it, many are aggravated. Sanitary movements having reference to the poor cannot possibly effect any lasting amelioration of their condition so long as they go short of proper ailment. It is worthy the attention of philanthropists, that epidemic and pestilential diseases in particular are far more widely fatal in their ravages among the ill-fed than among the well-fed. Certainly there are several such diseases which assail rich and poor alike—as measles, small-pox, and scarlet fever; but even these are much more destructive when they attack persons who have been forced to subsist on poor or too scanty nourishment. Legislators, no less than the charitable, may find in this fact a vitally important principle of action. Insufficiency over-prolonged, induces the slow and miserable death of starvation; and no physical calamity can be conceived of as more terrible. Yet starvation—actual, killing starvation—is perhaps the least part of the injury to the human race which comes of privation of needful sustenance. Actual death from hunger is only an occasional thing; the evils which accrue from the debilitating effects of *customary* stint, life still dragging on, are incalculably more extended and severe. Even the physical disease which they engender is a slight evil compared with the impeded *mental* action which must needs follow. A miserable, starving dietary, while it weakens the body, half-paralyses the soul, and not seldom leads direct to insanity itself. When we remember how entirely the brain depends for its nourishment upon the blood, and that if this pabulum of life and nervous energy be either diminished in quantity or deteriorated in quality, no organ of the body can possibly work well, how easy it is to see that between insufficient innutritious diet and prostration of mind there is little less than an inevitable connection. Every man has experienced the feeling of debility which attends hunger but a little longer unsatisfied than usual, and how swift and lively is the revival of every function of the mind as well as body which follows its proper gratification. The difficulty of awakening the intelligence of a poorly-fed child compared with that of the well-nourished one, is known to every observant teacher in town Sunday-schools. Intellectual productions which are born, not as literature should always and only be, of the soul's going to it as the hart to the water-brooks, but of the howling of the dogs of hunger, betray no less plainly their miserable origin. Thinking, like acting, requires a good substratum of physical nourishment; genius, though it has sometimes turned to vegetarianism, is rarely found adhering to it—all its greatest works have been achieved on a basis of generous diet. This is not all. Where the body is debilitated by hunger, the affections also are necessarily dull, and little excitable to anything better than sensualities. Every man who has been compelled to undergo the hardships of fasting, whether by poverty or the exigencies of travel in remote places, knows the gradual inroad of cross-grained views, indolence, and recklessness. The crowding and deadly evil which comes of insufficient nourishment is, accordingly, the vitiation of man's *moral* nature: and what a lesson is there in this for the home-missionaries of Christianity and their patrons! It is no less vain than aggravating to preach faith and loving-kindness where father and mother and children lie huddled together in the pains and apathy of hunger. To the starving, religion may well appear folly and hypocrisy; nor is it any marvel that it should fail to interest them. So long as the Gospel is proffered *without* its proper preface of ministry to man's physical necessities, the poor must not only be expected to decline it, but they are not altogether unjustified in so doing; for God requires no man to take sermons and benedictions as a substitute for the bread which the body needs. Every one knows how unamiable even the best fed are liable to become if kept too long waiting for their meals,—how inaccessible they are at such times to appeals which, *after dinner*, meet most gracious response. Is it surprising, then, that religious truth should find more indifference than welcome among the hungry and half-nourished? It is difficult for a famished man to believe that there is a Father in heaven till he feels that he has brothers on earth. If there be one farce more wretched than another, it is the building a "Ragged Church" and holding special religious services as the first thing indispensable to the bettering the condition of the poor.

Grindon.

FOOD—Proper Use of.

That we eat too much in proportion to our absolute wants cannot for a moment be doubted. But the pliancy of nature to throw off such repletion shows the skill of the great Architect in our construction. If it were not so, our health and happiness would be perpetually subjected to all the hazardous consequences arising out of the blindness of our appetites. As rational and recording beings, the time may come when it may be far otherwise. We are already far removed from the hunting savage, whose appetite, like the boa constrictor, is glutted at one meal for the sustenance of many days. But the true philosophy of eating will not be understood till we have discovered the means by which food may be so varied as to be the best antidote to disease. It must always be remembered, that as the waste of the body is constant and progressive, so ought to be the supply. Much is said of the virtues of abstinence; but abstinence would seldom be required if intemperance did not exist: temperance is the happy medium by which both may be avoided.

Frankhum.

FOOL—A Rich.

Thee, senseless stock, because thou'rt richly
gilt,
The blinded people without cause admire,
And superstition impiously hath built
Altars to that which should have been the fire.

Where shall my tongue consent to worship
thee,
Since all 's not gold that glisters and is fair;
Carving but makes an image of a tree:
But gods of images are made by prayer.

Sabean incense, in a fragrant cloud
Illustriously suspended o'er thy crown
Like a king's canopy, makes thee allow'd
For more than man. But let them take thee
down,

And thy true value be once understood,
Thy dull idolaters will find thou'rt wood.

Fanshawe.

Foot—Human, Mechanism of the.

There is nothing more beautiful than the structure of the human foot, nor perhaps any demonstration which would lead a well-educated person to desire more of anatomy than that of the foot. The foot has in its structure all the fine appliances that you see in a building. In the first place, there is an arch in whatever way you regard the foot; looking down upon it we perceive several bones coming round from the astragalos, and forming an entire circle of surfaces in the contact. If we look at the profile of the foot, an arch is still manifest, of which the posterior part is formed by the heel, and the anterior by the ball of the great toe; and in the front we find in that direction a transverse arch: so that instead of standing, as might be imagined, upon a solid bone, we stand upon an arch composed of a series of bones, which are united by the most curious provisions for the elasticity of the foot: hence, when we jump from a height directly upon the heel, a severe shock is felt; not so if we alight on the ball of the toe, for there an elasticity is found in the whole foot, and the weight of the body is thrown upon this arch, and the shock avoided. *Sir C. Bell.*

FOOTSTEPS—Arab Mode of Tracing.

The Arab who has applied himself diligently to this study, for it is only to be acquired by long practice, can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression—1. Whether the footsteps belong to his own or to some neighbouring tribe, and consequently whether friend or foe has passed; 2. He knows, from the slightness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not; 3. From the strength or faintness of the trace, whether he passed on the same day or one or two days before; and 4. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin judges whether the man is fatigued or not, and hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking him. This faculty of distinguishing footsteps on the ground extends to beasts (horses and camels) as well as men, and, in the exercise of it, the same observations will lead to the same results.

Robinson.

FOP—Character of a.

With that low cunning which, in fools, supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.

Churchill.

FOP—His Character.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate in a strange humour had decreed
That what it wrote none but itself should read.
Much, too, it chattered of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplaced applause;
Then with a self-complacent jutting air
It smiled, it smirked, it wriggled to the chair;
And with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seemed, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense, appeared.

Churchill.

FORBEARANCE.

I have still chosen rather to forbear what might be probably lawful, than to do that which might be possibly unlawful; because I could not err in the former—I might in the latter. If things were disputable, whether they might be done, I rather chose to forbear; because the lawfulness of my forbearance was unquestionable. *Sir Matthew Hale.*

FORBEARANCE—Mutual.

If the pecularities of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organization, it should tend to produce in us mutual forbearance and toleration. We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think exactly alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate. *Abernethy.*

Whilst there is a great difference in the original make of souls, as of faces; in the complexions of minds, as of bodies; whilst the variety of human understandings is so great; whilst we are under the power of different tempers, educations, and interests, several measures and degrees of light; whilst there is imperfection in our state, negligence in our searchings after truth, and an envious one always ready to sow tares, it is unreasonable to expect a proportion and analogy of notions and opinons among good men. Whilst we are thus circumstanced, there will be some otherwise minded: nor do I know any remedy in such a case but a mutual forbearance till God clears up the matter of difference. This forbearance cannot be more our duty than it is our interest and necessity; for it is our preservation in the midst of powerful lusts within and potent enemies without. If all good men could but make a shift to tolerate one another, this wicked world must be bound to endure them all. Could they but hold together, and love one another, no foreign violence could break them. Goodness is stronger than evil; and therefore the good thus united, and in an association, must be too powerful for the evil, with all its plots, conspiracies, and force. What a root of mischiefs have the divisions of good men been in all ages to themselves! *J. White.*

If thou desirest to be borne with, thou must bear also with others. *Kempis.*

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.
Charles Mackay.

FORESTS—of Canada.

No one who has a single atom of imagination can travel through these forest roads of Canada without being strongly impressed and excited. The seemingly interminable line of trees before you; the boundless wilderness around; the mysterious depths amid the multitudinous foliage, where foot of man had never penetrated,—and which partial gleams of the noontide sun, now seen now lost, lit up with a changeful, magical beauty,—the wondrous splendour and novelty of the flowers,—the silence, unbroken but by the low cry of a bird, or hum of insect, or the splash and croak of some huge bull-frog,—the solitude in which we proceeded mile after mile, no human being, no human dwelling within sight,—are all either exciting to the fancy or oppressive to the spirits, according to the mood one may be in. Their effect on myself I can hardly describe in words.

* * * * *

I observed some birds of a species new to me: there was the lovely blue-bird, with its brilliant violet plumage; and a most gorgeous species of woodpecker, with a black head, white breast, and back and wings of the brightest scarlet,—hence it is called by some the field-officer, and more generally the cock of the woods. I should have called it the coxcomb of the woods, for it came flitting across our road, clinging to the trees before us, and remaining pertinaciously in sight, as if concious of its own splendid array, and pleased to be admired. There was also the Canadian robin, a bird as large as a thrush, but in plumage and shape resembling the sweet bird at home "that wears the scarlet stomacher." There were great numbers of small birds of a bright yellow, like canaries, and I believe of the same genus. Sometimes when I looked up from the depth of foliage to the blue firmament above, I saw an eagle sailing through the air on apparently motionless wings. Nor let me forget the splendour of the flowers which carpeted the woods on either side. I might have exclaimed with Eichendorff—

> "O Welt! Du schöne welt, Du!
> Mann sicht Dich vor Blümen kaum!"

for thus in some places did a rich embroidered pall of flowers literally hide the earth. There those beautiful plants, which we cultivate with such care in our gardens, azalias, rhododendrons, all the gorgeous family of the lobelia, were flourishing in wild luxuriance. Festoons of creeping and parasitical plants hung from branch to branch. The purple and scarlet iris, blue larkspur, and the elegant Canadian columbine with its bright pink flowers; the scarlet lichnis, a species of orchis of the most dazzling geranium colour, and the white and yellow and purple cyprepedium, bordered the path, and a thousand others of most resplendent hues, for which I knew no names. I could not pass them with forbearance, and my Yankee driver alighting, gathered for me a superb boquet from the swampy margin of the forest. I contrived to fasten my flowers in a wreath along the front of the waggon, that I might enjoy at leisure their novelty and beauty. How lavish, how carelessly profuse, is Nature in her handiwork! In the interior of the cyprepedium, which I tore open, there was variety of configuration, and colour, and gem-like richness of ornament enough to fashion twenty different flowers; and for the little fly, in jewelled cuirass, which I found couched within its recesses, what a palace! that of Alladin could not have been more splendid!

Mrs. Jameson.

FOREST—God's First Temple.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? *Bryant.*

FORETHOUGHT—How Necessary.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more in this great work
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up), should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one who draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Shakespeare.

FORGETFULNESS.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Gray.

FORGIVENESS.

Hath any wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

Quarles.

We often wrong ourselves, but we soon forgive ourselves these wrongs, and they do not at all lessen our love to ourselves; and in like manner we should forgive and love our neighbours. *Wilberforce.*

FORGIVENESS—Its Blessedness.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
 The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloom'd so beauteously
 Beneath the keen stroke bends.
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if betokening in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit not to earth is given;
One had it—but He came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made;
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died.
Edmeston.

God's way of forgiving is thorough and hearty, both to forgive and to forget. And if thine be not so, thou hast no portion of His. *Archbishop Leighton.*

FORMALIST—The.

There are some if you would see their goodness, and be acquainted with their godliness, you must hit the right time, or else you will find none, like some flowers that are seen but some months in the year. This may be in the morning: you may take the hypocrite on his knees in a saint's posture; but when that fit is over, you shall see little of God in all its course, till night brings him again, of course, to the like duty. The watch is naught that goes only at first winding up, and stands all the day after; and so is that heart, sure, that desires not always to keep in spiritual motion.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

FORMALITY—The Danger of.

We are bound to say, that we know not more unpromising subjects for the preaching of the Gospel than those who are punctiliously attentive to the forms of religion, and who attach a worth and a merit to their careful performance of certain moral duties.
Rev. H. Melvill.

FORTUNE—not Kind.

What dost thou mean by fortune? If mere chance, then to envy the lot of others or murmur at thy own is folly; if providence, then it is impiety; for whatever goodness, guided by unerring wisdom, doth, must be so well done that it cannot be mended; and whatever is merely in the power of a blind, giddy, and inconstant humour (which is the notion by which men choose to express fortune), can neither be prevented, fixed, or regulated. *R. Lucas.*

FORTUNE.

So, to us, sojourners in life's low vale,
 The smiles of fortune flatter to deceive,
 While still the Fates the web of Misery
  weave;
So Hope exultant spreads her aëry sail,
 And from the present gloom the soul conveys
 To distant summers and far happier days.
White.

FORTUNE—Good, Envied.

He was the first always; Fortune
 Shone bright in *his* face;
I fought for years;—with no effort
 He conquered the place:
We ran;—my feet were all bleeding,
 But he won the race.

Spite of his many successes,
 Men loved him the same;
My one pale ray of good fortune
 Met scoffing and blame:
When we err'd, they gave him pity,
 But me—only shame.

My home was still in the shadow,
 His lay in the sun;
I long'd in vain;—what he ask'd for
 It straightway was done.
Once I staked all my heart's treasure,
 We play'd—and he won.

Yes: and just now I have seen him,
 Cold, smiling, and blest,
Laid in his coffin! God help me!
 While he is at rest
I am cursed still to live;—even
 Death loved him the best.
Household Words.

FORTUNE—Likened to the Milky Way.

The way of Fortune is like the milky way in the sky; which is a meeting, or knot, of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together: so are there a number of little and scarce discerned virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate. *Bacon.*

FORTUNE—Hath no Place in Scripture.

Let not Fortune, which hath no name in Scripture, have any in thy divinity. Let Providence, not chance, have the honour of thy acknowledgments, and be thy Œdipus in contingencies. *Browne.*

FORTUNE—Cannot be Trusted.

I have too long th' effects of fortune known,
Either to trust her smiles, or fear her frown.
Dryden.

FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

If a spring be fouled on its way down the brae, it will soon brighten up again, for the clear water behind will wash away all impurities; but when the fountain-head has the foul stain in it, there is naething can purify that away,—naething else but mixing it with the ocean of eternity, and then rising again to the heavens, purified to dew.
Hogg.

FOUL—

As the fiends which fell from heaven's high towers. *Dryden.*
As sin. *Poetical Calendar.*
As hell. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
Your face fouler than a storm. *Ibid.*
Foul as infamy. *Hull.*
As blotted pestilence. *Shiel.*
As Vulcan's smithy. *Shakespeare.*

FRAIL—

As fair mortality. *Byron.*
As the flower. *Young.*
As dew upon the flower. *Campbell.*
As the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower. *Ibid.*
As the clouds of sunset. *Montgomery.*
As dust in the wind. *Campbell.*
As is the film upon the thorn, whose thin web stretches o'er the vale.
Poem, "Margaret of Anjou."

FRAUD—Holy, Incompatible.

In "Holy Fraud" I like the Christian, but not the surname thereof, and wonder how any can marry these two together in the same action, seeing surely the parties were never agreed. *Fuller.*

FRAUD—on Oneself the Worst.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat Oneself. All sin is easy after that. *Bailey.*

FREEDOM—from Self.

Know ye not,
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow!
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought? *Byron.*

FREEDOM—Patriotic.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives. *Moore.*

FREEDOM—of Thought.

His freedom is the same in every state!
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And thus to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.
The soul that sees Him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns, at least, to employ
More worthily the powers she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what, with studied gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd—
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of a God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That nightly fill the skies with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they

With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy! Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favour'd as ours; transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours.
As one who long detain'd on foreign shores
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-beat and batter'd rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, yon beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide the embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze—I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that infused from heaven must thither tend.

Cowper.

FRETFULNESS.

The argument used against fretfulness by the Psalmist deserves to be well fixed in our minds; and, indeed, if it were so, we should need no other argument: "Fret not thyself against the ungodly," &c., "for they shall soon be cut down like the grass," &c., (Ps. xxxvii.) Who could envy a flower, though ever so gay and beautiful in its colours, when he saw that the next stroke of the mower would sweep it away for ever?

Bishop Horne.

FRETTING—to be Avoided.

The rubbing of the eyes doth not fetch out the mote, but makes them more red and angry; no more doth the distraction and fretting of the mind discharge it of any ill humours, but rather makes them more abound to vex us.

Bishop Patrick.

FRIAR—Description of a.

A Frere there was, a wanton and a merry,
A limitour, a full solemné man.
In all the orders four is none that can
So much of dalliance and fair languáge.
He had ymade full many a marriage
Of youngé women at his owen cost.
Unto his order he was a noble post,
Full well belovéd, and familiár was he
With franklins over all in his country.

* * * * * * *

For he had power of confessión,
As said himself, more than a curáte,
For of his order he was licenciat.
Full sweetély heard he confessión,
And pleasant was his absolutión.
He was an easy man to give penánce,
There as he wist to have a good pittánce
For unto a pour order for to give,
Is signé that a man is well yshrive;
For if he gave, he dursté make avant
He wisté that a man was répentant.
For many a man so hard is of his heart,
He may not weep, though him soré smart;
Therefore instead of weeping and prayéres,
Men may give silver to the pouré freres.

* * * * * * *

His tippet was aye farsed full of knives
And pinnés for to given fairé wives.
And certainly he had a merry note;
Well could he sing and playen on a rote.
Of yeddings he bare utterly the prize.

Chaucer.

FICTION—True.

True fiction hath in it a higher end
Than fact; it is the possible compared
With what is merely positive; and gives
To the conceptive soul an inner world,
A higher, ampler Heaven than that wherein
The nations sun themselves. In that bright state
Are met the mental creatures of the men,
Whose names are writ highest on the rounded crown
Of fame's triumphal arch; the shining shapes
Which star the skies of that invisible land,
Which, whosoe'er would enter, let him learn;—
It is not enough to draw forms fair and lively,
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful:
A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minster dome; and show,
Like that instonement of divinity,
That the whole building doth belong to God.

Bailey.

FRIEND—A.

Love, nature's plot, this great creation's soul,
The being and the harmony of things,
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
From whence man's happiness and safety springs:
The earliest, whitest, blessed'st times did draw
From her alone their universal law.

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refined and purged from all its dross,—
The next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is, though not so gross:
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is an heaven in epitome.

* * * * * *

Essential honour must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin though sure that none should know.
Where friendship's spoke, honesty's understood;
For none can be a friend that is not good.

* * * * * *

Thick waters show no images of things;
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design, or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

Katherine Philips.

FRIEND—Associations of.

The fixed and unchanging features of the country also perpetuate the memory of the friend with whom we once enjoyed them; who was the companion of our most retired walks, and gave animation to every lonely scene. His idea is associated with every charm of nature; we hear his voice in the echo which he once delighted to awaken; his spirit haunts the grove which he once frequented; we think of him in the wild upland solitude, or amidst the pensive beauty of the valley. In the freshness of joyous morning we remember his beaming smiles and bounding gaiety; and when sober evening returns, with its gathering shadows and subduing quiet, we call to mind many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet-souled melancholy.

> "Each lonely place shall him restore,
> For him the tear be duly shed;
> Beloved, till life can charm no more,
> And mourn'd till pity's self be dead."

Another cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country is, that the grave is more immediately in sight of the survivors. They pass it on their way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercises of devotion; they linger about it on the Sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most disposed to turn aside from present pleasures and present loves, and to sit down among the solemn mementoes of the past.

W. Irving.

FRIEND—To a Distant.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

Wordsworth.

FRIEND—His Faithfulness Proved.

Not stayed state, but feebly stay,
Not costly robes, but bare array;
Not passed wealth, but present want,
Not heaped store, but slender scant;
Not plenty's purse, but poor estate,
Not happy hap, but froward fate;
Not wish at will, but want of joy,
Not heart's good health, but heart's annoy;
Not freedom's use, but prison's thrall,
Not costly seat, but lowest fall;
Not weal I mean, but wretched woe,
Doth truly try the friend from foe:
And nought but froward fortune proves,
Who fawning feigns, or simply loves.

Lyly.

FRIEND—Loss of a.

The loss of a friend often afflicts no less by the momentary shock than when it is brought back to our minds some time afterwards by the sight of some object associated with him in the memory; of something which reminds us that we have laughed together, or shed tears together, that our hearts have trembled under the same breeze of gladness, or that we have bowed our heads under the same stroke of sorrow.

Grant.

FRIEND—Loss of an Old.

To lose an old friend is to be cut off from a great part of the little pleasure that this life allows. But such is the condition of our nature, that as we live on, we must see those whom we love drop successively, and find our circle of relations grow less and less, till we are almost unconnected with the world; and then it must soon be our turn to drop into the grave. There is always this consolation, that we have one Protector who can never be lost but by our own fault, and every new experience of the uncertainty of all other comforts should determine us to fix our hearts where true joys are to be found. All union with the inhabitants of earth must in time be broken; and all the hopes that terminate here must, on one part or other, end in disappointment. *Johnson.*

FRIENDS.

But as our immortality
By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be design'd:
So here how could such copies fall,
If there were no original?

But if truth be in ancient song,
Or story we believe;
If the inspired and greater throng
Have scorned to deceive;
There have been hearts whose friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and grave.

Among that consecrated crew
Some more seraphic shade
Lend me a favourable clew,
Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the world with fame,
Left you so little of your flame?

Why is 't so difficult to see
Two bodies and one mind?
And why are those who else agree
So difficultly kind?
Hath nature such fantastic art,
That she can vary every heart?

Why are the bands of friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the most forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to indifference?

If friendship sympathy impart,
Why this ill-shufled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
Or flame encounter flame?
What does this cruelty create?
Is 't the intrigue of love or fate?

Had friendship ne'er been known to men
(The ghost at last confest),
The world had then a stranger been
To all that heaven possest.
But could it all be here acquired,
Not heaven itself would be desired.
Katherine Philips.

FRIENDS—Death of.

Smitten friends
Are angels, sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain? *Young.*

FRIENDS—Two.

Mute moved around them the vortices of love, and drew them nearer. They stretched out their arms to one another, and sank voiceless together, and betwixt the brothered souls lay nothing but two mortal bodies. Overwhelmed by the flood-tide of love and joy, for a minute their drunken eyes were closed—and when they looked up again, the solemn Night, with his suns sunk in the eternal depths, stood before them—the milky-way, like the ring of Eternity, clasped the immeasurable space, the sharp sickle of the earthly moon came with a gentle cut upon the short days and joys of humanity.

But there was something there yet more high than the sun's, yet more solid than the ring of Eternity, and yet more bright than the sickle of the moon—and that was the undying friendship of two souls in two frail frames of dust. *Richter.*

FRIENDSHIP.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
Shakespeare.

Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.
Young.

Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two. *Ibid.*

FRIENDSHIP—False.

There 's not so much danger
In a known foe, as a suspected friend.
Nabb.

FRIENDSHIP—Indifference of.

Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea;
And I have seen no more of it. I had

A friend with whom, in boyhood, I was wont
To learn, think, laugh, weep, strive, and love, together;
For we were alway rivals in all things—
Together up high springy hills, to trace
A runnel to its birthplace—to pursue
A river—to search, haunt old ruined towers,
And muse in them—to scale the cloud-clad hills
While thunders murmured in our very ear;
To leap the lair of the live cataract,
And pray its foaming pardon for the insult;
To dare the broken tree-bridge across the stream;
To crouch behind the broad white waterfall,
Tongue of the glen, like to a hidden thought—
Dazzled, and deafened, yet the more delighted;
To reach the rock which makes the fall and pool;
There to feel safe, or not to care if not;
To fling the free foot over my native hills,
Which seemed to breathe the bracing breeze we loved
The more it lifted up our loosened locks,
That nought might be between us and the skies;
Or, hand in hand, leap, laughing, with closed eyes,
In Trent's death-loving deeps; yet was she kind
Ever to us; and bare us buoyant up,
And followed our young strokes, and cheered us on—
Even as an elder sister bending above
A child, to teach it how to order its feet—
As quick we dashed, in reckless rivalry,
To reach, perchance, some long green floating flag—
Just when the sun's hot lip first touched the stream,
Reddening to be so kissed; and we rejoiced,
As breasting it on we went over depth and death,
Strong in the naked strife of elements,
Toying with danger in as little fear
As with a maiden's ringlets. And oft, at night,
Bewildered and bewitched by favourite stars,
We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,—
For there is poetry where aught is pure;
Or over the still dark heath, leap along, like harts,
Through the broad moonlight; for we felt where'er
We leapt the golden gorse, or lowly ling,
We could not be from home. That friend is gone.
Bailey.

FRIENDSHIP—and Patriotism.

A man who loves only himself, without regard to friendship and desert, merits the severest blame; and a man who is only susceptible of friendship, without public spirit, or a regard to the community, is deficient in the most material part of virtue. *Hume.*

FRIENDSHIP—The: Its Flower

When first the Friendship-flower is planted
  Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought are wanted
  To guard its beauty fresh and whole;
But when the one impassioned age
  Has full revealed the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
  Alone can shun the open tomb.

It is not Absence you should dread,—
  For Absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
  Shall wave most wonderful and fair;
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
  Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
  Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
  Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common-peopled atmosphere
  Of daily thoughts and words and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
  Of many a careless fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
  To taint it as they wanton by.

Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
  That must not wholly fall and fade,
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
  Spring up, beset, and overshade;
Better, a child of care and toil,
  To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
  To pine, neglected and forgot.

Yet when, at last, by human slight,
  Or close of their permitted day,
From the sweet world of life and light
  Such fine creations lapse away,—
Bury the relics that retain
  Sick odours of departed pride,—
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
  But let them perish where they died.
Blackwood.

FRIENDSHIP—Severed.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;

And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Coleridge.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress——Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Robert Blair.

FRIENDSHIP—when Tried.

Friendship is seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common.

Feltham.

FRIENDSHIP—True.

When adversities flow,
Then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly
In storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair
Face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast
Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery,
Nor place, nor destiny can alter or
Diminish. Oh, friendship! of all things the
Most rare, and therefore most rare because most
Excellent: whose comforts in misery
Are always sweet, and whose counsels in
Prosperity are ever fortunate.
Vain love! that only coming near to friendship
In name, would seem to be the same, or better,
In nature.

Lilly.

Dost thou know what friendship is?
'Tis not the fawning cringe, the studdied smile,
The oil-smooth speech, big word, or solemn vow;
It is a sacred ray of heav'nly love:
Like that, rejoicing in the good of others,
It scorns the narrow bounds of selfishness,
And knows no bliss sincere, but social joy:
Simple and plain, it shines in naked truth,
And opens all the sluices of the heart.

Hawkins.

FRIENDSHIP—of the World.

When a hunted deer runs for safeguard amongst the rest of the herd, they will not admit him into their company, but beat him off with their horns, out of principles of self-preservation. So hard it is in man or beast in misery to find a faithful friend. *Fuller.*

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need: but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend. *Warwick.*

FRIENDSHIP—Worldly.

There is within the world in which we dwell
A friendship answering to that world full well;
An interchange of looks and actions kind,
And, in some sense, an intercourse of mind;

A useful commerce, a convenient trade,
By which both parties are the happier made:
And, when the thing is rightly understood
And justly valued, it is wise and good.

I speak not here of friendships that excite
In boys at school such wonder and delight,
Of high heroic friends, in serious strife,
Contending which should yield a forfeit life—
Such wondrous love, in their maturer days,
Men, if they credit, are content to praise.

I speak not here of friendships true and just
When friend can friend with life and honour
trust;
Where mind to mind has long familiar grown,
And every failing, every virtue known.
Of these I speak not; things so rich and rare
That we degrade with jewels to compare,
Or bullion pure and massy. I intend
To treat of one whose neighbour called him
friend,
Or called him neighbour; and with reason
good—
The friendship rising from the neighbourhood.
A sober kind, in common service known;
Not such as is in death and peril shown;
Such as will give or ask a helping hand,
But no important sacrifice demand;
In fact, a friendship that will long abide,
If seldom rashly, never strongly, tried.
Yes! these are sober friendships, made for
use;
And much convenience they in life produce.
Like a good coat, that keeps us from the cold,
The cloth of frieze is not a cloth of gold;
But neither is it piebald, pieced, and poor,—
'Tis a good useful coat, and nothing more.
Crabbe.

FRIENDSHIP.

Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
Our burning words that utter'd all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing, heart entire.
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and
earth,
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talk'd the speech, and ate the food of
heaven! *Pollock.*

FRIENDSHIP—Charity in.

Friendship closes its eyes, rather than see the moon eclipst; while malice denies that it is ever at the full. *Hare.*

FRUITS—in England in the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.

The only kinds named are apples and pears: three hundred of the latter were purchased at Canterbury; probably from the gardens of the monks. It is believed, however, that few other sorts were generally grown in England before the latter end of the fifteenth century; although Matthew Paris, describing the bad season of 1257, observes that "apples were scarce, and pears scarcer, while quinces, vegetables, cherries, plums, and all shell-fruits were entirely destroyed." These shell-fruits were probably the common hazel-nut, walnuts, and perhaps chestnuts; in 1256 the sheriffs of London were ordered to buy two thousand chestnuts for the king's use. In the Wardrobe Book of the 14th of Edward the First before quoted, we find the bill of Nicholas, the royal fruiterer, in which the only fruits mentioned are pears, apples, quinces, medlars, and nuts. The supply of these, from Whitsuntide to November, cost £21, 14*s.* 1½*d.* This apparent scarcity of indigenous fruits naturally leads to the inquiry, what foreign kinds besides those included in the term spicery, such as almonds, dates, figs, and raisins, were imported into England in this and the following century? In the time of John and of Henry the Third, Rochelle was celebrated for its pears and conger-eels; the sheriffs of London purchased a hundred of the former for Henry, in 1223. In the 18th of Edward the First, a large Spanish ship came to Portsmouth; out of the cargo of which the Queen bought one frail of Seville figs, one frail of raisins or grapes, one bale of dates, and two hundred and thirty pomegranates, fifteen citrons, and seven oranges. The last item is important, as Le Grand d' Aussy could not trace the orange in France to an earlier date than 1333; here we find it known in England in 1290; and it is probable that this was not its first appearance. The marriage of Edward with Eleanor of Castile naturally led to a greater intercourse with Spain, and consequently to the introduction of other articles of Spanish produce than the leather of Cordova, olive-oil, and rice, which had previously been the principal imports from that fertile country, through the medium of the merchants of Bayonne and Bordeaux. It is to be regretted that the series of Wardrobe Books is incomplete, as much additional information on this point might have been derived from them. At all events, it appears certain that Europe is indebted to the Arab conquerors of Spain for the introduction of the orange, and not to the Portuguese, who are said to have brought it from China. An English dessert in the thirteenth century must, it is clear, have been composed chiefly of dried and preserved fruits —dates, figs, apples, pears, nuts, and the still common dish of almonds and raisins.

J. H. Turner.

FRUITFUL—

As the free elements. *Shakespeare.*
As the genial spring. *N. Cotton.*
As autumn. *Fountain.*
As the full-grown year.
Poem, "Progress of Wit."
As the fertile earth. *Duchess of Newcastle.*
As the Nile. *Dryden.*
As the meads of Paradise.
Play, "Three English Brothers."
As the vine. *Sir W. Davenant.*
As the swelling vine. *C. Cotton.*

FULFILMENT—of All Things.

Man I know;
The human universe, and the divine,
And central fate; know all must be fulfilled
Of nature that there is; of sin and strife,
Peace, righteousness, change, self-delusion, self-
Destruction, ere the earth can take new life,
Or man become the minister of God.

Bailey.

FUNERAL—The Alderman's.

This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten-and-twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity account with heaven,—
Retaining fees against the Last Assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

* * * * * *

Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him; nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He, in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and sear'd, and shrivell'd up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was trained up,
His feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
Poor muckworm! through his three-score years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

Southey.

FUNERAL—Its Peculiar Concomitants.

If the funeral had been yesterday, I could not recollect it better. The very air of the best parlour when I went in at the door, the bright condition of the fire, the shining of the wine in the decanters, the patterns of the glasses and plates, the faint, sweet smell of cake, the odour of Miss Murdstone's dress, and our black clothes. Mr. Chillip is in the room and comes to speak to me.

"And how is Master David?" he says kindly.

I cannot tell him very well. I give him my hand, which he holds in his. "Dear me!" says Mr. Chillip, meekly smiling, with something shining in his eye, "Our little friends grow up around us. They grow out of our knowledge, ma'am." This is to Miss Murdstone, who makes no reply.

"There is a great improvement here, ma'am," says Mr. Chillip. Miss Murdstone merely answers with a frown and a formal bend. Mr. Chillip, discomfited, goes into a corner, keeping me with him, and opens his mouth no more. I remark this, because I remark everything that happens, not because I care about myself, or have done since I came home. And now the bell begins to sound, and Mr. Omer and another come to make us ready. As Peggotty was wont to tell me, long ago, the followers of my father to the same grave were made ready in the same room. There are Mr. Murdstone, our neighbour Mr. Grayfir, Mr. Chillip, and I. When we go out to the door, the bearers and their load are in the garden; and they move before us down the path, and past the elms, and through the gate, and into the churchyard, where I have so often heard the birds sing on a summer morning.

We stand around the grave. The day seems different to me from every other day, and the light not of the same colour—of a sadder colour. Now, there is a solemn hush, which we have brought from home with what is resting in the mould; and while we stand bareheaded, I hear the voice of the clergyman, sounding remote in the open air, and yet distinct and plain, saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord!" Then I hear sobs; and, standing apart among the lookers-on, I see that good and faithful servant, whom of all the people upon earth I love the best, and unto whom my childish heart is certain that the Lord will one day say, "Well done." There are many faces that I know among the little crowd; faces that I knew in church, when mine was always wondering there; faces that first saw my mother when she came to the village in her youthful bloom. I do not mind them—I mind nothing but my grief—and yet I see and know them all,—and even in the background, far away, see Minnie looking on, and her eye glancing on her sweetheart, who is near me. It is over, and the earth is filled in, and we turn to come away. Before us stands our house, so pretty and unchanged, so linked in my mind with the young idea of what is gone, that all my sorrow has been nothing to the sorrow it calls forth. But they take me on; and Mr. Chillip talks to me, and when we get home puts some water to my lips, and when I ask his leave to go up to my room, dismisses me with the gentleness of a woman.

All this, I say, is yesterday's event. Events of later date have floated from me to the shore where all forgotten things will re-appear, but this stands like a high rock in the ocean. *Dickens.*

FUNERAL—Dirge.

From out the heart
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard ascending; mournful, deep, and slow
The cadence, as of psalms—a funeral dirge!
We listened, looking down towards the hut,
But seeing no one; meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly could I recognize
These words—"Shall in the grave thy love be known,
In death thy faithfulness!" "God rest his soul!"
The wanderer cried, abruptly breaking silence,
"He is departed, and finds peace at last!"
This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains
Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
Of rustic persons, from behind the hut,
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the sloping side
Of that small valley; singing as they moved;
A sober company and few, the men
Bareheaded, and all decently attired!

Wordsworth.

FUNERAL—Flowers thrown on the Grave.

It is greatly to be regretted that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical custom always shuns the walks of cultivated society. In proportion as people grow polite they cease to be poetical. They talk of poetry, but they have learnt to check its free impulses, to distrust its sallying emotions, and to supply its most affecting and picturesque usages, by studied form and pompous ceremonial. Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade—mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief. "There is a grave digged," says Jeremy Taylor, "and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the neighbourhood, and when the daies are finished, they shall be, and they shall be remembered no more." The associate in the gay and crowded city is soon forgotten; the hurrying succession of new inmates and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. But funerals in the country are solemnly impressive. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life. The passing bell tolls its knell in every ear; it steals with its pervading melancholy over hill and vale, and saddens all the landscape. *Irving.*

FUNERAL—Hymn.

Ye midnight Shades! o'er Nature spread
Dumb silence of the dreary hour;
In honour of the approaching dead
Around your lawful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground,
Thro' all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrapt the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mould'ring bone,
Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause and sounding slow;
Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh and words that weep,
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And after some few stormy days
Now gracious gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In Him appears
Who shuts the scene of human woes;
Beneath His shade,
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
To One supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs. God is just,
And man most happy when he dies.
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows
And sin and sorrow are no more.

David Mallet.

FUNERAL—Its Salutary Impression.

It would not, indeed, be reasonable to expect, did we not know the inattention and perverseness of mankind, that any one who had followed a funeral could fail to return home without new resolutions of a holy life; for who can see the final period of all human schemes and undertakings, without conviction of the vanity of all that terminates in the present state? For who can see the wise, the brave, the powerful, or the beauteous, carried to the grave, without reflection on the emptiness of all those distinctions which set us here in opposition to each other? And who, when he sees the vanity of all terrestrial advantages, can forbear to wish for a more permanent and certain happiness? Such wishes, perhaps, often arise, and such resolutions are often formed; but, before the resolution can be exerted—before the wish can regulate the conduct—new prospects open before us, new impressions are received: the temptations of the world solicit, the passions of the heart are put into commotion; we plunge again into the tumult, engage again in the contest, and forget that what we gain cannot be kept, and that the life for which we are thus busy to provide must be quickly at an end.

Johnson.

FUNERALS—Rural.

Here's a few flowers! but about midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves—
You were as flowers now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall which we upon you strow.

Cymbeline.

Among the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England, are those of strewing flowers before the funerals, and planting them at the graves of departed friends. These, it is said, are the remains of some of the rites of the primitive church; but they are of still higher antiquity, having been observed among the Greeks and Romans, and frequently mentioned by their writers, and were, no doubt, the spontaneous tributes of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song, or story it on the monument. They are now only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in, and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time. *Irving.*

FUNERAL—The Wife's.

Then died, lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued mother and a faithful wife:

Called not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind
She felt fast bound, as charity can bind;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart:—
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone,
Still those around appear'd for hope to seek;
But view'd the sick, and were afraid to speak.
  Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead;
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed,
My part began: a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face;
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came, their griefs to blend;
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier;
He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear;
Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain!
While the meek father, listening to their tones,
Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
  The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied:
"Be still, be patient," oft she strove to say!
But fail'd as oft, and weeping turned away.
  Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.
  Arrived at home, how then they gazed around.
In every place—where she—no more was found:—
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday pew she filled with all her race,—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place:
That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.
Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker, he has had a share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment!

Crabbe.

FUTURE.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may cross the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's delusive glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way
The present's still a cloudy day.

Dyer.

FUTURITY—Apostrophe to.

Ye rocks! ye elements! thou shoreless main,
In whose blue depths, worlds, ever voyaging,
Freighted with life and death, of fate complain,
Things of immutability! ye bring
Thoughts that with terror and with sorrow wring
The human breast. Unchanged, of sad decay,
And deathless change ye speak, like prophets old,
Foretelling evil's ever-present day;
And as when horror lays his finger cold
Upon the heart in dreams, appal the bold.
O thou Futurity! our hope and dread,
Let me unveil thy features, fair or foul!
Thou who shalt see the grave untenanted,
And commune with the re-embodied soul!
Tell me thy secrets, ere thine ages roll
Their deeds, that yet shall be on earth, in heaven,
And in deep hell, where rabid hearts with pain
Must purge their plagues, and learn to be forgiven!
Show me the beauty that shall fear no stain,
And still through age-long years unchanged remain!
As one who dreads to raise the pallid sheet
Which shrouds the beautiful and tranquil face
That yet can smile, but never more shall meet,
With kisses warm, his ever fond embrace,

So I draw nigh to thee, with timid pace,
And tremble, though I long to lift thy veil.

Elliot.

FUTURITY—Symbolized.

The earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the Past—the air and heaven of Futurity. *Coleridge.*

FUTURITY—in View.

Oh, happy oblivion of earthly things which puts heaven and eternity in our view! Nothing which this visible world can set before us is worthy our regard, especially when at the end of the landscape the invisible glories of heaven solicit and court our love. Nothing which our carnal eyes can present to us is fit to stay or engage a soul that is capable of enjoying God; none of these fading, perishing objects deserve a room in that heart whose capacity is infinite, and which was made for eternity. Let us, then, shut our eyes to this transient scene—this vain show of the world—and open them only to that which is truly worthy of our view—the solid and lasting glories that attend the faithful walkers with God above, the felicities of heaven! Let these be always in our view; and by these fixed stars let us steer our course in this our passage through the troublesome waves of this world, and not by those wandering meteors which rise from the earth. These are false lights, and such as will end in darkness. Let us not therefore sail by them, but take the stars of heaven for our guides,—those safe and tried directors, that will not fail to conduct us to our haven; thus walking by faith, and not by sight; taking our measures from the other world, and not from this; till we come to enjoy what we now believe, and our faith be turned into vision. *Norris.*

FUTURE—Man's Idea of.

To me there is no future. I abhor
The self-delusions men affect. With them
The future is a god-king born in heaven,
Rich with hereditary royalties,
And entail of interminable times.
Morn's roseate breath, fresh blown o'er night's bright dew,
Is foul before this urchin's as a sough;
His hand is like the lily's fragrant snow;
And he is robed in weeds of whitest sheen,
Pet-godling of the world! The present,—what?
A ragged, beggard dottard, sick to death
Of the gray years and round returning skies.
Nor past nor future is; the present, all.

Bailey.

G.

GAIETY—Attributes of.

Gaiety is to good humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance: the one overpowers weak spirits, the other re-creates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain: the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

Johnson.

GAIETY—Same Motives for.

All assemblies of gaiety are brought together by motives of the same kind. The theatre is not filled with those that know or regard the skill of the actor, nor the ballroom by those who dance, or attend to the dancers. To all places of general resort, where the standard of pleasure is erected, we run with equal eagerness, or appearance of eagerness, for very different reasons. One goes that he may say he has been there; another, because he never misses. This man goes to try what he can find, and that to discover what others find. Whatever diversion is costly will be frequented by those who desire to be thought rich; and whatever has, by any accident, become fashionable, easily continues its reputation, because every one is ashamed of not partaking it. *Johnson.*

GAIN—and Expenditure.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever while you live expense is constant and certain: and it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

Franklin.

GAMESTER—Choleric and Testy.

The common humour of all gamesters is, whilst they win, to be always jovial, merry, good-natured, and free; but, on the contrary, if they lose even the smallest trifle, a single hit at backgammon, or a dealing at cards for twopence a game, they are so choleric and testy that they frequently break into violent passions, utter the most impious oaths, and horrid imprecations, and become so mad that no man dare to speak to them. But, alas! they have in general, especially if their stakes be large and excessive, more occasion to regret their winning than losing; for, as Seneca truly observes, their gains are not *munera fortunæ, sed insidiæ;* not fortune's gifts, but misfortune's baits, to lead them on to their common catastrophe—beggary and ruin. *Burton.*

GAMESTER—A Female.

Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play-season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. *Guardian.*

GAMESTERS—Power upon Society.

It is well for gamesters that they are so numerous as to make a society of themselves; for it would be a strange abuse of terms to rank these among society at large, whose profession it is to prey upon all who compose it. Strictly speaking, it will bear a doubt, if a gamester has any other title to be called a man, except under the distinction of Hobbes, and upon claim to the charter of *homo hominis lupus.* As a human wolf, I grant he has a right to his wolfish prerogatives. *Cumberland.*

GAMESTERS—Their Recklessness.

Gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deed which must convey
The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board wages, or a footman's livery.
Dryden.

GARDEN—the Purest of Human Pleasure.

God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. *Bacon.*

GARDENING—a Favourite Employ.

As gardening has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favourite of public and private men: a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession for which no man is too high nor too low. *Temple.*

GENEROSITY—True.

True generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones. *Goldsmith.*

GENIUS—must be Born.

Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store;
Heaven, that once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much—she could not give him more.
Maintain your post; that 's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Dryden.

GENIUS—must be Cultivated.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons. *Hume.*

GENIUS—Definition of.

Genius is nothing but a continued attention. *Helvetius.*

Genius is only a protracted patience. *Buffon.*

GENIUS.

In the exact sciences at least, it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius. *Cuvier.*

The power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius. *Chesterfield.*

GENIUS—to be Obeyed.

Obey
Thy genius, for a minister it is
Unto the throne of Fate. Draw to thy soul,
And centralize the rays which are around
Of the Divinity.
Bailey

GENIUS—hath Discretion.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

Shenstone.

GENIUS—Shines in Disputation.

There is nothing displays a genius (I mean a quickness of genius) more than a dispute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But, perhaps, the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular. *Shenstone.*

GENIUS—Hidden.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gray.

GENIUS—Mistaken Ideas of.

There are men who seem to think nothing so much characteristic of genius as to do common things in an uncommon way; like Hudibras, "to tell the clock by algebra," or, like the lady in Dr. Young's "Satires," "to drink tea by stratagem." *Johnson.*

GENIUS—a Light.

Would you both please and be instructed too
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

Stillingfleet.

GENIUS—Materials of.

It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory. Nothing can be made of nothing: he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations. *Reynolds.*

GENIUS—hath Kindred with Nature.

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature,—as such are chiefly sensible that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook who beautified his country seat with a coronation-dinner in greens; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in, perpetual youth, at the other.

Pope.

GENIUS—a Power.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies which are out of the reach of the rules of art,—a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire. *Reynolds.*

GENIUS—and Talent.

What is genius but finer love,—a love impersonal, a love of the flower and perfection of things, and a desire to draw a new picture or copy of the same? It looks to the cause of life; it proceeds from within outward, whilst talent goes from without inward. Talent finds its models, and methods, and ends in society, exists for exhibition, and goes to the soul only for power to work. Genius is its own end, and draws its means and the style of its architecture from within, going abroad only for audience and spectator, as we adapt our voice and phrase to the distance and character of the ear we speak to. All your learning of all literatures would never enable you to anticipate one of its thoughts or expressions, and yet each is natural and familiar as household words. Here about us coils for ever the ancient enigma, so old and so unutterable. Behold! there is the sun, and the rain, and the rocks: the old sun, the old stones. How easy were it to describe all this fitly: yet no word can pass. Nature is a mute, and man her articulate speaking brother, lo! he also is a mute; yet, when genius arrives, its speech is like a river: it has no straining to describe, more than there is straining in nature to exist. When thought is best, there is most of it. Genius sheds wisdom like perfume, and advertises us that it flows out of a deeper source than the foregoing silence,—that it knows so deeply and speaks so musically, because it is itself a limitation of the thing it describes. It is sun, and moon, and wave, and fire in music, as astronomy is thought and harmony in masses of matter.

Emerson.

GENIUS—at first Unknown.

A man's genius is always, in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to those undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind. *Hume.*

GENIUS—Rightly Used.

Genius, strictly speaking, is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace and improves the happiness of mankind. What should we think of the gardener who planted his flower-bed with henbane and deadly night shade? What should we think of the general who, being intrusted with an army and a plentiful supply of military stores, applied these powers to degrading and enslaving his own country? He would be visited with scorn, and punished as a traitor. And why should the man who directs the artillery of his genius, delegated to him for high and holy purposes, to shaking those foundations on which the happiness of his species rests, and who applies the divine spark within him to the kindling of low and debasing passions, be allowed to hear his plaudits swelled in proportion as his powers of doing mischief become apparent. Talent is always accompanied with the responsibility of using it rightly; and the neglect or pity of the virtuous is the penalty which the child of genius pays, or ought to pay, for its abuse.

However splendid talents may compel our admiration, they have no right to claim the general esteem of mankind when their possessor exercises them without regard of what is due to the well-being of society and himself.

Essex Lit. Gaz.

GENIUS—Yearning after.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn; he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
Thou gavest to him with treble force to feel
The stings of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn;
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

H. K. White.

GENIUS—Young.

Genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at twenty-five! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern time: had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Roeroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight—look at his captains—that wonderful Duke of Wiemar, only thirty-six when he died. Bauèr himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not. I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his craft Ferdinand of Aragon himself. He was pope, as Leo X., at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley—they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen (the greatest of Frenchmen), and died at thirty-seven. Ah! that fatal thirty-seven! which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquavivia was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America before he was thirty-seven. What a career! the secret sway of Europe! that was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances—the history of heroes is the history of youth. *Disraeli.*

GENEROUS—

As a prince. *Centlivre.*

As spring dews that bless the glad ground. *Scott.*

GENTILITY.

Gentility is nothing but ancient riches. *Lord Burleigh.*

GENTLEMAN—The Christian.

The Christian gentleman is an economist of time; and, therefore, particularly diligent that his previous hours of literary leisure be not misemployed. The frivolities which load the tables of the idle, so distinctive a mark of the present age, are little suited to his taste; novelties, merely as such, engage not his attention; nor, above all, does he ever knowingly permit his eye to fall on what may shock, or in any way disturb the feelings. And, as he would fence his own principles from unnecessary exposure, so is he equally scrupulous in guarding the principles of those who may come within his privacy. Thus he thinks it a sort of treachery to allow upon his shelves works of an evil or injurious tendency. It may not be possible, indeed, to banish, especially from a numerous collection, all of which he does not approve; for, such is the perversity of the human mind, that erroneous opinions and false sentiments will ever abound; but he makes it a point of conscience to prohibit all that pestilent, but, alas! too numerous, class of writers, who, by "putting light for darkness, and darkness for light" (Isa. v. 20), by making vice attractive, and religion and virtue repulsive, corrupt the hearts of the young and unwary. No wit, no prescription, no general applause, will procure his sufferance of those whom he is conscious the almighty Censor would indignantly condemn. Indeed, the library of the Christian gentleman is a sort of consecrated bound where, though all may not wear an equally religious aspect, yet innocence may walk secure from injury, and the purest delicacy without risk of offence. Awful is the responsibility, tremendous will be the doom, of those who have abused the talents committed to them, to pampering the appetites, stimulating the passions, undermining the morals, or shaking the faith of their fellows. Who can limit the evil which an able and seductive writer may convey perhaps to the latest generations? Surely his final sentence will be fearfully aggravated by the curses of those whom he has helped to corrupt unceasingly echoing through a long eternity!

A judicious selection, then, from the works of the good, the learned, and the wise, the Christian gentleman bequeaths as a valuable heirloom to his descendants; and, if any of them should be able to say that to this care they are indebted for benefit they have gained, or evil avoided, may not the voice thereof ascend and gladden his spirit even beyond the sphere of mortal intelligence. *Edmonstone.*

GENTLEMAN—His Qualities Generous.

If the birth of the true gentleman be not, at least his qualities are, generous. What if he cannot with the Hevenninghams of Suffolk count five-and-twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or with the Nauntons show where their ancestors had seven hundred pounds a year before or at the Conquest; yet he hath endeavoured by his own deserts to ennoble himself. Thus valour makes him son to Cæsar, learning entitles him kinsman to Tully, and piety reports him nephew to godly Constantine. It graceth a gentleman of low descent, and high desert, when he will own the meanness of his parentage, which some seventy years since shined in Cassiopea. But if he be generously born, see how his parents breed him. *Fuller.*

GENTLEMAN—His Good Judgment.

The most necessary talent in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength. *Steele.*

GENTLEMAN—Rarity of.

A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowment with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. *Steele.*

GETTING ON: The Goddess of our National Worship.

Speaking of the real, active, continual, national worship, that by which men act while they live; not that which they talk of when they die. Now, we have indeed a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property and six-sevenths of our time; and we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion; but we are all unanimous about this practical one, of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the "Goddess of Getting-on," or, "Britannia of the Market." The Athenians had an "Athena Agoraia," or Minerva of the market; but she was subordinate type of their goddess, while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me, if I proposed building a cathedral on the top of one of those hills of yours, taking it for an Acropolis! But your railroad mounds—prolonged masses of Acropolis; your railroad stations—vaster than the Parthenon and innumerable; your chimneys—how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbour-piers; your warehouses; your exchanges!—all these are built to your great goddess of "Getting-on;" and she has formed, and will continue to form your architecture, as long as you worship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to her; you know far better than I.

Ruskin.

GETTING ON—in Life, Rule of.

"You must give me your advice as to the best way of setting-forth in life, Mr. Dell?"

"Confidence in yourself, and faith in your God," was the quick answer. "I can give you no better advice on this side of the grave."

Owen: a Waif.

GHOSTS—An Anomaly.

I never could think it for the interest of religion that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of demonism. On the other hand, I take the devil to be a personage of much more prudence than to frighten his favourites from him, by assuming such horrid and disgustful appearances. He rather chooses to lurk behind temptation, in the allurement of beauty, the deceitfulness of smiles, the glorying of compliments, in revel and banqueting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of state.

Brooke.

GHOST—a Fearful Vision.

Macbeth. Avaunt! and quit my sight!
Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom—'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *Shakespeare.*

GIANT—Description of one.

There was one
Who when I saw him first sat by a fire:
An egg, an hour-glass and a water bowl
Being before him. All he said was this:—
When the sand is run
The egg is done.
This he first boiled, then roasted, and then ate.
Student. What sort of one? Perhaps an ostrich egg?
Festus. Much larger. Here is nothing of the kind.
The yolk was like the sun seen in a fog;
The white was thin and clouded, and the shell
Heavy and hard as is our earth-pie crust.
A wheat-stack of our friend's here would but make
One loaf of bread for them. Oak trees they use
As pickles, and tall pines as toothpicks; whales,
In their own blubber fried, serve as mere fish
To bait their appetites. Boiled elephants,
Rhinoceroses, and roasted crocodiles—
Every thing dished up whole—with lions stewed,
Shark sauce, and eagle pie, and young giraffes,
Make up a potluck dinner,—if there's plenty.
Then as for game, the ptero-dactyles
And ichthyosauri are great dainties there,
Coming in season only once an age.
They reckon there by ages, not by years.
Student. And as to beverage?
Festus. Oh; if thirsty, they
Will lay them down and drink a river dry,
Nor once draw breath.
Parson. Ah! camel, gnat, and all.

Bailey.

GIFTS—from Heaven, their Equality.

Blame not the fates, nor call their lot unkind,
Whose wants are many, and whose joys confined;
For Heaven's best gifts are equal showered around,
As vernal dews that bathe the thirsty ground.
On the unjust and just the rain doth fall,
The sun's bright glories shine alike on all;
The ambient air alike its current blows
On rich and poor, on brothers and on foes;
And love—the last best gift of bounteous Heaven—
Alike to all the tribes of Earth is given.
Lady Northampton.

GIFT—Its Kind.

A gift—its kind, its value and appearance; the silence or the pomp that attends it; the style in which it reaches you, may decide the dignity or vulgarity of the giver. *Lavater.*

GIRL—The Dumb.

She is my only girl;
I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinshed was Love's jewelled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl!
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see;
How pure! how perfect seemed the gift to me!

Oh! many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deadened ear;
And suffered not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hushed her brother's laughter while she lay:
Ah! needless care!—I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watched,—God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived!
Vain Love was long th' untiring nurse of Faith
And tenderest Hope, until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue could teach
To call me "*Mother*," in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear.
Alas! those seal'd lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes,
To watch our lips, as tho' our words she knew—
Then moves her own; as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee—
The chorus of the breezes—streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves
Are wasted melody
To her,—the world of sound—a timeless void—
While even *silence* hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eyes beautiful;—of finest mould,
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair;
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from Earth's Babel clamour be kept free,
E'en that *His* "still small voice" might be
Heard at its inner shrine?
Thro' that deep hush of soul with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? Oh, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness, in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts;—tho' I had once the fear
That even "*her father*" would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes, and leans her head upon his knee
Oh! at such times I know
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft
Even now; how could I say, she did not speak,
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left

Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give
To her defect, a beauty of its own;
And we, a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve;
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear;—
Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here!

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody,
Than the rich songs of Heaven—
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstacies of sound.
Segourney.

GIRL—The Dying, and her Lover.

The following verses appeared many years since in an English provincial paper, but attracted less attention than their great beauty merits. The speakers are, a dying girl and her lover. The ardent passion manifested by the youth, suggests to the girl several images under which she supposes that he will delight to personify her after death. The stanzas are in the form of a dialogue—the girl suggesting the particular images in succession, and the lover responding:—

"Even as a flower?"
"No, fairest, be not to me as a flower,
The uncertain sun calls forth its oderous breath;
The sweetest perfume gives the speediest death—
The sport and victim of a summer hour.
Fairest, be not a flower!"

"Even as a star?"
"No, brightest, be not to me as a star;
'Tis one of millions, and the hurrying cloud
Oft wraps the glitt'ring splendour in its shroud;
Morn pales its lustre, and it shines afar.
Brightest, be not a star!"

"Even as a dove?"
"No, purest, be not to me as a dove;
The spoiler oft breaks in upon its rest,
Robbing the downy joys of its soft nest,
And plunging silence through its native grove.
Purest, be not a dove!"

"Even as a rock?"
"No, my most faithful, be not as a rock;
It mocks the embracing wave, or stands alone
In loveless gloom, in dreary wastes unknown,
Senseless alike to fortune's smile or shock.
Changeless, be not a rock!"

"Even as—myself?"
"My soul's best idol, be but as thyself;
Brighter than star, fairer than flower:
Purer than dove, and in thy spirit's power,
Steadier than rock!
Yes! be thyself, thyself—only thyself!"
Anon.

GIRL—Gentlest.

Gentlest girl,
Thou wert a bright creation of my thought
In earliest childhood—and my seeking soul
Wander'd ill-satisfied, till one blest day
Thine image pass'd athwart it—thou wert then
A young and happy child, sprightly as life;
Yet not so bright or beautiful as that
Mine inward vision;—but a whispering voice
Said softly—This is she whom thou didst choose;
And thenceforth ever, through the morn of life,
Thou wert my playmate—thou my only joy,
Thou my chief sorrow when I saw thee not.
And when my daily consciousness of life
Was born and died—thy name the last went up,
Thy name the first, before our Heavenly Guide,
For favour and protection. All the flowers
Whose buds I cherish'd, and in summer heats
Fed with mock showers, and proudly show'd their bloom,
For thee I rear'd, because all beautiful
And gentle things reminded me of thee:
Yea, and the morning, and the rise of sun,
And the fall of evening, and the starry host,
If aught I loved, I loved because thy name
Sounded about me when I look'd on them.
Dean Alford.

GLANCE—

Like lightning. *Scott.*
Like a flash of lightning.
Play, "Portsmouth Heiress."
Like a falling star. *Byron.*
Like a meteor. *Scott.*
Like sudden gleams that glow through autumn clouds. *Moore.*
A keener glance darts not the hawk, when from the feathered tribe he marks his victim.
Southey.

GLEAM—

Like an orient star. *Sir W. Jones.*
Like lightning 'midst a thunder cloud.
James Campbell.
Like broken moon-light rippling on the stream. *Montgomery.*
Ruddy, like the beacon's light. *Scott.*
Like the diamond dew. *Landon.*
Like gold. *Southey.*

GLIDE—

As smoothly as a Parthian shaft. *Kyd.*

Like a shooting exhalation, out of their sight. *Chapman.*

Away like a shadow. *R. Greene.*

Light as the breath of opening morn o'er beds of unsunn'd violets borne.
Poem, "Illusions of Fancy."

Away as gentle streams. *C. Johnson.*

GLORIES—Deceptive.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine
bright,
But look'd too near, have neither heat nor
light. *Webster.*

GLORIES—Unsubstantial.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And place fresh laurels where they kill;
And their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds!
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
Shirley.

GLORIOUS—

As the sun. *Randolph.*

More glorious than the noon-day sun.
R. Barford.

He stood as a bright sun set amid the stars.
Lidgate.

Like the setting sun. *Crown.*

As the summer sun sets in the full refulgence of his ray. *R. Ely.*

As the eye of heaven. *A. Cowley.*

As the day. *"Doyne's Tasso."*

And light as day. *C. Cotton.*

As the noon. *Watts.*

As the light. *W. Cartwright.*

As when the pure and first created light broke through the chaos. *Suckling.*

As the morn. *Somervile.*

As the morning washed with dew.
Play, "Taming of a Shrew."

To the view, as young Aurora decked with pearly dew. *Countess of Winchilsea.*

More glorious than the bright empress of the ruddy morn when early Titan rises.
Durfey.

As the morning star in the midst of a cloud.
Sacred Script.

As the moon at the full. *Ibid.*

As the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds. *Ibid.*

As the spring. *Massinger.*

As the flower of roses in the spring of the year. *Sacred Script.*

As unclouded May. *Tobin.*

As a diamond richly set. *Byron.*

He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full; as the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as a rainbow giving light in the bright clouds. *Ecclesiasticus.*

GLORY—False Claim to.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, behind their
backs.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's
name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.
Young.

GLORY—Degrees of.

Though the angels and saints have different degrees of glory, yet every one is perfectly happy and pleased. As the strings of an instrument differ in the size and sound; some are sharp and high, some grave and deep, others, a mean, so that if every string had judgment and election, it would choose to be what it is: so from the different degrees of glory in heaven, the most amiable and equal order appears that satisfies every one.
Dr. Bates.

GLORY—God's.

God's glory is seen when He works by means; it is more seen when He works witnout means; it is seen, above all, when He works contrary to means. It was a great work to open the eyes of the blind; it was a greater still to do it by applying clay and spittle. He sent a horror of great darkness on Abraham, when He was preparing to give him the best light. He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, and lamed him, when He was going to bless him. He smote Paul with blindness, when He was intending to open the eyes of his mind. He refused the request of the woman of Canaan for a while, but afterwards she obtained her desire. See, therefore, that *all* the paths of the Lord are mercy, and that *all* things work together for good to them that love Him. *Daniel Bowlands.*

GLORY—Its Fierce Wretchedness.

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mocked with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted like his varnish'd friends?
Shakespeare.

GLORY—the Gift of God.

That thou right soon may'st fold unto thy heart
The blissful consciousness of separate
Oneness with God, in Him in whom alone
The saved are deathless, shall become, for thee,
My earliest, earnest, and most constant prayer.
Oh! what is dear to creatures of the earth?
Life, love, light, liberty? But dearer far
Than all—and oh! an universe more divine—
The gift, which God endows His chosen with,
Of His own uncreated glory,—His
Before all worlds, all ages, and reserved
Till after all for those He loves and saves.
Bailey.

GLOW-WORM—The.

Oh gem, more precious than the thrice-tried ore,
And jewels that the cavern'd treasures hold,
(For what rare diamond ere did life enfold)
Thee at her bridal hour the chaste earth wore,
When Æther, her proud bridegroom, came and o'er
Heaven's archway spread his mantle, gemm'd with gold
Of stars in all their glory manifold—
Yet dream'd earth's bosom still adorn'd more.
They call thee worm, thy love ungently name,
Whilst thou, like Hero, lightest to thy nook
Some bold Leander with thy constant flame,
Whose Hellespont may be this running brook.
Oh, let the wise man-worm his pride abjure,
And his own love be half as bright and pure!
Blackwood.

GOD.

God is a light that is never darkened; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness. *Quarles.*

GOD—All-Sufficient.

God is all to thee: if thou be hungry, He is bread; if thirsty, He is water; if darkness, He is light; if naked, He is a robe of immortality. *Quarles.*

GOD—Ubiquitous.

With God time is not. Unto Him all is
Present eternity. Worlds, beings, years,
With all their natures, powers, and events,—
The range whereof, when making, He ordains,—
Unfold themselves like flowers. He foresees
Not, but sees all at once. *Bailey.*

GOD—His Might is Self-creative.

Thy might is self-creative, and Thy works
Immortal, temporal, destructible,
Are ever in Thy sight and blessèd there.
The Heavens are Thy bosom, and Thine eye
Is high o'er all existence; yea, the worlds
Are but Thy shining foot-prints upon space.
Bailey.

GOD—ever Good.

Let all the air be lightning, the dark blue
Of ever stretching space substantial fire;
Still God is good, still tends o'er those He loves. *Bailey.*

GOD—His Power.

The Lord is great in power—He hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet. He rebuketh the sea, and maketh it dry, and drieth up all the rivers: Bashan languishes, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon languishes. The mountains quake at Him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at His presence, yea, the world and all that dwell therein. Who can stand before His indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of His anger? *Nahum.*

GOD—His Majesty.

The majesty of God is thus described by the prophet Habakkuk:—

God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. And His brightness was as the light: He stood and measured the earth. The mountains saw Him and they trembled: The overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered His voice, and lifted up His hands on high.

Milton has beautifully amplified a part of this description in the following lines:—

In His hand
He took the golden compasses prepar'd,
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe and all created things;
One foot He centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world.

GOD—To be Wholly Worshipped.

Yea, even here as everywhere, let man
Worship his Recreator, and the world's,
Made perfect by preliminary fire.
O Thou, who in the inaccessible depths
Dwellest of all-central Being, and of whom
We can but see the star-dust of Thy feet
Left on Heaven's roads; from world nathless to world,
From firmament to firmament, can we trace
Each soul his individual link with Thee;
The pure invisible touch which makes us Thine;
The something more substantial than the sun,
More general than the void, yet nested here;
As through the aëry silence of the soul,
Swifter than eagle rushing on the wind,
Thou sweep'st into possession when Thou wilt.
So many are Thy mercies there is nought
But this to pray for left; continue that
Thou givest. To cease pertaineth not to Thee.
The elements may all confusedly fail,
And burning systems stiffen or depart
Into their graves of darkness and decay;
The sun at length, exhausted in the strife,
With his ethereal victor sleep and die;
And firmaments conglobe them, till at last
The universe concentrate in one orb,
Fit for Thy footstool only. *Bailey.*

GOD—The Name of.

He used
The name of God as spirits use it, barely,
Yet surely more sublime in nakedness,
Statuelike, than in a whole tongue of dress.
Thou knowest, God! that to the full of worship
All things are worshipful; and Thy great name,
In all its awful brevity, hath nought
Unholy breeding in it, but doth bless
Rather the tongue that utters it; for me,
I ask no higher office than to fling
My spirit at Thy feet, and cry Thy name
God! through eternity. The man who sees,
Irreverence in that name, must have been used
To take that name in vain; and the same man
Would see obscenity in pure white statues.
Call all things by their names. Hell call thou Hell;
Archangel, call archangel; and God, God.
Bailey.

GOD—One Spirit Infinite.

Illimitable essence, unconceived;
One Spirit infinite; from all Thy works
Dissimilar, great Dispenser of all good;
Best of all best, and wisest of all wise;
Father of justice and of equity;
Perfect, who knowest all things from Thyself.
The Lord of Nature; not to be bribed by gifts
Nor mocked by false prayers. Teacher sole of truth
To those high souls whose wisdom is their joy,
Their everlasting strength, their inner Heaven;
Coheritors and spirit peers of power
These who, by intuition half-divine
Of the interior light, the light conceive;
And, knowing God, all knowledge know of Him.
Ruler of earth and guardian King of Heaven;
Who made this world, that Heaven; gave life to all;
And from the radiant fingers of His sun
Streams indiscriminate blessings upon men,
Children of earth and death, but planned to live
In an immortal future, pure from ill;
Earth's mountain evils smoothed off; the whole orb
Crystalline made; themselves all shadowless.
He, with unerring prescience, perfect power,
Unchanging kindness acts, and wisest love;

Who is the life of Heaven; the threefold one;
Uniting Deity and Humanity,
Self-circled in the Eternity divine;
Drives Evil's monster dæmon from the earth,
From human souls sin's shadow, and o'er all
Life sheds resplendent purity and bliss.
Bailey.

GOD—Worketh Slowly.

God worketh slowly; and a thousand years
He takes to lift His hand off. Layer on layer
He made earth, fashioned it and hardened it
Into the great, bright, useful thing it is;
Its seas, life-crowded, and soul-hallowed lands
He girded with the girdle of the sun,
That sets its bosom glowing like Love's own
Breathless embrace, close-clinging as for life;
Veined it with gold, and dusted it with gems,
Lined it with fire, and round its heartfire bowed
Rock-ribs unbreakable; until at last
Earth took her shining station as a star
In Heaven's dark hall, high up the crowd of worlds.
All this and thus did God; and yet it ends.
The ball He rolled and rounded melts away
E'en now to its constituent atomies. *Bailey.*

GOD—the Father of Spirits.

Father of spirit, as the sun of air!
Beginning of all ends, and end of all
Beginnings, throughout whole Eternity;
From whom Eternity and every power
Perfect, and pure cause, is and emanates;
Originator without origin!
End without end! Creator of all ages,
And sabbath of all Being; who hast made
All numbers sacred, who art all and one!
At whose right hand the wisdom of all worlds
Combined is only fearful foolishness
Or inarticulate madness;—and Thou, Lord!
Maker and Perfecter of all, the One!
Being above all Being, God the Life!
Who art the way whereon the world proceeds
From God, all-making, and whereby returns
The ever generated universe!
Who rulest all worlds in the law of light,
Thy nature and their own; who art before
All ages, angels, blessed, times and worlds;
Word that in every world art safe to save
All souls, impregned with spirit, God-begot;—
And Thou, eternal Spirit-Deity;
Sole sanctifier of the universe;
Being, and Life, and Spirit, who dost make,
Destroyest, re-createst, makest God!
God One and Trine! thou seest me here again!
Bailey.

GOD—is Love.

How great soe'er things being or done of man,
To be, to do, is less than to believe:
For to believe God is to know Him love.
As on some hill at day-dawn we see born
Of early light the Sun, head of all worlds,
Who hour by hour exalts his own place; Truth
Instructing us the while it is earth beneath
Which rolls away; He, lord of time, in his
Eternal zenith throned, climbs not nor stoops;
So they, in spirit knowledge wisest, know,
As more and more the soul is purified,
It is their own fleshly ignorance from them rolled,
Which opens them to Heaven, and to God's light,
Unvarying and supreme, due ingress gives.
It is we who change towards Him, not He towards us;
As therefore to the sun, nor east nor west,
Nor day nor night is, but one timeless noon;
So from the Lord of life unbounded beams
One everlasting effluence, which is love.
To gain this; to prepare for this, is all.
Bailey.

GOD—Alway the Same.

Our God is still as kind, and all His gifts
Like wondrous, like unlimited, like fair,
As when the wind first blew. Man is to God
That he hath ever been. Still shines the sun
As keen and pure on the gray rotting-rock,
As on the universal matter once,
Ere now marmoreal floods had spread their couch
Of perdurable snow, or granite wrought
Its skyward impulse from earth's hearth of fire
Up to insanest heights; or thunder oped
His cloudy lips and spake. And still to them
Who live alone with nature and with God,
Smile with the sun and sadden with the moon,
The elements their brethren, e'en as men,
Come gifts unasked, unmeasured, like the light
Which lights at countless points the formless whole. *Bailey.*

GOD—Supreme over All.

O, God supreme, sole, all the gods to Thee
Restore their stolen titles. Thou alone
Hast true right to the names of Deity.
First cause, and imperceptible, unseen;
If apprehended, only by pure soul;
Source of all life, transcendent and etern;
Source of all measure, motion, time, and change;
Who makest, movest, rulest all; Thyself
Impassible, immovable, unmade;
The one great Spirit of the Universe.

Who the world made of Heaven and earth, as man
Of mind and body. Father of all Life,
Whose living spirit animates the whole;
Governs and guides to ends both blessed and wise;
Gave mind its active power; to nature gives
Eternal pregnancy, perpetual birth;
And reasonable order, aye renewed;
The light of Heaven, the Parent of the world.
Who art eternally, and causest things
To be which heretofore have never been;
The Sovereign Will, the Intellect, the soul,
The perfect good, the perfect fair, the All;
One, immaterial, who by one sole act
Dost all things comprehend; and bliss supreme
Enjoyest, by knowing perfectly Thyself.
Among the worlds how many are Thy names!
For as the sun in divers tongues hath names
As many, yet to all men is but one,
So Thou, however named, art God, the sole
Creator and adorner of the Heavens;
Ruler most high of gods, and Sire of man,
First, best and greatest of all Beings, last;
Kind Conqueror of all foes; of all create
The infinite reason, the substantive cause;
The forces of all life impersonate.
Thou knowest and foreknowest all at once;
Thou givest good and evil to all souls.
Thine arm sweeps over sea and land; Thine eye
Pierceth all elements, to the Hadean shades,
Where Thou art throned, too, as in upper skies,
Thy throne coequal with the universe.
The proud thou dost rebuke with death; with life
Immortal dost reward the just and true.
All who have served or loved Thee, Thou dost love,
And worship givest of all men in the heavens.
With souls beneficent, innocent, and pure
Thou dost the largest and the loveliest stars
For aye consociate. All belongs to Thee,
And those who love Thee; heaven and all its worlds.
Bailey.

GOD—a Loving Creator.

All things He makes, He loves and blesses too,
And renders rich with gifts and powers; that each
Teaching themselves and others, Him may learn.
One gift to some, to some another. Thus
Nature is justly deemed of but by few,
And wisdom scantly welcomed; for her fare
Lacks dainties, though to all she setteth forth
Her homely bread, and hospitable wine,
And sacred salt.
Bailey.

GOD—His Attributes.

In declaring the attributes of God, the Creator of the universe, what could be more appropriate and sublime than the words of Moses, "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." Or those of Isaiah, "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth; for the Lord hath spoken." *Schulies.*

GOD—Attributes of.

Though it be most undoubtedly true, that the sovereignty of God's power and dominion over His creatures is so absolute and unlimited, that if we consider that only, we must acknowledge He might create a man or an angel and annihilate him presently; yea, that He might, if He so pleased, raise up many thousand worlds of intelligent and innocent creatures into being in one moment, and throw them into nothing again the very next moment. Yet how unwarrantably should we maim the notion of God, if we should conceive of Him only according to one attribute, secluding the consideration of the rest? How mis-shapen an idea of Him should we bear in our minds? And how would it deform the face of Providence, and spoil the decorum of His administrations, if they should be the effects of one single attribute only, the other having no influence on the affairs of the world? . . . Nothing is ever done unworthy of Him, who is at once both perfectly merciful, and just, and wise, and powerful, and hath all perfections eminently comprehended and united in His own most simple Being. *Howe.*

GOD'S—Fatherly Care.

The insect, that with puny wing
Just shoots along one summer ray,
The flow'ret which the breath of spring
Wakes into life for half a day,
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,
All feel our heavenly Father's care.

E'en from the glories of His throne
He bends to view this earthly ball;
Sees all as if that all were one,
Loves one as if that one were all;
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.
Cunningham.

GOD—the Great First Cause.

Great System of perfections! mighty Cause
Of causes mighty! Cause uncaused! Sole root

Of Nature, that luxuriant growth of God!
First Father of effects! that progeny
Of endless series; where the golden chain's
Last link admits a period, who can tell?
Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
Father of all that is, or shall arise!
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform; or dense, or rare;
Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
Father of these bright millions of the night!
Of which the least full godhead had proclaimed,
And thrown the gazer on his knee. Or, say,
Is appellation higher still Thy choice?
Father of matter's temporary lord!
Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
Of high paternal glory; rich endowed
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
More pale, or bright from day divine, to break
The darker matter organized (the ware
Of all created spirit): beams, that rise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
Of next approach to godhead. Father fond
(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
Of intellectual beings! beings blest
With powers to please Thee! not of passive ply
To laws they know not; beings lodged in seats
Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
Of this proud, populous, well-policed,
Though boundless habitation, planned by Thee:
Whose several clans their several climates suit;
And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
Or, oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
A title less august indeed, but more
Endearing. Ah! how sweet in human ears;
Sweet in our ears and triumph in our hearts!
Father of Immortality to man! *Young.*

GOD'S Children must have God's Qualities.

The Roman censors took such a distaste of the son of Africanus, for his wicked life, that they took a ring off his finger on which the image of his father was engraven, because he so much degenerated from his father's excellent qualities, that they would not suffer him to wear his father's image in a ring, whose likeness he bore not in his mind. Neither will God suffer any to bear His name, and be accounted His sons, who bear not His image, who resemble not His attributes in their virtues, His simplicity in their sincerity, His immutability in their constancy, His purity in their chastity, His goodness in their charity, His justice in their integrity. *Featley.*

GOD—Departure from.

Not Thou, O Lord, from us, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh! teach us that we do not say,
"Where is *Thy* brightness fled?"

But that we search and try,
What in ourselves has wrought this blame,
For Thou remainest still the same,
But earth's own vapours earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky. *French.*

GOD—Distance from.

It is a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God; man needs no greater infelicity than to be left to himself. *Feltham.*

GOD'S Chief Dwelling-places.

The highest heavens and the lowest hearts are God's chiefest dwelling-places. He hath indeed other places; He dwelleth elsewhere, but in these two He manifesteth a peculiarity of His presence; and that peculiarity is of the presence of His grace and comfort.

Preston.

GOD—hath Two Dwelling-places.

I will tell you, says Izaak Walton, that I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings, one in Heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all.

GOD—the Father of His People.

It is this filial sentiment, the peculiarity of Christian piety, which brightens the enjoyments of life, even the most common of them, with a sense that, in our obscure homes, we are sitting, from day to day, at the board which our heavenly Father has spread. It is this feeling which mitigates and sanctifies affliction; wherein, even when the sharpest, we discern a token of the truth that God is "dealing with us as with sons," and is, in fact, preparing us for our home. It is this same affection, the distinct filial sentiment, which dispels the terrors of death; while the Christian believes that the Father of spirits is removing a member of His family from a less to a more desirable abode.

Isaac Taylor.

GOD—to be Feared.

Let us incessantly bear in mind, that the only thing we have really to be afraid of is fearing anything more than God.

Book of the Fathers.

GOD—the Fountain.

Were God to withdraw from me, I should be as weak as water. All that I enjoy, though it be miracle on miracle, would not support me without fresh supplies from God. The thing I rejoice in is this, that God is altogether full; and that in the Mediator Christ Jesus is "all the fulness of the Godhead," and it will never run out.

Halyburton.

GOD—His Divine Goodness.

Divine goodness was in all ages sending letters of advice and counsel from heaven, till the canon of Scripture was closed. It was goodness that revealed anything of His will after the fall; it was a further degree of goodness that He would add more cubits to its stature; and before He would lay aside His pencil, it grew up into that bulk wherein we have it; and His goodness is further seen in its preservation: He hath triumphed over the powers that opposed it. He hath maintained it against the blasts of hell, and spread it in all languages against the obstruction of men and devils.

Charnock.

GOD—our Continual Helper.

Endless all malice, if our God is nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if He His help deny;
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day.

Lady Jane Grey.

GOD—Wrong Ideas of.

Some fancy a God made up altogether of mercy, a childish mercy,—as if His mercy had nothing else to do but to wrong all His other perfections, to make him belie His truth, extinguish His justice, discard His wisdom, and enslave His power.

Charnock.

GOD—His Impress on all Things.

There's not a leaf within the bower;
There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee!

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone;
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes, dew-drops, leaves, and buds, and all,
The smallest, like the greatest things:
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim Thee King of kings.

Mrs. Opie.

GOD—our Only Judge.

To fear the censures of men, when God is your judge; to fear their evil, when God is your defence; to fear death, when He is the entrance to life and felicity, is unreasonable and pernicious; but if you will turn your passion into duty, and joy, and security, fear to offend God, to enter voluntarily into temptation; fear the alluring face of lust, and the smooth entertainments of intemperance; fear the anger of God, when you have deserved it; and, when you have recovered from the snare, then infinitely fear to return into that condition, in which whosoever dwells, is the heir of fear and eternal sorrow.

Jeremy Taylor.

GOD—The Love of.

The righteousness of God was most eminently glorified in the reconciliation wrought by Christ, when He made atonement for us in His blood. All after-actings of God toward us are indeed full of love; but they are all streams from this fountain, or rivers from this ocean.

Owen.

GOD—His Mercy and Love.

The great and wonderful abasement of the Word's Divine person and nature, by its incarnation, should stir up in us a love of and thankfulness unto God. . . . We may gather how much He reckoned of us, by how little and low He was made for us. Oh, what matter of admiration and astonishment doth this mercy afford! The Word put on flesh; God, dust and ashes; the Potter, clay; Life, death. The veiling of God in the flesh is the revealing and manifestation of God's love unto the flesh; a manifestation of the special, extraordinary, and tender mercies of God; of the riches and treasures of His love and goodness unto mankind. *Jeanes.*

GOD—in Nature.

When 'mongst yon venerable oaks I rove,
I own the Deity that fills the grove;
If the sage tree no voice prophetic gives,
If in its bark no fabled Dryad lives,
He gave each towering trunk to rise, He spread
The waving foliage of each reverend head;
Known in each leaf unfolding to the Spring,
Seen in each insect of the meanest wing,
Found in each herb, each flower that decks the field,
In every walk conversed with and beheld:
Blest intercourse! when deigns with man to join
The all-gracious presence of the Power divine;
When, great example of primeval grace,
Man communes with his God as face to face.
Bishop Hurd.

GOD—Manifest in Nature.

In the least,
As well as in the greatest of His works,
Is ever manifest a present God:
As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen
Quick to and fro, within a foot of air,
Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,
As in the systems of resplendent worlds,
Through time revolving in unbounded space.
Wilcox.

GOD—Omniscient.

There is not a city, there is not a village, not a house, on which the eye of God is not fixed. He notices the actions, words, and thoughts of every member of every family, in this and in every place. He observes every family in which no prayer is offered, and marks that as a house on which His blessing cannot rest. If they acknowledge not God, neither can God acknowledge them as His: for "them that honour me," saith God, "I will honour; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." He sees the knavery and dishonesty which are practised in some houses, and which the inhabitants of the houses think to shut in with the walls which enclose them. He sees those who profane His Sabbaths by buying and selling, and other occupations of a worldly nature; by unnecessary journeys and visits; by paying labourers and settling accounts, and arranging the business of the week; by curtailing the day themselves; or by compelling or tempting their servants and dependents to neglect the duties of the day for the sake of supplying their tables with luxuries, which might well be spared, or provided on other days. He notices the vain and unprofitable conversation of many who forget that for "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment;" and the wicked thoughts and desires which are indulged in privacy, by some who would blush to think that their imaginations were exposed to any human eye. He knows all the hypocrisy which sometimes lurks under fair words and specious performances. He knows and observes all and forgets nothing. He records all in His book of remembrance. Let the consideration that all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, have its proper influence upon us. *Preston.*

GOD'S People.

The obstinate have nothing to do with God; the title of all converts is, A willing people. *Bishop Hall.*

GOD—as Portrayed by an Infidel.

Not thus our infidels th' Eternal draw,
A God all o'er consummate, absolute,
Full orbed, in His whole round of rays complete;
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes,
And with one excellence another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over God himself,
Undeified by their opprobrious praise:
A God all mercy is a God unjust *Young.*

GOD—Known by His Power.

God is known by His power; that power is known by His works; and how shall we approach to estimate Him, unless we examine those works? It is not by assenting carelessly to the term All-powerful, that we shall learn to feel what that power is; it is not by barely admitting Him to be the cause of all things, that we shall acquire a knowledge of Him—that only knowledge which He has permitted us to acquire in our present condition. *Macculloch.*

GOD—a Living Power in Us.

Happy are they which, hearing the Word of God retain it in their living; for they,

being renewed with the glad tidings of life, are purified by the Spirit of Christ, sanctified, and so made the temples of the Holy Ghost.
Bishop Bale.

GOD—The Presence of.

The presence of God's glory is in heaven, the presence of His power on earth, the presence of His justice in hell, and the presence of His grace with His people. If He deny us His powerful presence, we fall into nothing; if He deny us His gracious presence, we fall into sin; if He deny us His merciful presence, we fall into hell. *Mason.*

God hath a thousand handés to chastise;
A thousand dartés of punicion;
A thousand bowés made in divers wise;
A thousand arlblasts bent in his dongéon.
Lydgate.

GOD'S—Overruling Providence.

Many persons live, and feel, and act as if God had nothing to do with the government of the world. They seem to shut Him out altogether. He comes to His own in the daily blessings of His providence and grace; but His own receive Him not. I do not mean that they deny the general superintendence of His providence over the greater affairs of the world, as, for instance, the succession of the seasons, the rise and fall of empires and kingdoms; but I mean that they forget that God overrules all the little concerns of every individual of His creatures; that every worm that creeps upon the ground, and every flower that blooms on earth, does so by His special interference, that every hair of our heads is numbered, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His special permission. These are the points which the Christian ever bears in mind, but which others, if they do not deny, at least forget: these are the points in which he acknowledges God. He knows that every pulse that beats within his veins, and, above all, every pulse of spiritual life of which he is sensible, beats at His command; so that there is not a single event of all his life, whether as regards his body or his soul, in which a Christian does not in this way acknowledge God. Every mercy and every comfort which he enjoys, he traces up to this source; and to see the hand of Omnipotence and love in all these things is his delight and his privilege.
Sankey.

GOD—Knowledge of, Regenerates.

The moment God Almighty gives the knowledge of Himself to any one, it makes him cease to be vicious; for he who, by faith, has obtained the knowledge of God, must immediately discover His glorious beauties and perfections; and he who has discovered these, will find himself obliged to love God; and he who loves God must needs obey Him.
Howe.

GOD—Remembrance of.

Wherever thou be, let this voice of God be still in thine ear—My son, return inwardly to thy heart, abstract thyself from all things, and mind Me only. *Leighton.*

GOD—Searching after.

I sought Thee round about, O Thou, my God,
In Thine abode.
I said unto the earth, "Speake! art thou he?"
She answer'd me,
"I am not." I enquir'd of creatures all,
In generall,
Contain'd therein; they with one voice proclaime,
That none amongst them challeng'd such a name.

I askt the seas and all the deepes below,
My God to know.
I askt the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abysse;
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Enquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I askt the aire, if that were He? but, lo,
It told me, no.
I, from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,
If any feather'd fowle 'mongst them were such?
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full quire,
Answer'd, "To finde that God thou must look higher."

I askt the heavens, sun, moon, and stars; but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seek'st." I askt, what eye or eare
Could see or heare;
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below:
With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I askt the world's great universal masse,
If that God was?
Which, with a mighty and strong voice, reply'd,
As stupefy'd,
"I am not He, O man! for know, that I
By Him on high
Was fashion'd first of nothing, then instated,
And sway'd by Him by whom I was created."

A scrutiny within myself, I then
Even thus began:—
"O man, what art thou?" What more could I say,
Than dust and clay!
Fraile, mortal, fading, a meere puffe, a blaste,
That cannot laste;
Enthron'd to-day, to-morrow in an urne;
Form'd from that earthe to which I must returne.

I askt myself, what this great God might be
That fashion'd me?
I answer'd—the all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternall,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life; for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being: He is the Creator
Both of the water,
Earth, aire, and fire. Of all things that subsist,
He hath the list;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discover'd be),
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite
To human sight,
Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest,
In which to our weake senses Thou comest nearest.

Oh make us apte to seeke, and quick to finde,
Thou God most kinde;
Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust,
Thou God most just;
Remit all our offences, we intreat,
Most good, most great;
Grant that our willing, though unworthy, guest,
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest."
Heywood.

GOD—Strives with Us for our Good.

It is observable how God's goodness strives with man's refractoriness. Man would sit down at this world,—God bids him sell it and purchase a better; just as a father, who hath in his hand an apple and a piece of gold under it: the child comes, and, with pulling, gets the apple out of his father's hand; his father bids him throw it away, and he will give him the gold for it, which the child utterly refusing, eats it, and is troubled with worms; so is the carnal and wilful man with the worm of the grave in this world, and the worm of conscience in the next. *Herbert.*

GOD—The Temple of.

Be diligent. Sometimes speak to God, at other times hear Him speak to you. Let Him regulate your soul. Whom He hath made rich, none shall make poor. There can be no penury with him whose heart has once been enriched with celestial bounty. Roofs arched with gold, and palaces adorned with marble, are vile in comparison with that house which the Lord has chosen to be His temple, in the which the Holy Ghost dwells. Illuminate this house with the light of righteousness. Its ornaments shall never fade, and it shall dwell hereafter in spotless beauty and eternal majesty. *St. Cyprian.*

GOD—Uncreate.

Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined,
Source of all life, and Fountain of the mind,
Pervading Spirit! whom no eye can trace;
Felt through all time, and working in all space,
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where thou art not!
R. Montgomery.

GOD—His Temple the Universe.

O you unwise and unlearned! teach us first what God is that you may be believed in accusing me of impiety; tell us where God is. Is He shut up within the walls of temples? is this your piety to place God in the dark, or to make Him a stony god? O you unskilful! know ye not that God is not made with hands, and hath no basis or fulcrum to stand upon, nor can be enclosed within the walls of

any temple; the whole world, variegated with plants, animals, and stars, being His temple?
Heraclitus, 500 B.C.

GOD—Unsearchableness of.

God is unsearchable. The ages of His eternity cannot be numbered, nor the spaces of His immensity measured; the depths of His wisdom cannot be fathomed, nor the reaches of His power bounded; the brightness of His glory can never be described, nor an inventory made of the treasures of His goodness. This is a good reason why we should always speak of God with humility and caution, and never prescribe to Him, nor quarrel with Him; why we should be thankful for what He has revealed of Himself, and long to be there, where we shall see Him as He is. *Matthew Henry.*

GOD—The Will of.

Dr. Payson, when racked with pain, and near to death, exclaimed, "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desire but that God's will be accomplished."

This is the strongest and most binding reason that can be used to a Christian mind, which hath resigned itself to be governed by that rule, to have "the will of God" for its law. Whatsoever is required of it upon that warrant, it cannot refuse. Although it cross a man's own humour, or his private interest, yet if his heart be subjected to the will of God, He will not stand with him in anything. One word from God, "I will have it so," silences all, and carries it against all opposition. *Leighton.*

GOD'S Works Worthy of Consideration.

Nothing can be more ungrateful than to pass over the works of God without consideration. To study them is among the highest gratifications the human mind can enjoy, provided the study is conducted upon religious principles. The book of nature is open to all. "On every leaf 'Creator, God' is written." Let us, then, daily employ some of those intervals of leisure which all may command, in examining those objects which fall under our immediate observation, and we shall find cause to say, with the inspired Psalmist, from the conviction of our own minds, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches?"
Mrs. Trimmer.

GOLD—Different Effects of.

Gold can gilt a rotten stick, and dirt sully an ingot. *Sir P. Sidney.*

Gold—Hidden and Exposed.

There is a sort of men whose gold runs in streams imperceptibly under ground; others expose it in plates and branches, so that to the one a farthing is worth a crown, and to others the contrary; the world esteeming its use and value according to the show. All curious solicitude about riches smells of avarice: even the very disposing of it with too punctual and artificial liberality, is not worth a painful solicitude. He that will order his expense to just so much, makes it too pinched and narrow. The keeping or spending are of themselves indifferent things, and receive no colour of good or ill, but according to the application of the will.
Montaigne.

GOLD—Its Abject Power.

For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety
buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise,
Johnson.

GOLD—Its Power.

Gold is the only power which receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite; and often has it been able to boast of having armies for its priesthood, and hecatombs of human victims for its sacrifices. Where war has slain its thousands, gain has slaughtered its millions; for while the former operates only with the local and fitful terrors of an earthquake, the destructive influence of the latter is universal and increasing. Indeed, war itself—what has it often been but the art of gain practised on a larger scale? the covetousness of a nation resolved on gain, impatient of delay, and leading on its subjects to deeds of rapine and blood? Its history is the history of slavery and oppression in all ages. For centuries, Africa, one quarter of the globe, has been set apart to supply the monster with victims, thousands at a meal. And, at this moment, what a populous and gigantic empire can it boast! the mine, with its unnatural drudgery; the manufactory, with its swarms of squalid misery; the plantation, with its imbruted gangs; and the market and the exchange, with their furrowed and care-worn countenances; these are only specimens of its more menial offices and subjects. Titles and honours are among its rewards, and thrones at its disposal. Among its counsellors are kings, and many of the great and mighty of the earth enrolled among its subjects. Where are the waters not ploughed by its navies? What imperial element is not yoked to its car? Philosophy itself has become a mercenary in its pay; and Science, a votary at its shrine, brings all its noblest discoveries, as offerings, to its feet. What part of the globe's surface is not rapidly yielding up its lost stores of hidden treasure to the spirit of gain? Scorning the childish dream of the philosopher's stone, it aspires to turn the globe itself into gold. *Rev. John Harris.*

GOLD—the Sinews of the World.

The rich are wise:
He that upon his back rich garments wears,
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears:
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities:
Gold is heav'n's physic, life's restorative.
Dekker.

GOLD—the god of Earth.

Well, is not gold the god of earth?
Now southward, hey! for Hindostan!
The sun beats down both beast and man.
Insect and herb for life do gasp:
The river reeks, and faints the asp.
Bailey.

GOLD—Men's Rage for.

Nonsense!
There needs no satire on men's rage for gold,
Their nature is the best one, and excuse.
Bailey.

GOLD—Worship of.

This golden image, high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura: this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own master and faith; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden duty your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come; or, worse than catastrophe, slow mouldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for—life for all men as for yourselves—if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace;—then, and so sanctifying wealth into "commonwealth," all your art, your literature, your daily labours, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but rivetted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal. *Ruskin.*

GOOD—Blessedness of the.

Who can estimate the blessedness of a pious soul? Can the state of that soul be unhappy that is full of the Holy Ghost; full of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, those blessed fruits of that blessed Spirit? Blessedness is connaturalized unto this soul: every thing doth its part, and all conspire to make it happy. This soul is a temple, a habitation of holiness. Here dwells a Deity in His glory. It is a paradise; a garden of God: here He walks and converses daily, delighted with its fragrant fruitfulness. He that hath those things, and aboundeth, is not barren or unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus: He is the Sun; and the knowledge of Him, the quickening beams that cherish and ripen these fruits. But the soul that lacketh these things is a desert—a habitation of devils. *Howe.*

GOOD—and Evil Deeds.

A very small page will serve for the number of our good works, when vast volumes will not contain our evil deeds.
Bishop Wilson.

GOOD—Doing.

It was remarked by Crabbe, "How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness!" Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

GOOD—and Evil.

Out of all earthly things there cometh out good and evil: the good through God, and the evil from the evil heart. *Coleridge.*

GOOD—Links all together.

'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. *Wordsworth.*

GOOD—Progressive.

Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him, to prepare the world for his coming. *Hare.*

GOOD—Unites Us with the Infinite.

But good, wherein with God we concentrate,
Though bound on Being's very utmost verge,
Unites us with the Infinite, and rules
Right through us, as a radius of the law
Eternal of intelligence which bounds,
Quickens, upholds, and rectifies all things.
Bailey.

GOOD—is of God.

God loves us men each individually,
And deals with us in order, soul by soul.
Nay, let me speak!
Aught that is good the soul receives of God
When He hath made it His; and until then
Man cannot know, nor do, nor be, aught good.
Oh! there is nought on earth worth being known
But God and our own souls—the God we have
Within our hearts; for it is not the hope,
Nor faith, nor fear, nor notions others have
Of God can serve us, but the sense and soul
We have of Him within us; and, for men.
Bailey.

GOOD—is Deathless.

All that is good is deathless, as of God.
Even in the petty segment of this life
Our will involves our capability;
And in the vast conditions of the eterne,
The possible the probable; and that,
The infinite becoming definite,
The pure conclusive certainty of Truth.
The clattering of the golden reins which guide
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.
The ship which goes to sea informed with fire,
Obeying only its own iron force,
Reckless of adverse tide, breeze dead, or weak
As infant's parting breath, too faint to stir
The feather held before it,—is as much
The appointed thrall of all the elements
As the white-bosomed bark which woos the wind,
And when it dies desists. And thus with man;
However contrary he sets his heart
To God, he is but working out His will;
And, at an infinite angle more or less
Obeying his own soul's necessity,
He only hath freewill whose will is fate.
Evil and good are God's right hand and left.
Bailey.

GOOD—Deeds.

This life's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives,
Like many men's. And yet men love to live
As if mere life were worth their living for.
What but perdition will it be to most!
Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood:
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles. And the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close

It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms for more—their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due: it is they who saved us.
The rapid and the deep—the fall, the gulf,
Have likenesses in feeling and in life.
And life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one day than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out, thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that 's left be dry and dark;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system as if ninety suns had rushed
To ruin earth—or heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
Through dust and mould. Can they be cleaned and read?
Do human spirits wax and wane like moons.

Bailey.

GOOD (The Word) in Matters of Taste.

We have to define the word "good." I don't mean by "good," clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers of sots quarrelling over their dice; it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an "unmannered" or "immoral" quality. It is "bad taste" in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call "loveliness" (we ought to have an opposite word, "hateliness," to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent or optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste, is inevitably to form character. *Ruskin.*

GOODNESS—Diffusive.

All heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven; not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labour to do what I can.

Feltham.

GOODNESS—Humble.

Many times God is present in the still voice, and private retirements of a quiet religion, and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life; when the loud and impetuous winds, and the shining fires of more laborious and expensive actions are profitable to others only, like a tree of balsam distilling precious liquor for others, not for its own use.

Doddridge.

GOODNESS—Incipient.

Where there is any serious and sober resolution against sin, and real motion towards God, there is the blessing of heaven in it: He that planted it will also water it, and make it to bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit.

John Smith.

GOODNESS—Done by Stealth.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Pope.

GOSPEL—The

The main object of the Gospel is to establish these two principles, the corruption of nature, and redemption by Jesus Christ.

Pascal.

The doctrine of the Gospel is like the pillar of cloud and of fire, that was darkness to the Egyptians, but enlightened the Israelites in their passage out of Egypt: 'tis concealed from the proud, and revealed to the humble. *Bates.*

The Gospel is wonderful. It teaches man to acknowledge himself vile, and even abominable, yet requires him at the same time to aspire to a resemblance of God. Were not things thus balanced, either such exaltation would inflate him with pride, or such debasement would drive him to despair. *Pascal.*

GOSPEL—Contrary to our Nature.

There is nothing which so much distinguishes the Christian religion as its opposition to the passions and inclinations of human nature. *Haller.*

GOSPEL—Design of the.

It is the great design of the Gospel to restore us to holiness as well as to happiness. Hence the law, in the commands of it, runs through all the gracious dispensations of God to fallen man. Nor will God have any regard to them in a way of grace, who have no regard to His law in a way of obedience. The law constantly requires and points out our duty; it shows us our sin, it lays us under condemnation, and makes us seek a refuge in the Gospel of forgiveness. Now the Gospel is not prepared for such as knowingly and wilfully renounce the law of God, which is holy, and just, and good, and who persist in this practice, and abandon its precepts. *Watts.*

GOSPEL—Its End.

The end of the Gospel is life and perfection; it is a divine nature, it is a godlike frame and disposition of spirit; it is to make us partakers of the image of God in righteousness and true holiness, without which salvation itself were but a name. Christ came into the world to make an expiation and atonement for our sins; but the end of this was, that we might eschew sin, and forsake "all ungodliness and worldly lusts." The Gospel declares pardon of sin to those that are "heavy laden" with it, and willing to be disburthened to this end, that it might quicken and enliven us to new obedience. *Cudworth.*

GOSPEL—The: Its Tenderness.

What then is the nature of this so marvellous transforming message of the Gospel? It is a story, a simple story, such as a child will feel and weep over; such as a sage of seventy winters cannot fathom. It tells of a law holy as that eternal heart from which it springs; it paints the portrait of the righteousness consummate which images that law in the life; it celebrates the triumph of the moral conquest that makes the enfranchised conscience sovereign of man. Yet this were no more than others could in their measure rival. But, oh! a tale more touching than all this solemn strain is its exclusive privilege to unfold. It speaks,—it alone can speak of one whose purity too perfect to brook one unatoned sin in the vast universe of His creation, was accompanied by a love too tender to endure that one pang should continue to exist for which His own high wisdom could not provide a remedy; of a love which drew the living Author of the law from His transcendent abode into our narrow nature, that He might quench the lightnings of His own avenging justice in streams of His own human blood. It tells of that inexpressible attachment of which all human relationships (for it names them all) are too weak to be the faintest shadows of a Creator who is father and brother, and husband of His redeemed; and by all the insults of His humiliated life by His despised poverty and His accumulated wrongs, by a sight which made the angels tremble and weep, though—mystery of unfathomed ingratitude!—men, its objects, can slumber as they listen, or wake to scoff. By the groans of Gethsemane and its bloody sweat, by the nails and the thorns of Calvery, by the last dark tortures of an expiring God, it prays us to love Him in return! This may fail to move, but it is certain that this appeal to the grateful affections is the legitimate path to the great object of a renovation, that it is a justifiable path, that it is a practicable path, that if it fail, no other that men have ever devised can offer a chance of success. *Butler.*

GOSSIP—The.

How like the existence of a squirrel in a cage is that of a gossip, particularly that of the regular notorious gossip in a country town. The squirrel sleeps well, wakes at a certain hour, eats his accustomed food, takes his accustomed exercises in that twirling thing, which always goes the same way, and which he cannot get out of; the squirrel expects, and takes with much pleasure the offered nut or fruit, which is to him what a piece of news is to the gossip, and then he goes quietly to his bed, when his usual quantity of food and exercise are taken, and wakes next day to a repetition of the same. And what does the gossip do more? The squirrel acquires no new ideas in the day, nor, I fear, does the gossip; but we do not expect a squirrel to gain ideas; we do expect it from human beings; for we know that they have duties to perform, and souls to be saved, whether they know it or not; know it, I trust they do, but then they forget it. The mournful truth is, they have so long accustomed themselves to idle away life, and pass it in long talks (as the savages say), which can do no one any good, and must do positive harm, that they are likely to remain what I have called them, nearly incorrigible; with them, alas! all inquiries are external; they know not what it is to commune with the secret heart; they are well read in the defects of others, but they never think of trying to discover their own. Therefore, they must continue to saunter from street to street, from the club to the coffee-room, from one house to another, and from shop to shop, in weary succession, like the squirrel in its ever-circling wheel, the pages of their passing hours bearing no character fit to be handed down by recording time to eternity—a burden often to themselves, and wholly useless, if not wearisome, to others.

Alas, poor squirrel! but still more pitiable gossip! for the squirrel knows not his privations, but gossips must occasionally be conscious of theirs. They must know from the little mind that remains to them, that idleness produces listlessness; want of regular occupation, weariness; and that with increasing years comes increasing irritability, the result of conscious uselessness, and the want of those resources which enliven others.

Gossips are, indeed, a pitiable race; and to the young gossip, who may not be wholly incorrigible, I recommend a perusal of the following admirable admonition:—"Let any man pass an evening in listless idleness, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep, or gets up the next morning, with its state some other day, when he has passed some hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in natural science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself, by careful examination, of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true, and he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being—the difference between looking back upon time improperly wasted, and time spent in self-improvement. He will feel himself, in the one case, listless and dissatisfied, in the other, comfortable and happy; in the one case, if he does not appear to himself humbled, at least he will not have earned any claims to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having by his own exertions become a more wise, and therefore a more exalted creature." *Mrs. Opie.*

GOSSIPS—Their Attributes.

There are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it.

Sheridan.

GOVERNMENT—Its Difficulties.

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces, and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests: when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

Ben Jonson.

GOVERNMENT—Essential.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

Pope.

GOVERNMENT—New Experiments in.

It is a dangerous thing to try new experiments in a government; men do not foresee the ill consequences that must happen when they go about to alter the essential parts of it upon which the whole frame depends; for all governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a dependence one upon another. And it is with them as with clocks and watches, if you should put great wheels in place of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the movement would stand still: so that we cannot alter any part of a government without prejudicing the motions of the whole. *Buckingham.*

GOVERNMENT—New Form of.

"The great and tedious debates," says a sensible French writer of the old political school, "about the best form of society, are only proper for the exercise of wit, and have their being only in agitation and controversy. A new form of government might be of some value in a new world; but ours is a world ready made to our hands, and in which each distinct form is blended by custom. We do not, like Pyrrho and Cadmus, make the world; and by whatever authority it is we assert the privilege of setting it to rights, and giving it a new form of government, it is impossible to twist it from its wonted bent, without breaking all its parts. In truth and reality, the best and most excellent government for every nation is that under which it is maintained; and its form and essential convenience depends upon custom. We are apt to be displeased at the present condition; but I do nevertheless maintain that to desire any other form of government than that which is already established is both vice and folly. When anything is out of its proper place, it may be propped; and the alterations and corruptions natural to all things obviated so as to prevent their being carried too far from their origin and principles; but to undertake to cast anew so great a mass, and to change the foundation of so vast a building as every government is, is reforming particular defects by an universal confusion, and like curing a disorder by death." *Burton.*

GOVERNMENT—God's.

How magnificent is this idea of God's government! That He inspects the whole and every part of His universe every moment, and orders it according to the counsels of His infinite wisdom and goodness, by His omnipotent will, whose thought is power, and His acts ten thousand times quicker than the light, unconfused in a multiplicity exceeding number, and unwearied through eternity! *Dr. Ogden.*

GOVERNMENT—Good.

It is essential to the goodness of a governor or king to guard the rights, secure the peace, and promote the prosperity of his subjects. No one can be called a good governor who does not exercise his supremacy and authority in framing and executing laws for the protection and safety of his subjects. It is essential to the character of a good ruler to punish vice as to reward virtue; to avenge the wrongs of his subjects, as to secure their interests; yea, the former is essential to the latter, since it is only the fear of punishment that restrains wicked men from violence. Should a ruler suffer crimes to go unpunished, the laws, however good and righteous in themselves, would presently lose their authority, and government fall into contempt. Laws have no force any further than they are carried into execution; and authority loses its respect whenever it ceases to be exercised. Whenever the supreme magistrate neglects the execution of the laws, he loses the confidence of the people, and his regard to the public welfare becomes suspected. No one can confide in his public spirit when he suffers the disturbers of the peace to go unpunished; for ideas of true regard to public good as necessarily connect punishments with crimes as rewards with virtue. *West.*

GOVERNMENT—Influence of, on the Character of a People.

Men are valiant and industrious when they fight for themselves and their country. They prove excellent in all the arts of war and peace when they are bred up in virtuous exercises, and taught by their fathers and masters to rejoice in the honours gained by them. They love their country when the good of every particular man is comprehended in the public prosperity, and the success of their achievements is improved to the general advantage. They undertake hazards and labour for the government, when it is justly administered; when innocence is safe, and virtue honoured; when no man is distinguished from the vulgar, but such as have distinguished themselves by the bravery of their actions; when no honour is thought too great for those who do it eminently, unless it be such as cannot be communicated to others of equal merit. They do not spare their persons, purses, or friends, when the public powers are employed for the public benefit, and imprint the like affections in their children from their infancy. The discipline of obedience, in which the Romans were bred, taught them to command; and few were admitted to the magistracies of inferior rank till they had given such proofs of their virtue as might deserve the supreme. Cincinnatus, Camillus, Papirius, Fabius Maximus, were not made dictators that they might learn the duties of the office, but because they were judged to be of such wisdom, valour, integrity, and experience, that they might be safely trusted with the highest powers; and, whilst the law reigned, not one was advanced to that honour who did not fully answer what was expected from him. By these means the city was so replenished with men fit for the greatest employments, that even in its infancy, when three hundred and six of the Fabii were killed in one day, the city did lament the loss, but was not so weakened to give any advantage to their enemies: and when every one of those who had been eminent before the second Punic war—Fabius Maximus only excepted—had perished in it, others arose in their places who surpassed them in number and were equal to them in virtue. The city was a perpetual spring of such men as long as liberty lasted; but that was no sooner overthrown, than virtue was torn up by the roots: the people became base and sordid; the small remains of the noblity slothful and effeminate, and, their Italian associates becoming like to them, the empire, whilst it stood, was only sustained by the strength of foreigners. The Grecian virtue had the same fate, and expired with liberty. . . . It is absurd to impute this to the change of times; for time changes nothing, and nothing was changed in those times but the government, and that changed all things. This is not accidental, but according to the rules given to nature by God, imposing upon all things a necessity of perpetually following their causes. Fruits are always of the same nature with the seeds and roots from which they come, and trees are known by the fruits they bear. As a man begets a man, and a beast a beast, that society of men which constitutes a government upon the foundation or justice, virtue, and the common good, will always have men to promote those ends; and that which intends the advancement of one man's desires and vanity will abound in those that will foment them. *A. Sidney.*

GOVERNMENT—Good, is Liberty.

Men well governed should seek after no other liberty, for there can be no greater liberty than a good government: the truth is, the easiness of the government has made some so wanton as to kick against it. Our own historians write, that most of our kings have been unthankfully used. *Raleigh.*

GRACE—doth Act like Itself.

Grace is of a lively, active nature, and doth act like itself. Holiness in the heart will be holines in the life too; not some good actions, but a good conversation; a uniform even tract of life, the whole revolution of it regular. *Leighton.*

GRACE—Aspects of.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God, not over wise, but to fear. Happy art thou, if thy heart be replenished with three fears: a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace. *Quarles.*

GRACE—Divine.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But although we have sin still abiding in us, and, like the bias in a bowl, warping us to the world, yet that vital seminal principle of the grace of God in Christ always keeps its ground, its life, and tendency towards heaven, and wears out, wastes, and gradually subdues the contrary tendency of sin and corruption. *Sir M. Hale.*

GRACE—and Glory.

Grace and glory are one and the same thing, in a different print, in a smaller and greater letter. Glory lies couched and compacted in grace, as the beauty of a flower lies couched and eclipsed in the seed. *Hopkins.*

GRACE—Growth in.

The growth of a believer is not like a mushroom, but like an oak, which increases slowly indeed, but surely. Many suns, showers, and frosts pass upon it before it comes to perfection; and though in winter it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root. *Cowper.*

GRACES—Link us together.

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. These are the true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other. *Burton.*

GRACE—Signs of the Maturity of.

1. When the corn is near ripe, it bows the head and stoops lower than when it was green. When the people of God are near ripe for heaven, they grow more humble and self-denying than in the days of their first profession. The longer a saint grows in this world, the better he is still acquainted with his own heart and his obligations to God—both which are very humbling things. Paul had one foot in heaven when he called himself the chiefest of sinners and least of saints. A Christian in the progress of his knowledge and grace is like a vessel cast into the sea—the more it fills the deeper it sinks. Those that went to study at Athens (saith Plutarch) at first coming seemed to themselves to be wise men; afterwards, only lovers of wisdom; and after that only rhetoricians, such as could speak of wisdom, but knew little of it; and

last of all, idiots (*i. e.* uninitiated) in their own apprehensions; still with the increase of learning laying aside their pride and arrogancy.

2. When harvest is nigh, the grain is more solid and pithy than ever it was before; green corn is soft and spongy, but ripe corn is substantial and weighty: so it is with Christians; the affections of a young Christian, perhaps, are more fervent and sprightly, but those of a grown Christian are more judicious and solid; their love to Christ abounds more and more in all judgment (Phil. i. 9). The limbs of a child are more active and pliable; but as he grows up to a perfect state, the parts are more consolidated and firmly knit. The fingers of the old musician are not so nimble, but he hath a more judicious ear in music than in his youth.

3. When corn is dead ripe, it's apt to fall of its own accord to the ground, and there shed; whereby it doth, as it were, anticipate the harvestman, and call upon him to put in the sickle. Not unlike to which are the lookings and longings, the groanings, hastenings of ready Christians to their expected glory: they hasten to the coming of the Lord; or as Montanus more fitly renders it, they hasten the coming of the Lord; *i. e.* they are urgent and instant in their desires and cries to hasten His coming; their desires sally forth to meet the Lord, they willingly take death by the hand: as the corn bends to the earth, so do these souls to heaven. This shows harvest to be near.

Flavel.

GRACEFULNESS—Definition of.

Gracefulness is an idea not very different from beauty: it consists in much the same things. Gracefulness is an idea belonging to posture and motion. In both these, to be graceful, it is requisite that there be no appearance of difficulty; there is required a small inflexion of the body, and a composure of the parts in such a manner as not to incumber each other, not to appear divided by sharp and sudden angles. In this ease, this roundness, this delicacy of attitude and motion, it is that all the magic of grace consists, and what is called its *je ne sais quoi;* as will be obvious to any observer who considers attentively the Venus de Medicis, the Antinous, or any statue generally allowed to be graceful in a high degree. *Burke.*

GRATITUDE.

Epicurus says "gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue, say I, that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.

Seneca.

GRATITUDE—Shows the Temper of the Mind.

Gratitude is a temper of mind which denotes a desire of acknowledging the receipt of a benefit. The mind which does not so feel is not as it ought to be. When the apostle Paul says of the heathen, "Neither were they thankful," he seems to stamp the sin of ingratitude as peculiarly odious. But, like every other grace which is required of us, virtuous gratitude depends, in part, on right views. A right view of benefits received, of the source from whence they flow, and of our own demerit, has a direct tendency to excite gratitude; and while the mind is influenced by sovereign grace, this will be the pleasing effect. The devout Christian surveys the sovereign benevolence of the Creator in every person, in every object, in every quality, and in every event. Sovereign benevolence forces itself on every sense, and pervades his grateful heart. And then, when he extends his views to a future state, and contemplates the operations of grace—sovereign, distinguishing, efficacious grace—he is melted into reverential awe and grateful praise, and exclaims, "Why me, Lord!" Glory, everlasting glory to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb of God that was slain, who hath redeemed us to God by His blood, and hath given us the earnest of His own inheritance. *E. Williams.*

GRATITUDE—Repaid.

A Swedish colonel, by an accidental fire, which consumed his house, lost the whole of his property. Some time after, a lottery was set on foot by his friends to reimburse him. In the opening of this business, a letter arrived from Pomerania, enclosing one hundred and fifty rix-dollars, without the name of any donor, but with a short note, requesting that the colonel would remember "the broken punch-bowl." It was a long time before he could unravel this mystery; but at last he recollected that, many years before, being in a tavern where there was a great concourse of people and much rejoicing, a female servant dropped from her hands a large China punch-bowl full of punch. Her mistress, in violent anger, threatened her with instant dismissal, and that she should be sent to prison if she did not make good the loss: upon which the colonel interceded in behalf of the poor girl, and himself paid for the damage which had been sustained. This curious anecdote becoming the subject of conversation in Stockholm, at length reached the ears of the king. Gustavus the Fourth was much pleased with it, and sent a present of one thousand rix-dollars, with this message: "I am aware that the colonel's friends have instituted a lottery upon his account. It is prohibited by the laws to undertake any lottery without previous permission from the master of the police. Tell the colonel I know that officer; that he is an humane and polite man, not likely to refuse a reasonable request; it is my wish that the colonel should ask his permission for the lottery, that I may be enabled to bear a part in it." *Dr. E. D. Clarke.*

GRATITUDE—Worldly.

So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor anything cheaper when we have received it. And yet a man may as well refuse to deliver up a sum of money that 's left him in trust, without a suit, as not to return a good office without asking; and when we have no value any further for the benefit, we do commonly care as little for the author. People follow their interest; one man is grateful for his convenience, and another man is ungrateful for the same reason. *L'Estrange.*

GRAVITY—A False.

There is a false gravity that is a very ill symptom; and it may be said that as rivers which run very slowly have always the most mud at the bottom, so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain. *Saville.*

GRAVITY—Application of the Force of, to the Germination of Plants.

As a curious instance of adaptation between the force of gravity and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cup upwards: others "hang the pensive head," and turn the opening downwards. Now, of these "nodding flowers," as Linnæus calls them, he observes that they are such as have their pistils longer than the stamens; and, in consequence of this position, the dust from the anthers which are at the end of the stamens can fall upon the stigma or extremity of the pistil; which process is requisite for making the flower fertile. Other botanists have remarked, that the position changes at different periods of the flower's progress. The pistil of the *Euphorbia* (which is a little globe or germen upon a slender stalk) grows upright at first, and is taller than the stamens: at the period suited to its fecundation, the stalk bends under the weight of the ball at its extremity, so as to depress the germen below the stamens: after this it again becomes erect, the globe being now a fruit filled with fertile seeds.

The positions in all these cases depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which supports the flower, or, in the case of the *Euphorbia*, the germen. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cup, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have therefore here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth greater or smaller, denser or rarer than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the footstalks of all the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in thus considering the whole mass of the earth from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snow-drop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health. *Whewell.*

GRAVITY—an Errant Scoundrel.

Sometimes in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an errant scoundrel; and he would add, of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. *Sterne.*

GRAVE—The.

The large white hills are standing round,
  And the moon looks upon their peaks;
  A stream flows all about and speaks
With low calm voice—a sleep of sound,
To all things in their rest profound.

The yellow moon is at the full,
  Seeming more large than e'er she seem'd:
  She looks like one whose soul has dream'd
Of death and of the heavy lull,
And of the brain that has grown dull;—

And stretching, stretching over all,
Bends the unmeasured sky, that glows
With its pale stars—like the full close
Wherewith eternity shall wall
Time round about when time shall fall.

This place was made that she might sleep;
Her young limbs softly resting here,
As in a shrine built to the fear
Of God—where men may come and weep,
And He will know their grief sits deep.

Yes, she lies here, and is at rest
In the dim valley clasp'd about
By silence from the things without,—
Like a young bird within the nest,
Which feels that being there is best.

She told me she would wake again,
And kiss me when the sun should rise;
That grave child's smile was in her eyes;—
(It comes before me now, like rain
Falling fresh on the thirsty plain.)

And then she fell asleep; but God
Knew that His heaven was better far,
Where little children angels are;
And so, for paths she should have trod
Through flowers and thorns, gave her this sod.

He gave her rest for troublousness;
And a calm sleep for fitful dreams
Of what is—and of more that seems;
For tossings upon earth and seas
Gave her to see Him where He is.

But when the moon and they are gone,
And light bursts forth on everything,
A skylark from her grave doth sing,
Pouring his notes out all on one,
And flies right upward to the sun.

Now that the night is round my feet,
And the stars look into my eyes,
From hills and vale and stream there rise
And pass into my spirit sweet
Grave influences and complete.

Giving, He took that He had lent;
He bless'd her more at last than first.
Albeit, then, I am athirst
To follow her the way she went—
My soul bows down, and is content.

Rosetti.

The grave is deep and stilly,
Fear round its brink abides;
With veil all dark and chilly,
An unknown land it hides.

Its silence is unbroken
By the sweet night-bird's song;
Affection's flowery token
Fades on the moss ere long.

There widowed brides may languish,
And wring their hands in vain;
The orphan's cries of anguish
Pierce not that dark domain.

Yet there alone can mortals
Their rest, long-wished for, find;
There lies beyond those portals
A home for all mankind.

The heart long vainly pressing
Through storm, to reach the shore,
Finds peace, that priceless blessing,
When it can bear no more.

Grace.

GRAVE—My Brother's.

Beneath the chancel's hallow'd stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners, known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words upon thy rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—
Thy innocence—thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery, o'er my brother's grave;
The place is silent. Rarely sound
Is heard these ancient walls around,
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
Discoursing in the public street;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,
From neighbouring fort or citadel:
No sound of human toil or strife
In death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Or breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.

I feel not now as then I felt:
The sunshine of my heart is o'er:
The spirit now is changed which dwelt
Within me in the days of yore.
I loved my home, but trembled now
To view my father's altered brow:
I fear'd to meet my mother's eye
And hear her voice of agony;
I fear'd to view my native spot,
Where he who loved it now was not;
The pleasures of my home were fled:
My brother slumber'd with the dead.

I drew near to my father's gate:
No smiling faces met me now;
I entered—all was desolate—
Grief sate upon my mother's brow:
I heard her, as she kiss'd me, sigh,
A tear stood in my father's eye;
My little brothers round me press'd,
In gay unthinking childhood bless'd.
Long, long that hour has pass'd; but when
Shall I forget its gloomy scene?

The Sabbath came. With mournful face
I sought my brother's burial place—
That shrine which when I last had view'd
In vigour by my side he stood.
I gazed around with fearful eye;
All things were hush'd in sanctity.
I reach'd the chancel—nought was changed:
The altar decently arranged,
The pure white cloth above the shrine,
The censecrated bread and wine,—
All was the same. I found no trace
Of sorrow in that holy place.
One hurried glance I downward gave—
My foot was on my brother's grave!

And years have pass'd—and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb;
And cheerful is my mother's brow;
My father's eye has lost its gloom:
And years have pass'd and death has laid
Another victim by thy side;
With thee he roams, an infant shade,
But not more pure than thee he died.
But thou wert snatch'd, my brother, hence
In all thy guileless innocence:
One Sabbath saw thee bend the knee
In reverential piety.
(For childish thoughts forgiveness crave)—
The next beam'd brightly on thy grave.
The crowd, of which thou late wert one,
Now throng across thy burial stone:
Rude footsteps trample on the spot
Where thou liest mouldering, not forgot:
And some few gentler bosoms weep
In silence o'er thy last long sleep.
I stood not by thy feverish bed,
I look'd not on thy glazing eye,
Nor gently lull'd thy aching head,
Nor view'd thy dying agony.
I felt not what my parents felt—
The doubt—the terror—the distress:
Nor vainly for my brother knelt:—
My soul was spared that wretchedness:
One sentence told me in a breath
My brother's illness and his death!

And days of mourning glided by,
And brought me back my gaiety:
For soon in childhood's wayward heart
Doth crush'd affection cease to smart.
Again I joined the sportive crowd
Of boyish playmates, wild and loud:
I learnt to view with careless eye
My sable garb of misery:
No more I wept my brother's lot—
His image was almost forgot:
And every deeper shade of pain
Had vanish'd from my soul again.

The well-known morn I used to greet
With boyhood's joy at length was beaming
And thoughts of home and rapture sweet
In every eye but mine was gleaming:
But I, amidst that youthful band
Of bounding hearts and beaming eyes,
Nor smiled nor spoke at joy's command,
Nor felt those wonted ecstacies!

Moultrie.

The grave is the common treasury to which we must all be taxed. *Burke.*

GRAVE—The Minstrel's

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and 'scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown;
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave. *Beattie.*

GRAVE—Spot for a.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune.
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently press'd
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

Bryant.

GREAT—The Influence of the.

It is a most notorious thing, both to reason and in experience, what extreme advantage great persons have, especially by the influence of their practice, to bring God himself, as it were, into credit: how much it is in their power easily to render piety a thing in fashion and request. For in what they do, they never are alone, or are ill attended; whither they go, they carry the world along with them: they lead crowds of people after them, as well when they go in the right way as when they run astray. The custom of living well, no less than other modes and garbs, will be soon conveyed and propagated from the court; the city and country will readily draw good manners thence (good manners truly so called, not only superficial forms of civility, but real practices of goodness), for the main body of men goeth not according to rules and reasons, but after examples and authorities, especially of great persons, who are like stars, shining in high and conspicuous places, by which men steer their course: their actions are to be reckoned not as single or solitary ones, but are like their persons, of a public and representative nature, involving the practice of others, who are by them awed, or shamed into compliance. Their good example especially hath this advantage, that men can find no excuse, can have no pretence why they should not follow it. Piety is not only beautified, but fortified by their dignity; it not only shines in them with a clearer lustre, but with a mightier force and influence: a word, a look, the least intimation from them will do more good than others' best eloquence, clearest reason, most earnest endeavours. For it is in them, if they would apply themselves to it, as the wisest prince implies, to scatter iniquity with their eyes. A smile of theirs were able to enliven virtue, and diffuse it all about; a frown might suffice to mortify and dissipate wickedness. Such apparently is their power of honouring God; and in proportion thereto surely great is there obligation to do it: of them peculiarly God expects it, and all equity exacts it. What the meaner rank of servants do is of some consequence indeed, but doth not import so much to the master's reputation. Their good word concerning him, their good carriage toward him doth not credit him so much. But those whom he employs in matters of highest trust and importance to his affairs, whom he places in the nearest degree to himself (seats even in his own throne, upon his own tribunal), whom he feeds plentifully and daintily, maintains in a handsome garb, allows largely, as their department doth much reflect on their lord's esteem, as they are highly capable of advancing his repute; so all the rules of ingenuity and gratitude, all the laws of justice and equity do oblige them earnestly to endeavour it. And it is indeed no less their concernment to do so. For if there be disorders, prejudicial to the master's honour and interest, frequently committed in the family, it is those servants must be responsible: if due order be there kept to his glory and advantage, they shall chiefly be commended, and peculiarly bear the *Euge, bone serve!* They must be loaded with other men's faults, or crowned for other men's virtues, as their behaviour hath respectively contributed to them. Those universal rules of equity proposed in the Gospel will, in God's reckoning with and requiting men, be punctually observed: to whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required: answerable to the improvement of what is delivered in trust shall the acceptance be. *Barrow.*

GREAT—People often Misguided.

I look upon the great as a set of good-natured misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbrous heap of finery; for our pleasure the lackeyed train, the slow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty may be said to keep one for their own pleasure and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavouring to think so ourselves. *Goldsmith.*

GREAT—Their Need.

There is none made so great but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness even of the meanest of mortals. *Seneca.*

GREATNESS—Different Aspects of.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. *Shakespeare.*

GREATNESS—Earthly.

Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying. *Ford.*

GREATNESS—an Inspiration.

Burn to be great.
Each mountain stands inspired as touching heaven. *Bailey.*

GREATNESS—False.

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
In forming a Colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly: so men merely great,
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners, cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them;
Yet differ not from those Colossic statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.
Chapman.

GREATNESS—a Nice Thing to Manage.

Earthly greatness is a nice thing, and requires so much chariness in the managing as the contentment of it cannot requite. *Hall.*

GREATNESS—Our Reasons for.

All our endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. *Paschal.*

GREATNESS—in Small Things.

Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evils, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour'd endurance. *Milton.*

GREATNESS—the Gaudy Torment of the Soul.

He who the greatest heap of honour piles,
Does nothing else but build a dang'rous shelf,
Or erect mountains to o'erwhelm himself.
T. Otway.

GREATNESS—an Unhappiness.

Greatness has its cankers, worms, and moths,
Bred out of too much humour, in the things
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers into themselves.
Ben Jonson.

GRIEF—of the Christian.

Beautiful is the spectacle of Christian grief, and strikingly observable is the difference between the blessedness of religion and the feeble consolations of philosophy. It is the pride and object of philosophy to render the human heart insensible to suffering. In this however, happily for man, it seldom succeeds; and when it does, the character is brutalized, and more than half the benefit of life's discipline is lost, while, at the same time, the heart that has foolishly endeavoured to harden itself against suffering, becomes also insensible to joy, and loses those fine transitions from darkness to light, and from light to darkness, which, like the beauties of opening and closing day, constitute the great part of the glory and brightness of the moral landscape. Christianity, on the other hand, which is addressed to us as creatures liable to sorrow, and which is offered to man as a means of alleviation, and as a remedy of woe, seeks not to harden the mind against feeling, but rather permits the full feeling of sorrow, in order that the heart may receive the benefit of this essential part of the discipline wherewith heaven in its wisdom sees fit to exercise the children of men. Herein is seen the excellence of Christian principles, in that they recognize the use of afflictions, and render them subservient to the purposes of good.

Records of a Village Rectory.

GRIEF—Its Different Effects.

The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.

Marlow.

GRIEF—a Foe.

Grief is a foe—expel him then thy soul;
Let nobler thoughts the nearer views control.

Crabbe.

GRIEF—Inordinate.

All things that are pernicious in their progress must be evil in their birth. Now grief, and every other passion, if carried to an immoderate height, have undoubtedly very mischievous consequences; and therefore, from their very rise, must be tainted with a great part of the lurking mischief. For no sooner is the government of reason thrown off, than they rush forward of their own accord; weakness takes a pleasure to indulge itself; and having, if the expression may be allowed, imperceptibly launched out into the main ocean, can find no place where to stop. *Cicero.*

GRIEF—Alleviated by Sympathy.

Grief is a stone that bears one down, but two bear it lightly. *W. Hauff.*

GRIEF—Sincere.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Shakespeare.

GRIEF—Sympathy with.

Say, lovely maid, whence springs the grief that sits
So heavy on thee, as the mildews hang
Upon the bells of flow'rs to blight their bloom.

Thomas Cooke.

GRIEF—for the Death of One Beloved.

Heaven, I know,
Received the soul, and the Eternal beauty
Embayed within its arms the mortal fair.
The golden and the gorgeous loveliness—
A sunset beauty! Ah! I saw it set.
My heart, alas! set with it. I have drained
Life of all love, as doth an iron rod
The heavens of lightning; I have done with it;
And all its waking woes, and dreamed of joys.
No more shall beauty star the air I live in;
And no more will I wake at dead of night,
And hearken to the roaring of the wind,
As though it came to carry one away—
Claiming for sin. Ah! I am lost for ever.

Bailey.

GROWTH—Real.

The only real growth is spiritual growth. Behind the physical, the savage sees a demon, the civilized man a soul. Philosophy, indeed, will bake no bread, but it will procure us God, freedom, immortality. It is the marriage of nature with the human soul. The principles of psychology, of all philosophy, like those of all religion, all truth, have subsisted from the beginning; not so, however, man's appreciation of them, which is progressive. The soul (observes a recent writer), in its attempts to bring the Divine into closer union with the consciousness, has gradually built up its appreciation of the character of Christ. And thus it is more or less in all our delineations of greatness and goodness, our conceptions of the ideal, and its realization in man. It has been asserted that psychology, in place of converting, ratifies the delusions of ordinary thought. This, however, must mean an erroneous psychology. Otherwise we may gladly subscribe to Frerer's eloquent remark, that all God's truths and man's blessings lie in trodden ways, and that intellect and genius are but the power of discerning wonders in common things.

Dr. M'Cormack.

GRUMBLE—not.

Dost thou want things necessary? Grumble not: perchance it was a necessary thing thou shouldst want. Endeavour lawfully to supply it; if God blesse not thy endeavour, blesse Him that knoweth what is fittest for thee. Thou art God's patient; prescribe not thy physitian. *Quarles.*

GUESTS—Quality of.

Sweetly it was said of a good old housekeeper, I had rather want meat than want guests; especially if they be courtly guests: for, never trust me, if one of their good legs made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.
Ben Jonson.

GUESTS—Unwelcome.

An unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch women go to church—
Bear their stool with them. *Webster.*

GUIDE—God our.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Addison.

GUIDES—Our.

A Christian, in all his ways, must have three guides — Truth, Charity, Wisdom: Truth, to go before him, Charity and Wisdom on either hand. If any of the three be absent, he walks amiss. I have seen some do hurt, by following a truth uncharitably; and others, while they would salve up an error with love, have failed in their wisdom, and offended against justice. *Bishop Hall.*

GUILT—Its Deprivations.

When once a man has involved himself deeply in guilt, he has no safe ground to stand upon. Every thing is unsound and rotten under his feet. The crimes he has already committed may have an unseen connection with others, of which he has not the slightest suspicion; and he may be hurried, when he least intends it, into enormities, of which he once thought himself utterly incapable.
Bishop Porteus.

GUILT—Fearful Memories of.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain;
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death! *Byron.*

GUILT—and Shame.

Guilt and Shame (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of guilt. After a long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining. *Goldsmith.*

GUILT—Its Slavery.

The slave who digs in the mine or labours at the oar, can rejoice at the prospect of laying down his burden together with his life; but to the slave of guilt there arises no hope from death. On the contrary, he is obliged to look forward with constant terror to this most certain of all events, as the conclusion of all his hopes, and the commencement of his greatest miseries. *Blair.*

GUILTY—Deceit of the.

It is a custom with the guilty
To think they set their own stains off by laying
Aspersion on some nobler than themselves.
Ford.

H.

HABITS—are Habitual Acts.

As habits belonging to the body are produced by external acts, so habits of the mind are produced by the exertion of inward practical principles—that is, by carrying them into act, or acting upon them, the principles of obedience, of veracity, justice, and charity. . . . Resolutions to do well are properly acts. . . . All these, therefore, may and will contribute towards forming good habits. But going over the theory of virtue in one's thoughts, talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it, this is so far from necessarily or certainly conducing to form a habit of it in him who thus employs himself, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course, and render it gradually more insensible—that is, form a habit of insensibility to all moral considerations. For, from our very faculty of habits, passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker. Thoughts, by often passing through the mind, are felt less sensibly: being accustomed to danger, begets intrepidity—that is, lessens fear; to distress, lessens the passion of pity; to instances of others' mortality, lessens the sensible apprehension of our own. And from these two observations together, that practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated acts, and that passive impressions grow weaker by being repeated upon us, it must follow, that active habits may be gradually forming and strengthening, by a course of acting upon such and such motives and excitements, while these motives and excitements themselves are, by proportionable degrees, growing less sensible—that is, are continually less and less sensibly felt, even as the active habits strengthen. . . . Active habits are to be formed by exercise. *Butler.*

HABITS—Religious.

It should appear therefore that our religious impressions may be expected to become somewhat less intense and lively, in proportion as we become more familiar with them; whilst at the same time, if we are carrying these impressions into act, our Christian virtues will be still growing more confirmed and vigorous. This suggestion may afford considerable relief to a timid and conscientious Christian. Such a Christian, however, will endeavour to remedy this particular effect of use on our passive habits, and to assist his sensitive by his rational and spiritual nature. He will aim at correcting this unfavourable action of a general and most beneficial law of our being. He will no more surrender himself to the mechanism of his frame, than to the impulse of his passions.

Paley and Wilson.

HABITS—Change of.

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.

Rowe.

HABIT—Nature of.

There is no controversy that I know of about the nature of a habit; every man's experience instructs him in the whole philosophy of it: we are all agreed, that it is a kind of second nature, that it makes us exert ourselves with desire and earnestness, with satisfaction and pleasure; that it renders us fixed in our choice and constant in our actions, and almost as averse to those things which are repugnant to it, as we are to those which are distasteful and disagreeable to our nature. And that, in a word, it so entirely and absolutely possesses the man, that the power of it is not to be resisted, nor the empire of it to be shaken off; nor can it be removed and extirpated without the greatest labour and difficulty imaginable. All this is a confessed and almost palpable truth in *habits of sin;* and there is no reason why we should not ascribe the same force and efficacy to *habits of virtue;* especially if we consider that the strength, business, and pleasure, which belong naturally to these habits, receive no small accession from the supernatural energy and vigour of the Holy Spirit. *Lucas.*

HABIT—a Vast Prevalence.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarce anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

Fielding.

HAND—The Human.

There is inconsistency, and something of the child's propensities, still in mankind. A piece of mechanism, as a watch, a barometer, or a dial will fix attention; a man will take journeys to see an engine stamp a coin, or turn a block; yet the organs through which he has a thousand sources of enjoyment, and which are in themselves more exquisite in design and more curious, both in contrivance and in mechanism, do not enter his thoughts. If he admire a living action, his admiration will probably be more excited by what is uncommon and monstrous, than by what is natural and perfectly adjusted to its office—by the elephant's trunk, than by the human hand. This does not arise from an unwillingness to contemplate the superiority or dignity of our own nature, nor from an incapacity of admiring the adaptation of parts. It is the effect of habit. The human hand is so beautifully formed, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will, that the very perfection of the instrument makes us insensible to its use; we use it, as we draw our breath, unconsciously, we have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected, and we are insensible of the advantages we derive from it. The armed extremities of a variety of animals give them great advantages; but if man possessed any similar provisions, he would forfeit his sovereignty over all. As Galen long since observed, "Did man possess the natural armour of the brutes, he would no longer work as an artificer, nor protect himself with a breast-plate, nor fashion a sword or spear, nor invent a bridle to mount a horse, and hunt the lion. Neither could he follow the arts of peace, construct the pipe and lyre, erect houses, inscribe laws, and, through letters and the ingenuity of the hand, converse with the sages of antiquity."

Sir Charles Bell.

HAND—The Human.

In that portion of the works of Galen which bears this title, "On the Use of the Various Parts of the Body," after having defined what is to be understood by the term part or member, as applied to an animal body, he proceeds in the following manner:—

But all these parts of the body were made for the use of the soul,—that sentient and intelligent principle which animates the body, and of which the body is merely the organ; and on this account the component parts of animals differ according to the nature of this principle: for some animals are bold and fierce; others are timid and gentle; some are gregarious, and co-operate for their mutual sustenance and defence; others are solitary and avoid the society of their fellows; but all have a form or body accommodated to their natural dispositions and habits. Thus, the lion has powerful fangs and claws; the hare has swiftness of foot, but in other points is defenceless. But to man, the only animal that partakes of divine intelligence, the Creator has given, in lieu of every other nocturnal weapon, or organ of defence, that instrument—the hand; an instrument applicable to every art and occasion, as well of peace as of war. Man, therefore, wants not a hoof, or horn, or any other natural weapon; inasmuch as he is able with his hand to grasp a much more effective weapon—the sword or spear. Besides which, natural weapons can be employed only in close conflict; while some of the weapons employed by man, as javelins or arrows, are even more effectual at a distance. And again, though man may be inferior to the lion in swiftness, yet, by his dexterity and skill, he breaks into his use a still swifter animal—the horse; mounted on whose back, he can escape from, or pursue the lion, or attack him at every advantage. He is enabled, moreover, by means of this instrument, to clothe himself with armour of various kinds, or to intrench himself within camps or fenced cities. Whereas, were his hands encumbered with any natural armour, he would be unable to employ them for the fabrication of those instruments and means which give him such a decided advantage over all the other animals of creation.

Nor have we yet enumerated the most important of those privileges which the hand imparts to man. With this he weaves the garment that protects him from the summer's heat or winter's cold; with this he forms the various furniture of nets and snares, which give him a dominion over the inhabitants as well of the water as of the air and earth; With his hand he constructs the lyre and lute, and the numerous instruments employed in the several arts of life; with his hand he erects altars and shrines to immortal gods; and lastly, by means of the same instrument, he bequeaths to posterity, in writings, the intellectual treasures of his own divine imagination.

HAND—The Mother's.

A wand'ring orphan child was I,—
  But meanly, at the best, attired;
For, oh! my mother scarce could buy
  The common food each week required;
But when the anxious day had fled,
  It seem'd to be her dearest joy
To press her pale hand on my head,
  And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more
Stern suffering brought her to decay;
And then an angel pass'd her door,
And bore her ling'ring soul away!
And I—they know not what is grief
Who ne'er knelt by a dying bed;
All other woe on earth is brief,
Save that which weeps a mother dead.

A seaman's life was soon my lot,
'Mid reckless deeds and desperate men;
But still I never quite forgot
The prayer I ne'er should hear again;
And oft, when half-induced to tread
Such paths as unto sin decoy,
I've felt her fond hand press my head,—
And that soft touch hath saved her boy!

Though hard their mockery to receive,
Who ne'er themselves 'gainst sin had striven,
Her, who on earth I dared not grieve,
I could not—would not—grieve in heaven:
And thus from many an action dread,
Too dark for human eyes to scan,
The same fond hand upon my head
That bless'd the boy—hath saved the man!
C. Swain.

HAND—Muscles of the.

In the palm of the hand, and between the metacarpal bones, there are small muscles (*lumbricales* and *interossal*) which perform the finer motions, expanding the fingers, and moving them in every direction with quickness and delicacy. These small muscles, attached to the near extremities of the bones of the fingers, where they form the first joint, being inserted near the centre of motion, move the ends of the fingers with very great velocity. They are the organs which give the hand the power of spinning, weaving, engraving; and as they produce the quick motions of the musician's fingers, they are called by the anatomists *fidicinales*. The combined strength of all the muscles, in grasping, must be very great; indeed, the power is exhibited when we see a sailor hanging by a rope, and raising his whole body with one arm. What, then, must be the pressure upon the hand? It would be too much for the texture even of bones and tendons, and certainly for the blood-vessels and nerves, were not the palms of the hands, the inside of the fingers and their tips, guarded by cushions. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm, and more especially supports the cushion on the inner or ulner edge: it acts powerfully as we grasp; and it is this muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, hollows it, and adapts it to lave water, forming the cup of Diogenes. *Bell.*

HANDSOME—

As an angel. *Southern.*
As a goddes. *Behn.*
As a cherubin. *Centlivre.*
As Venus. *J. Mottley.*
As Adonis. *Foote's "Comic Theatre."*
As Hercules ere his first labour. *Byron.*
As a peach tree in blossom. *T. Morton.*

HAPPINESS—The Believer's.

Consider what we debar ourselves from if we refuse the invitations of God. He calls us to what? To believe on His Son, "to make us to be remembered with His saints in glory everlasting," to participate in "what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man." And what doth He ask us to resign? Sinful pleasures, which, even on the admission of those who have largest experience of them, are hollow and unsatisfying, and utterly incapable of filling the boundless desires of an immortal soul; to resign a world, where disappointment and sorrow, and pain and sickness visit us at every step; a world of hoary heads and of broken hearts; a world where there is enough of misery revealed to chill the heart which contains an atom of sensibility, and yet where the thousandth part of what is really suffered is not disclosed to human eyes; a world where there is absolutely no such thing as unalloyed happiness, and the votaries of which find it necessary to banish reflection, to shut their eyes to all that is around them, in order to enjoy it. This is the world which He calls you to give up, while He invites you to fix your heart upon a better one; a world exempt from everything that makes this one the accursed and miserable one it is. Blessed are they who see the wisdom of making God their portion—of embracing religion with decision and firmness. There is an eye, an unslumbering eye, over them, that is not upon a thoughtless God-forgetting world. There is a hand guiding them through all the changes and chances of this mortal life. There is a blessing in their adversity, while there is a curse in the prosperity of the wicked. They are under the fostering care of Heaven, educating and training them for the society of the blest, for the holy family above; they are the sons and daughters of the Almighty—the brethren of His own dear Son. They look for their happiness, not to the poor mole hill of this earth, "where but to think is to be sad," but, with the uplifted eye of hope, they gaze on brighter worlds beyond the sky. "They shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Theirs are those secret "joys which a stranger intermeddleth not with," the antepast of heaven itself. To those who have not experienced them no words can describe them, while no language can convey the feelings of those who are made partakers of them; yet, if there be anything true in Christianity, this is true, that for those who live up to their privileges there is, even in this life, "a joy unspeakable and full of glory." And when the Christian's last scene is drawing nigh, and the hopes and the fears, and the joys and the sorrows of life, are about to be buried in the repose of the grave, what a holy lustre gilds his passing hour! He meets it, not like the miserable man who risks his eternal safety on the chance of a deathbed repentance, trembling, doubting, hesitating, his hope hardly above the blackness of despair, his faith hardly distinguishable from unbelief, his mind a chaos of conflicting feelings, enduring inward struggles which terrify the beholder; saved, if saved at all, by a miracle of grace, whose case the bystanders fear to pronounce upon, and would rather throw a veil over the whole scene, and let it sink into oblivion. No, he awaits that hour with a calmness, a holy composure, a dignity. He meets his Saviour, not like a stranger, but as a friend, a tried, a bosom-friend—one whom he has long known, and loved, and followed, and adored; his comforter in every sorrow, his counsellor in every difficulty, with whom he has passed the best, the happiest hours of his life, to whom he has unbosomed secrets unknown to all the world beside, whose love, whose faithfulness, whose power to save, whose all-sufficiency, he has known, not by hearsay, but by experience, by personal experience; and on the efficacy of whose atonement he has built a faith which earth or hell cannot shake. *Rev. Dennis Kelly.*

HAPPINESS—is Peace in Believing.

Vain world, adieu! I have nobler hopes than thou canst feed; and I shall have comforts thou canst not rob me of. How can I be miserable if I be filled with joy and peace in believing? or if I abound with hope through the power of the Holy Ghost? I can think of that shrine of glory with which I shall be once invested, and then suffer these rags with patience, till my nuptials come, and my new suits be made. I can love this contempt and poverty, because it shall make my crown more weighty, and my being more glorious. *Lucas.*

HAPPINESS—No Chance in.

No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish;
Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite,
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost:
And leave us perfect blockheads in our bliss.
Young.

HAPPINESS—Consummation of.

Those days are gone,
And it has pleased high heaven to crown my life
With such a load of happiness, that at times
My very soul is faint with bearing up
The blessed burden. For that airy world,
So full of coruscations and strange fires
Electric, one that by a golden chain
Hangs balanced in its planetary peace
I love to dwell in now; and in the mists
And storms that sometimes stain its atmosphere,
Or shake it till the orb doth seem to shake
Even to its centre, I behold the hand,
I hear the voice, of my Creator's love.
Wilson.

HAPPINESS—Made up of Small Contributions.

Common happiness is sustained, not by great exertions, which are in the power of a few, and happen rarely even to them, but by great numbers doing every one a little, every one something in his particular province, to his particular neighbourhood. This is the way in which Providence intended society to be carried on, and beneficence to be exercised. *Paley.*

HAPPINESS—Domestic.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Cowper.

HAPPINESS—Comparative.

The highest hills are miles below the sky;
And so far is the lightest heart below
True happiness. *Bailey.*

HAPPINESS—a Duty.

When earth, and heaven, and all
Things seem so bright and lovely for our sakes,
It were a sin not to be happy. *Bailey.*

HAPPINESS—Appearance of.

FESTUS. Are they not happy?
LUCIFER. Why, it matters not.
They seem so; that 's enough.
FESTUS. But not the same.
LUCIFER. Yet truth and falsehood meet in seeming, like
The falling leaf and shadow on the pool's face.
And these are joys, like beauty, but skin deep.
FESTUS. Remove all such, and what 's the joy of earth?
It is they create the appetite of life—
Give zest and relish to the lot of millions.
And take the taste for them away—what 's left?
A dry ungainly skeleton of soul.
LUCIFER. Power is aye above the soul, and joy
Below it. Pleasure men prefer to power.
Bailey.

HAPPINESS—Domestic.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, consume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let Eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign. *Thomson.*

HAPPINESS—Earthly: Short-lived.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death. *Young.*

HAPPINESS—Eternal, and Misery.

As to the eternal reward of grace, its distance is so short and uncertain, that if men were not infatuated, it is a wonder that it is not constantly observant to their minds, and that its glorious brightness does not dazzle their eyes. A good man is never sure that heaven is at an hour's distance from him. Then the pleasures of sin, and troubles of duty, are so fleeting and short-lived, that they are scarcely felt, when they presently vanish. It looks like a wilful contempt of happiness for one not to make the utmost efforts towards a life of faith and holiness, when one is under such vast obligations, has such vast encouragements, and but such insignificant hindrances—when the assistance offered is so powerful, the present pleasure so great, the labour so short, so little, the reward so near, so certain, so glorious, so lasting, yea, everlasting. It looks like a choosing of misery, when one takes the course that leads to it, though he is sure eternity is not far off, at the furthest he can possibly expect; when he knows not but the next moment may land him on that unknown shore, and plunge him in an abyss of wretchedness; when he runs that risk for pleasures which he is not sure whether he shall ever attain to, and which he is sure will vanish away like shadows. *Maclaurin.*

HAPPINESS—the Result of Varied Feelings.

Happiness, though necessarily involving present pleasure, is the direct, or indirect, and often the very distant, result of feelings of every kind—pleasurable, painful, and indifferent. It is like the beautiful profusion of flowers which adorn our summer fields: in our admiration of the foliage, and the blossoms, and the pure air and sunshine, in which they seem to live, we almost forget the darkness of the soil in which their roots are spread. Yet how much should we err if we were to consider them as deriving their chief nutriment from the beams that shine around them, in the warmth and light of which we have wandered with joy. That delightful radiance alone would have been of little efficacy without the showers, from which, in those very wanderings, we have often sought shelter; or, at least, without the dews, which were unheeded by us, as they fell silently and almost insensibly on our evening walk. *Brown.*

HAPPINESS—in Nature and Riches Contrasted.

I sit to-night
As dreary as the pale deserted East,
That sees the sun, the sun that once was her's,
Forgetful of her, flattering his new love,
The happy blushing West. In these long streets
Of traffic and of noise, the human hearts
Are hard and loveless as a wreck-strewn coast;
Eternity doth wear upon her face
The veil of Time. They only see the veil,
And thus they know not what they stand so near.
Oh, rich in gold! Beggars in heart and soul!
Poor as the empty void! Why I, even I,
Sitting in this bare chamber with my thoughts,
Are richer than ye all, despite your bales,
Your streets of warehouses, your mighty mills,
Each booming like a world, faint heard in space.
Your ships; unwilling fires, that day and night
Writhe in your service seven years, then die
Without one taste of peace. Do ye believe
A simple primrose on a grassy bank
Forth-peeping to the sun, a wild-bird's nest,
The great orb dying in a ring of clouds,
Like hoary Jacob 'mong his waiting sons;
The rising moon, and the young stars of God,
Are things to love! With *these* my soul is brimmed;
With a diviner and serener joy
Than all thy heaven of money-bags can bring
Thy dry heart, Worldling!

Alexander Smith.

HAPPINESS—Where to be Found?

If the Scriptures are a delusion, where will we seek our happiness? In wealth? It is a splendid incumbrance. In honour? It is a glittering bubble. In the pleasures of the world? They are like the brine of the ocean to a thirsty palate, will irritate rather than satisfy. In gay entertaining company? This is only a temporary opiate, not a lasting cure. But in the precious promises of the Gospel, and its renewing energy on our hearts; in the discoveries of God's love to poor sinners; in the displays of God's infinitely rich grace; and in the hope of His everlasting glory: in these grand specifics, for preparing and dispensing which revelation has the patent—true health, ease, and felicity are to be found. *Hervey.*

HAPPINESS—Its Three Ingredients.

Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist of three ingredients—action, pleasure, and indolence. And though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition. *David Hume.*

HAPPINESS—National.

National happiness must be produced through the influence of religious laws. *Southey.*

HAPPINESS—Pleasure of Imparting.

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself,

with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already, by many kind offices, produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even a moment's pleasure.
Dr. Thomas Brown.

HAPPINESS—Preparation for.

Happiness must not only be prepared and fitted for man, but man for his happiness; he must become a rational creature before he can enjoy a rational pleasure. *Lucas.*

HAPPINESS—True Religious.

Solomon, who is so much celebrated in Scripture for his wisdom and knowledge, hath purposely written a book, the main argument whereof is to inquire wherein the chief happiness of man doth consist: and having in the former part of it showed the insufficiency of all other things that pretend to it, he comes in the conclusion to fix it upon its true basis, asserting every man's greatest interest and happiness to consist in being religious: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man:" that is, the serious practice of religion is that which every considerate man, after all his other disquisitions, will find to be his chief interest, and that which doth deserve his utmost care and diligence. *Bishop Wilkins.*

HAPPINESS—is Sincerity.

Truth and Happiness inhabit a palace, into which none can enter but humble, sincere, and constant lovers. *Lucas.*

HAPPINESS — Seated in our own Breast.

This truth ought to be deeply printed in minds studious of wisdom and their own content, that they bear their happiness or unhappiness within their own breast; and that all outward things have a right and a wrong handle. He that takes them by the right handle finds them good; he that takes them by the wrong indiscreetly, finds them evil. Take a knife by the haft, it will serve you; take it by the edge, it will cut you. There is no good thing but is mingled with evil; there is no evil but some good enters into the composition. The same truth holds in all persons, actions, and events. Out of the worst, a well composed mind, endowed with the Grace of God, may extract good, with no other chemistry than piety, wisdom, and serenity. It lieth in us as we incline our minds to be pleased or displeased with most things in the world. One that hath fed his eyes with the rich prospect of delicate countries, as Lombardy, Anjou, where all the beauties and dainties of nature are assembled, will another time take no less delight in a wild and rugged prospect of high bare mountains, and fifty stories of steep rocks, as about the Grande Chartreuse and the bottom of Ardennes, where the very horror contributes to the delectation. If I have been delighted to see the trees of my orchard, in the spring blossomed, in the summer shady, in autumn hung with fruit; I will delight again, after the fall of the leaf, to see through my trees new prospects which the bushy boughs hid before; and will be pleased with the sight of the snow candied about the branches, as the flowers of the season. *Du Moulin.*

HAPPINESS—God the Summit of.

God is the summit of man's happiness; and religion is the way to it. Till we arrive at Him, we are but vapours, tossed about by inconstant winds. *Feltham.*

HAPPINESS—True.

Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequers life.
Cowper.

HAPPINESS—True, is Divine.

'Tis to be happy that we run after pleasures; and cover (sic) in every thing our own proud will. But we, alas! mistake our happiness, and foolishly seek it where it is not to be found. As silly children think to catch the sun, when they see it setting at so near a distance. They travel on, and tire themselves in vain; for the thing they seek is in another world. *Bishop Hickes.*

HAPPY—

As a god. *A. Hill.*
As the blest above. *Lansdowne.*
As heaven's angels. *Sylvester.*
As birds in their bowers. *Ibid.*
And faithful as two turtle doves. *Mrs. Cowley.*
As the day is long. *Garrick.*
As a lawyer in Term time, or a physician in November. *T. Holcroft.*

She seemed as happy as a wave that dances on the sea. *Wordsworth.*

HARMLESS—

As doves. *Sacred Script.*

As the turtle of the woods. *Otway.*

And innocent as sporting lamb. *J. Smith.*

As the smile of infancy. *W. Hawkins.*

As pilgrims' kisses on the shrines of virgin martyrs. *Cumberland.*

Flame, as harmless as a lambent fire. *Dryden.*

And without effect, as is the echo of a cannon's crack discharged against the battlements of heaven. *Play, "King John."*

As the silent dead. *Preston's App. Rhodius.*

HARMONIOUS—

As the spheres. *J. Taylor.*

As planets move. *J. Adams.*

Music, more harmonious than the spheres yield in their heavenly motions. *Massinger.*

Voice, harmonious as celestial music. *T. Maurice.*

Accents, more harmonious than the lark's when she sings hymns to harvest. *Glapthorne.*

Voice, more harmonious than the lark, whose tuneful notes awake the cheerful spring. *W. R. Chetwood.*

As when the morning stars together sang, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *W. Thompson.*

As the voice of angels singing before the Eternal Majesty. *Spenser.*

He who is a stranger to the feelings of a parent, may take delight in the mellifluous notes of a flute, or in the more sonorous viol; but to the parent's ear these are less harmonious than the simple music of an infant's prattle. *N. E. Kindersley.*

HARMONY—True.

Oh, wouldst thou give me Music, let it be
Now long and soft, in undulating motion,
Now swelling, now subsiding like the Ocean,
And, like it, wild or gentle, ever free—
But add no words—for simple melody
Flows to my heart like an enchanted potion
From Fairy land—that would expel from me
In potency of Love all earthly notion.

Oh, language is not for the Spirits of Air,
That sing as they awake. They hide themselves
From speech and unclosed eyes—wouldst thou repair
To their loved haunts—the woods—the rocky shelves—
They to thy lute, beside the mountain stream,
Will come to thee in Music and in Dream.
Blackwood.

HARMONY—of the Human Frame.

The admirable harmony established by the Creator between the various constituent parts of the animal frame, renders it impossible to pay regard to or infringe the conditions required for the health of any one, without all the rest participating in the benefit or injury. Thus, while cheerful exercise in the open air, and in the society of equals, is directly and eminently conducive to the well-being of the muscular system, the advantage does not stop there; the beneficent Creator having kindly so ordered it, that the same exercise shall be scarcely less advantageous to the proper performance of the important function of respiration. Active exercise calls the lungs into play, favours their expansion, promotes the circulation of the blood through their substance, and leads to their complete and healthy development. The same end is greatly facilitated by that free and vigorous exercise of the voice which so uniformly accompanies and enlivens the sports of the young, and which doubles the benefits derived from them considered as exercise. The excitement of the social and moral feelings among children engaged in play is another powerful tonic, the influence of which on the general health ought not to be overlooked; for the nervous influence is as indispensible to the right performance of respiration, as it is to the action of the muscles or to the digestion of food. *Combe.*

HARP—The Effects of the.

Oh! breathe, melodious minstrel, once again
Thy soul-entrancing song! Responsive tears
Attest thy power. Thy gentle voice appears
Like sounds of summer's eve, or some sweet strain
That wildly haunts the visionary brain,
Or charms the slumbering mourner. Vanish'd years
That Time's dim twilight hallows and endears,
Return like shadows, o'er the trembling moon
Beneath the lunar beam. Then waken still
Those magic notes, with more than music fraught
Angelic harmonies! Each echo seems
A spell from heaven by skill celestial wrought
To cheer the clouded mind, the sad heart thrill
With sacred memories, and delightful dreams.
Richardson.

HARVEST.

There in a field, 'mid lofty corn, the lusty reapers stand,
Plying their task right joyously, with sickle each in hand.
Some strew in lines, as on they press, the handfuls thick behind,
While at their heels the heavy sheafs their merry comrades bind.
These to the mows a troop of boys next bear in haste away,
Piling upon the golden glebe the triumphs of the day.
Among them, wrapped in silent joy, their sceptered king appears,
Beholding, in the swelling heaps, the stores of future years,
A mighty ox, beneath an oak, the busy heralds slay,
With grateful sacrifice to close the labours of the day.
While near, the husbandman's repast, the rustic maids prepare,
Sprinkling with flour the broiling cates, whose savour fills the air. *Homer.*

Now o'er his corn the sturdy farmer looks,
And swells with satisfaction to behold
The plentious harvest which repays his toil.
We too are gratified, and feel a joy
Inferior but to his, partakers all
Of the rich bounty Providence has strewed
In plentiful profusion o'er the field.
Tell me, ye fair, Alcanor tell me, what
Is to the eye more cheerful, to the heart
More satisfactive, than to look abroad,
And from the window see the reaper strip,
Look round, and put his sickle to the wheat?
Or hear the early mower whet his scythe,
And see where he has cut his sounding way,
E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field
Of oats and barley? What delights us more,
Than studiously to trace the vast effects
Of unabated labour? To observe
How soon the golden field abounds with sheaves?
How soon the oat and bearded barley fall
In frequent lines, before the keen-edged scythe?
The clatt'ring team then comes, the swarthy hind
Down leaps, and doffs his frock alert, and plies
The shining fork. Down to the stubble's edge
The easy wain descends half built, then turns,
And labours up again. From pile to pile
With rustling step the swain proceeds, and still
Bears to the groaning load the well-poised sheaf.
The gleaner follows, and with studious eye
And bended shoulders traverses the field
To cull the scattered ear, the perquisite
By heaven's decree assigned to them who need,
And neither sow nor reap. Ye who have sown,
And reap so plenteously, and find the grange
Too narrow to contain the harvest given,
Be not severe, nor grudge the needy poor
So small a portion. Scatter many an ear,
Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf.
And overlook the loss. For He who gave
Will bounteously reward the purposed wrong
Done to yourselves; nay, more, will twice repay
The generous neglect. *Hurdis.*

'Neath summer's bright and glorious sky,
While proudly waves the golden grain,
And through the falling fields of rye,
Comes on the joyous reaper train—
While nature smiles, and hill and plain
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,
And peace and plenty brightly reign
By homestead, hearth, and forest tree.
God of the seasons, unto Thee we raise
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.

There is a sweet breath from the hills,
The incense from the mountain air,
Which from a thousand flowers distils
Its odours delicate and rare—
We feel its balm—we see it there
Among the bending wheat-blades move,
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
As if its very life were love.
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow
Receive the humble thanks Thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home,
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade—
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade,
They spread their deep'ning tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away.
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around!
No song is sung, no voice is heard—
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stirr'd;

The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,
Chirps gay, but all is hush beside;
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide.
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless Thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.
Thompson.

HASTE—Described.

Away, away upon the whitening tide,
Like lover hastening to embrace his bride,
We hurry faster than the foam we ride.
Dashing aside the waves which round us cling,
With strength like that which lifts an eagle's wing,
Where the stars dazzle and the angels sing.
Bailey.

HAT—Its Significance.

Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.
Mount the new castor,—ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves may fail: the hat is always felt!
Holmes.

HATE—Fervour of.

Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press
To seize and share the dear caress;
But love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith:
True foes, once met, are join'd till death!
Byron.

HAYMAKING.

Upon the grass no longer hangs the dew;
Forth hies the mower with his glittering scythe,
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,
He moves athwart the mead with sideling bend,
And lays the grass in many a swathey line;
In every field, in every lawn and meadow,
The rousing voice of industry is heard;
The haycock rises, and the frequent rake
Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.
The old and young, the weak and strong are there,
And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.
The father jeers his awkward half-grown lad,
Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field,
Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.
The village oracle and simple maid
Jest in their turns and raise the ready laugh;
All are companions in the general glee;
Authority, hard-favoured, frowns not there.
Some, more advanced, raise up the lofty rick,
Whilst on its top doth stand the parish toast
In loose attire and swelling ruddy cheek.
With taunts and harmless mockery she receives
The tossed-up heaps from fork of simple youth,
Who, staring on her, takes his arm away,
While half the load falls back upon himself.
Loud is her laugh, her voice is heard afar;
The mower busied on the distant lawn,
The carter trudging on his dusty way,
The shrill sound know, their bonnets toss in air,
And roar across the field to catch her notice:
She waves her arm to them and shakes her head,
And then renews her work with double spirit.
Thus do they jest and laugh away their toil
Till the bright sun, now past his middle course,
Shoots down his fiercest beams which none may brave.
The stoutest arm feels listless, and the swart
And brawny-shouldered clown begins to fail.
But to the weary, lo—there comes relief!
A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn
With slow and wary steps approach: some bear
In baskets oaten cakes or barley scones,
And gusty cheese, and stoups of milk or whey.
Beneath the branches of a spreading tree,
Or by the shady side of the tall rick,
They spread their homely fare, and seated round,
Taste every pleasure that a feast can give.
Baillie.

HEAD—Superiority of.

In all contentions between wit and violence, prudence and rudeness, learning and the sword, the strong hand took it first, and the strong head possessed it last. *Taylor.*

HEADACHE.

But I am not well.
My head seems wrong, and somehow, altogether,
Feels like a bullet on a peacock's feather.
Bailey.

HEAD-WORK—Ill Paid by Men.

None of the best head-work in art, literature, or science, is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his *Iliad?* or Dante for his *Paradise?* Only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died from starvation, driven from his home: it is indeed very clear that God means all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing. Baruch, the scribe, did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second roll for him, I fancy: and St. Stephen did not get bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees; nothing but stones. For, indeed, that is the world-father's proper payment. So surely as any of the world's children work for the world's good, honestly, with head and heart, and come to it, saying, "Give us a little bread, just to keep the life in us," the world-father answers them, "No, my children, not bread; a stone, if you like, or as many as you need, to keep you quiet." *Ruskin.*

HEALTH—God the Author of.

Health may be enjoyed; sickness must be endured: one body is the object of both, one God the Author of both. If, then, He give me health, I will thankfully enjoy it, and not think it too good, since it is His mercy that bestows it: if He send sickness, I will patiently endure it, and not think it too great, since it is my sin that deserves it. If in health, I will strive to preserve it by praising of Him: if in sickness, I will strive to remove it by praying to Him. He shall be my God in sickness and in health, and my trust shall be in Him in health and in sickness. So in my health I shall not need to fear sickness, nor in my sickness despair of health. *Warwick.*

HEALTH—a Blessing indeed.

I have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that more than threescore years can give, I, now on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction), that health is a great blessing,—competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing,—and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but, that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. *Coleridge.*

HEALTH—the Vital Principle of Bliss.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given?
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day. *Thomson.*

HEARERS—Only.

It pleaseth men to hear of speculative doctrines, and to be entertained with a luscious preaching of the gospel, made up all of promises, and these wholly unconditional. It gratifies them to hear what is done without them, rather than what is done within them, and the necessity of sincere and entire obedience to our Saviour's precepts urged upon them. *Dr. Worthington.*

HEARERS.

1. The inattentive hearer, that taketh very little heed to what he heareth. 2. The inconsiderate hearer, that never ponders what he hears, nor compares one thing with another. 3. The injudicious hearer, that never makes any judgment, whether it be true or false. 4. The unapprehensive hearer, who hears all his days, but is never the wiser. 5. The stupid unaffected hearer, that is as a rock and a stone under the Word. 6. There are your prejudiced, disaffected hearers, who hear with dislike, especially those things which relate to practice. 7. Your fantastical, voluptuous hearers, that hear only to please their fancy or imaginations. They come on purpose to try if they can hear a pretty sentence, any fine jingle, any flashes of wit. 8. Your notional hearers, that are of somewhat a higher form and sect than the others. They always come to learn some kind of novelty. 9. Those talkative persons, who only come to hear, that they may furnish themselves with notions for the sake of discourse. 10. The censorious and critical hearers, who come on purpose not as doers of the law, but as judges. 11. Malicious hearers, that come on purpose to seek an advantage against those they come to hear, particularly from what they preach. Thus you see the characters of those who are "Hearers only," which are various and manifold. *Howe.*

HEART—Its Attributes.

I did not make myself, nor plan my soul.
I am no angel nursed in the lap of light;
Nor fed on milk immortal of the stars;
Nor golden fruit grown in the summery suns
How am I answerable for my heart?
It is my master, and is free with me,
As fixed with fate; even as a star which moves,
Yet moveth only on a certain course;
In certain mode: its liberties are laws;
Its laws tyrannic; I cannot hinder it;
It cannot hinder God. All that we do
Or bear is settled from eternity;
Whereof is no beginning, midst, nor end.
To act is ours; quite sure, whate'er we do,
Whether it be for our own good or ill,
Or other's ill or good, it is for God's
Glory—the same and always; it is ordered.
The soul is but an organ, and it hath
No power of good and evil in itself,
More than the eye hath power of light or dark.
God fitted it for good; and evil is
Good in another way we are not skilled in.
The good we do is of His own good will,
The ill of His own letting. Doth not nature—
All light in life, shine marsh-like too, in death?
Yea, wandering fires wait even on rottenness,
Like a stray gleam of thought in an idiot's brain.
And thus I look on souls that seem decaying
In sin, and flying off by elements.
All may not live again; but all which do,
Must change perpetually even in heaven;
And not by death to death, but life to life.
Bailey.

HEART—The Broken.

"I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book—the rose."
Middleton.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart. *W. Irving.*

HEART—Comprehensive.

The heart may be engaged in a little business, as much, if thou watch it not, as in many and great affairs. A man may drown in a little brook or pool, as well as in a great river, if he lie down and plunge himself into it, and put his head under water. Some care thou must have, that thou mayest not care. Those things that are thorns indeed, thou must make a hedge of them, to keep out those temptations that accompany sloth, and extreme want that waits on it; but let them be the hedge, suffer them not to grow within the garden. *Coleridge.*

HEART—to be Controlled.

Keep thy heart cool, or rule its heat
To fixed ends: waste it not upon itself.
Not all the agony of all the damned,
Fused in one pang, vies with that earthquake throb
Which wakens it from waste to let us see
The world rolled by for aye; and that we must
Wait an eternity for our next chance,
Whether it be in heaven or elsewhere.
Bailey.

HEART—when Pure, Courageous.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
Shakespeare.

HEART—Its Deeds.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart

Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.
The splendour of corruption hath no power,
Nor vital essence; and content in sin
Shows apathy, not satisfied control.
Do my words trouble thee? Then treasure them.
Pain overgot gives peace as death does heaven.
All things that speak of heaven speak of peace.
Peace hath more might than war. High brows are calm.
Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like suns,
Stir not: though many systems tend round them.
Mind's step is still as Death, and all great things
Which cannot be controlled, whose end is good.
Behold yon throne! there, Love, Faith, Hope are one.
There judgment, righteousness, and mercy make
One and the same thing. God's salvation is
His vengeance, His wrath glory; as on earth
Destruction restoration to the pure.
Humanity is perfected in heaven. *Bailey.*

HEART—God's Temple.

The heart must be made a temple to God, wherein sacrifices do ascend: but that they may be accepted, it must be purged of idols, nothing left in any corner, though never so secret, to stir the jealousy of our God, who sees through all. Oh, happy that heart that is, as Jacob's house, purged; in which no more idols are to be found, but the holy God dwelling there alone as in His holy temple. *Leighton.*

HEART—A Happy one.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience dissecteth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth. *Quarles.*

HEART—A Heartless.

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave. *Wordsworth.*

HEART—Its History.

The heart is formed as earth was—its first age
Formless and void, and fit but for itself;
Then feelings, half alive, just organized,
Come next,—then creeping sports and purposes,—
Then animal desires, delights, and loves—
For love is the first and granite-like effect
Of things—the longest and the highest: next
The wild and winged desires, youth's saurian schemes,
Which creep and fly by turns; which kill and eat,
And do disgorge each other; comes at length
The mould of perfect matchless manhood—then
Woman divides the heart, and multiplies it.
The insipidity of innocence
Palls: it is guilty, happy, and undone.
A death is laid upon it, and it goes—
Quits its green Eden for the sandy world,
Where it works out its nature, as it may,
In sweat, smiles, blood, tears, cursings, and what not.
And giant sins possess it; and it worships
Works of the hand, head, heart—its own or others—
A creature worship, which excludeth God's:
The less thrusts out the greater. Warning comes,
But the heart fears not—feels not; till at last
Down comes the flood from heaven; and that heart,
Broken inwards, earthlike, to its central hell:
Or like the bright and burning eye we see
Inly, when pressed hard backwards on the brain,
Ends and begins again—destroyed, is saved.
Every man is the first man to himself,
And Eves are just as plentiful as apples;
Nor do we fall, nor are we saved by proxy.
The Eden we live in is our own heart;
And the first thing we do, of our free choice,
Is sure and necessary to be sin.
Each to himself is also the last man,
And with him bears and earns the world's vast doom. *Bailey.*

HEART—The Construction of the Human.

With what wonderful and inimitable art is that musculous body constructed, which is situated in the cavity of the breast, and is called the heart? Its form is something like an obtuse pyramid; and it is so placed that the point inclines a little to the left side. Its substance appears to be a series of fleshy fibres interwoven with infinite art, in such a manner that the external fibres extend from the left side of the heart towards the right, and the internal fibres from the right side towards the left. This intestine has within it two cavities, called ventricles, separated from one another by a fleshy partition. In that there is a vein which conducts the blood of the upper parts of the body into the right ventricle of the heart; another which brings back the blood from the lower parts into that same cavity; an artery which sends it from thence into the lungs; another vein through which it runs from the lungs into the left ventricle, from whence it is sent over the whole body through the great artery. On the one side of the right ventricle is a sort of musculous bag, which is called the auricle of the heart, and which receives the blood before it has entered the right ventricle. Another auricle, not less useful, hangs at the left ventricle, that the blood may stop there during a new contraction. All the blood passes through the heart. It continually goes in and out; and by the contraction of this intestine, it is sent into every part of the human body, and circulates through all the veins. When even all the other members of the body are at rest, the heart is in perpetual motion, from the first moment of life to the last. In a state of health, the heart contracts itself at least sixty times in a minute, and consequently 3,600 times in an hour; and at each beating of the pulse it throws out about two ounces of blood. The force it must use to do so is not small. For in order to throw out the blood, so that it should reach only as far as two feet in the great artery, the heart must resist a weight of 900 stone; and consequently in twenty-four hours, a resistance of sixteen million stone weight.

All these things are equally admirable and incomprehensible. They lead us to cry out with wonder and astonishment, how great is our divine Creator! Who can describe His glory! *Sturm.*

HEART—The Humble.

"But He giveth grace," pours it out plentifully upon humble hearts. His sweet dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile. The swelling heart, puffed up with a fancy of fulness, hath no room for grace. It is lifted up, is not hallowed and fitted to receive and contain the graces that descend from above. And, again, as the humble heart is most capacious, and, as being emptied and hollowed, can hold most, so it is the most thankful, acknowledges all as received, while the proud cries out that all is his own. The return of glory that is due from grace comes most freely and plentifully from an humble heart: God delights to enrich it with grace, and it delights to return Him glory. The more He bestows on it, the more it desires to honour Him with all; and the more it doth so, the more readily He bestows still more upon it; and this is the sweet intercourse betwixt God and the humble soul. This is the noble ambition of humility, in respect whereof all the aspirings of pride are low and base. When all is reckoned, the lowliest mind is truly the highest; and these two agree so well, that the more lowly it is, it is thus the higher; and the higher thus, it is still the more lowly. *Leighton.*

HEART—Inconstant.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and unstable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting Divine counsel, cannot subsist in itself; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace; it agreeth not with itself, it dissenteth not from itself; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth and willeth not, and never remaineth in the same state. *Quarles.*

HEART—Its Fulness of Joy.

Oh! when the heart is full of sweets to o'er-
flowing,
And ringing to the music of its love,
Who but an angel or an hypocrite
Could speak or think of happier states?
Bailey.

HEART—Loyalty of.

The loyalty of the heart to God consisteth in an universal purpose of obedience and resolution against all sin, without reservation and exception. . . . For how can he be a faithful servant of Christ who still holdeth correspondence, and is a prisoner to his arch-enemy, the devil? God will have a whole heart and a whole soul, or none. *J. Mede.*

HEART—Majesty of.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man. *Lowell.*

HEART—The Natural.

The natural heart has no power of discovering how completely happiness is resolvable into this love of God as its prime constituent element: it cannot see it, and it will not believe it; and, since heaven is depicted as the possession of a full and unalloyed love of the Almighty, will it not follow that the incapacity of the unregenerate man to see happiness in the love of God, amounts to an incapacity of seeing heaven in the Scriptural representation of heaven; and what is this but a vivid illustration of the truth, that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God?" *Rev. H. Melvill.*

HEART—Pusillanimous.

Oh, pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road—
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thy urn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints! at least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God." *Mrs. Browning.*

HEART—Redundancy of.

The heart has tendrils, like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the parent tree
Of deeply-planted sympathy,
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss;
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms, dark and drear,
Which an unwatered desert are:
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil;
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought;
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed
Where truth and fancy lie entombed.

Insult him not—his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness:
Than many a sin, and many a stain,
Forgotten, and impressed again.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty—be our care!

And sweet it is the growth to trace
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labours first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst;
And lead it on, from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had?
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries!
Plains, with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts—culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land:
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man! a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds:
Flowers lovely as the morning's light—
Weeds deadly as the aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flowret fair.

Flow, then, pure knowledge! ever flow!
Change nature's face in man below;
A paradise once more disclose—
Make deserts bloom with Sharon's rose;
And, through a Saviour's blood, once shed,
Raise His forlorn and drooping head.
Bowring.

HEART—A Rejoicing.

A heart rejoicing in God delights in all His will, and is most surely provided to the most firm joy in all estates; for, if nothing can come to pass beside or against His will, then cannot that soul be vexed that delights in Him, and hath no will but His, but follows Him in all times and in all estates—not only when He shines bright on them, but when they are clouded. That flower that follows the sun, doth so even in cloudy days —when it doth not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it: so the soul that moves after God, keeps that course when He hides his face; is content, yea, glad at His will, in all estates, conditions, or events. *Leighton.*

HEART—Its Sorrows.

The heart hath many sorrows beside love;
Yea, many as the veins which visit it.

The love of aught on earth is not its chief,
Nor ought to be. Inclusive of them all,
There is the one main sorrow, life;—for what
Can spirit, severed from the great one, God,
Feel but a grievous longing to rejoin
Its infinite—its author—and its end?
Bailey.

HEART—The Spiritual and the Carnal.

In the heart of a carnal man all things lie in a confused order; heaven below, and earth at top: earth seems to him to be vast and infinite, but heaven a little inconsiderable spot. But in the heart of a child of God everything keeps its natural posture; there earth sinks, as being the dregs of his thoughts and cares; but heaven shines above, very bright and glorious: earth seems to him to be but a little spot, as indeed it is, which is seldom seen or noted by him; but heaven is an infinite boundless sea of mercy, which he is still looking into and admiring.
Bishop Hopkins.

HEART—Must have Sympathy.

A man's own heart must ever be given to gain that of another. *Goldsmith.*

HEART—Unguarded.

A wretched thing it were to have our heart
Like a broad highway, or a populous street,
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,
Pause, or pass on, as in an open mart;
Or like some road-side pool, which no wise art
Has guarded, that the cattle may not beat
And foul it with a multitude of feet,
Till of the heavens it can give back no part.
But keep thou thine a holy solitude:
For he who would walk there, would walk alone;
He who would drink there, must be first endued
With single right to call that stream his own.
Keep thou thine heart close-fastened, unrevealed,
A fencēd garden and a fountain sealed.
Trench.

HEART—the Worldly.

If the world be in the middle of the heart, it will be often shaken, for all there is continual motion and change; but God in it keeps it stable. Labour, therefore, to get God into your hearts, residing in the midst of them; and then, in the midst of all conditions, they shall not move. *Leighton.*

HEART—A Youthful.

Oh, for the young heart like a fountain playing!
Flinging its bright fresh feelings up to the skies
It loves and strives to reach—strives, loves in vain:
It is of earth, and never meant for heaven.
Let us love both, and die. *Bailey.*

HEAT—Alcoholic, not Desirable.

Except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule,—that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body by wine or spice, until thou find that time hath decayed thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginnest to help nature, the sooner she will forsake thee, and trust altogether to art. *Raleigh.*

HEAT—Change Effected by.

The application of heat to the various branches of the mechanical and chemical arts has, within a few years, effected a greater change in the condition of man than had been accomplished in any equal period of his existence. Armed by the expansion and condensation of fluids, with a power equal to that of the lightning itself, conquering time and space, he flies over plains, and travels on paths cut by human industry, even through mountains, with a velocity and smoothness more like planetary than terrestrial motion; he crosses the deep in opposition to wind and tide; he makes the elements of air and water the carriers of warmth, not only to banish winter from his home, but to adorn it, even during the snow-storm, with the blossoms of spring; and, like a magician, he raises from the gloomy and deep abyss of the mine the spirit of light, to dispel the midnight darkness. *Somerville.*

HEAT—Value of, in the Economy of the Universe.

In the warm and temperate climates of the earth its surface affords a delightful abode for man and inferior animals, supplying all their wants and desires; but where winter comes with a temperature below the freezing point of water, the scene is entirely changed. Then the earth with its waters is soon bound up in snow and ice, the trees and shrubs become leafless, appearing everywhere like withered skeletons,—countless multitudes of living creatures, owing either to the bitter cold or deficiency of food, are perishing in the snows—nature seems dying or dead. The reverse change takes place when Spring returns—that is, when heat returns. The earth is again uncovered and soft, the rivers flow, the lakes are again liquid mirrors, the warm showers come to foster vegetation, which soon covers the ground with beauty and plenty. Man, lately inactive, is recalled to many duties; his water-wheels are everywhere at work, his boats are again on the canals and streams, his busy fleets of industry are along the shores:—winged life in new multitudes fills the sky, finny life similarly fills the waters, and every spot of earth teems with vitality and joy. Many persons regard these changes of season as if they came like the successive positions of a turning-wheel, of which one necessarily brings the next; not adverting that it is the single circumstance of change of temperature which effects all. But if the colds of winter arrive too early, they unfailingly produce the wintry scene; and if warmth come before its time in Spring, it expands the bud and the blossom, which a return of frost will surely destroy. A seed sown in an ice-house never awakens to life.

Again, as regards climates,—the earthy matters forming the exterior of our globe, and therefore entering into the composition of soils, are not different for different latitudes; at the equator, for instance, and near the poles. That the aspect of nature then in the two situations exhibits a contrast more striking still than between the annual summer and winter of one place, is owing merely to an inequality of temperature, which is permanent. Were it not for this, in both situations the same vegetables might grow, and the same animals might find their befitting support. But now, in the one, namely, where heat abounds, we see the magnificent scene of uninterrupted tropical fertility: the earth covered with luxuriant vegetation in endless variety, and even the hard rocks festooned with green, perhaps with the vine, rich in its purple clusters. In the midst of this scene animal existence is equally abundant, and many of the species are of surpassing beauty—birds, for instance, with plumage as brilliant as the gayest flowers. The warm air is perfume from the spice-beds, the sky and clouds have often tints rivalling those of the rainbow, and happy human inhabitants call the scene a paradise. Again, where heat is permanently absent, we have the dreary spectacle of polar barrenness—namely, bare rock or mountain, instead of fertile field; water everywhere hardened to solidity, no rain, nor cloud, nor dew, few motions but drifting snow; vegetable life scarcely existing, and then only in sheltered places facing the sun; and instead of the palms and other trees of India, whose single leaf is almost broad enough to cover a human dwelling, there are bushes and trees, as the furze and fir, having what may be called hairs or bristles in place of leaves. And in the winter of these climates, during which the sun is not seen for nearly six months, new horrors are added, in the darkness and dreadful silence, the cold benumbing all life, and even freezing mercury—forming altogether a scene into which man may penetrate from happier climes, but where he can only leave his protecting ship and fires for short periods, as he might issue from a diving-bell at the bottom of the ocean. That in these now desolate regions, heat only is wanting to render them like the most favoured countries of the earth, is proved by the recent discoveries underground of the remnant of animals and vegetables formerly inhabiting them, and the same as now can live only near the equator. While winter, then, or the temporary absence of heat, may be called the sleep of nature, the more permanent torpor about the poles is like its death; and truly, therefore, may heat be considered as the life or soul of the universe! We may further reflect, that heat is the great agent in numberless important processes of chemistry and domestic economy, and the actuating principle of the mighty steam-engine, which now performs half the labour of society! *Arnott.*

HEATH—On a Sprig of.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,

With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

Mrs. Grant.

HEAVEN.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity,
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase—
And above all, Thy holy face—
Makes an eternal charity.
When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that day
Remember us, we pray—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of Thy face—
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enrol,
That we may praise Thee to eternity. Allelujah!

Jeremy Taylor.

HEAVEN—The City of the Skies.

I saw the city of the skies;
And oft, by faith-light, gaze
From earth toward the great sunrise
Of everlasting days,
And ponder 'mid the glittering domes
And spires of our eternal homes.

It seemed as if on mountain-height
I walked, attent to view
Jerusalem, spread out in light,
And made in all things new
And holy, for the pure in heart
To dwell in, and no more depart.

Far off, up in a silvery clime,
The sainted city lay,
Blazing in bright worlds not in time,
And not to pass away
Like earth and its revolving spheres,
Corroded, and grown dim with years.

'Twas founded deep in sacred ground,
And walled with jasper high,
To shine on heaven's remotest bound,
And down the steepy sky
To earth, where man may see the ray,
And traverse back its glorious way.

Bryan.

HEAVEN—Death the Porter to the Gates of.

Death to the saints is not so much a penalty as it is a remedy. It delivers them up, and lets them into such joys as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive." Yea, a man may as well with a coal paint out the sun in all its splendour, as with his pen or tongue express, or with his heart, were it deep as the sea, conceive the fulness of those joys, and sweetness of those pleasures which the saints shall enjoy at God's right hand for evermore. For quality, they are pleasures; for quantity, fulness; for dignity, at God's right hand; for eternity, for evermore; and millions of years, multiplied by millions, make not up a minute to this eternity. *Younge.*

HEAVEN—Desirable.

Heaven is the more desirable, because there I shall better understand the Scriptures than here I can ever hope to do. To leave my Bible, and to go to the God and heaven which the Bible reveals, will be no otherwise my loss than to leave the picture for the presence of my friend. *Baxter.*

HEAVEN—Description of.

Her streets with burnish'd gold are pavèd round;
Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground:

Pearl mixt with onyx, and the jasper stone
Made gravell'd causeways to be trampled on.
There shines no sun by day, no moon by night,
The palace glory is the palace light;
There is no time to measure motion by—
There time is swallow'd in eternity:
Wry-mouth'd disdain, and corner-hunting lust,
And toady-faced fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust,
Soul-boiling rage, and trouble state sedition,
And giddy doubt, and goggle-eyed suspicion,
And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous fear,
Are banish'd thence, and death 's a stranger there:
But simple love and sempiternal joys,
Whose sweetness never gluts, nor fulness cloys:
Where, face to face, our ravish'd eye shall see,
Great God, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One—and seeing, Him shall bless Him,
And blessing, love Him—and in love possess Him! *Quarles.*

HEAVEN—Glimpses of.

Now, I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the shinning ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. *Bunyan.*

HEAVEN—Its Excellent Glory.

How incomparably excellent is the glory of heaven, where no changes shall be, where shall be wonderful advancement, but without injustice; abundance of glory, but without envy; infinite wealth, but without woe; admirable beauty and felicity, but without vanity or infirmity. *Bolton.*

HEAVEN—Its Fulness of joy.

There is light without darkness, joy without grief, desire without punishment, love without sadness, satiety without loathing, safety without fear, health without disease, and life without death. *Quarles.*

HEAVEN—is Eternal Love.

To be in heaven is to love forever
God—and thou must love here. Here thou wilt find
All that thou canst and oughtst to love; for souls,
Re-made of God, and moulded over again
Into His sunlike emblems, multiply
His might and love; the saved are suns, not earths;
And with original glory shine of God.
Bailey.

HEAVEN—Indescribable.

We strive with earthly imagings,
To reach and understand
The wondrous and the fearful things
Of an eternal land.

But soon the doubt, the toil, the strife
Of earth shall all be done,
And knowledge of our endless life
Be in a moment won. *Otway Curry.*

HEAVEN—always open.

God's great heaven
Stands open day and night to man and spirit;
For all are of the race of God, and have
In themselves good. *Bailey.*

HEAVEN—a higher Life.

I go unto another, where all souls
Begin again, or take up life from where
Death broke it at. I cannot think there will be
Like disproportion there between our powers
And will, as here; if not, I shall be happy.
I feel no bounds. I cannot think but thought
On thought springs up, illimitably, round,
As a great forest sows itself. *Bailey.*

HEAVEN—Its Nearness.

In the time
It takes to turn a leaf, we are in heaven;
Making our way among the wheeling worlds,
Millions of suns, half-infinite each; and space
For ever shone into, for ever dark,
As God is, to and by created mind;
Upheld by the companion spirit. There,
The nature of the all in one, and whence
Evil; the fixed impossibility
Of creatures' perfectness, until made one

With God; and the necessity of ill,
As yet, are things all touched upon and proven.
Bailey.

HEAVEN—is God.

Festus. What is heaven? Not the toys
Of singing, love, and music? Such a place
Were fit for women only.
Lucifer. Heaven is no place;
Unless it be a place with God, allwhere.
It is the being good—the knowing God—
The consciousness of happiness and power;
With knowledge which no spirit e'er can lose,
But doth increase in every state; and aught
It most delights in the full leave to do.
Bailey.

HEAVEN—The Meeting-place of the Blessed.

It has been often observed, that an habitation wherein virtue, friendship, and piety reign, is a lively emblem of the heavenly state. But the latter infinitely excels the former. That house on earth which is most devoted to God has yet more or less of imperfection, sorrow, and sin in it. But these evils are held at an eternal distance from those bright mansions in which our heavenly Father resides above. There, in due time, His whole family, whom He hath redeemed with the blood of His Son, will be assembled together. The most perfect knowledge, purity, and love shall prevail among them. His presence, without an intervening cloud, shall gladden all their hearts. And, in the character of kings and priests, they shall be employed in acts of the most exalted and rapturous devotion to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for evermore.
Dr. Samuel Stennett.

HEAVEN—Preparation for.

Let us consider we are, professedly, going to heaven, that region of light, and life, and purity, and love. It well indeed becomes them that are upon the way thither modestly to inquire after truth. Humble, serious, diligent endeavours to increase in Divine knowledge are very suitable to our present state of darkness and imperfection. The product of such inquiries we shall carry to heaven with us, with whatsoever is most akin thereto (besides their usefulness in the way thither). We shall carry truth and the knowledge of God to heaven with us; we shall carry purity thither, devotedness of soul to God and our Redeemer, divine love and joy, if we have their beginnings here, with whatsoever else of real permanent excellency that hath a settled fixed seat and place in our souls now; and shall there have them in perfection. But do we think we shall carry strife to heaven? Shall we carry anger to heaven? Envyings, heart-burnings, animosities, enmities, hatred of our brethren and fellow Christians,—shall we carry these to heaven with us? Let us labour to divest ourselves, and strike off from our spirits, everything that shall not go with us to heaven, or is equally unsuitable to our end and way, that there may be nothing to obstruct and hinder our abundant entrance at length into the everlasting kingdom. *Howe.*

HEAVEN—Its Purity.

It is not for any mortal creature to make a map of that Canaan which lies above; it is to all of us, who live here on the hither side of death, an unknown country, and an undiscovered land. It may be that some heavenly pilgrim, who with his holy thoughts and holy desires is continually travelling thitherward, arrives sometimes near the borders of the promised land, and the suburbs of the New Jerusalem; and gets upon the top of Pisgah, and there has the perfect prospect of a fair country, which lies afar way off; but he cannot tell how to describe it: and all that he hath to say, to satisfy the curious inquirer, is only this—if he would know the glories of it, he must go and see it. *Bishop Rust.*

HEAVEN—Degrees in.

Festus. For spirit is soul deified;—while earth,
To the immortal vast, God-natured spirit,
Is but a spell, which having served to light
A lamp is cast into consuming fire.
Lucifer. All these things
Thou wilt know sometime, when to see and know
Are one; to see a thing and comprehend
The nature of it essentially; perceive
The reason and the science of its being,
And the relations with the universe
Of all things actual or possible—
Mortal, immortal, spiritual, gross.
This, when the spirit is made free of heaven,
Is the divine result; proportioned still
To the intelligence as human; for
There are degrees in heaven, as everything,
By God's will. Unimaginable space,
As full of suns as is earth's sun of atoms,
Faileth to match His boundless variousness;
And ever must do, though a thousand worlds,
As diverse from each other as is thine
From any of thy system's, were elanced
Each minute into life unendingly.

All of yon worlds, and all who dwell in them,
Stand in diverse degrees of bliss and being.
Through the ten thousand times ten thousandth grade
Of blessedness, above this world's and man's
Ability to feel or to conceive,
The soul may pass, and yet know nought of heaven,
More than a dim and miniature reflection
Of its most bright infinity;—for God
Makes to each spirit its peculiar heaven.
And yet is heaven a bright reality,
As this or any of yon worlds; a state
Where all is lovliness, and power, and love;
Where all sublimest qualities of mind
Not infinite are limited alone
By the surrounding Godhood; and where nought
But what produceth glory and delight
To creature and Creator is; where all
Enjoy entire dominion o'er themselves,
Acts, feelings, thoughts, conditions, qualities,
Spirit, and soul, and mind; all under God.
Bailey.

HEAVEN—Its Comprehensiveness of all Life.

I cannot be content with less than heaven.
O Heaven, I love thee ever! sole and whole,
Living and comprehensive of all life;
Thee, agey world, thee universal heaven,
And heavenly universe; thee, sacred seat
Of intellective Time, the thronèd stars
And old oracular night;—by night or day,
To me thou canst not but be beautiful,
Boundless, all-central, universal sphere!
Whether the sun all-light thee, or the moon,
Embayed in clouds, mid starry islands round,
With mighty beauty inundate the air;
Or when one star, like a great drop of light,
From her full flowing urn hangs tremulous;
Yea, like a tear from her, the eye of night,
Let fall o'er nature's volume as she reads;
Or when in radiant thousands, each star reigns
In imparticipable royalty,
Leaderless, uncontrasted with the light
Wherein their light is lost, the sons of fire,
Arch element of the heavens; when storm and cloud
Debar the mortal vision of the eye
From wandering o'er thy threshold,—more and more
I love thee, thinking on the splendid calm
Which bounds the deadly fever of these days—
The higher, holier, spiritual heaven.
And when this world within whose heart-strings now
I feel myself encoiled, shall be resolved,
Thee I shall be permitted still, perchance,
To love and live, in endlessly. *Bailey.*

HEAVEN—Purity of.

We shall no more feel the first risings and steamings-up of corruption there: no more shall we cast kind glances upon our sins, nor have hovering thoughts towards them. O blessed necessity, when the soul shall be tied up to one all-satisfying good! when it shall have as natural a proneness and ardour to delight in God, as to love itself, and to delight in its own happiness! And who then would desire to linger any longer here below, and to spin out his wretched life, wherein sin and sorrow shall have the greatest share? Here the best of us are in perpetual combats and quarrels betwixt sin and grace: the one will not yield, and the other cannot: corruption compels one way, and grace commands another. Haste, therefore, O Christian, out of this scuffle; make haste to heaven, and there the contest will be for ever decided: there shalt thou no more live in fear of new sins, nor yet in sorrow for old sins; but all sorrow and sighing shall flee away; all tears shall be wiped from our eyes; and all sin shall be rooted out of our hearts; and we shall be perfectly holy, even as the angels themselves.
Hopkins.

HEAVEN—Return to.

A dew-drop of celestial birth,
Behold me spil on nether earth;
Then give me to that parent well,
From which this flitting wanderer fell!
Bishop of Cyrene.

HEAVENS—The Starry.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord!
And now, while through the ocean mantling haze

A dizzy chain of yellow lustre plays,
And moonlight loveliness hath veil'd the land,
Go, stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand:
Centuries have glided o'er the balanced earth,
Myriads have bless'd, and myriads cursed their birth;
Still, yon sky-beacons keep a dimless glare,
Unsullied as the God who throned them there!
Though swelling earthquakes heave the astounded world,
And king and kingdom from their pride are hurl'd,
Sublimely calm, they run their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here.
We want no hymn to hear, or pomp to see,
For all around is deep divinity!

Montgomery.

HEAVEN—Thoughts of.

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest;
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favourite bird,
And songs of summer from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While Nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of Nature's heart;
Heaven is before me—
God! Thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darken'd;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearken'd:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine
A winged thought, which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep.

Robert Nicol.

HELL—hath no Limits.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell;
And where hell is, there must we ever be.
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Christopher Marlowe.

HELL—Its Eternity.

Full in the midst of that infernal fire,
Blazing aghast in solar solitude,
A panting shadow, which with skeleton eyes,
And woe-gouged countenance, whereon was hung
A white eclipse like darkness, pale with pain,
Watched for the disappearance of the heavens
With a despairing hope: entranced it lay
In all its horrid perspicuity,
And glassy ghastliness immortalized.
Anon it turned round restlessly, and cried
Woe, woe is me! Eternal Spirit God!
Thy wrath is heaviest when endurable.
Put forth Thy strength and sweep the universe,
With me, into the night of nothingness,
That sin and soul may perish. Woe is me!
Still shine the blessed heavens, and still, like fire
Congealed, my woe perpetuates itself.
Bailey.

HELL—the World of Evil.

Behold my world! Man's science counts it not
Upon the brighest sky. He never knows
How near it comes to him: but swathed in clouds
As though in plumed and pallèd state, it steals
Hearselike and thieflike round the universe,
For ever rolling and returning not—
Robbing all worlds of many an angel soul—
With its light hidden in its breast, which burns
With all concentrate and superfluent woe.
Nor sun nor moon illume it; and to those
Which dwell in it, not live, the starry skies
Have told no time since first they entered there.
Worlds have been built, and to their central base
Ruined and razed to the last atom; they
Of neither know nor can—unconscious save
To agony—nought knowing even of God
But His omnipotence to execute
Torture on those He hath in wrath endowed
With heaven's own immortality, to make
Them feel what woe the Almighty can inflict,
And the all-feeble suffer, and not be
Annihilated as they would. Be sure
That this is hell. The blood which hath embrued
Earth's breast, since first men met in war, may hope
Yet to be formed again and re-ascend,
Each drop its individual vein; the foam bubble,
Sun-drawn out of the sea into the clouds,
To scale the cataract down which it fell,
Or seek its primal source in earth's hot heart;
But for the lost to rise to or regain
Heaven, or to hope, it is impossible.
Bailey.

HELL—Sin's Receptacle.

Hell, in the mad mock
Of mortal revelry—the quelling truth
That all life's sinful follies run to hell;
That lies, debauches, murders never die,
But live in hell for ever; make, are hell.
And truth is there too. Hell is its own moral.
Perdition certain to the unrepentant.
Bailey.

HELL—Its Wild Waste.

At once, as far as angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness; and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Milton.

HELL—Its Fearfulness.

An ever greatening sense of ill and woe,
Aye crushing down the soul, but filling never
Its infinite capacity of pain. *Bailey.*

HELL—Its Huge Population.

Festus. Are all these angels then, or men, or both?
Or mortals of all worlds?
Lucifer. Immortals all.
Festus. What numbers!
Lucifer. All are spirits fallen through sin
At various periods of eternity;
And not by one offence, to one same doom,
And at one moment, did they down from heaven
Like to the rapid droppings of a shower;—
No! each distinct as thunder peals, they fell.
Save those that fell with me. With me began
Sin even in heaven; with me but sin remains.
Once I alone was hell. Behold my fruits!
Bailey.

HERO—A.

A hero is—as though one should say—a man of high achievement, who performs famous exploits, who does things that are heroical, and in all his actions and demeanour is a hero indeed. *H. Brooke.*

HEROINE—The, of Anster Fair.

Her form was as the morning's blithesome star,
That, capp'd with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
New-wash'd, and doubly fulgent from the streams—
The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
Shaked her majestic person into grace,
And as at times his glossy sides she strook
Endearingly, with whip's green silken lace
(The prancer seem'd to court such kind rebuke,
Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace),
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resign'd its praise;
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honour'd palace, where
A choir of lightsome graces frisk and dance;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honour from the glance;
Woe to the man on whom she unaware
Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
May heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

So on she rode in virgin majesty,
Charming the thin dead air to kiss her lips,
And with the light and grandeur of her eye
Shaming the proud sun into dim eclipse;
While round her presence, clustering far and nigh,
On horseback some, with silver spurs and whips,
And some afoot with shoes of dazzling buckles,
Attended knights, and lairds, and clowns with horny knuckles. *W. Tennant.*

HEROISM.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer.
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square,
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried: the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver'd me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar!"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss
Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.

He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim'd, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar."
Leigh Hunt.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won. *Byron.*

HOLINESS—Commenced on Earth.

This is a truth if there be any in religion: they who are not made saints in a state of grace, shall never be saints in glory. The stones which are appointed for that glorious temple above are hewn and polished and prepared for it here; as the stones were wrought and prepared in the mountain for building the temple at Jerusalem.

Faith causes the soul to find all that is spoken of Christ in the Word and His beauty there represented to be abundantly true, makes it really taste of His sweetness, and by that possesses the heart more strongly with His love, persuading it of the truth of those things, not by reasons and argument, but by an expressible kind of evidence that they only know that have it.

This sweet stream of the doctrine [of the prophets] did, as the rivers, make its own banks fertile and pleasant as it ran by, and flowed still forward to after ages, and, by the confluence of more such prophecies, grew greater as it went, till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament, both acted and preached by the Great Prophet himself, whom they foretold to come, and recorded by His apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scripture hath still refreshed the city of God, His Church under the gospel, and still shall do so, till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity. *Bishop Taylor.*

HOLINESS—True, Essential.

Remember, brethren, a holy calling never saved any man without a holy heart; if our tongues only be sanctified, our whole man must be damned. *Flavel.*

HOLINESS—a Crown of Glory.

The highest honour which the Romans bestowed upon their greatest captains was to grant them a day of triumph, and, in that, permission to wear a crown of grass or leaves, which withered the day following; but the triumph of the just shall be eternal, and their never-fading crown is God himself. O, most happy diadem! O, most precious garland of the saints, which is of as great worth and value as is God himself! Sapores, king of the Persians, was most ambitious of honour, and would therefore be called "The brother of the sun and moon, and friend to the planets." This vain prince erected a most glorious throne, which he placed on high, and thereon sat in great majesty, having under his feet a globe of glass, whereon were artificially represented the motions of the sun, the moon, and the stars; and to sit crowned above this fantastical heaven he esteemed as a great honour. What shall be, then, the honour of the just, who shall truly and really sit above the sun, the moon, and the firmament, crowned by the hand of God himself, and that with a crown of gold, graven with the seal of holiness and the glory of honour? And this honour arrives at that height, that Christ himself tells us: "He who shall overcome, I will give him to sit with me in my throne; even as I have overcome, and have sat with the Father in His throne." *Bishop Taylor.*

HOLINESS—Full-blown, in Heaven.

Imperfect holiness on earth is a rose that breathes sweetly in the bud: in heaven it will be full-blown, and abide in its prime to all eternity. *Flavel.*

HOLY—

As religion. *Shiel.*

As the thoughts of dying saints when angels hover o'er them. *Cumberland.*

As hermit's vesper strain. *Scott.*

As altars' inscense. *Glapthorne.*

A flame as holy as that which burns in pious bosoms. *Hodson.*

HOME—The Blessedness of a Godly.

Here is the cradle of the Christian: hence he sallies forth armed at all points, disciplined in all the means of resistance, and full of hope of victory, under his heavenly Leader. Hither he ever afterwards turns a dutiful and affectionate look, regarding it as the type and pledge of another home; and hither, when sore wounded in that conflict, he resorts to repair his drooping vigour; and here, when abandoned by the selfish sons of the world, he finds, as in a sanctuary, the children of God, ready with open arms to receive him; and here the returning prodigal, enfolded in the embrace of those who know not, dream not, of the impurities of the world with which he has been mixing, feels, all at once his heart burst with shame and repentance. Merciful God! what a city of refuge hast Thou ordained in the Christian home! *The Rectory of Valehead.*

HOME—of our Childhood.

Home of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

Oh, happiest they, whose early love unchanged,
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unestranged,
Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes, and friendship, centering all in thee! *O. W. Holmes.*

HOME—Changed from our Youth.

Our home in youth—no matter to what end:
Study—or strife—or pleasure, or what not;
And coming back in few short years, we find
All as we left it, outside; the old elms,
The house, grass, gates, and latchet's self same click;
But lift that latchet—all is changed as doom:
The servants have forgotten our step, and more
Than half of those who knew us know us not.
Adversity, prosperity, the grave,
Play a round game with friends. On some the world
Hath shot its evil eye, and they have passed
From honour and remembrance, and a stare
Is all the mention of their names receives;
And people know no more of them than of
The shapes of clouds at midnight, a year back.
Bailey.

HOME—Happiness of.

My companion looked around him with transport:—"How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations? How often have I played under these trees when a boy? I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport;' yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful."
Irving.

HOME—Love of.

Love of home is planted deep in the nature of man. The finger of God points to home, and says to us all, there is the place to find your earthly joy. Shall we appeal to the testimony of those who have sought joy elsewhere or have tried to find happiness in the world? We have but one answer from them all—that the search has been fruitless.

Who aspires to a loftier elevation of honour than that attained by Burke? And yet he says, he would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in this world.

What is the declaration of Byron, after having drained the cup of earthly pleasure to its dregs? It is, that his life has been passed in wretchedness, and that he longs to rush into the thickest of the battle, that he may terminate his miserable existence by a sudden death.

And Chesterfield, with rank, wealth, talent, polish, and power, after having stood for half a century the brightest luminary in all the European circles of elegance and fashion, has left his most decisive testimony of the heartlessness and emptiness of all those joys he had so eagerly pursued.

As we go through this world of trial and of change, we can find our only joy in a life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and domestic peace. Our firesides must be our sanctuaries, our refuge from misfortunes, our choice retreat from the world. It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the richly cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These elegancies gild the apartments, but they reach not the heart. It is neatness, order, piety, and a cheerful heart which makes home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be. There is joy as real, as heartfelt, by the cottage fire-side, as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Goldsmith.

HOME—Re-visited.

This is my home again! Once more I hail
The dear old gables and the creaking vanes:
It stands all flecked with shadows in the moon,
Patient, and white, and woeful. 'Tis so still,
It seems to brood upon its youthful years,
When children sported on its ringing floors,
And music trembled thro' its happy rooms.
'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man,
As unknown isles asleep in unknown seas.
Gone my pure heart, and with it happy days;
No manna falls around me from on high;
Barely from off the desert of my life
I gather patience and severe content.
Alexander Smith.

HOME—Unhappy.

Our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. *Burns.*

HOME—Think of thy.

Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
Of what 's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.
William Drummond.

HOME—Voices.

I am so home-sick in this summer weather!
Where is my home upon this weary earth?
The maple trees are bursting into freshness,
Around the pleasant place that gave me birth.

But dearer far, a grave for me is waiting,
Far up among the pine trees' greener shade;
The willow-boughs the hand of love has planted,
Wave o'er the hillock where my dead are laid.

Why go without me—oh, ye loved and loving?
What has earth left of happiness or peace?
Let me come to you, where the heart grows calmer;
Let me lie down where life's wild struggglings cease.

Earth has no home for hearts so worn and weary;
Life has no second spring for such a year;
Oh! for the day that bids me come to meet you!
And, life in gladness, in that summer hear!
Household Words.

HONEY-COMB—The.

Now first appears the rough proportioned frame,
Rough in the draught, but perfect in the scheme;
When, lo! each little Archimedes high,
Metes every angle with judicious eye;
Adjusts the centering cones with skill profound,
And forms the curious hexagon around.
The cells indorsed with double range adhere,
Knit on the sides, and guarded on the rear;
Nought of itself with circling chambers bound,
Each cell is formed, to form the cells around;
While each still gives what each alike demands,
And but supported by supporting stands;
Jointly transferring and transferred exists;
And, as by magic union, subsists.
Amazing elegance! transcendent art!
Contrived at once to borrow and impart;

In action notable, as council great,
Their fabrics rise, just emblems of their state.
Brooke.

HONESTY.

As a man can never be truly honest unless he be religious, so, on the other hand, whatever show of religion a man may make, he cannot be truly religious in God's judgment unless he is honest in his conversation towards his neighbour. *Bishop Mant.*

HONESTY—the Best Policy.

An upright posture is easier than a stooping one, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave.
Skelton.

HONESTY—a Good Policy.

The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel are the opinion of his honesty and the opinion of his wisdom.
Jonson.

HONESTY—Strength.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. *Shakespeare.*

HONOUR—True, Humble.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority. *Butler.*

HONOUR—a Very Word.

Honour! a very word; an empty name!
How dully wretched is the slave to fame!
Give me the soul that 's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the air, and boundless as the wind:
Nature was then in her first excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny conscience;
Man's sacrifice was pleasure—his god, sense.
Otway.

HONOURS—Worldly.

How loosely do honours sit on men, when every disease shakes them off and lays them in the dust. How miserable is the condition of the glory of this world which hardly holds out a life, but often dies before us, ravished away by a frown or forfeited by a fault. Or, if it do last as long as its owners, with the staff of office cracked and thrown into the grave, is there buried with the corpse.
King.

HOPE.

It is said of Abraham that he believed in hope against hope. What is the meaning of these words? The passage intends to express, that divine hope overcame human hope. This is the hope which redounds to the glory of God, because it is an act of homage rendered to His omnipotence. He that is destitute of such hope can have no pretensions to saving faith; and not to believe in the promises which God has made to us, is an evidence that our souls are altogether fixed upon the toys and vanities of earth. That which the world calls wisdom is nothing more than foolishness in the sight of God; and the disbelief in His Word argues a stupid indifference allied to the brute. Faith and hope repose upon the same foundation—the Word of God. The Christian believes in spite of the evidence of his senses, and he hopes for blessings which cannot yet be discerned by the senses. There is no faith where there is doubt and uncertainty; there is no hope where there is hesitation.
St. Chrysostom.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
  Weary has watch'd the lingering night, and heard,
  Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
  He the green slope and level meadow views,
  Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
  Or turns his ear to every random song
  Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal. *W. L. Bowles.*

It whispers o'er the cradled child,
  Fast lock'd in peaceful sleep,
Ere its pure soul is sin-beguiled,
  Ere sorrow bids it weep.
It soothes the mother's ear with hope,
  Like sweet bells' silver chime,
And bodies forth the unknown scope
  Of dark mysterious Time.

'Tis heard in manhood's risen day,
  And nerves the soul to might,
When life shines forth with fullest ray,
  Forewarning least of night.

It speaks of noble ends to gain,
A world to mend by love,
That tempers strength of hand and brain
With softness of the dove.

It falls upon the aged ear,
Though deaf to human voice;
And when man's evening closes drear,
It bids him still rejoice.
It tells of bliss beyond the grave,
The parted soul to thrill;
The guerdon of the truly brave,
Who fought the powers of ill.
Household Words.

HOPE—Its Two Aspects.

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair. *Heber.*

HOPE—The full Assurance of.

It is a very plain truth that no Christian ought to rest satisfied with a doubtful hope. Whether he is dead in sins, or begins to live; whether Christ is his life, or whether he glories in another; whether he is the friend of God, or His enemy; whether he has some gracious affection, or none at all;—are inquiries concerning which an enlightened conscience may be satisfied. "Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not," saith the apostle, "then have we full confidence toward God."

Since, then, the full assurance of hope is attainable, and it is the duty of all Christians to make the attainment, why is it so rarely possessed?

One reason is, that Christians are very apt to make their hopes their idol. They think more of their hopes than of their holiness; more of their hopes than of God. And God smites their Dagon, and it falls headless and with its lifeless trunk before the ark. They are more anxious to have the evidence that they are Christians than to be Christians. What if they discover no evidence; do they less desire to fear God, and love His Son? What if they "walk in darkness, and have no light," would they desire on this account to trust no more "in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God?" There is too much selfishness in such a religion as this, to be buoyant with hope. Such Christians are always thinking of themselves, and talking about themselves. Their hopes, their darkness, their experience are more to them than all the world beside. I have seen not a little religion like this, and I doubt whether it is possible for the human mind, in this morbid state, ever to possess the silent, strong, steady assurance of hope. An assured hope is not like the mountain torrent, but like a stream flowing from a living fountain, and often so quietly that it is scarcely visible but for the verdure on its banks. Nor does it cease to flow, though it sometimes runs underground; nor does it less certainly find its way to the ocean of a blessed eternity. It is rarely attained in the direct pursuit of it. It comes in the pursuit of holiness, and in the faithful and diligent pursuit of every duty. It comes as the gift of God, with all the other graces that He gives, and is never found alone.
Dr. Gardiner Spring.

HOPE—in the Event of Things.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrow,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours:
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.
Addison.

HOPE—Its Fallacy.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear. *Butler.*

HOPE—False.

He who has a false hope has not that sight of his own corruptions which a saint has. A true Christian has ten times more to do with his heart, and its corruptions, than a hypocrite: and the sins of his heart and practice appear to him in their blackness: they look dreadful; and it often appears a very mysterious thing that any grace can be consistent with such corruption, or should be in such a heart. But a false hope hides corruption, covers it all over; and the hypocrite looks clean and bright in his own eyes. *Jonathan Edwards.*

HOPES—of Youth, Inordinate.

When the inordinate hopes of youth, which provoke their own disappointment, have been sobered down by longer experience and more extended views—when the keen contentions and eager rivalries which employed our riper years have expired or been abandoned—when we have seen, year after year, the objects of our fiercest hostility and of our fondest affections lie down together in the hallowed peace of the grave—when ordinary pleasures and amusements begin to be insipid, and the gay derision which seasoned them to appear flat and importunate—when we reflect how often we have mourned and been comforted, what opposite opinions we have successively maintained and abandoned, to what inconsistent habits we have gradually been formed, and how frequently the objects of our pride have proved the sources of our shame,—we are naturally led to recur to the days of our childhood, and to retrace the whole of our career, and that of our contemporaries, with feelings of far greater humility and indulgence than those by which it had been accompanied; to think all vain but affection and honour, the simplest and cheapest pleasures the truest, and most precious, and generosity of sentiment the only mental superiority which ought either to be wished for or admitted. *Jeffrey.*

HOPE—Loss of.

It is sad
To see the light of beauty wane away;
Know eyes are dimming, bosom shrivelling, feet
Losing their spring, and limbs their lily roundness;
But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay with us,
As 'twere our life's eleventh month. *Bailey.*

HOPE—our Heritage.

All
Have hopes, however wretched they may be,
Or blessed. It is hope which lifts the lark so high—
Hope of a lighter air and bluer sky;
And the poor hack which drops down on the flints—
Upon whose eye the dust is settling—
He hopes to die. No being is which hath
Not love and hope? *Bailey.*

HOPE—Lesson of.

They taught him with their calm and quiet glance,
To take with patience what the present yielded:
Trustfully looking into Time's advance,
To wrest from Fate the weapon she had wielded.

They bade him bear a stout and manful heart,
For he had sympathy where they were shining;
Thousands were watching how he play'd his part—
Smiled at his smiles, and wept when he was pining.

And thoughtfully he turn'd him to his home;
Yet gleams of cheerfulness with thought were blended;
For he had learnt beneath the star-lit dome
That toiling men by angels' hands are tended.
Household Words.

HOPE—Light of.

Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between;
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm when pleasures lose the power to please. *Campbell.*

HOPE—A Lively.

Hope of salvation, where it is steadfast, makes the Christian active and zealous for God. It is called "a lively hope," 1 Pet. i., 3. They are men of mettle that have it; you may expect more from him than many others, and not be deceived. Why are men dull and heavy in the service of God? Truly, because their hopes are so. Hopeless and lifeless go together.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

HOPE—of the Good Man.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation. *H. K. White.*

HOPE—the Manna of Heaven.

Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!

Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!
Who out of fortune's reach dost stand,
And art a blessing still in hand!
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break or else fulfil;
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heaven and earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happiness itself's all one
In thee, or in possession!
Only the future's thine, the present his!
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss:
Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lover's only friend!
Thou Way, that mayst dispute it with the End!
For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee;
And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.
Cowley.

HOPE—the Puffing Gale of Morn.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flowret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.
Clare.

HOPE—Strenghens.

If we would be in a fit posture for suffering, we must get a lively hope of eternal life. As our life is a sea, hope is compared to an anchor, which makes us stand steady in a storm; as our life is a warfare, hope is compared to an helmet, which covers the soul in times of danger; as the body liveth *spirando*, by breathing, so the soul liveth *spirando*, by hoping. A man cannot drown so long as his head is above water; hope lifts up the head, and looks up to the redemption and salvation that is to come in another world, in its fulness and perfection. Hope doth three things: it assures good things to come; it disposes us for them; it waits for them unto the end, each of which will be of singular use to fit us for pious sufferings. *Polhill.*

HOPE—Compared to the Sun.

Our hopes, I see, resemble much the sun,
That rising and declining casts large shadows;
But when his beams are dress'd in mid-day brightness,
Yields none at all: when they are farthest from
Success, their gilt reflection does display
The largest shows of events fair and pros-p'rous.
Chapman.

HOPE—Triumphant in Death.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return;
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to thy soul the seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!

The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return.
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Thomas Campbell.

HOPE—a Universal Cure.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Cowley.

HOPE—Vanity of.

Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy, but the very fool,
Or very wise: I am not fool enough
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Ev'n joys are pains, because they cannot last.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
Against their consciences? And this we know,
Yet, knowing, disbelieve, and try again
What we have tried, and struggle with conviction.
Each new experience gives the former credit;
And rev'rend gray threescore is but a voucher,
That thirty told us true.

Young.

HOPE—Vanity of.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deemed substantial since the fall,
Yet has she wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, what chemic art,
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart,
Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sail through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a wanderer here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land,
That boasts the treasure all at his command,
The fragrant grove, the inestimable vine,
Were light, when weighed against one smile of thine.

Cowper.

HOUR—Value of.

Those who know the value of human life, know the importance of a year, a day, and even an hour; and these, when spent amid the full enjoyment of the vital functions, of how much importance to our whole existence! It is therefore an eternal and irreparable loss, when time is not enjoyed as it ought.

Struve.

HOUR-GLASS—and Bible.

Look Christian! on thy Bible, and that glass,
Which sheds its sands through minutes, hours, and days,
And years; it speaks not: methinks it says
To every human heart,—"So mortals pass
On to their dark and silent grave!" alas!

For man:—an exile upon earth he strays,
Weary, and wandering through benighted ways;
To-day in strength, to-morrow like the grass
That withers at his feet. "Lift up thy head,
Poor pilgrim, toiling in this vale of tears;
That Book declares whose blood for thee was shed,
Who died to give thee life; and though thy years
Pass like a shade, pointing to thy death-bed,
Out of the deep thy cry an angel hears,
And by his guiding hand thy steps to heaven are led." *Bowles.*

HOURS—The Worth of.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill content:

And more,—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linkt again
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develope, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy. *Milnes.*

HOUSE—of God, The.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church the "house of God." I have seen over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, "*this* is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle; he has to cross a wild hill desert; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wilds of Westmoreland, to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies to sleep on Wharnside where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head;—so wild the place is he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, "how dreadful is this place; surely, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

This *place*, observe; not this church: not this city: not this stone even, which he puts up for a memorial—the piece of flint on which his head has lain. But this *place;* this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted; this *any* place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You *do* know that, partly; you can guide the lightning; but you cannot guide the going forth of the spirit, which is as the lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiastical purpose, is only one of the thousand instances in which we sink back into gross Judaism.

We call our churches temples. Now, you know, or ought to know, they are *not* temples. They have never had, never can have, anything whatever to do with temples. They are "Synagogues,"—"Gathering-places,"—where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text—"Thou, when thou prayest, shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the *churches* (we should translate it), that they may be seen of men—but thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father,"—"which is," not in chancel nor in aisle, but "in secret." Now you feel, as I say this to you—I know you feel—as if I were trying to take away the honour of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honour of your houses and your hills;—I am trying to show you—not that the church is not sacred—but that the whole earth *is.* I would have you feel what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only "holy," you call your hearths and homes profane; and have separated yourselves from the heathen, by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognizing, in the places of their many and feeble lares, the presence of your One and Mighty Lord. *Ruskin.*

HOUSE—Silent and Deserted.

It had been the seat of elegant hospitality and literary retirement. The house was now silent and deserted. I saw the windows of the study, which looked out upon the soft scenery I have mentioned. The windows were closed—the library was gone. Two or three ill-favoured beings were loitering about the place, whom my fancy pictured into retainers of the law. It was like visiting some classic fountain that had once welled its pure waters in a sacred shade, but finding it dry and dusty, with the lizard and the toad brooding over the shattered marbles.

W. Irving.

HOUSEHOLD—Darling, The.

Little Ella, fairest, dearest,
Unto me and unto mine—
Earthly cherub, coming nearest
To my dreams of shapes divine;
Her brief absence frets and pains me,
Her bright presence solace brings,
Her spontaneous love restrains me
From a hundred selfish things.

Little Ella moveth lightly,
Like a graceful fawn at play,
Like a brooklet running brightly
In the genial smile of May;
Like a breeze upon the meadows,
All besprent with early flowers;
Like a bird 'mid sylvan shadows,
In the golden summer hours.

You should see her, when with nature
She goes forth to think or play,
Every limb and every feature
Drinking in the joy of day;
Stooping oft 'mid floral splendour,
Snatching colours and perfumes;
She doth seem so fair and tender,
'Kin to the ambrosial blooms.

J. C. Prince.

HOUSEHOLD — Management in England.

In England there is a kind of science of good household mangement, which, if it consisted merely in keeping the house respectable in its physical character, might be left to the effectual working out of hired hands; but, happily for the women of England, there is a philosophy in this science, by which all their highest and best feelings are called into exercise. Not only must the house be neat and clean, but it must be so ordered as to suit the tastes of all, as far as may be, without annoyance or offence to any. Not only must a constant system of activity be established, but peace must be preserved, or happiness will be destroyed. Not only must elegance be called in, to adorn and beautify the whole, but strict integrity must be maintained by the minutest calculation as to lawful means: and self, and self-gratification must be made the yielding point in every disputed case. Not only must an appearance of outward order and comfort be kept up, but around every domestic scene there must be a strong wall of confidence, which no internal suspicion can undermine, no external enemy break through. *Ellis.*

HUMAN—Life, Ideal of.

Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately-sized park, and large garden and hot-houses; and pleasant carriage-drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favourite votaries of the goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family, always able to have the boudoir and jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball-dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank is to be the mill, not less than a quarter of a mile long, with a steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language. Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves? It is very pretty indeed, seen from above; not at all so pretty seen from below. For, observe, while to one family this duty is indeed the goddess of getting on, to a thousand families she is the goddess of *not* getting on. "Nay," you say, "they have all their chance." Yes, so has every one in a lottery, but there must always be the same number of blanks. Oh! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance. What then, do you think the old practice, "that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness? "Nay, but finally, work must be done, and some one must be at the top, some one at the bottom." Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be, and if you in the least remember the tone of any of such writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg you to observe, that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure or land it wins (if it fight for treasure or land); neither, because you are a king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this,—by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kinghood so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he *is* a a king. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicates? in all probability he is *not* a king. It is possible that he may be, as Solomon was, but that is when the nation shares his splendour with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But, even so, for the most part these splendid kinghoods expire in ruin, and only the true kinghoods live, which are of royal labourers governing loyal labourers; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties. Conclusively you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation; neither, because you are king of a small part of a nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance—over field, or mill, or mine—are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself. *Ruskin.*

HUMAN—Nature, Study of.

It is commonly allowed that the science of nature is of all human sciences the most curious and important. To know ourselves is a precept, which the wise in all ages have recommended, and which is enjoined by the authority of revelation itself. Can anything be of more consequence to man than to know what is his duty, and how he may arrive at happiness? It is from the examination of his own heart, that he receives the first intimations of the one, and the only sure criterion of the other. *Beattie.*

HUMAN—Race, The.

The human race may be compared to an immense temple ruined, but now rebuilding, the numerous compartments of which represent the several nations of the earth. True, the different portions of the edifice present great anomalies; but yet the foundation and the corner-stone are the same. All spring from the same level, and all should be directed to the same end. The walls of the building have been thrown down, and the stones scattered by a great earthquake; yet a mighty Architect has appeared, and His powerful hand is gradually raising the temple-walls. The only difference between one side of the edifice and the other is, that here the restoration is somewhat further advanced, while there it is less forward. Alas! some places are still overgrown with thorns, where not a single stone appears. Yet the great Architect may one day look down on these desolate spots, and there the building may suddenly and rapidly spring up, reaching the summit long before those lofty walls which seem to have outgrown the others, but which are still standing half-raised and incomplete. "The last shall be first."

The discriminating features of the several families of mankind, the regenerating principle among the numberless races of the earth, do not consist in a greater or less proportion of natural talent, in different degrees of political advancement, or in closeness of attachment to their ancient national traditions. All these may indeed be of some consequence; but the essential point is their degree of participation in those heavenly influences which alone can call the dead mass of humanity to life; and, in short, their interest in the person and work of the Redeemer. The heathen are on the lowest steps; next come the Moslem; then those Christian nations most unacquainted with the doctrine of free grace; and, lastly, those among which there is a people who are able to say, "The foundation is Jesus Christ." These evangelical nations are the capital of humanity—a capital, alas! still meagre and incomplete! *Merle D'Aubigné.*

HUMANITY—The Fairest Flower.

And, oh! humanity is the fairest flower
Blooming in earthly breasts; so sweet and pure
That it might freshen even the fadeless wreaths
Twined round the golden harps of those in heaven. *Bailey.*

HUMILITY.

Think not thy own shadow longer than that of others, nor delight to take the altitude of thyself. *Sir T. Browne.*

I am obliged to resolve not to gaze and stare upon majesty, lest I be blinded by the shine of it; but worship and adore, that I may be blest by it. *Lucas.*

Moses at first was bold; he goes towards the bush to behold this strange appearance; but hearing God was there, "he hid his face and was afraid." This suggests a sentiment of great use, to repress the strong presumption of spiritual pride; and may plainly show, that the more God revealeth Himself to man, and the nearer man draweth unto God, the greater will be his reverence and holy fear, the deeper his sense of his own imperfections and unworthiness. *Wogan.*

The humility which I commend unto you is not to be exercised so much in a direct considering of yourself (though this be very profitable at the first) as in a still, quiet, and loving admiration of the excellent goodness, purity, and love of Jesus. When you believe Him to have the fulness of the Godhead dwelling in Him bodily, and especially when you are endued with a savoury feeling of His holiness and kindness, this sight of Him will beget in your soul a more pure, spiritual, and sweet humility, than the beholding of yourself can possibly do, which produces a humility more gross, boisterous, and unquiet. As there is a love which is calm and quiet, when, not at all stirred with the passion, we remain possessed of all the pleasure of it, so there is a humility of the same nature, which silently sinks us down to the very bottom of our being, without stirring and troubling our souls, as we are wont to do when we violently plunge our thoughts into them. *Bishop Patrick.*

Happy the cottager! for he hath sons
And blue-eyed daughters made for love and mirth,
And many a child whose chasing footstep runs
Around the precincts of his humble hearth.
Borne on the breeze their light-toned laughter comes,
Making glad music in the parent's ear;
And their bright faces light their humble homes—
Brows all unshaded yet by guilt or fear.
And if at length one rosy head bows low,
And prayers are vain from death's dark power to save,
The lessen'd circle meets in mingled woe,
To weep together o'er that gentle grave:
And, gazing through their misty tears, they see,
Like the blue opening through the stormy cloud,
Faces where grief was never meant to be,
And eyes whose joy doth mock the sable shroud.
The one link severed from that broken chain
Is lost, and they must cling to what is left:
Back to their many loves they turn again,
And half forget of what they were bereft.
Norton.

HUMILITY—Affected.

True and genuine humility does not lie in a person's affecting the meanest habit, or yet a singularity of dress, however mean, that he may not seem to be proud. I speak not this, however, to cloak the proud gaudiness of any. Excess in costly attire, following vain, strange, light, immodest fashions, is a great sin and shame of our times. Oh, how many are there that in this way glory in their shame? Were the "daughters of Zion" reproved and threatened for this sin by the prophet Isaiah (ch. iii.) ever more guilty than multitudes among us at this day? But yet I must tell you that a proud heart may be under vile raiment too. "I trample on Plato's pride," said Diogenes. "But it is with pride of another kind," said Plato. Thus some may be proud of an affected plainness—proud of their seeming free from pride, of their looking like humble, mortified men. And some there are whose pride lies not so much in gaudy dress and fine clothes, which one would think that none but children and fools would be taken with, as in a high conceit of themselves—their knowledge, light, and perfection. *Barrett.*

HUMILITY—Its Attributes.

The high mountains are barren, but the low valleys are covered over with corn: and accordingly the showers of God's grace fall into lowly hearts and humble souls. The more poor in spirit, the more self-empty, the more earnestly we are desirous of spiritual things; and such shall be filled. *Dr. Worthington.*

HUMILITY—Child-like.

There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a child-like humility at the starting-post. *Coleridge.*

HUMILITY—the True Sign of Dignity.

True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart. *Wordsworth.*

HUMILITY—Its Emblems.

Of trees I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant which creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gall-less dove. To be humble to our superiors is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity. *Feltham.*

HUMILITY—Genuine.

Consists in a just sense entertained of ourselves, considered as creatures, compared with God. As repentance arises from the consideration of our sinfulness, compared with the holiness of God's law and nature, so humility springs from a just comparison of ourselves as creatures, with the self-existent, independent, and all-sufficient God. The essence, existence, and perfections of Jehovah are uncaused and absolute. He knoweth neither beginning nor end; neither variableness nor shadow of turning. He is before all and above all; therefore humility is no Divine virtue. But we are dependent upon Him in all respects: in essence, in existence, in active powers, and good qualities. Without Him we are as nothing, and can do nothing that is truly good. All our springs of sufficiency are in Him alone. He who thinks that he has any degree of goodness, physical or moral, in principle or in act, which is not immediately from God—who supposes that he has a power of preservation in any respect distinct from the operative Divine will—is in the same degree the subject of ignorance and pride. If we would disrobe ourselves of the worthless garment of pride, let us view the character of God, and compare it with our own. In that perfect mirror we may see that there is an infinite difference, and that God alone is distinctly good; and then "of less than nothing we may boast, and vanity confess." In that mirror we may see the true temper of the first perfect Adam; of the second Adam, who was meek and lowly of heart; and may behold the profound reverence and unutterable joy of the myriads of heaven. *Dr. E. Williams.*

HUMILITY—Growth of.

In proportion as the Christian grows in grace, he grows also in humility. Humility is, indeed, the vital principle of Christianity; that principle by which, from first to last, she lives and thrives; and in proportion to the growth or decline of which she must decline or flourish. This first disposes the sinner, in deep self-abasement, to accept the offers of the Gospel: this, during his whole progress, is the very ground and basis of his feelings and conduct in relation to God, his fellow-creatures, and himself; and when at length he shall be translated into the realms of glory, this principle shall still subsist in undiminished force. He shall "fall down and cast his crown before the Lamb, and ascribe blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever." The practical benefits of this habitual lowliness of spirit are too numerous, and at the same time too obvious to require enumeration. It will lead you to dread the beginnings and fly from the occasions of sin, as that man would shun some infectious distemper who should know that he was predisposed to take the contagion. It will prevent a thousand difficulties, and decide a thousand questions concerning worldly compliances, by which those persons are apt to be embarrassed who are not duly sensible of their own exceeding frailty, whose views of the Christian character are not sufficiently elevated, and who are not enough possessed with a continual fear of "grieving the Holy Spirit of God," and of thus provoking Him to withdraw His gracious influence.

Wilberforce.

HUMILITY—Pleasing to God.

Th' Almighty, from His throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest humble heart;
An humble heart, his residence! pronounced
His second seat, and rival to the skies.

Edward Young.

HUMILITY—Its High Philosophy.

It was well observed by Austin—"that they who will ascend to God, must descend in self-abasement and humility." The farther from pride, the nearer to God. He that ascends in himself, descends and falls from God. Pride and vain-glory are the prime elements of vain-philosophy; whereas sacred and sound philosophy is founded in humility. Ships that are heaviest laden sail lowest; so a mind laden with sound philosophy is most humble. *Gale.*

HUMILITY—of Heart Beloved of God.

Go, worlds! said God, but learn, ere ye depart,
My favoured temple is an humble heart;
Therein to dwell I leave My loftiest skies—
There shall My holy of all holies rise!

Bailey.

HUMILITY—in Religion.

What intolerable insolence and vanity would it be for a man that wears the rich and costly robe of Christ's righteousness, in which there is not one thread of his own spinning, but all made by free-grace, and not by free-will, to jet proudly up and down the world in it, as if himself had made it, and he were beholden to none for it! *Flavel.*

HUMILITY—Sympathetic.

Where words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet, higher powers must think, though they repine,—
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

Robert Southwell.

HUMILITY—True.

Who builds a Church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

Pope.

HUMILITY—Wisdom of.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan.
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Beattie.

HUMILITY—Its Worth.

Oh! I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity.
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish. Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

H. K. White.

HUNTING.

I beseech you, do not call in argument to defend a pastime which has no alliance with reason. Call it a wild passion, a brutal propensity, or anything that indicates its nature; but to give it any connection with reason, is making an union between black and white. But it is manly, forsooth, to hunt; manliness, I should suppose, implies some mode of action that becomes a man. Hunting might formerly, for ought I know, have been a manly exercise, when the country was overrun with boars and wolves, and it was a public service to extirpate them. But to honour with the name of "manliness" the cruel practice of pursuing timid animals, to put them to death, merely for amusement, is in my opinion perverting the meaning of words. I have certainly no objection to take the lives of animals for food, and grant that, if they were suffered to multiply, they would become noxious. What I mean is, that I

cannot allow turning the destruction of them into an amusement, and least of all into a clerical amusement. I knew a gentleman who took great delight in knocking down an ox, which he performed with much dexterity; and it was his common amusement to go among the butchers on a slaughtering-day, and give two or three of them a shilling apiece, to let him be their substitute in that operation. You call such a man a brute; and he surely was one. But you would find it difficult to show that the circumstance of riding upon a horse, and bawling after a pack of dogs, makes the amusement less brutal. If hunting be a more genteel species of butchery, it is certainly a more cruel one.
Stillingfleet.

HUNTING—Its Costliness.

Our great English game, hunting and shooting, is costly altogether; and how much we are fined for it annually in land, horses, gamekeepers, and game laws, and all else that accompanies that beautiful and special English game, I will not endeavour to count now; but note only that, except for exercise, this is not merely a useless game, but a deadly one, to all connected with it. For, through horse-racing, you get every form of what the higher classes everywhere call "Play" in distinction from all other plays; that is, gambling—by no means a beneficial or recreative game; and, through game-preserving you get also some curious laying out of ground; that beautiful arrangement of dwelling-house for man and beast, by which we have grouse and blackcock—so many brace to the acre, and men and women—so many brace to the garret. I often wonder what the angelic builders and surveyors—the angelic builders who build the "many mansions" up above there, and the angelic surveyors, who measured that four-square city with their measuring reeds—I wonder what they think, or are supposed to think, of the laying out of ground by this nation, which has set itself, as it seems, literally to accomplish, word for word, or rather fact for word, in the persons of those poor whom its Master left to represent Him, what that Master said of Himself,—the foxes and birds had homes, but He none.
Ruskin.

HURRICANE.

He is come! he is come! do you not behold
His ample robes on the wind unroll'd?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain, the visible space.
Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels, where'er they dart,
As the firebolts leap to the world below,
And flood the sky with a livid glow.
Bryant.

HUSBANDRY—Good.

Fuller, in describing a good yeoman, says, "He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds, that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. . . . Solomon saith, 'The king himself is maintained by husbandry.' Pythis, a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them; whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch that a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the king, her husband, to dinner, as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it, that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold. And the king was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for real meat, to satisfy his hunger. 'Nay' said the queen, 'If you employ all your subjects in your mines, you must expect to feed upon gold, for nothing else can your kingdom afford.'"

HUSHED—

As death. *Shakespeare.*

All is hush as the lone silence of the quiet grave. *Hart.*

As midnight. *Shakespeare.*

And silent as the mid of night. *W. Browne.*

As midnight silence. *Dryden.*

And silent as the lonely churchyard at the midnight hour. *A. Cherry.*

As the foot of night. *R. Blair.*

As dead calms. *N. Lee.*

All is hushed as nature were retired, and the perpetual motion standing still. *Otway.*

As infant winds in secret caverns locked.
Play, "Neglected Virtue."

As the babe upon its mother's breast.
Byron.

HUSHED—

As the falling dews, whose noiseless showers
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers. *Congreve.*
Like a sleeping serpent underneath a bed of flowers. *Pix.*
Like waters in a calm. *Durfey.*

HYPOCRISY—and Sincerity.

Consider, hypocrisy lies close in the heart; if thou art not very careful thou mayest easily pass a false judgment on thyself. They who were sent to search the cellar under the Parliament, at first saw nothing but coals and winter provisions; but upon a review, when they came to throw away that stuff, they found all but provision for the devil's kitchen: then the mystery of iniquity was uncased, and the barrels of powder appeared. How many are there that, from some duties of piety they perform, some seeming zeal they express in profession, presently cry "*Omnia bene*," and are so kind to themselves as to vote themselves good Christians, who, did they but take the pains to throw those aside, they might find a foul hypocrite at the bottom of them all. Hypocrisy often takes up her lodging next door to sincerity, and so she passes unfound, the soul not suspecting hell can be so near heaven. And as hypocrisy, so sincerity is hard to be discovered. This grace often lies low in the heart, like the sweet violet in some valley or near some brook, hid with thorns and nettles—infirmities I mean; so that there requires both care and wisdom, that we neither let the weed of hypocrisy stand, nor pluck up the herb of grace in its stead.

A Divine of the 17*th Century.*

HYPOCRISY—Sinfulness of Sin.

Hypocrisy cannot so properly be said to be one single sin, as the sinfulness of other sins; it is among sins, as sincerity among graces; now that is not one grace, but an ornament that beautifies and graces all other graces. The preciousness of faith is, that it is unfeigned; and of love, to be without dissimulation. *A Divine of the* 17*th Century.*

HYPOCRITE—

Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread;
In holy phrase, transacted villanies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.
At sacred feasts he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things:
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with grave countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,
Whose infant children, at the moment he
Planned how to rob. In sermon style he bought,
And sold, and lived; and salutations made
In Scripture terms. He prayed by quantity;
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary. With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out—
On charitable lists,—those trumps which told
The public ear, who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding.
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed! and yet few were deceived.
His virtues being overdone, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology—were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Through which the well-accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. *Pollok.*

The old gentleman took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright, and uttering the responses with a loud voice that might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church-and-king men who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty; who consider the Deity, somehow or other, of the Government party, and religion "a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders, to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious; as I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it "excellent food for the poor."

W. Irving.

HYPOCRITE—Accursed.

"The congregatiō of the hypocrites shal be desolate,
and fire shal deuoure the houce of bribes."

If a man haue gathered briers and thornes and made a fagotte of them, they uill be so snarled as hee will be lothe to putte hys hande to them, and hee shall not knowe on what side to take holde of them: and specially if hee woulde drawe out a bough of them hee cannot. But if hee putte fire to them, immediatly they kindle, and crackle, and cast a farre greater blase than if they were fast and substantial wood.

Euen so it is with the wicked. They bee lyke thornes and bryers, and when they be plashed one within another, a man cannot tell howe to vndoe them, nother can he well come at them. But as soone as God putteth fire to them, then must they needes cracke in pieces and vtterly consume out of hande. *Calvin.*

HYPOCRISY—Its Characteristics.

Hypocrisy desires to seem good rather than to be so: honesty desires to be good rather than seem so. The worldlings purchase reputation by the sale of desert, wise men buy desert with the hazard of reputation. I would do much to hear well, more to deserve well, and rather lose opinion than merit. It shall more joy me that I know myself what I am, than it shall grieve me to hear what others report me. I had rather deserve well without praise, than do ill with commendation. *A. Warwick.*

HYPOCRITE—Consummate.

He who laughed at you till he got to your door, flattered you as you opened it—felt the force of your argument whilst he was with you—applauded when he rose, and after he went away, execrated you—has the most indisputable title to an archdukedom in hell. *Lavater.*

HYPOCRITES—Variety in.

There are two sorts of hypocrites: one that are deceived with their outward morality and external religion; and the other are those that are deceived with false discoveries and elevations; which often cry down works, and men's own righteousness, and talk much of free grace; but at the same time make a righteousness of their discoveries, and of their humiliation, and exalt themselves to heaven with them. *Edwards.*

◆

I.

ICE—pendent.

He shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft.
Cowper.

IDEAS—Different.

We are what we are made by the objects that surround us. To expect that a man who sees other objects, and who leads a life different from mine, should have the same ideas that I have, would be to require contradictions. Why does a Frenchman resemble another Frenchman more than a German, and a German much more than a Chinese? Because these two nations, by their education, and the resemblance of the objects presented to them, have an infinitely greater connection with each other than with a Chinese. *Helvetius.*

IDEAS—in General and their Original.

1. Every man being conscious to himself that he thinks, and that which his mind is applied about, whilst thinking, being the ideas that are there, it is past doubt that men have in their mind several ideas, such as are those expressed by the words, "Whiteness, hardness, sweetness, thinking, motion, man, elephant, army, drunkenness," and others. It is in the first place, then, to be inquired, how he comes by them? I know it is a received doctrine that men have native ideas and original characters stamped upon their minds in their very first being.

2. Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from experience: in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These, too, are the fountain of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

3. *First,* Our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the

mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have ot yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities; which, when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean, they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call sensation.

4. *Secondly*, The other fountain, from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception ot the operations of our own minds within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas which could not be had from things without; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds; which we, being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive to our understandings as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly within himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called "internal sense." But as I call the other "sensation," so I call this "reflection;" the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection, then, I would be understood to mean, that notice which the mind takes of its own operations and the manner of them, by reason whereof there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding. These two, I say—viz., external material things, as the objects of sensation, and the operations of our own minds within as the objects of reflection—are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term operations here, I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arsing sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

5. The understanding seems to me not to have the lest glimmering of any ideas which it doth not receive from one of these two. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us; and the mind furnishes the understanding with ideas of its own operations. These, when we have taken a full survey of them and their several modes, combinations, and relations, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas; and that we have nothing in our minds which did not come in one of these two ways. *Locke.*

IDEA—no Safeguard.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Shakespeare.

IDIOSYNCRASY.

The variety of distempers in men's minds is as great as of those in their bodies: some are epidemic, few escape them, and every one, too, if he would look into himself, would find some defect of his particular genius. There is scarce any one without some idiosyncrasy that he suffers by. *Locke.*

IDLENESS.

I would have every one lay to heart, that a state of idleness is a state of damnable sin. Idleness is directly repugnant to the great ends of God, both in our creation and redemption. As to our creation: can we imagine that God who created not any thing but for some excellent end, should create man for none, or for a silly one? The spirit within us is an active and vivacious principle: our rational faculties capacitate and qualify us for doing good: this is the proper work of reason, the truest and most natural pleasure of a rational soul. Who can think now, that our wise Creator lighted this candle within us, that we might oppress and stifle it by negligence and idleness? that He contrived and destined such a mind to squander and fool away its talents in vanity and impertinence? As to our redemption, it is evident both what the design of it is, and how opposite idleness is to it. Christ gave Himself for us, "to redeem us from all iniquity, and to purify to Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.". . . How little, then, can a useless and barren life answer the expectations of God? What a miserable return must it be to the blood of His Son; and how utterly must it disappoint all the purposes of His Word and Spirit. *Lucas.*

IDLENESS—a Blow-fly.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can blow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill, by doing what is next to it—nothing.
Felham.

IDLENESS—Characterized.

It was a great vanity in Dionysius that he would needs be the best poet; and in Caligula, that he would needs be the best orator; and in Nero, that he would needs be the best fiddler; and so they became the three worst princes—minding other men's business more than their own callings. So it is very great vanity in many professors to mind more other men's business than their own: from the society of such saints we must withdraw. No man is too noble to have a calling. If iron had reason, it would choose rather to be used in labour, than to grow rusty in a corner. By the law of Mahomet, the Grand Turk himself was to be of some trade. The hour of idleness is the hour of temptation. An idle person is the devil's tennis ball, tossed by him at his pleasure. God ordained that the neck of the consecrated ass should be broken (Exodus xiii. 13), instead of sacrificing it: peradventure, because that animal hath ever been the hieroglyphic of sloth and laziness. Among the Egyptians idleness was a capital crime. Among the Locrians, he that lent money to an idle person was to lose it. Among the Corinthians, idle persons were delivered to the carnifex. By the laws of Solon, idle persons were to suffer death. The ancients call idleness the burial of a living man; and Seneca had rather be sick than idle. Now, shall nature do more than grace? Shall poor blind heathens be so severe against idle persons, and shall Christians embrace them? Should they not rather turn their backs upon them and have no intercourse with them who think themselves too great, or too good, to hold the plough? *Brooks.*

IDLENESS—Culpable.

It is false and indolent humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much, for every body can do something. Every body can set a good example, be it to many or to few; every body can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenence vice and folly; every body has some one whom they can advise and instruct, or in some way help to guide through life. *Miss Talbot.*

IDLENESS — The Devil's Cushion for Man.

The idle man is the devil's cushion, on which he taketh his free ease: who, as he is incapable of any good, so is he fitly disposed for all evil motions. The standing water soon stinketh; whereas the current ever keeps clear and cleanly; conveying down all noisome matter, that might infect it, by the force of its stream. If I do but little good to others by my endeavours, yet this is great good to me,—that by my labour I keep myself from hurt. *Bishop Hall.*

IDLENESS—not Enjoyment.

So far from complete inaction being perfect enjoyment, there are few sufferings greater than that which the total absence of occupation generally induces. Count Caylus, the celebrated French antiquary, spent much time in engraving the plates which illustrate his valuable works. When his friends asked him why he worked so hard at such an almost mechanical occupation, he replied, *Je grave pour ne pas me pendre,*—"I engrave lest I should hang myself." When Napoleon was slowly withering away, from disease and *ennui* together, on the rock of St. Helena, it was told him that one of his old friends, an ex-colonel in his Italian army, was dead. "What disease killed him?" asked Napoleon. "That of having nothing to do," it was answered. "Enough," sighed Napoleon, "even had he been an emperor."

Nature has beneficently provided that if the greater proportion of her sons must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, that bread is far sweeter from the previous effort than if it fell spontaneously into the hand of listless indolence. It is scarcely to be questioned, then, that labour is desirable for its own sake, as well as for the substantial results which it affords; and, consequently, that it by no means lessens, but rather adds to, the general chance of happiness, that nearly all the members of society should, in some shape or other, be placed under an obligation to labour for their support. *Dr. Potter.*

IDLENESS—Great Harm of.

What heart can think, or tongue express,
The harm that groweth of idleness?

This idleness in some of us
  Is seen to seem a thing but slight;
But if that sum the sums discuss,
  The total sum doth show us straight
  This idleness to weigh such weight
That it no tongue can well express,
The harm that groweth of idleness.

This vice I liken to a weed
  That husbandmen have namèd tyne,
The which in corn doth root or breed;

The grain to ground it doth incline—
It never ripeth, but rotteth in fine;
And even a like thing is to guess
Against all virtue, idleness.

The proud man may be patient,
The ireful may be liberal,
The gluttonous may be continent,
The covetous may give alms all,
The lecher may to prayer fall;
Each vice hideth some good business,
Save only idle idleness.

As some one virtue may by grace
Suppress of vices many a one,
So is one vice once taken place
Destroyeth all virtues every one;
Where this vice cometh all virtues are gone,
In no kind of good business
Can company with idleness.

An ill wind that bloweth no man good
The blower of which blast is she;
The lyther lusts bred of her brood
Can no way breed good property;
Wherefore I say, as we now see
No heart can think, or tongue express
The harm that groweth of idleness!

To cleanse the corn, as men at need
Weed out all weeds, and tyne for chief,
Let diligence, our weed-hook, weed
All vice from us for like relief;
As faith may faithfully show proof
By faithful fruitful business,
To weed out fruitless idleness.

John Heywood.

IDLENESS—Its Inconsistency.

A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Edward Young.

IDOLATERS—Their Numbers.

Further round than eye can mark,
The myriads of adorers of each god,
Confused and prostrate, as their souls awake
To the objects insubstantial of their prayers.
Behold! they kneel to those they hailed on earth
As makers—as omnipotent—eterne. *Bailey.*

IDOLATRY—is Denial of God.

Every act of idolatry, by the worship of anything that is not God, is a denial of the true God, even by those who profess to believe in the true God. This is evident, not only from the general language of Scripture, which teaches us that men may know God, but "in works deny Him," and may believe in God, and yet, by neglect of domestic duties, "deny the faith, and be worse than an infidel;" but particularly by that remarkable passage of Job xxxvi. 28: "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand; this also were an iniquity to be punished by the Judge: for I should have denied the God that is above." We deny, therefore, the God that is above, and consequently both the Father and the Son, not only by avowed atheism and deism, or socinianism, but by acts of worship, such as kissing the hand, and bowing the knee in prayer to images, relics, saints, or angels, or anything that is not God.

Bishop Burgess.

IDOLATRY—Its Meanness.

Worshipped God meanly, as though knowable
Through generative energies and powers;
Not as man's great regenerative Lord.
For life was of the angels, as was law:
But love in place of law, in lieu of life
The immortality of heaven, Christ gave.
Hence what, in false faiths, energies were deemed,
Are never more than symbols in the true.
God's omnipresence seems not sensuous;
Unless He be in us, we are not in Him.
Signify all things; nothing represents.
And therefore were the chosen race alone,
To whom the godly secret was confined,
Lapsing from faith, rebuked and charged with sin.
The general world, unconscious pietists
Of falsest creeds and errors, God allowed
To live on, unreproved, till came the time
When all the mysteries of heaven and earth
Were put in evolution; are but now
Fulfilling. *Bailey.*

IGNORANCE—True Character of.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire. *Butler.*

IGNORANCE—Its fate.

Now, while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance coming up to the river side;

but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain Hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the other, I saw, did ascend the hill to come up to the gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was coming up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence come you, and what would you have? He answered, "I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and He has taught in our streets." Then they asked for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, You have none! but the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but He would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up and carried him through the air to the door that I saw on the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction.

John Bunyan.

IGNORANCE—Human.

Never compare thyself with those that are below thee in what is worthy or eminent, but with those that are above thyself. . . . Compare thyself with those that are more learned or wise than thyself, and then thou wilt see matter to keep thee humble. . . . The most of the learning that this age glories of, is but an extract or collection of what we find in those men of greater parts; only we think we have done great matters if we digest it into some other method, and put in here and there a small pittance of our own, or quarrel at something that the ancients delivered in some odd particulars.

Sir M. Hale.

What a thunder of omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is seen in all!
In man, in earth, in more amazing skies!
Teaching this lesson pride is loth to learn—
"Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
Mankind was born to wonder and adore."

Young.

IGNORANCE—Wise.

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance, in not prying into God's ark, not inquiring into things not revealed. I would fain know all that I need, and all that I may: I leave God's secrets to Himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of His court, though not of His council.

Bishop Hall.

ILL — Use of Good Things become Evils.

Even the best things, ill used, become evils, and contrarily, the worst things, used well, prove good. A good tongue used to deceit, a good wit used to defend error, a strong arm to murder, authority to oppress, a good profession to dissemble, are all evil. Even God's own Word is the sword of the spirit, which, if it kill not our vices, kills our souls. Contrariwise (as poisons are used to wholesome medicine), afflictions and sins, by a good use, prove so gainful as nothing more. Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings. *Bishop Hall.*

ILLS—Human.

But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.

Young.

ILLS—nearly all spring from Vice.

All ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. *David Hume.*

ILLS—to be Borne with Grace.

Bear, then, thy necessary ills with grace:
No positive estate or principle
Is evil—debtor wholly for its form
And measure to defect—defect to good.
Good 's the sole positive principle in the world;
It is only thus, that what God makes he loves—
And must: the others are but off-shoots. Ill
Is limited. One cannot form a scheme
For universal evil; not even I. *Bailey.*

ILLUMINATION — by the Light of Reason.

There is a light of reason which is imparted to every man by nature; but this light is darkness compared with the saints, as the night is dark to the day, even when the moon is in its full glory. . . . There is such curious work the creature is to do, which cannot be wrought by candle-light of natural knowledge. *Gurnall.*

IMAGE — The Divine, Effaced by the Fall.

Measure now this creature with himself—the wonderful powers of his mind, the grasp of his memory, the lightning of his invention—with the depravity which is withheld from the beasts of the field, the impurity which brings his soul into bondage to his body, the malice and revenge that make him the abode of the spirit of darkness. Truly the wild beasts are in our ruins, and the dragons are in our pleasant places. These are the fragments of an image that once was: beautiful enough to show that it once existed, and that now it is broken. And among the ruins there is a voice sometimes heard, like the spirit of a departed inhabitant, unwilling to leave even the ruins of the palace which he once had occupied; a voice that reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; that sometimes catches the ear in the momentary stillness of the day, and still more in the dead of night, before "deep sleep falleth upon men;" but men cannot bear to listen to it. And thus does conscience sometimes remind us of former days—of hours of sin—of time squandered away, that can never be recovered—of an impure heart and a worldly and carnal mind, and proves that it is a remnant of God; for it tells us that for all these things God will bring us into judgment. But, alas! it does no more than reproach and condemn; for, alas! it cannot change an old heart, it cannot create a new spirit within us, it cannot raise our affections from the dust upon which we are treading, it cannot fill us with heavenly dispositions, it cannot make us look forward with delight to scenes of future glory. Alas! this is beyond the power of conscience. It serves to reproach, but cannot restore; it is but a spectre among the ruins—but a voice among the tombs; it is a poor remnant of what was once a living temple of the Almighty—enough to show that it once existed, and that it is now broken. *Rev. Charles Wolfe.*

IMAGINATION—the Organ of Knowledge.

Knowledge's next organ is imagination;
A glass wherein the object of our sense
Ought to reflect true height, or declination,
For understanding's clear intelligence:
But this power also hath her variation,
Fixed in some, in some with difference;
In all, so shadow'd with self-application,
  As makes her pictures still too foul, or fair;
  Not like the life in lineament or air.

This power, besides, always cannot receive
What sense reports, but what th' affections please
To admit; and, as those princes that do leave
Their state in trust to men corrupt with ease,
  False in their faith, or but to faction friend,
  The truth of things can scarcely comprehend;
So must th' imagination from the sense
Be misinformed, while our affections cast
False shapes and forms on their intelligence,
And to keep out true intromission thence,
  Abstract the imagination or distastes,
  With images pre-occupately placed.

Hence our desires, fears, hopes, love, hate, and sorrow,
In fancy make us hear, feel, see impressions,
Such as out of our sense they do not borrow;
And are the efficient cause, the true progression
  Of sleeping visions, idle phantasms waking,
  Life, dreams, and knowledge, apparitions making. *Fulke Greville.*

IMITATION—becomes Second Nature.

Do you not apprehend that imitations, if they shall have been practised and persevered in from early youth, become established in the habits and nature, in the gestures of the body, and the tones of the voice, and lastly, in the intellect itself? *Plato.*

IMITATION—a Passion of Society.

The second passion belonging to society is imitation, or, if you will, a desire of imitating, and consequently a pleasure in it. This passion arises from much the same cause with sympathy. For as sympathy makes us take a concern in whatever men feel, so this affection prompts us to copy whatever they do; and consequently we have a pleasure in imitating, and in whatever belongs to imitation merely as it is such, without any intervention of the reasoning faculty; but solely from our natural constitution, which Providence has framed in such a manner as to find either pleasure or delight, according to the nature of the object, in whatever regards the purposes of our being. It is by imitation far more than by precept that we learn everything; and what we learn thus, we acquire not only more effectually, but more pleasantly. This forms our manners, our opinions, our lives. It is one of the strongest links of society; it is a species of mutual compliance which all men yield to each other, without constraint to themselves, and which is extremely flattering to all. Herein it is that painting and many other agreeable arts have laid one of the principal foundations of their power. And since, by its influence on our manners and our passions, it is of such great consequence, I shall here venture to lay down a rule, which may inform us, with a good degree of certainty, when we are to attribute the power of the arts to imitation, or to our pleasure in the skill of the imitator merely, and when to sympathy, or some other cause in conjunction with it. When the object represented in poetry or painting is such as we could have no desire of seeing in the reality, then I may be sure that its power in poetry or painting is owing to the power of imitation, and to no cause operating in the thing itself. So it is with most of the pieces which the painters call still-life. In these a cottage, a dunghill, the meanest and most ordinary utensils of the kitchen, are capable of giving us pleasure. But when the object of the painting or poem is such as we should run to see if real, let it affect us with what odd sort of sense it will, we may rely upon it, that the power of the poem or picture is more owing to the nature of the thing itself than to the mere effect of imitation, or to a consideration of the skill of the imitator, however excellent. Aristotle has spoken so much and so solidly upon the force of imitation in his Poetics, that it makes any further discourse upon this subject the less necessary. *Burke.*

IMMORTALITY—Strictly Immortal.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end—which is the peculiarity of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction.

Sir T. Browne.

IMMORTALITY—Stands Apart.

CLARA. And immortality?
FESTUS. She looks alone,
As though she would not know her sisterhood.
And on her brow a diadem of fire,
Matched by the conflagration of her eye,
Outflaming even that eye which in my sleep
Beams close upon me till it bursts from sheer
O'erstrainedness of sight—burns. *Bailey.*

IMMORTALITY—Its Destiny.

FESTUS. Nay, I love death.
But Immortality, with finger spired,
Points to a distant giant world—and says,
There, there is my home. Live along with me!
CLARA. Canst see that world?
FESTUS. Just—a huge shadowy shape;
It looks a disembodied orb—the ghost
Of some great sphere which God hath stricken dead;
Or like a world which God hath thought—not made. *Bailey.*

IMMORTALITY—Intimations of.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

* * * * * *

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;—

Not for these I raise
The songs of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day—
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy:
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
Wordsworth.

IMMORTALITY—Thrills the Soul.

Thy name, O Immortality! to man
Sounds clear essential music; through the soul
Thrilling, as through the heartstrings of a star
Its tidal pulses and dim throbs of light,
Ere fraternized in heaven; yea, round that hope,
So vast, yet vague, which, like the northern morn,
One hour usurps the midsky, and the next
Lies buried 'neath the pole, are gathered thoughts
And truths, which with their weight determine life;
As motion in an atom leads at last
To a world's orbit—mote and motion given.
For the exalted spirit prepared with power
Sublimes and fuses in itself all else;
And thus self-conscious of its inner life,
Makes all externals subject, and maintains
That rule o'er thoughts and things which in itself
Is present proof of what the world most seeks—
The boundless union of the soul with God.
Bailey.

IMPENITENCE.

How wretched is the man who never mourned!
Young.

IMPERFECTION—Human.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Young.

Flaws in the best: the many, flaw all o'er;
As leopards, spotted; or as Ethiops, dark.
Young.

IMPERFECTION—a Necessity.

FESTUS. Can imperfection from perfection come?
Can God make aught defective?
LUCIFER. How aught else?
There are but three proportions in all things—
The greater—equal—less. God could not make
A God above Himself, nor equal with—
By nature and necessity the Highest;
So, if He make, it must be lesser minds—
Little and less from angels down to men,
Whose natures are imperfect as His own
Must be all-perfect. These two states are not,
Except as whole unto its parts, opposed;
And evil is itself no ill unless
Creation be.
Bailey.

IMPRESSIONS—Early.

Early impressions are not easily erased: the virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impressions seem rather to indent the former ones than to eradicate them.
Colton.

IMPRESSIONS—On Early.

So powerful is the effect of first impressions and habits, that though a man may succeed in freeing his mind from prejudices, they will still retain some power over his imagination and his affections; and, therefore, however well he may speculate, his opinions will lose their power in situations where practical assistance is required; when his temper may be soured by misfortune or ill-health, or when he may be exposed to the contagion of popular errors. How different would be the case were education conducted from the beginning with judgment! Were pains taken to impress truth and virtue on the mind in early infancy, what aid would they not receive from the imagination and the heart, trained to conspire with them in the same direction! What advantages might not be derived from a proper attention to early impressions and associations, in giving support to those principles which are connected with human happiness! Let me suppose the happy period arrived when all the prepossessions of childhood and youth were directed to support the pure and sublime truths of religion and morality: they would assist and fortify our reason against the sceptical suggestions of irreligion, disappointment, and melancholy. Our daily experience may convince us how susceptible the tender mind is of deep impressions, and what important and permanent effects are produced on the characters and happiness of individuals by the casual associations formed in childhood. It is the business of education not to counteract this constitution of nature, but to direct it.

If it be possible for the influence of fashion to veil the native deformity of vice, and to give to low, and sordid, and criminal pursuits and indulgences the appearance of spirit, of elegance, and of gaiety, can we doubt the possibility of connecting in the tender mind those pleasing associations with pursuits that are truly honourable and noble?

Dugald Stewart.

IMPRESSIONS—False.

Impressions deep, though distant, still seem near,
As far-off hills do, when the sky is clear.

Butler.

IMPROVEMENT—Rules for.

Read not much at a time; but meditate as much as your time, and capacity, and disposition will give you leave; ever remembering that little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, frequent and short prayers and great devotion is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.

Taylor.

INCANTATION.

O'er the moonlit, sparkling deep,
O'er the frost-roofed mountain steep,
Hither hither, come!
Gentle spirit, tranced in sleep,
Hither, hither come!

From thy masked perfumed bower,
In the age-worn moated tower,
Hither, hither come!
In this tranquil midnight hour,
Hither, hither come!
Geraldine, appear as thou
Musest on thy love-dream now,
Hither, hither côme!
By the plighted troth I vow,
Hither, hither come!

By the fires that burn for aye,
Stars that lovers' fates do sway,
Hither, hither come!
By thy Surrey's deathless lay,
Hither, hither come!

Lady, if thy tranquil heart
Love hath pricked with flower-tipped dart,
Hither, hither come!
By the cunning of my art,
Hither, hither come!

L. Edwards.

INFECTION—Bodily and Spiritual.

Physicians tell us we are never so subject to receive infection as when the spirits are low, and therefore the antidotes they give are all cordials. When the spirit is low through unbelief, every threatening from man makes a sad impression. Let thy faith but take a deep draught of the promises, and thy courage will rise.

A Divine of the 17th Century.

INCARNATION—The.

The incarnation discovers to man the greatness of his misery, by the greatness of the remedy required.

Pascal.

INCONSISTENCY — Displeasing to Ourselves.

How commonly doth the whole course of our lives displease ourselves as much as others; and yet we live on in contradiction to our reason, and sometimes to our inclinations too! How unlike are we in conversation, to ourselves in retirement! How unlike are we in the devotions of our closets, to ourselves in the employment of our several professions! How calm, sedate, wise, holy, and resolved in the one! How anxious and uneasy; how foolish, earthy, and inconstant in the other! But in nothing does our deviation from reason more evidently appear than in two things; first, in our proposing to ourselves false and irrational ends of life; and secondly, in our insincerity in pursuing the true and rational one, that is, happiness.

Lucas.

INCONSTANT—

As the moon. *Dryden.*
As the wind. *Shakespeare.*

INCONSTANT—

Than autumn's blasts. *T. Kyd.*

Not more inconstant is the breath of air that blows one moment, and the next is calm. *John Tracy.*

As the summer gales that kiss the fragrant bosom of the rose. *Mary Robinson.*

More inconstant than the sea. *Jasper Heywood.*

As waves. *Smollett.*

As the seas and winds. *Behn.*

As the flying showers of rain in April. *Glapthorne.*

As the shadows we survey. *S. Boyse.*

INCONSTANCY—Its Coldness.

He could not restrain his heart, but loved
In that voluptuous purity of taste
Which dwells on beauty coldly, and yet kindly
As night-dew, whenso'er he met with beauty.
Bailey.

INCONSTANCY—of the Multitude.

I'll not such favour to rebellion show,
To wear a crown the people do bestow;
Who, when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the adored, revolt at last;
And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have made. *John Crowne.*

INCREASE—

Like a small torrent fed with evening showers. *Akenside.*

Like a flood in a narrow vale. *Ossian.*

The noise increases as the billows roar,
When rolling from afar they threat the shore. *Dryden.*

INDOCILITY—the Prison of the Soul.

So I believe, and so I will believe, docility is the prison of the soul for life-time, and a bar against all the improvements of the mind. *Watts.*

INDUSTRY—and Contentment.

A noble instance of contentment is given in the life of the late William Roscoe, Esq. That gifted man was almost entirely self-taught, and indebted to his own efforts for his rise from a very humble station, his father having been the master, of a public house, with gardens and a bowling-green, at Liverpool. Mr. Roscoe afterwards represented this his native town in Parliament, was universally respected, and became distinguished as the author of the "Life of Pope Leo the Tenth," and of the "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici." In an account of his early days, written by himself, he says, "Having quitted school at twelve years old, I now began to assist my father in his agricultural concerns, particularly in his business of cultivating potatoes for sale, of which he every year grew several acres, and which he sold, when produced early in the season, at very advanced prices. His mode of cultivation was entirely by the spade; and when raised early they were considered in that part of Lancashire as a favourite esculent. When they had attained their proper growth, we were accustomed to carry them to the market on our heads, in large baskets, for sale, where I was generally intrusted with the disposal of them, and soon became a very useful assistant to my father. In this and other laborious occupations, particularly in the care of a garden, in which I took great pleasure, I passed several years of my life, devoting my hours of relaxation to reading my books. This mode of life gave health and vigour to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind: and to this day I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labours, from which I was again called at an early hour. If I were asked whom I considered to be the happiest of the human race, I would answer, those who cultivate the earth by their own hands."

INDUSTRY—an Illustrious Power.

Now sober industry, illustrious power!
Hath raised the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare, tames the stubborn soil,
Leads the long drain along the unfertile marsh,
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests and the golden grain.
Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip, nimble-footed, wanton in their play,

The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their gray-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind,
Imagination rouses at the scene;
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducted on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! Green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. The fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

Michael Bruce.

INFANCY—Moves to Pity and to Love.

Oh, hapless infancy! if aught could move
The hardest heart to pity and to love,
'Twere surely found in thee; rude passions mark
Stern manhood's brow, where age impresses dark
The stealing line of sorrow; but thine eye
Wears not distrust, or grief, or perfidy;
Thy tear is soon forgotten; thou wilt weep,
And then the murmuring winds will hush thy sleep,
As 'twere with some sad music; and thy smiles,
Unlike the world's, that mask deceitful wiles,
Best suit thy helpless innocence, and lend
A charm might win the world to be thy friend!

Bowles.

INFANT-SCHOOL—The Best.

Nature, best Schoolmistress, I love the book
Thou spreadest in the fields, when children lie
Round thee, beneath the blessing of the sky.
Thou biddest some on thy bright pictures look—
For some thou dost attune the play-mate brook;
For thy sole ushers are the ear and eye,
That give to growing hearts their due supply,
And cull sweet tastes from every silvan nook.

Dismiss thy infant-school, good Mistress Starch;
Absolve nor child nor parent from the ties
That bind with love and duty. Strut and march,
And sing-song knowledge will not make them wise.
Her scholars little know, but love and wonder more—
Nature abhors thy mimic worthless store.

Blackwood.

INFIDELITY.

Instances of highly gifted infidelity are no argument against the truth of our holy religion. But I will tell you what they are; and in that point of view I earnestly entreat you to consider them with seriousness and with fear: they are sad and signal instances of that perverseness of human nature which converts to the purposes of evil the best and noblest gifts of God. They are striking proofs of the necessary connection between a depraved heart and a moral blindness of the understanding. They teach us that the finest talents, far from assisting any man's success in his search after divine truth, may powerfully obstruct its reception, if they be previously engaged in the cause of libertinism and sensuality. Above all, they are awful warnings, which may serve to admonish us, that when man, proud and impious man, abuses to the ends of sin those faculties which the Almighty Source of Wisdom gave him for the instruction and improvement of mankind, he is oftentimes abandoned in judgment to the misgovernment of his own perverted reason, and suffered to be tossed to and fro by every gust of passion, without consistency or respect in this world, and without hope in that which is to come. A more melancholy and awful spectacle can hardly be presented to the mind than that of a reasonable being, made in the likeness of his Creator, for the purposes of God's glory and his own eternal happiness, misled by practical ungodliness and wilful ignorance into the mazes of unbelief; not only neglecting the revealed will of God, but ridiculing and reviling it; not only indulging, without remorse, in every sinful pleasure which the Gospel forbids, but infusing the poison of immorality into the minds of others; labouring to vitiate the source of public principle, to weaken all the ties of virtue, and to pave the way for infidelity and atheism, by familiarizing the minds of thousands to the profane and impure effusions of a perverted imagination and a corrupt heart; to see him deriding with bitter sarcasms, the commerce of Christian society and the softening intercourse of domestic life; casting around him, as in sport, firebrands, arrows, and death; and exulting in the moral destruction which he has wrought. *Bishop Blomfield.*

INFIDELITY—Characteristic of the Human Mind.

Infidelity is one of the characters of the human mind, which, from the days of paradise to our own, has never wholly left it; and till our knowledge is greatly multiplied, will perhaps not be universally extinguished, because it is the champion of matter against mind—of body against spirit—of the senses against the reason—of passion against duty—of self-interest against self-government—of dissatisfaction against content—of the present against the future—of the little that is known against all that is unknown—of our limited experience against boundless possibility.

Sharon Turner.

INFIDELITY—Effects of, on Character and Conduct.

A motive in which the reason of man shall acquiesce, enforcing the practice of virtue at all times and seasons, enters into the very essence of moral obligation—modern infidelity supplies no such motive: it is, therefore essentially and infallibly a system of enervation, turpitude, and vice. This chasm in the construction of morals can only be supplied by the firm belief of a rewarding and avenging Deity, who binds duty and happiness, though they may seem distant, in an indissoluble chain; without which, whatever usurps the name of virtue is not a principle, but a feeling—not a determinate rule, but a fluctuating expedient, varying with the tastes of individuals, and changing with the scenes of life.

The actions of men are oftener determined by their character than their interest: their conduct takes its colour more from their acquired tastes, inclinations, and habits, than from a deliberate regard to their greatest good. It is only on great occasions that the mind awakes to take an extended survey of her whole course, and that she suffers the dictates of reason to impress a new bias upon her movements. The actions of each day are, for the most part, links which follow each other in the chain of custom. Hence the great effort of practical wisdom is to imbue the mind with right tastes, affections, and habits, the elements of character, and masters of action. The exclusion of a Supreme Being, and of a superintending Providence, tend directly to the destruction of moral taste. It robs the universe of all finished and consummate excellence, even in idea. The admiration of perfect wisdom and goodness for which we are formed, and which kindles such unspeakable rapture in the soul, finding in the regions of scepticism nothing to which it corresponds, droops and languishes.

In a world which presents a fair spectacle of order and beauty, of a vast family, nourished and supported by an Almighty Parent; in a world which leads the devout mind, step by step, to the contemplation of the first fair and the first good, the sceptic is encompassed with nothing but obscurity, meannesss, and disorder. *Robert Hall.*

INFIDELITY—The Origin of.

Infidelity is the joint offspring of an irreligious temper and unholy speculation, employed, not in examining the evidences of Christianity, but in detecting the vices and imperfections of professing Christians.

Robert Hall.

INFIDELITY—Tested.

I wish every man who argues against the Christian religion, would take this one serious thought along with him, that he must one day, if he believes that God will judge the World, argue the case once more at the judgment-seat of God: and let him try his reasons accordingly. Do you reject the Gospel, because you will admit nothing that pretends to be a revelation? Consider well: is it a reason that you will justify to the face of God? Will you tell Him, that you had resolved to receive no positive commands from Him, nor to admit any of His declarations for law? If it will not be a good reason then, it is not a good reason now; and the stoutest heart will tremble to give such an impious reason to the Almighty, which is a plain defiance to His wisdom and authority.

Sherlock.

INFINITE—The Artificial.

We have observed, that a species of greatness arises from the artificial infinite; and that this infinite consists in an uniform succession of great parts: we observed too, that the same uniform succession had a like power in sounds. But because the effects of many things are clearer in one of the senses than in another, and that all the senses bear analogy to, and illustrate one another, I shall begin with this power in sounds, as the cause of the sublimity from succession is rather more obvious in the sense of hearing. And I shall here, once for all, observe, that an investigation of the natural and mechanical causes of our passions, besides the curiosity of the subject, gives, if they are discovered, a double strength and lustre to any rules we deliver on such matters. When the ear receives any simple sound, it is struck by a single pulse of the air, which makes the ear-drum and the other membranous parts vibrate according to the nature and species of the stroke. If the stroke be strong, the organ of hearing suffers a considerable degree of tension. If the stroke be repeated pretty soon after, the repetition causes an expectation of another stroke. And it must be observed, that expectation itself causes a tension. This is apparent in many animals, who, when they prepare for hearing any sound, rouse themselves, and prick up their ears: so that here the effect of the sounds is considerably augmented by a new auxiliary, the expectation. But though after a number of strokes, we expect still more, not being able to ascertain the exact time of their arrival, when they arrive they produce a sort of surprise, which increases this tension yet further. For I have observed, that when at any time I have waited very earnestly for some sound, that returned at intervals (as the successive firing of canon), though I fully expected the return of the sound, when it came it always made me start a little; the ear-drum suffered a convulsion, and the whole body consented with it. The tension of the part thus increasing at every blow, by the united forces of the stroke itself, the expectation, and the surprise, it is worked up to such a pitch as to be capable of the sublime; it is brought just to the verge of pain. Even when the cause has ceased, the organs of hearing being often successively struck in a similar manner, continue to vibrate in that manner for some time longer; this is an additional help to the greatness of the effect. *Burke.*

INFINITY—in Pleasing Objects.

Infinity, though of another kind, causes much of our pleasure in agreeable, as well as of our delight in sublime images. The spring is the pleasantest of the seasons; and the young of most animals, though far from being completely fashioned, afford a more agreeable sensation than the full-grown; because the imagination is entertained with the promise of something more, and does not acquiesce in the present object of the sense. In unfinished sketches of drawing, I have often seen something which pleased me beyond the best finishing; and this I believe proceeds from the cause I have just now assigned. *Burke.*

INFINITY—A Source of the Sublime.

Another source of the sublime is infinity; if it does not rather belong to the last. Infinity has a tendency to fill the mind with that sort of delightful horror which is the most genuine effect and truest test of the sublime. There are scarce any things which can become the objects of our senses that are really and in their own nature infinite. But the eye not being able to perceive the bounds of many things, they seem to be infinite, and they produce the same effects as if they were really so. We are deceived, in the like manner, if the parts of some large object are so continued to any indefinite number that the imagination meets no check which may hinder its extending them at pleasure.

Whenever we repeat any idea frequently, the mind, by a sort of mechanism, repeats it long after the first cause has ceased to operate. After whirling about, when we sit down, the objects about us still seem to whirl. After a long succession of noises, as the fall of waters, or the beating of forge-hammers, the hammers beat and the waters roar in imagination long after the first sounds have ceased to affect it; and they die away at last by gradations which are scarcely perceptible. If you hold up a straight pole, with your eye to one end, it will seem extended to a length almost incredible. Place a number of uniform and equidistant marks on this pole, they will cause the same deception, and seem multiplied without end. The senses, strongly affected in some one manner, cannot quickly change their tenor, or adapt themselves to other things; but they continue in their whole channel until the strength of the first mover decays. This is the reason of an appearance very frequent in madmen—that they remain whole days and nights, sometimes whole years, in the constant repetition of some remark, some complaint, or song, which having struck powerfully on their disordered imagination in the beginning of their phrenzy, every repetition reinforces it with new strength; and the hurry of their spirits, unrestrained by the curb of reason, continues it to the end of their lives. *Burke.*

INFLUENCE—Christian.

Do not say your influence is confined to a narrow sphere. Yon little taper is not a sun; yet observe how bright it shines, how far it spreads its rays in the dark night! Hide not then your light, whatever it be, under a bushel; nor keep your talent, because it is a single one, wrapped up in a napkin. Of this I can assure you, that if you adorn the Gospel by a holy conversation, you will give light to some who sit in darkness, and prove a blessing to your relations, friends, and neighbours. You will preach to the eyes what we preach to the ears. You will be living epistles, known and read of all men. And can you hesitate to plead His cause before men, who is ever pleading yours before His Father in heaven? Can you continue silent when you see so many profaning His day, slighting His Word, forsaking His house, and blaspheming that holy name whereby you are called? Can you remain at ease, when numbers round you are blindly straying in the paths of the destroyer, and approaching that precipice from which, if they fall, they fall to rise no more?

Rev. E. Ward.

INFLUENCE—Divine.

It is urged, that in proportion to our maintaining the necessity of Divine influence, in the same proportion we supersede the necessity of human efforts. But till it can be shown that the mind of man is acted upon in the same manner as a machine, or as the marble beneath the hand of the sculptor, this objection is purely imaginary; for surely the very terms used to express this influence, as enlightening the understanding, teaching, drawing, &c., clearly imply a medium by which it is exerted, and which therefore can never be construed into a total neglect on our part. The means and the end are inseparably connected: the husbandman sows his fields, though he knows that the concurrence of the rain, of the sun, and of the seasons, are indispensably necessary to cause the seed to germinate and ripen into corn; a truth which the Greeks elegantly expressed by representing a figure holding a plough with one hand, while the other was lifted up to heaven. Surely that Spirit for whom we are taught to pray, after whom we are required to walk, whose influence we are commanded not to quench, and whom we are not to grieve,—can never be supposed to supersede our efforts. So far from it, that it is adduced by St. Paul as the most forcible motive to active diligence, "Work, for it is God that worketh in you."

Rev. S. Davies.

INFLUENCE—Home.

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
  All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
  Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

I believe that it is scarcely possible to live in a family where religion is sweetly exemplified, even by one member only, without deep convictions. Truly has it been said, that "our duties are like the circles of a whirlpool, and the innermost includes home." A modern writer has designated home, "heaven's fallen sister;" and a melancholy truth lies shrouded in those few words. Our home influence is not a passing, but an abiding one; and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate Christian home has been likened to a central sun, around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, I have no influence? What sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power of each!

"A lighted lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are within the house." And so there is a quiet influence, which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. Such an influence has been beautifully compared to "a carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head, and forgets half its misery." This influence falls as the refreshing dew, the invigorating sunbeam, the fertilizing shower, shining on all with the mild lustre of moonlight, and harmonizing in one soft tint many of the discordant hues of a family picture.

INFLUENCE—Its Importance.

Since influence is so important in its consequences, so awful in its effects, how does it behove us all to make that which we each possess subservient to the cause of religion, that others may not hereafter trace their faults in awful condemnation to our own. But should any answer that, individually, they can have no influence in the world, that their conduct cannot effect the welfare of another, their precepts have no power to reform,—let me ask such, however humble, or poor, or ignorant they may be, if, in their own little circle, they are not linked to some chain of kindred or of social interests? for so does every human being cling to those who love him, and hang on the will of another. Thus, when we have done our best to reach the goal of salvation, the others too may find it: on those who stray, and not on us, will fall the penalty of their disobedience.

Church of England Magazine.

INFLUENCE—Individual.

Almost every individual, however inferior in talent, or obscure his station in life may be, has a certain portion of influence in the circle of which he may form a part, if it be but the influence of example. Poverty may have placed him among the most destitute of his fellow-creatures, and disease or accident may have rendered him one of the most helpless; still, even under such circumstances, he may have it in his power to glorify God by his patience, his meekness, his cheerful resignation, and by showing his confidence in the Divine promises of support and comfort to all who seek it through their Redeemer.

Brenton.

INFLUENCE—Parental.

How fearful—when we look on the face of the whole earth, and trace the present condition of its inhabitants back to their original ancestors, and mark how, step by step, men departed from God—is the responsibility of rightly using that precious gift, the gift of children! We may see, with broad and distinct lines, in every land, how vast and extensive, how lengthened, how enduring is the influence of the conduct of the parent on the character and happiness of future ages! An infant born in New Zealand follows its cruel parents in barbarism and cannibalism: an infant in China inherits the deceitfulness and ungodliness of Chinese paganism; infants among Arabs, Hottentots, American Indians, are brought up in all the respective peculiarities, vices, and miseries of their various countries, and continue in them, unless God graciously interposes, with deepening darkness and misery. Yet the original ancestors of all these, thus sunk in error and wickedness, were the sons of one man, and had equal advantages in the beginning, till parents led the way in evil. Ham and his son Canaan departed from the good ways of Noah, and so all Africa became debased. In one branch of the family of Shem, chiefly through God's special interposition in the call of Abraham, the Church of God continued for 2,000 years; in other branches we see the issues of wickedness throughout the immense continent of Asia. What a blessing was Abraham's piety to his posterity! And the inheritance of this is expressly assured to all the followers of the faith of Abraham; so that we see a similar blessing in the families of all who truly receive the Gospel. The strength of vital godliness in every country is in those who were the children of pious parents, and the hope of the age to come is in their descendants. They, too, are made the vessels of mercy to bear mercy to others; and thus Gospel blessedness spreads through those all around them. This accords with the revealed mind of God, who meets the deepest and strongest wishes of the human heart, yearning over our offspring, that they may partake of our happiness, by assuring to the children of believers the same blessings which they themselves enjoy. *Rev. E. Bickersteth.*

INFLUENCE—Parental.

The influence of the parental character on children is not to be calculated. Everything around has an influence on us. Indeed, the influence of things is so great, that, by familiarity with them, they insensibly urge on us principles and feelings which we before abhorred. I knew a man who took in a democratical paper only to laugh at it. But at length he had read the same things again and again, so often, that he began to think there must be some truth in them, and that men and measures were really such as they were so often said to be. A drop of water seems to have no influence on the stone; but it will, in the end, wear its way through. If there be, therefore, such a mighty influence in everything around us, the parental influence must be great indeed.

Consistency is the great character, in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper; but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood and allowed for as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent's intention: and this will have great influence on his mind. This influence may, indeed, be afterwards counteracted; but that only proves that contrary currents may arise, and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for young Melancthon.

The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible. The child feels his parent's authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parent's weight and influence. Here are data—fixed data. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps, but it is impossible.

The opinions—the spirit—the conversation—the manners of the parent, influence the child. Whatever sort of man he is, such, in a great degree, will be the child; unless constitution or accident give him another turn. If the parent is a fantastic man—if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who marrried such an one, and who married such an one—if he is a sensualist—a low wretch—his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man—his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping, hard, miserly man—such will be his children. This I speak of as generally the case. It may happen that the parent's disposition may have no ground to work on in that of the child. It may happen that the child may be driven into disgust: the miser, for instance, often implants disgust, and his son becomes a spendthrift.

After all, in some cases, perhaps, everything seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet he casts his bread upon the waters. And, perhaps, after he has been in his grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.

Besides, parental influence must be great, because God has said that it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating; God has said that his character shall have influence.

And this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete selfist. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their "family"—and their "family"—they "must provide for their family." Their family has no place in their real regard. They push for themselves. But God says—"No! You think your children shall be so and so. But they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you." The most common of all human complaints is—parents groaning under the vices of their children! This is all the effect of parental influence.

In the exercise of this influence there are two leading dangers to be avoided.

Excess of severity is one danger. My mother, on the contrary, would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath—but wept too when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother. I was desperate: I would go on board a privateer. But there are soft moments to such desperadoes. God does not, at once, abandon them to themselves. There are times when the man says—"I should be glad to return, but I should not like to meet that face!" if he has been treated with severity.

Yet excess of laxity is another danger. The case of Eli affords a serious warning on this subject. Instead of his mild expostulation on the flagrant wickedness of his sons—"Nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear"—he ought to have exercised his authority as a parent and magistrate in punishing and restraining their crimes. *Cecil.*

INFLUENCE—Posthumous.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent, "Oh that my influence could be gathered up, and buried with me!" It could not be. That man's influence survives him; it still lives, is still working on, and will live and work for centuries to come. He could not when he came to die, and perceived how sad and deleterious his influence had been, he could not put forth his dying hand and arrest that influence. It was too late; he had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be shrouded, and coffined, and buried out of sight, but not his influence; for that, alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no shroud, no burial. It walks the earth like a pestilence—like the angel of death, and will walk till the hand of God arrests and chains it.

Let us be careful what influence we leave behind us. For good or for evil we shall and must live and act, on the earth, after our bodies have returned to dust. The grave, even so far as this world is concerned, is not the end of us. In the nature of things it cannot be. We are, every one of us, doing that, every day, every hour, which will survive us, and which will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after us. There is nothing we are more prone to forget and disregard than our influence upon others; yet there is nothing we should more dread—there is nothing for which we must hereafter give a more solemn account. *Congregationalist.*

INFLUENCES—Evil.

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not;

If I but offer up an early groan,
Or spread my wings to heaven's long long'd for throne,
She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring down.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To heav'ns bright palace, where my treasure lies,
I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise.
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee.
Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and Thee! *Quarles.*

INGRATITUDE.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude. *Sir T. Browne.*

Ingratitude is a monster
To be strangled in the birth, not to be cherish'd. *Massinger.*

INGRATITUDE—Characteristic of Ill-nature.

Ingratitude is the character of an ill nature in ourselves, a canker of friendship with others, and the very poison that kills charity in the embryo, being but newly conceived in the pregnant minds of good men, and causing an abortion of liberality ere it comes to its intended birth. For, who will sow those barren sands where he knows he must not only not expect a good harvest, but be sure to lose his seed and labour: yet in these times what is more common or more practised than this ingratitude! For, in receiving benefits, who will not (with Enclio in Plautus) find a third hand to reach out to take them? But in requiting, who is not more maimed than the statues of Mercury, which Alcibiades so mangled that he scarce left them a finger to point out the way to travellers? It is ten to one but we all desire to be cured of the leprosies of our wants: yet scarce one of ten of us returns to give thanks for the cure. I will not think myself so enriched by receiving a courtesy, as engaged to be thankful for it. I am not left a free man at my liberty by taking a man's free liberality; but I sell my freedom for his benefits. I cannot deserve to be gracious with my friend, if, with the Graces, I look not with two faces back to requite as well as with one forward to receive. *A. Warwick.*

INGRATITUDE—towards God.

It is plain, to any one who considers the doctrine of redemption, that it represents to us such infinite love—such incomparable tenderness and condescension—that, as God's conduct towards us is an incomprehensible mystery of kindness, so our conduct towards Him is, if we may so speak, an incomprehensible mystery of ingratitude. There are, indeed, many mysteries in human nature, but they come all far short of this; for if we consider that human nature, corrupt and perverse as it is, is not yet wholly lost to all sense of gratitude in other cases, but that frequently the hearts even of the worst of men are softened with a kindly sense of singular favours—especially that the coldest and hardest hearts are sometimes melted with undeserved favours; if we consider that, in other cases, our acknowledgments rise naturally in proportion to our obligations, and that, after all, the greatest temporal favours, when compared with eternal ones, are but trifles; and yet, insignificant as they are, they beget sometimes a very high degree of gratitude, and swell men's hearts with such generous sentiments towards their benefactors, that they take pleasure in nothing in the world more than in serving them; if we consider all this, and compare it with the returns we make to our greatest (yea, in effect, our only) Benefactor, for the greatest benefits He could give, or we receive, or imagine;—if we compare these things together, it may be a question, whether we have more reason to be astonished at God's love, or at our own unthankfulness; or, which of them is the greatest wonder? To think that we should be so strongly affected with earthly favours—favours from worms like ourselves; favours of so little importance—of so short continuance; favours proceeding from such imperfect love, and oftentimes mixed with many injuries; that we should be so strongly affected with such favours as these, and so little with the love of God in Christ—that love which is so perfectly pure, and disinterested in the grounds of it—so free as to its motives, that it is exercised towards objects who had neither merit to deserve it, nor power to requite it, nor used importunity in seeking after it—a love that is so infinitely tender in its nature, so inestimably precious in its effects, so rich and abundant in its fruits, so constant, so lasting, yea, everlasting, so glorious in all its manifestations—that this should be the only friendship to which most men make no returns, the only kindness of which they have no grateful feelings, is such a miracle, or, rather, monster of stupidity, that it might seem incredible, if there were any arguing against experience. *Maclaurin.*

INGRATITUDE—God-ward, a Great Sin.

If you are not right towards God you can never be so towards man. The noblest sentiment of your heart is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of men's virtues? If it be, the highest benefactor deserves the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise. *Ingratum que dixerit omnia dixit.* If a man wants this virtue when there is infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared with those he daily receives from his never-failing Almighty friend. *Pitt.*

INJURIES—to be Forgiven.

However frequently you are injured, if real penitence and contrition follow the offence, a Christian is always bound to forgive.
Bishop Porteus.

INQUIRIES—Vain.

Paul rebuked them which troubled their heads about genealogies; how would he reprove men and women of our days, if he did see how they busy their heads about vain questions! tracing upon the pinnacles where they may fall, while they might walk upon the pavement without danger. Some have a great deal more desire to learn where hell is, than to know any way how they may escape it; to hear what God did purpose before the world began, rather than learn what He will do when the world is ended; to understand whether they shall know one another in heaven, than to know whether they belong to heaven. . . . Commonly the simplest men busy themselves about the highest matters; so that they meet with a rough and crabbed question, like a knob in the tree; and while they hack and hew at it with their own wits to make it plain, their saw sticks fast in the cleft and cannot get out again. . . . Therefore it is good to leave off learning where God leaves off teaching; for they which have an ear where God hath no tongue hearken not unto God but unto the tempter, as Eve did to the serpent. *Henry Smith.*

INJURY—and Insult.

People are generally very ready to put up with even intentional injury, when neither preceded nor followed by insult. I recollect a strong instance of this. A man applied to me for a warrant against another for knocking out one of his front teeth, which he held up before me. On my remarking upon his loss, he replied, "Oh! I should not have come for that, only he called me a thief." It is useful in going through life to bear in mind that courtesy to, and sympathy with, those we have accidently injured, ordinarily diminish greatly the amount of reparation required, and sometimes even inspire as much good-will as a benefit conferred. *Moir.*

INN—Fire.

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may—let kingdoms rise or fall—so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day: and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.
W. Irving.

INNOCENCE—Blooms once.

The flowers the sultry summer kills
  Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
  Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who loved no more admire,
  Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall
  That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity;
  Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloom'd,
  A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
  Where cankerworms assail;

So droops the bud upon its stem
Beneath its sickly gale. *John Clare.*

INNOCENCE—Comparatively Defenceless.

Innocence finds not near so much protection as guilt. *Rochefoucault.*

INNOCENCE—Pure.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails. *Shakespeare.*

INNOCENCE—its own Reward.

O innocence, the sacred amulet
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortunes, injury and death!
That makes a man in tune still in himself;
Free from the hell to be his own accuser,
Ever in quiet, endless joys enjoying;
No strife, nor no sedition in his powers;
No motion in his will against his reason;
No thought 'gainst thought—
But all parts in him friendly and secure.
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
He can with ev'ry wish be in their plenty;
When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
Destroys the free content of all our time.
Chapman.

INNOCENCE—Transparency of.

Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

INNOCENT—

As truth. *Play, "Sir John Oldcastle."*
As the unstained soul of truth. *Corye.*
As grace itself. *Shakespeare.*
As new-born virtue. *R. Davenport.*
As infant angels. *Pix.*
As chaste Diana. *M. Bladen.*
And chaste as purest vestals. *Theobald.*
As infancy. *Farquhar.*
The new-born babe is not more innocent.
G. E. Howard, D. Terry.
Thoughts, innocent as infant's.
Sir R. Howard.
As day. *Duchess of Newcastle.*
As is the light. *Play, "Crafty Cromwell."*
As purest air. *Ibid.*

Thy heart is free, thy breast still innocent as crystal streams unsullied by the blast of ruffling winds and the loud tempest's rage. *Goring.*

INNOCENT—

The tender lamb that never nipped the grass is not more innocent. *Home.*
As doves. *Sacred Script.*
As the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
Shakespeare.
As buds that sprout in May. *Tatham.*
As flowers that yield their smiles unto the distant sun. *E. Howard.*
As is the new-fallen snow. *J. Shirley.*

INSIGNIFICANCE—its apparent non-Importance.

If there be one thing more surprising than another in the investigation of natural phenomena it is perhaps the infinite extent and vast importance of things apparently little and insignificant. When we see an insect, smaller perhaps than a mite, moving with agility across the paper on which we write, we feel as incapable of forming any distinct conception of the minutiæ of the muscular fibres which effect these movements, and of the still smaller vessels by which they are nourished, as we are of fully apprehending the magnitude of the universe, and one of the last conclusions at which we arrive is the conviction that the greatest and most important operations of nature are conducted by the agency of atoms too minute to be either perceptible by the human eye, or comprehensible by the human understanding. We cannot better conclude than in the words of Mr. Ellis, who thus expresses his feelings in his beautiful history of living Corallines. "And now, should it be asked to what end has so much labour been bestowed on this subject, I can only answer, that as to me the disquisitions have opened new scenes of wonder and astonishment in contemplating how extensively life is distributed through the universe of things, so is it possible the facts here related may excite the same ideas in others, and we may learn that if creatures of so low an order in the great scale of nature are endued with faculties that enable them to fill up with so much propriety their sphere of action, we likewise who are advanced so far above them, owe to ourselves, and to Him who made us and all things, a constant endeavour to acquire that degree of rectitude and perfection to which we are also endued with faculties of attaining." *Buckland.*

INSPIRATION—Divine.

It may be proper to give a general definition of what we conceive that inspiration to have been which the sacred writers enjoyed,

In furnishing this definition, we are anxious to express it in terms which shall, in their unrestrained import, embrace the whole of the case, while they leave the particular aspects under which it may be viewed, unforeclosed, and susceptible of further determination, according to the different classes of phenomena that are presented for investigation. Divine inspiration, then, we consider to have been an extraordinary and supernatural influence exerted by the Holy Spirit on the minds of the sacred writers, in such modes and degrees as to lead to, and secure, in documentary forms, the deposition of such historical, didactic, devotional, and prophetic truth, as infinite wisdom deemed requisite for the immediate and future benefit of mankind.
Dr. Henderson.

INSPIRATION—Limitless.

Step by step, and throne by throne, we rise
Continually towards the Infinite;
And ever nearer—never near to God.
Bailey.

INSTINCT—Ennobled in Man.

Man's instincts are elevated ennobled by the moral ends and purposes of his being. He is not destined to be the slave of blind impulses, a vessel purposeless, unment. He is constituted by his moral and intelligent will to be the first freed being, the masterwork and the end of nature; but this freedom and high office can only co-exist with fealty and devotion to the service of truth and virtue. *Matthew Greene.*

INSTITUTIONS—Varied.

Human institutions are not like the palace of the architect, framed according to fixed rules, capable of erection in any situation, and certain in the effect to be produced. They resemble rather the trees of the forest, slow of growth, tardy of development, readily susceptible of destruction. An instant will destroy what it has taken centuries to produce, centuries must again elapse before, in in the same situation, a similar production can be formed. Transplantation, difficult in the vegetable, is impossible in the moral world; the seedling must be nourished in the soil, inured to the climate, hardened by the winds. Many examples are to be found of institutions being suddenly imposed upon a people, none of those so formed having any duration. To be adapted to their character and habits, they must have grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength.
Alison.

INSTRUCTOR—to be Honoured.

To instruct mankind in things the most excellent, and honour and applaud those learned men who perform this service with industry and care, is a duty the performance of which must procure the love of all good men. *Xenophon.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Partially Religious.

In all cases, as far as my experience and observation reach, they who have received partial religious instruction, and, as it were, made up their minds to it, will hear a new minister so long as he tells them what they already know or believe. This is the standard by which they try his doctrine; but, if he he attempts to rectify their errors, however manifest, and with whatever ability and candour he does it, or to instruct their ignorance, however palpable, they will take offence, and probably forsake his ministry, accusing him of some deviation from sound doctrine, as their reason for so doing. Yet, without their errors be rectified, or their deficiencies supplied, or their characters improved, their attendance is wholly in vain.
Rev. T. Scott.

INTEGRITY—next to Sincerity.

"A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight." (Prov. xi. 1.)

Next to sincerity, remember still
Thou must resolve upon integrity.
God will have all thou hast,—thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves when God who should have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behind.
G. Herbert.

There is no such false balance as when man weigheth heavier than God, earth heavier than heaven, the pleasures of sin heavier than the crown of glory, a momentary contentment heavier than eternal blessedness. And justly are such balances an "abomination unto the Lord." *Jermin.*

INTELLECT—not Grace.

The early expansions of intellect must not be confounded with the genuine operations of Divine grace. No mere characteristics of mind, nor amiableness of natural disposition, must usurp in our apprehension the place which is alone due to the influences of the

Holy Spirit in changing the heart of man, and making him "a new creature in Christ Jesus." *Rev. Leigh Richmond.*

INTELLECT—Human.

There can be no doubt that there are many premature births in the mental world; and Gray is not far wrong when he thinks that many mute inglorious Miltons may have been buried in village obscurity. Nature, no doubt, in her boundless and untraceable prodigality, allows much of her noblest creation—the inventive and intelligent mind of man—to run to waste. The whole analogy of created things indicates this. The most powerful intellect just as it arrives at maturity sinks into the grave; and the baffled hopes of those who have watched the precocious promise of genius and wisdom, are surely not always fond illusions. But it should seem, on the other hand, that, if we may so speak, there is always a vast floating capital of invention and intellect, which only requires to be directed into the proper channels to multiply a hundred fold. Great occasions seem always to call forth great minds; and that great mind which is best adapted to the necessities and to the character of the age, springs at once to the first rank. Whenever any important question has arisen, some bold intellect has arisen to grapple with it; and it is this happy coincidence between the character and powers of the commanding mind, and the intellectual or social necessities of the time, which brings to maturity all the noblest and the sempiternal works of human genius. Here and there some solitary individual may be discovered,

> "Whose soul is like a star, and dwells apart;"

who is far in advance—an unintelligible mystery to his own times, but whose prophetic oracles are read with wonder and reverence by late posterity. But these exceptions prove, rather than call in question, the general law; and the fact that they were perfectly obscure to their own generation, and are read not without difficulty, as is almost always the case, by later ages, shows there has been still something wanting to their full and perfect development. *Quarterly Review.*

INTELLECT—and Instinct.

Where the act is done in ordinary and natural circumstances, it may be called instinctive or not, according as it is what our reason could, in the like circumstances, enable us to perform or not, and according as the animal is in a situation which enables him to act knowingly or not. Thus a bee's cell is made by a creature untaught; a solitary wasp provides food for an offspring it never can see, and knows nothing of. We set these things down to instinct. If horses, fearing danger, appoint a sentinel, it may be instinct certainly, but there is here nothing to exclude intelligence, for they do a thing which they may well do by design, and so differ from the bee; they are aware of the object in view, and mean to attain it, and so differ from the wasp. But these remarks apply to acts done in ordinary circumstances, and which I admit may or may not be instinctive. Another class is clearly rather to be called rational. I mean where the means are varied, adapted, and adjusted to a varying object, or where the animal acts in artificial circumstances in any way. For example, the horse opening a stable door, the cat a room door, the daw filling a pitcher with stones. So there is a singular story told by Bupont de Nemours in Autun's *Animaux Célèbres*, and which he says he witnessed himself. A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout in the Collège des Quatre Nations at Paris, and by endeavouring to escape had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows from the large basin between the Tuilleries and Pont Neuf. They seemed to crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others following in quick succession did the same, striking at the same part, till, after continuing this combined operation for half-an-hour, they succeeded in severing the cord and freeing their companion. They all continued flocking and hovering till night; only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering as if without any anxiety at all, but conscious of having succeeded. *Dialogues on Instinct.*

INTELLECT—Wayward.

And dark in things divine. Full often, too,
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake;
But if His Word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and
reveal

Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives Him his praise, and forfeits not her own.

* * * * * * *

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
And wherefore? Will not God impart His light
To them that ask it? Freely—'tis His joy,
His glory, and His nature, to impart;
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.

Cowper.

INTENTION—A Good.

If nothing more than purpose in thy power,
Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well; acts nobly; angels could no more.

Young.

INTENTIONS—Unaccomplished.

Hell is paved with good intentions.

Dr. Johnson.

INTERCESSION.

Intercession is a law term, borrowed from courts of judicature, and signifies the action of a proxy or attorney, either in suing out the rights of his client, or answering the cavils and objections brought against him by the plaintiff. This Christ doth for believers. . . . Intercession is of three sorts. 1. Charitative intercession. Thus one man is bound to pray and intercede for another (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2). 2. Adjutory intercession. Thus the Holy Spirit makes intercession for believers (Rom. viii. 26, 27). 3. An official and authoritative intercession. And this properly belongs to Christ. *Hopkins.*

INTERCOURSE—Secular.

Virtue, for ever frail as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain.
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate the manners of the morn.
Something we thought is blotted; we resolved,
Is shaken; we renounced, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw,
Nor is it strange; light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad. Thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Young.

INTERMITTING—Sound.

A low, tremulous, intermitting sound is productive of the sublime. It is worth while to examine this a little. The fact itself must be determined by every man's own experience and reflection. I have already observed that night increases our terror, more perhaps than anything else; it is our nature, when we do not know what may happen to us, to fear the worst that can happen; and hence it is that uncertainty is so terrible, that we often seek to be rid of it, at the hazard of a certain mischief. Now, some low, confused, uncertain sounds leave us in the same fearful anxiety concerning their causes, that no light, or an uncertain light, does concerning the objects that surround us.

A faint shadow of uncertain light,
Like as a lamp, whose life doth fade;
Or as the moon clothed with cloudy night
Doth show to him who walks in fear and great affright.

Spenser.

But light now appearing, and now leaving us, and so off and on, is even more terrible than total darkness; and a sort of uncertain sounds is, when the necessary dispositions concur, more alarming than a total silence.

Burke.

INVOCATION.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;—
Pity, then, will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves drest
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What diff'rence? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! oh, come!
Make once more my heart thy home!

Shelley.

INVOCATION—to the Fairies.

Oft I've implored the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
Who livest in woods unseen;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Trip'st gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was moved
As ancient stories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid who loved,
Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell.

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
Beyond—is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart:
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new-string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring!

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly!
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purposed joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;
The heart that throbb'd at others' woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy-elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send!
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn-goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for me.

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleased, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

Mrs. Greville.

IVY—Green, The.

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him,
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though be wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how close he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green!

Charles Dickens.

ISCARIOTISM.

A single and apt expression for an important combination of ideas has great convenience and efficacy. It prevents confusion, and tends to establish truth and right. It furnishes a distinctive mark for what is good or bad, for what is worthy of honour or dishonour. A pretended zeal for the welfare of others, for the purpose of basely promoting one's own, I term Iscariotism. "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair. Then saith one of His disciples, Judas Iscariot, Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein." It was Iscariotism that Dr. Johnson meant, when he said, in allusion, I believe, to Wilkes, that patriotism was the last resource of a scoundrel. Patriotism is pure gold; Iscariotism is base counterfeit. The prevalence of Iscariotism is a reflection upon the constitution or administration of any government, because it cannot exist but where there is weakness or corruption. Vigour and purity are quite fatal to it. It thrives under the oligarchic and ochlocratic principles, but withers to nothing under the democratic, in the sense I use that term in my first number. It lives by being paid by the many, or bought by the few, and its course is determined by the highest bidding. Its real character is gross selfishness; its assumed, disinterested zeal; its means of succeeding, falsehood and impudence. Besides political, there are charitable Iscariots, who serve their own ends by a busy interference in public institutions. Their real character is selfishness also; their assumed, extraordinary philanthropy and liberality; their means of success, plausibility and cunning. Besides selfishness, Iscariots, political and charitable, have this in common, that they aim to keep those they affect to befriend in a constant state of dependence.

Moir.

* * *

J.

JEALOUSY.

It is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Shakespeare.

JEALOUSY—Agony of.

I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of human woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the hydra of calamities,
The sevenfold death; the jealous are the damn'd.

Young.

JEALOUSY—the Yellow Fiend.

Thou wondrous yellow fiend!
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious: mix jealousy with marriage,
It poisons virtue.

Davenport.

JEWELS—Their Value in Association.

Helen. Why, what could it be?
Jewels are baubles only; whether pearls
From the sea's lightless depths, or diamonds
Cull'd from the mountain's crown, or chrysolith,
Cat's eye or moonstone, or hot carbuncle,

That from the bed of Eden's sunniest stream
Extracted, lamped the ark, what time the roar
Of lions pining for their free sands, smote
The hungry darkness,—toys are they at best.
Jewels are not of all things in my sight
Most precious.
FESTUS. Nor in mine. It is in the use
Of which they may be made their value lies;
In the pure thoughts of beauty they call up,
And qualities they emblem. So in that
Thou wearest there, thy cross;—to me it is
Suggestive of bright thoughts and hopes in Him
Whose one great sacrifice availeth all,
Living and dead, through all eternity.
Not to the wanderer over southern seas
Rises the constellation of the cross
More lovelily o'er sky and calm blue wave,
Than does to me that bright one on thy breast.
As diamonds are purest of all things,
And but embodied light which fire consumes
And renders back to air, that naught remains;
And as the cross is symbol of our creed,
So let that ornament signify to thee
The faith of Christ, all purity, all light,
Through fervency resolving into heaven.
Each hath his cross, fair lady, on his heart;
Never may thine be heavier or darker
Than that now on thy breast, so light and bright,
Rising and falling with its bosom-swell.

Bailey.

JEWS—an Amazing Race.

Amazing race! deprived of land and laws,
A general language, and a public cause;
With a religion none can now obey,
With a reproach that none can take away:
A people still, whose common ties are gone;
Who, mixed with every race, are lost in none.

G. Crabbe.

JOY.

But how shall we be glad?
We that are journeying through a vale of tears,
Encompassed with a thousand woes and fears,
How should we not be sad?

Angels that ever stand
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,
May welcome this command.

Or they whose strife is o'er,
Who all their weary length of life have trod,
As pilars now within the temple of God,
That shall go out no more.

But we who wander here,
We who are exiled in this gloomy place,
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face
With many a bitter tear.

Bid us lament and frown,
Bid us that we go mourning all the day,
And we will find it easy to obey,
Of our best things forlorn.

But not that we be glad;
If it be true that mourners are the blest,
Oh! leave us in a world of sin, unrest,
And trouble to be sad.

I spake, and thought to weep,
For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,
That fill the world, all mine appointed time
A settled grief to keep.

When lo! as day from night,
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,
Even in mine own despite.

Yet was not that by this
Excluded, at the coming of that joy;
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy
The newly-risen bliss.

But side by side they flow,
Two fountain's flowing from one smitten heart,
And oft times scarcely to be known apart—
That gladness and that woe.

Two fountains from one source,
Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,
That aye for him who shall unseal the one,
The other flows perforce.

And both are sweet and calm,
Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow;
Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow
Shed round them holy balm.

Trench.

JOY—of a Believer.

There is more joy in the penitential mournings of a believer than in all the mirth of a wicked man. I appeal to you that have had melted hearts, whether you have not found a secret content and sweetness in your mourning? So far from wishing to be rid of your meltings, you rather fear the removal of them. *Crisp.*

JOY—Its True Character.

The passion of joy was not that which now often usurps this name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul. It was not the mere crackling of thorns, a sudden blaze of the spirits, the exultation of a tickled fancy, or a pleased appetite. Joy was then a masculine and a severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason. It was the result of a real good, suitably applied. It commenced upon the solidities of truth, and the substance of fruition. It did not run out in voice, or undecent eruptions; but filled the soul, as God does the universe, silently, and without noise. It was refreshing, but composed; like the pleasantness of youth tempered with the gravity of age; or the mirth of a festival managed with the silence of contemplation.

South.

JOY—of the Christian.

A Christian should let all see what an animation there is in Christianity above all that the world may admire besides. Christianity should be the boast, as well as comfort of our hearts. *Dr. Young.*

JOY—Christian.

We are not only allowed indeed, but we are commanded to rejoice in the Lord. No joy has so good and firm a foundation as that which is to be found in the Lord, who has bought us, and with whom we are blessed with all spiritual blessings. But whoever wishes to rejoice in the blessings purchased for us by Jesus Christ, must be in Him, intimately united to Him by faith, renouncing sin, and all the false pleasures of the world. This true union and communion with Christ is the source of joy, the only source. Hence will follow a willingness to love, obey, and glorify Him as long as we live. But if, instead of trusting in Christ and in His consummate atonement, we rely on our own virtue, and, consequently try to stand upon our own foundation, we shall never enjoy one moment's peace of mind. Our virtue and holiness are, and ever will be, imperfect; we shall, therefore, always have reason to confess before God,—"If Thou wilt mark what is amiss, Lord, who shall stand before Thee?" Let us therefore seek for pardon, peace, and joy in Jesus; and having found them, let us be grateful and obedient. But though we should be as holy as any of the apostles, let us beware lest we put our confidence in anything except the sufferings and atoning death of Jesus Christ.

Swartz.

JOY—the Mainspring of Creation.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
  Of endless nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
  In the great timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
  Joy beckons—suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,
  Ne'er to thy glass, dim wisdom, given!

Schiller.

JOY—Our Duty.

Joy is our duty, glory, health,
  The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Power
  Who sweetly plans the whole. *Young.*

JOY—Earthly, Returns in Pain.

Have mind that eild aye follows youth;
Death follows life with gaping mouth,
Devouring fruit and flouring grain,
And erdly joy returns in pain.
Sen erdly joy abidis never,
Work for the joy that lastis ever;
For other joy is all but vain;
An erdly joy returns in pain. *W. Dunbar.*

JOY—Future and Eternal.

The sufferings of the just may well be likened to fleeting shadows or passing dreams. As soon as the bright morning of eternity begins to dawn, the shadows of mortality are for ever dissipated; and they forget at once, in the glorious light of God's majesty, the tribulations which they have endured for His cause. The unspeakable joys of which they partake so absorb all their faculties, that there is no room left for sorrow or suffering. If, indeed, their past trials are remembered by them, it is but to swell with fresh rapture, and to tune their voices to louder anthems in the praise of Him who has given them, in exchange for the cross, such an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Massillon.

JOY—in God.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured:
Each branch of piety delight inspires.

Young.

JOY AND GRIEF.

It must be observed that the cessation of pleasure affects the mind three ways. If it simply ceases, after having continued a proper time, the effect is indifference; if it be abruptly broken off, there ensues an uneasy sense called disappointment; if the object be so totally lost that there is no chance of enjoying it again, a passion arises in the mind, which is called grief. Now, there is none of these, not even grief, which is the most violent, that I think has any resemblance to positive pain. The person who grieves, suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time. That grief should be willingly endured, though far from a simply pleasing sensation, is not so difficult to be understood. It is the nature of grief to keep its object perpetually in its eye, to present it in its most pleasurable views, to repeat all the circumstances that attend it, even to the last minuteness; to go back to every particular enjoyment, to dwell upon each, and to find a thousand new perfections in all, that were not sufficiently understood before; in grief, the pleasure is still uppermost; and the affliction we suffer has no resemblance to absolute pain, which is always odious, and which we endeavour to shake off as soon as possible. The "Odyssey" of Homer, which abounds with so many natural and affecting images, has none more striking than those which Menelaus raises of the calamitous fate of his friends, and his own manner of feeling it. He owns, indeed, that he often gives himself some intermission from such melancholy reflections; but he observes, too, that melancholy as they are, they give him pleasure.

> " Still, in short intervals of pleasing woe,
> Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
> I to the glorious dead for ever dear,
> Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear."
>
> *Hom. Od.* iv.

On the other hand, when we recover our health, when we escape an imminent danger, is it with joy that we are affected? The sense on these occasions is far from that smooth and voluptuous satisfaction which the assured prospect of pleasure bestows. The delight which arises from the modifications of pain, confesses the stock from whence it sprung, in its solid, strong, and severe nature. *Burke.*

JOY—an Attribute of Heaven.

Some people are afraid of anything like joy in religion. They have none themselves, and they do not love to see it in others. Their religion is something like the stars, very high and very clear, but very cold. When they see tears of anxiety, or tears of joy, they cry out, Enthusiasm, enthusiasm! "I sat down under His shadow with great delight." Is this enthusiasm? "May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." If it be really in sitting under the shadow of Christ, let there be no bounds to our joy. Oh! if God would but open our eyes and give us simple childlike faith to look to Jesus, to sit under His shadow, then would songs of joy arise from all our dwellings. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." *M'Cheyne.*

JOY—of Nature.

But nature's common joys are common cheats.
As he who sails southwards, beholds, each
night,
New constellations rise, all clear and fair;
So, o'er the waters of the world, as we
Reach the mid zone of life, or go beyond,
Beauty and bounty still beset our course;
New beauties wait upon us everywhere,
New lights enlighten and new worlds attract.
But I have seen and I have done with all.
Bailey.

JOY AND SORROW.

There is no joy but in God, and no sorrow but in an evil conscience. *Taylor.*

JOY—The Source of.

Let every Christian man rejoice in Christ, our hope, trust, and righteousness; in whom we are loved, chosen, and accepted unto the inheritance of eternal life; neither presuming in our perfectness, neither despairing in our weakness. The perfecter a man is, the clearer is his sight, and seeth a thousand things which displease him, and also perfectness that cannot be obtained in this life. *Tindal.*

JOYS—Departed.

Of joys departed,
Never to return, how painful the remem-
brance. . . .
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help—
But shrieks in vain! . . . *Blair.*

JOYS—Real.

No joys are always sweet, and flourish long, but such as have self-approbation for their root, and the Divine favour for their shelter. *Dr. Young.*

JOYFUL—

As saints forgiven when they die.
Sir W. Davenant.
As captive set at liberty. *Sir W. Scott.*
As lovers when their nuptials are nigh.
Sir W. Davenant.

No mother that has mourned her long-lost infant, rejoices half so much to find her darling, or views the lovely babe with half the fondness I look on thee. *C. Hopkins.*

As when a trembling wretch wakes from a frightful dream, and views the day.
C. Beckingham.

JUDGE—an Upright.

A judge—a man so learn'd,
So full of equity, so noble, so notable;
In the process of his life so innocent;
In the manage of his office so incorrupt;
In the passages of state so wise; in
Affection of his country so religious;
In all his services to the king so
Fortunate and exploring, as envy
Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.
Chapman and Shirley.

JUDGMENT.

I see the Judge enthroned! the flaming guard!
The volume opened! opened every heart!
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme. *Young.*

The Gospel of Jesus Christ alone will prepare men aright for the last things wherewith they will have to do. Philosophy and science may teach things useful as to this life. History may bring the experience of the past to bear on the duties of the present in the conduct of states. One system of education may instruct the young how to acquire wealth; another how to spend it with gentility; a third, how to glitter in society; and a fourth, how to make the stores of classical learning all one's own. But Christianity has a higher aim; its object is more extensive. While it overlooks not the things present, it looks onward to things future. While it neglects not the concerns of time, it subordinates them to those of eternity. It brings indeed, and rejoices to hold out, the promise of the life that now is; but, on the other hand, it also brings, and smiles with a brighter and a sweeter look in holding out, the promise of the life which is to come. The last things of man are the most important things. They throw back part of their importance on all that precedes. The chief importance of this life is derived from its connection with that which is to follow. The actions of each passing day, often small and insignificant in themselves, rise into vast importance when considered as indications and evidences of that character which is to be the subject of judgment at the last day. The words which drop idly from the lips cease to be of trifling interest when we recollect that they are all gathered up and registered for judgment. The very thoughts entertained by the mind, and the desires cherished by the heart, cannot be insignificant, if they are to be summoned as witnesses at the bar of God, for or against the man to whom they once belonged. How solemn is the thought of judgment—how important to prepare—the Word of Christ alone tells the proper method. *John Hambleton.*

JUDGMENT—Christ Coming to.

As fireflaucht hastily glancing,
Descend shall the maist heavenly King.
As Phœbus in the orient
Lightens in haste the occident,
Sae pleasandly He shall appear
Amang the heavenly cluddis clear,
With great powèr and majesty,
Above the country of Judie;
As clerkis doth conclude in haill,
Direct above the lusty vale
Of Josaphat and Mount Olivet:
All prophecy there shall complete.
The angels of the orders nine
Environ shall that throne Divine
With heavenly consolation,
Making Him ministration.
In His presence there shall be borne,
The signs of cross and crown of thorn,
Pillar, naillis, scourgis, and spear,
With everilk thing that did Him deir,
The time of His grim passion;
And, for our consolation,
Appear shall, in His hands and feet,
And in His side, the print complete
Of His five woundis precious,
Shining like rubies radious.
Sir David Lyndsay.

JUDGMENT—Day of.

Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by His burning feet,
And heaven His presence own, all red with furnace heat.
The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples named of men

Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings:
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go, gaze on falling Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd;
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
And one vast common doom ensepulchres the world.
Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more;
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
A fiery deluge, and without an ark?
Lord of all power, when Thou art there alone
On Thy eternal fiery-wheelèd throne,
That, in its high meridian noon,
Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon:
When Thou art there in Thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round Thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest leaves in the autumn of Thine ire:
Faithful and True! Thou still wilt save Thine own!
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the Church, Thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of Thy mercy shines;
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem!
H. H. Milman.

JUDGMENT-DAY—The.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Oh, then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake!
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tost.

* * * * *

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end! *Roscommon.*

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.
Joseph Addison.

All the senates that ever were convened, and all the assemblies that ever met upon business or pleasure; all the armies that were ever conducted into the field, and all the generals who conducted them; in a word, all the men and women that shall have lived, from the first pair to their last born son and daughter, are to appear together, and to take their respective trials at the day of the great assize. High and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, will then be distinguished only by their virtues and their vices; so that the whole world shall perceive and acknowledge that "God is no respector of persons." The injured virgin, the afflicted widow, and the oppressed orphan, shall then see those, face to face, who have spoiled them of their innocence, their reputation, or their substance. There men shall meet all those who seduced them, or whom they have seduced into the ways of sin; and all those who have directed and encouraged them, or whom they have directed and encouraged, to proceed in the paths of righteousness. From the former they shall turn away with shame and fear; the latter they shall behold with joy and rejoicing. There they shall view the wisdom of religion in the persons of the righteous, and wonder why they did not see it before, and give themselves up to the study of it; there they shall clearly behold the folly of irreligion, in the persons of the wicked, and be astonished at their insensibility in following so hard after it. Amidst all this unimaginable multitude there shall not be one idle and unconcerned spectator; not one that shall have leisure to trouble himself with the affairs of his neighbour. Every man will have a cause to be heard, and how will he be straitened until it be determined! *Bishop Horne.*

When the fierce north wind with his airy forces,
Roars up the Baltic to a foamy fury;
Add the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them!

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
If things eternal may be like those earthly;
Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;
Tears the strong pillars of the vaults of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes:
See the graves open and the bones arising—
Flames all around them!

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore Him.

Stop here, my fancy (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas); come, arise to Jesus!
How he sits God-like, and the saints around Him
Throned, yet adoring.

O may I sit there, when He comes triumphant
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory;
While our hosannahs all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer. *Dr. Watts.*

JUDGMENTS—Differ.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Pope.

JUDGMENT—Its Educational Influence.

To accustom a number of persons to the intelligent exercise of attending to and comparing and weighing evidence, and to the moral exercise of being placed in a high and responsible situation, invested with one of God's own attributes, that of judgment, and having to determine with authority between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, is to furnish them with very high means of moral and intellectual culture; in other words, it is providing them with one of the highest kinds of education. It may not always succeed in obtaining the greatest certainty of just legal decisions, but it educates a large portion of the nation. *T. Arnold.*

JUDGMENTS—Harsh.

Charitable allowance should be made for the weaknesses of an afflicted brother. Not but that the Christian should exemplify fortitude—and blessed and happy is he that does so—but God compassionates weaknesses: He makes allowance when men judge harshly. Nay, we are not left to dubious inference. We have had a case in point. That was an affecting scene when Mary, the sister of Lazarus, under the recent smart of that dreadful loss which laid her home and hearth desolate, flung herself at the feet of Him who often joined their happy circle, and heard the warm welcome from those lips which now were cold and frozen in death, her dear brother's, her beloved Lazarus. That was an affecting scene; and there was much of what the Christian would call weakness in it too, when in an agony of grief she threw herself at His feet, and in accents such as weeping woman's voice can alone convey, said with convulsive sobs, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." And He met her not with cold severity of manner: He answered her not roughly: He said not, "Woman, where is thy faith, where is thy fortitude? What! weeping for the idol!" No: the cry of the desolate and widowed heart touched His bosom: He let her sorrow flow on unreproved: He said nothing. He stood motionless for a few moments, while her grief flowed in a gushing tide; and when at last the silence was broken by the sorrowful inquiry, "Where have ye laid him?" as He moved towards the spot, the tears were seen to drop from His own eyes—"Jesus wept."

Melville.

JUSTICE—Must be Done.

People are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or adviseablest to do, or profitablest to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what is *just* to do. And it is the law of Heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftenest—"Do justice and judgment." That's your Bible order; that's the "service of God," not praying or psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything: and by the perversion of the evil spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are "service." If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake, does it call that serving its father? That with God is prayer; and He likes to hear it: He likes you to ask Him for things when you want them; but He doesn't call that "serving Him." Begging is not serving: God likes mere beggars as little as you do—He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him; but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it's anything: most probably, it is nothing; but if it's anything, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chauntings "Divine service:" we say Divine service will be "performed" (that's our word—the form of it gone through) at eleven o'clock. Alas! unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of life, we never perform it at all. The one divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater: it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not at first charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself.

Ruskin.

JUSTICE—from God.

What wouldst thou have, good fellow?
Justice, madam.
Oh, ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee God hath engross'd all justice in
His hands,
And there is none but what comes from Him.

Kyd.

JUSTICE—Slow but Sure.

God's justice on offenders goes not always in the same path, nor the same pace: and he is not pardoned for the fault who is for a while reprieved from the punishment. "Yea, sometimes the guest in the inn goes quietly to bed before the reckoning for his supper is brought to him to discharge." *Fuller.*

JUSTIFICATION.

If we suppose a man to act, not by his own natural strength, but by the grace of God, and that, influenced thereby, he performs ever so many good works—what then? He does no more than it was his duty to do. How, then, can he deserve anything for them; and, least of all, that God should for these account him a righteous man, notwithstanding the many evil works he has been guilty of? Besides, if he has done good works by the grace of God, God is not indebted to him, but he is indebted to God for them. But, did any man ever pay his debts, by merely owing more? Suppose he has done innumerable good works, and suppose too, what cannot be truly supposed, that they are all perfectly good; yet, so long as he has been guilty of any one sin, the man is still a sinner, and therefore cannot be accounted righteous, or justified by anything he himself does, however great or good it may seem to be; "for whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all;" and if guilty, the law condemns him. How then can he who is guilty of any, much less "guilty of all," be justified before God? Can a man be guilty and not guilty at the same time; condemned and justified; a sinner and yet no sinner, but righteous, and that too in the eyes of God himself?

Bishop Beveridge.

JUSTIFICATION—Of Christ only.

You may possibly now talk of your good works, and performing the condition of the Covenant by those works, and being justified by them; but when you shall come and appear at the dreadful tribunal of a most just God—when your conscience shall be awake, and set all your sins before you, in their full number and magnitude—you will be, I doubt not, of another opinion, and say with David, who might have pleaded good works as much as you, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." I say, when you come before that great and just Judge, you will reject your own works, and inherent righteousness, and rely upon the sufferings and satisfaction of our blessed Saviour, and the justice purchased for us by it. *Bishop Barlow.*

JUSTIFICATION—Of Christ only.

Let not any one be deceived. All—whether the beings which are above the heavens, or the glorious order of angels, whether the invisible or visible powers,—all, unless they believe in the alone efficacy of the blood of Christ, are obnoxious to judgment. *St. Ignatius.*

JUSTIFICATION—What Constitutes it.

This, then, is the sum of that which I say, Faith doth justify; justification washeth away sin; sin removed, we are clothed with the righteousness which is of God; the righteousness of God maketh us most holy. *Hooker.*

Justification consists of these two parts; remission and acceptance. Remission of sins takes away our liableness to death; acceptation of our persons gives us a title unto life. Now, to be free from our obnoxiousness to death, and instated in a right to eternal life, these two constitute a perfect justification. For, to be accepted of God in Christ, is no other than for God, through the righteousness and obedience of Christ imputed to us, to own and acknowledge us to have a right to heaven. *Hopkins.*

JUSTIFICATION—Supernatural in its Discovery.

Men are with difficulty wrought on to comply with the conditions of pardon by Christ, upon the account of a legal temper that universally inclines them to seek for justification by their own works. This is most suitable to the law and light of nature; for the tenour of the first covenant was—do this, and live. So that the way of Gospel justification, as 'tis supernatural in its discovery, so in its contrariety to man's principles. Besides, as pride at first aspired to make man as God, so it tempts him to usurp the honour of Christ, to be his own saviour. He is unwilling to stoop that he may drink of the waters of life. Till the heart by the weight of its guilt is broken in pieces, and loses its former fashion and figure, it will not humbly comply with the offer of salvation for the merits of another. And 'tis very remarkable that, upon the first opening of the Gospel, no evangelical doctrine was more disrelished by the Jews, than justification by imputed righteousness (Rom. x. 3). They were prepossessed with this principle, that life was to be obtained by their works. . . . From the example of the Jews we may see

how men are naturally affected. And 'tis worthy of observation that the Reformation of religion took its rise by the same controversy with the papists, by which the Gospel was first introduced into the world.
Dr. Bates.

JUSTIFICATION—Erroneous Views of.

Herein lies the great error of the papists in the doctrine of justification, that they will not understand it as a law phrase, and a relative transaction in the discharge of a sinner; but still take it for a real change of a man's nature, by implanting in him inherent principles of holiness. *Hopkins.*

JUSTIFICATION—by Faith.

All our justifying, then, cometh by faith; and faith and the Spirit come of God, and not of us. . . . By justifying, understand none other thing than to be reconciled to God, and to be restored unto His favour, and to have thy sins forgiven thee. As when I say God justifieth us, understand thereby that God, for Christ's sake, merits, and deserving only, receiveth us unto His mercy, favour, and grace, and forgiveth us our sins. And when I say Christ justifieth, understand thereby that Christ only hath redeemed us, and brought and delivered us out of the wrath of God and damnation, and hath with His works only purchased us the mercy, the favour, and grace of God, and the forgiveness of our sins. And when I say that faith justifieth, understand thereby that faith and trust in the truth of God, and in the mercy promised us for Christ's sake, and for His deserving and works only, doth quit the conscience and certify her that our sins be forgiven, and we in the full favour of God. *Tindal.*

JUSTIFICATION—Free.

Here is the true way of justification: where the imputed righteousness of Christ comes, all self-righteousness vanishes before it. By "him that worketh not," understand not an idle, lazy believer, that takes no care of the duties of obedience; no, an idle faith can never be a saving faith. But the meaning is, he worketh not in a law sense, to the ends and intentions of the first covenant; to make up a righteousness to himself by his own working, to cover himself with a robe of righteousness of his own spinning and weaving, a home-made cloth: no, not a rag of that. Thou must receive Christ into an empty, naked, unworthy soul, or not receive Him at all. *Flavel.*

JUSTIFICATION—the Office of God.

Justification is the office of God only, and is not a thing which we render unto Him, but which we receive of Him; not which we give to Him, but which we take of Him, by His free mercy, and by the only merits of His most dearly beloved Son, our only Redeemer, Saviour, and Justifier, Jesus Christ; so that the true understanding of this doctrine,—we be justified freely by faith without works, or that we be justified by faith in Christ only,—is not that this, our own act to believe in Christ, or this our faith in Christ, which is within us, doth justify us, and deserve our justification unto us (for that were to count ourselves to be justified by some act or virtue that is within ourselves), but the true understanding and meaning thereof is that, although we hear God's Word and believe it; although we have faith, hope, charity, repentance, dread, and fear of God within us, and do never so many good works thereunto, yet we must renounce the merit of all our said virtues of faith, hope, charity, and all other virtues and good deeds, which we either have done, shall do, or can do, as things that be far too weak, and insufficient, and imperfect, to deserve remission of our sins and our justification; and therefore we must trust only in God's mercy, and that sacrifice which our High Priest and Saviour, Christ Jesus the Son of God, once offered for us upon the cross, to obtain thereby God's grace and remission, as well of our original sin in baptism, as of all actual sin committed by us after our baptism, if we truly repent and turn unfeignedly to Him again. So that as St. John Baptist, although he were never so virtuous and godly a man, yet, in this matter of forgiving of sin, he did put the people from him, and appointed them unto Christ, saying thus unto them, "Behold, yonder is the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world" (John i.), even so, as great and as godly a virtue as the lively faith is, yet it putteth us from itself, and remitteth or appointeth us unto Christ, for to have only by Him remission of our sins, or justification. So that our faith in Christ, as it were, saith unto us thus: It is not I that take away your sins, but it is Christ only; and to Him only I send you for that purpose, forsaking therein all your good virtues, words, thoughts, and works, and only putting your trust in Christ.
Tindal.

JUSTIFICATION—and Sanctification.

It may serve to extricate some minds from confusion if we give an axiomatic statement of the nature and relation of the two blessings in question.

Justification and sanctification agree in the following points:—

They are both essential to our salvation from the state into which we are fallen, and from the dangers to which we are exposed.

Both are sovereign favours, bestowed on us by the God of salvation.

Both come to us through the redemption that is in Christ.

In both the operation of the Holy Spirit applies the work of Christ.

Both are designed to honour the law and government and grace of God.

Both are, therefore, enjoyed by all believers, and by believers only.

But the two blessings differ in various ways.

Justification is specially related to the rectitude of God's government; sanctification relates to the holiness of God's nature.

Justification is an act; sanctification is a process.

Justification is the sentence of the Father as moral Governor on the throne of grace; sanctification is the work of the Holy Spirit in the temple of the heart.

Justification changes our state; sanctification is a change of our nature or character.

In Justification we are pronounced righteous; by sanctification we are made holy.

Justification is the acceptance of our persons into God's favour; sanctification is the renewal of our hearts into God's image.

Justification therefore is a forensic term, expressive of God's jurisdiction over us; sanctification is catharistic, expressing God's moral influence over us.

In justification the guilt of sin is remitted; in sanctification its defilement is cleansed.

Justification gives a title to heaven; sanctification a fitness for it.

Justification is by union to Christ, as the law Fulfiller; sanctification by union to Him as the Purifier.

Justification comes by uniting us to Christ as our legal Head; sanctification by uniting us to Him as our vital Head.

Justification is by faith only on our part; sanctification is by many means, chiefly the Word and prayer, but also by ordinances and afflictions, under the influence of the Spirit.

Justification is complete as soon as we believe; sanctification then commences amid great imperfections.

Justification may be referred to a known definite time; sanctification is spread over the whole of life.

In justification there is no difference among believers; in sanctification there are great varieties.

Justification comes first as the root; sanctification follows as the fruit.

Justification, therefore, may be known by sanctification.

Justification pronouncing our title to the enjoyment of heaven, sanctification is given to fulfil the sentence.

Many more points of distinction might be shown; but these may suffice to assist such as wish to pursue the subject to greater lengths.

Dr. Bennett.

When God imputes righteousness to the believer, He imparts His Spirit. . . . Plain it is, that the miserable sinner did need somewhat else besides clothing, and without it he must have been miserable for ever. And most certain it is that the righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ was never designed to be the clothing of a carcase. The soul that was "dead in trespasses and sins" is made alive when made righteous. There is no need of disputing about priority here; the righteousness and Spirit of Christ are given together; they are simultaneous gifts. He doth not give life by the Spirit to such souls because He hath made them righteous; nor doth He make them righteous because He hath given them life, or given His Spirit; but these are co-ordinate streams from the same fountain of Divine grace (1 Cor. vi. 11).

Howe.

* * *

K.

KINDNESS—No Dearth of.

There's no dearth of kindness
  In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
  We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
  Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
  At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
  Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneness
  Hooded hearts grow blind!

Full of kindness tingling,
  Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
  In one kindred whole!

There 's no dearth of kindness,
  Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
  Rainbow-smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly,
  But have some angel-touch:
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
  We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
  As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
  In the heart for ever.
But if men will hanker
  Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
  Brightest spirits rust.

There 's no dearth of kindness
  In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
  We gather thorns for flowers!
Oh, cherish God's best giving,
  Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
  Were it not for Love. *Gerald Massey.*

KINDRED—by Nature.

Children we are all
Of one great Father, in whatever clime
Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of life—
All tongues, all colours: neither after death
Shall we be sorted into languages
And tints, white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth,
Northmen, and offspring of hot Africa;
The All-Father, He in whom we live and move,
He, the indifferent Judge of all, regards
Nations, and hues, and dialects alike;
According to their works shall they be judged,
When even-handed Justice in the scale
Their good and evil weighs. *Southey.*

Men are of the same flesh;—kinsmen, and of the same blood;—citizens of the same country;—dwellers in the same house—husband and wife, parents and children, masters and servants;—these are notable motives for unity. For Christ hath not taken from our necks those bonds of love, but rather laid them on in a stricter manner, and blessed them. *Archd. Nicholson.*

KINGDOM—of God, to be Prayed and Worked for.

Wise work is cheerful, as a child's work is. Now, I want you to take one thought home with you, and let it stay with you. Almost every one has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he takes God's name in vain. But, there 's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain than that. It is, *to ask God for what we don't want.* He does not like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock Him with; the soldiers striking Him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But, if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it, you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in the hearts of us: "The kingdom of God is within you." And being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it and enter into it, there 's just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter into it as children, or not at all: "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child, shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Of such," observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text, think that all heaven is to be full of babies. But that 's not so. There will be children there, but the hoary head is the crown. "Length of days, and long life and peace," that is the blessing; not to die in babyhood. Children die but for their parents' sins; God means them to live, but He can't let them always; then they have their earlier place in heaven: and the little child of David, vainly prayed for; the little child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's step on its own threshold,—they will be there. But weary old David, and weary old Barzillai, having learned children's lessons at last, will be there too: and the one question for us all, young or old, is, Have we learned our child's lesson? It is the *character* of children we want, and must gain at our peril. *Ruskin.*

KINGS—like Stars.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
Shelley.

KINGS—Precepts Concerning.

All precepts concerning kings are in effect comprehended in those two remembrances, "Remember that thou art a man;" and "Remember that thou art the representative of God;" the one bridleth their power, and the other their will. *Lord Bacon.*

KISS—Ae Fond.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her:
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!
Burns.

KISSES—I Fear thy.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine. *Shelley.*

KISSES.

One kiss more, sweet!
Soft as voluptuous wind of the west,
Or silkenest surge of thy purple-vein'd breast,
Ripe lips all ruddily melting apart,
Drink up the honey and wine of my heart!

One kiss more, sweet!
Warm as a morning sunbeam's dewy gold
Slips in a red rose's fragrantest fold,
Sets its green blood all a-blush, burning up
At the fresh feel of life, in its crimson cup!

One kiss more, sweet!
Full as the flush of the sea-waves grand
Flooding the sheeny fire out of the sand;
On all the shores of my being let bliss
Break with its neap-tide sea in a kiss!
Gerald Massey.

KISSING—and Speaking.

The air which thy smooth voice doth break,
Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires while thou dost speak,
And thy soft breath its room supplies.

Lost in this pleasing ecstacy,
I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools! t' inquire
What numbers do the soul compose;
No harmony can life inspire,
But that which from these accents flows.
Thomas Stanley.

KITCHEN—of an English Inn.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travellers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of mid-winter,—

> "Now trees their leafy hats do bare
> To reverence Winter's silver hair;
> A handsome hostess, merry host,
> A pot of ale now and a toast,
> Tobacco and a good coal fire,
> Are things this season doth require."

W. Irving.

KNAVE—True Sign of.

He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave. *Bishop Berkeley.*

KNOWLEDGE—Turned to Account.

There is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skilful, will not turn to account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not excepted; and the bee knows how to extract it. *Bishop Horne.*

KNOWLEDGE—Advantage of.

In England, a man of small fortune may cast his regards around him, and say, with truth and exultation, "I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts, which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, to bring me what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China, men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in America, they are planting cotton for me; in the West India Islands, they are preparing my sugar and coffee; in Italy, they are feeding silk-worms for me; in Saxony, they are shearing the sheep to make me clothing; at home, powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines, that the materials useful to me may be procured. My patrimony was small, yet I have post-coaches running day and night, on all the roads, to carry my correspondence; I have roads, and canals, and bridges, to bear the coal for my winter fire; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to secure my enjoyments and repose. Then I have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, among all these people who serve me. And in a corner of my house, I have books! the miracle of all my possessions, for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times. By my books, I can conjure up before me, to vivid existence, all the great and good men of antiquity; and for my individual satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of their exploits; the orators declaim for me; the historians recite; the poets sing: in a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books, I can be where I please." *Dr. Arnott.*

KNOWLEDGE—Its Attractiveness.

We are all drawn and attracted by the desire of knowledge and science; to excel in which, we think, is honourable; while we deem it mean and base to be led astray, and to wander in ignorance and error. *Cicero.*

KNOWLEDGE—a Largess of Beatitude.

It doth invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and grant to us a largess of beatitude. We enter our studies and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as he will, and leaving him abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world. *W. S. Landor.*

KNOWLEDGE—should be Comprehensive.

There is nothing that makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. *Lord Bacon.*

KNOWLEDGE—Corrupted.

Knowledge is corrupted four manner of ways. First, by the contempt of it, in

Ignorance. Secondly, by the luxuriousness and wantonness of it, in Curiosity. Thirdly, by the defect and uncertainty of it, in Opinion. Fourthly, by contradiction and opposition unto it, in Error. *Reynolds.*

KNOWLEDGE—of Christ.

Here is the privilege of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, that as it is of eminence and height, so it is of use and convenience, and that in the highest measure; as it is a pearl for beauty, so it is for value. This knowledge is a kind of catholicon, of universal use and convenience. It is so in reference to this life. Am I in want, in contempt, in prison, in banishment, in sickness, in death? This knowledge gives me contentedness, patience, cheerfulness, resignation of myself to His will who hath sealed my peace with Him, and favour from Him, in the great covenant of His Son; and I can live upon this, though I were ready to starve. I am assured that if it be for my good and the glory of His name, I shall be delivered; if not, I can be contented, so that my jewel, the peace of God, and my own conscience by the blood of Christ, be safe. Am I in wealth, honour, power, greatness, esteem in the world? This knowledge teacheth me humility, as knowing from whom I received it; fidelity, as knowing to whom I must account for it; watchfulness, as knowing that the honour of my Lord is concerned in some measure in my conduct; and that the higher the employment is the more obnoxious I am to temptation from without, from them that watch for my halting, and from within by a deceitful heart. And in all it teacheth me not to over-value my condition; nor to value myself the more by it or for it, because the knowledge of Christ Jesus presents me with an object of a higher value, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ. It teacheth me to look upon the glory of the world as rust, in comparison of the glory that excelleth, and that the greatest of men is a worm in comparison with the great God. And as thus in reference to the temporal condition of my life, this knowledge of Christ is of singular use, and makes a man a better philosopher than the best system of morals, in reference thereunto; so it guides me in the management of all relations. 1. To God; presenting Him unto me as full of majesty, yet full of love, which teacheth me reverence and yet access with boldness, love, and obedience. 2. To man; enjoining justice, which is giving every man his due; mercy, to forgive; compassion, to pity; liberality, to relieve; sobriety, in the use of creatures, and yet comfort in the enjoying of them; a right use of the world, and yet a contempt of it in comparison of my hope. It makes death not terrible, because a most sure passage to life. I find a way to get all my sins pardoned; whereas without this all the world cannot contrive a satisfaction for one; I find a way to obtain such a righteousness as is valuable with God, and perfect before Him, even the righteousness of God in Christ. And here I find the means, and only means, to avoid the wrath to come, the terror of the judgment of the great day, and to secure everlasting life unto all eternity with the blessed God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and all the blessed angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. Thus this knowledge is useful for this life, and that which is to come, and that in the highest degree, which all other knowledge comes short of, and attains not to any one of the least of these ends. *Hale.*

KNOWLEDGE—Discries only.

The master-piece of knowledge is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show.
F. Quarles.

KNOWLEDGE—True, to Know Thyself.

That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.
Pope.

KNOWLEDGE—is Necessary.

To write or talk concerning any subject, without having previously taken the pains to understand it, is a breach of the duty which we owe to ourselves, though it may be no offence against the laws of the land. The privilege of talking, and even publishing, nonsense is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it the better. *Coleridge.*

KNOWLEDGE—Superficial, of Necessity.

All knowledge, however imposing in appearance, is but superficial knowledge, if it be merely the mind's furniture, and not the mind's nutriment. It must be transmuted into mind, as food into blood, in order to become wisdom and power. Many of the generals opposed to Napoleon understood military science as well as he did, but he beat them on every occasion where victory depended on a wise movement made at a moment's thought, because science had been *transfused* into his mind, while to theirs it was only *attached.* *Whipple.*

KNOWLEDGE—Improperly Sought.

He that cometh to seek after knowledge, with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his humour, but no matter for his instruction. *Bacon.*

KNOWLEDGE—Range of.

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher whose mind attempts to grasp a universal system. *Goldsmith.*

KNOWLEDGE—First Step of.

A mouse that had lived all its life in a chest, says the fable, chanced one day to creep up to the edge, and, peeping out exclaimed with wonder, "I did not think the world was so large."

The first step to knowledge is, to know that we are ignorant. It is a great point to know our place: for want of this, a man in private life, instead of attending to the affairs of his "chest," is ever peeping out, and then he becomes a philosopher! He must then know every thing, and presumptuously pry into the deep and secret councils of God: not considering that man is finite, he has no faculties to comprehend and judge of the great scheme of things. We can form no other knowledge of spiritual things, except what God has taught us in His Word, and where He stops we must stop. *Cecil.*

KNOWLEDGE—Subject to God.

Evermore it must be remembered, that the least part of knowledge passed to man by this so large a charter from God, must be subject to that use for which God hath granted it, which is the benefit and relief of the state and society of man; for otherwise all manner of knowledge becometh malign and serpentine, and therefore, as carrying the quality of the serpent's sting and malice, it maketh the mind of man to swell. *Bacon.*

KNOWLEDGE—Superficial.

Much of our knowledge is like that of the poor philosopher, who defineth riches exactly, and discourseth of their nature, but possesseth none: or we are as a geometrican, who can measure land exactly in all its dimensions, but possesses not a foot thereof. And truly it is but a lifeless unsavoury knowledge that men have of Christ by all books and study, till He reveal Himself, and persuade the heart to believe in Him. *Leighton.*

* * *

L.

LABOUR—an Important Item in Agriculture.

Although labour is one of the most important items in agriculture, much too little attention has frequently been paid to taking notes of it, and calculating the expense. Even if a general estimate be made of the cost of ploughing executed by the servants and teams belonging to the estate, as well as by day-labourers and task-workers, and the whole amount of these expenses be obtained by adding together the wages and food of the servants, the value of fodder consumed by the beasts of draught, and finally the amount of pecuniary disbursements, still the portion of these expenses which appertains to each object, product, and field, is rarely ascertained with any precision; nevertheless, such knowledge is of the utmost importance, since it affords the only means by which certain results respecting the profit and loss of each department of the cultivation, or system of operations in general can be obtained. Again, it is in this way alone that it is possible to ascertain whether the resources which have been expended on labour have been employed to the greatest advantage, or whether they might not be better applied. The method of which we are speaking would, likewise, tend to give a greater degree of control over labour than could be obtained by any other means, and to furnish data for making valuations and far more certain principles than could be derived even from the most incessant and careful superintendence and inspection of the different branches of labour. *Von Thaer.*

LABOUR—and Capital.

It is easy to discover that the source from which capital is ultimately derived is labour. Production of necessity begins with the hands, and nothing else of the labourer. It is sufficiently evident that without saving there could be no capital. If all labour were employed upon objects of immediate consumption, which were all immediately consumed, such as the fruit for which the savage climbs the tree, no article of capital, no article to be employed as a means to further production, would ever exist. To this end something must be produced which is not immediately consumed, which is saved and set apart for another purpose. Every article which is thus saved becomes an article of capital. *Mill.*

LABOUR — Fruitful of a Thousand Blessings.

Labour, though it was at first inflicted as a curse, seems to be the gentlest of all punishments, and is fruitful of a thousand blessings: the same Providence which permits diseases, produces remedies; when it sends sorrows, it often sends friends and supporters; if it gives a scanty income, it gives good sense, and knowledge, and contentment, which love to dwell under homely roofs; with sickness come humility, and repentance, and piety; and affliction and grace walk hand in hand. *Jortin.*

LABOUR—Division of.

Perhaps in no trade has the division of labour been successfully carried to so great an extent as in that of watch-making. In an examination before a committee of the House of Commons, it was stated that there are a hundred and two distinct branches of this art, to each of which a boy may be apprenticed. *G. Poulett Scrope.*

LABOUR—Economy of.

One great superiority of the manufacturers of this country over the agriculturists is attributable to their attention to the economy of labour. In my earliest remembrance the farmers were too ignorant to think of it: afterwards they were too prosperous, and now they are too much bent on seeking relief from other sources than their own energies. What might be done in time by a combination of mechanical and chemical science, it is as impossible to calculate beforehand as it would have been fifty years since to have foretold what would be the present state of spinning, weaving, bleaching, and transport. Human energy and human invention completely baffle calculation, as is proved, amongst many others, by this fact, that silk and cotton are sent from India here, and manufactured and sent back, so as to undersell the natives in their own markets, in spite of distance, and comparative difficulty of living from both natural and political causes. I think, with such examples of the triumph of skill, industry, and enterprise, the actual state of our agriculture utterly disgraceful. I was led into these remarks by a passage in one of my letters from the Continent, from which I have given the series of extracts in former numbers. The passage is as follows:—"I observed in Lorraine two ploughs in a field of light land, drawn, one by five horses, and the other by four, both held by women, and driven by men." This only proves that economy of labour is less practised in some parts of France than it is here; and such I believe to be generally the case on the Continent compared with this country, not only in agriculture, but in everything else. I have frequently seen in France four men shoeing a horse, having first put him in the stocks, and tying each foot in turn over a bar. The reason, probably, why the women were holding the ploughs I saw, might be that they were more skilful than the men, as, during the war, the females were more regularly employed in such labour. I will conclude with a remarkable instance of the triumph of ingenuity over calculation. The Abbé Raynal lays it down, without supposing a doubt, that North America could never become of much importance beyond a short distance from the coast, on account of the impossibility of ascending the great rivers. The application of steam to navigation has alone falsified that position, and railways and canals are adding their powerful aid. I cannot help thinking that those who affirm, that if a north-west passage were to be discovered, it would never be made available to any useful purpose, are a little presumptuous. The progress of improvement already witnessed should teach us diffidence in hazarding such predictions. The first experiment I ever saw of applying steam to navigation was on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, when eleven coal-barges were dragged along by an engine at the rate of two miles an hour, and with terrible destruction to the banks. This, I think, was before steam navigation was brought to anything like perfection in the United States; and I little thought then of being carried some fifteen miles an hour against the wind, as I was the other day on the Thames. *Moir.*

LABOUR—Necessary to Us.

Labour is become necessary to us, not only because we need it for making provisions for our life, but even to ease the labour of our rest, there being no greater tediousness of spirit in the world than want of employment and an inactive life.

Jeremy Taylor.

LABOUR—Its Reward.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain.

* * * *

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

* * * *

Sow and look onward, upward,
Where the starry lights appear,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

Household Words.

LABOUR—Value of.

God is constantly teaching us that nothing valuable is ever obtained without labour; and that no labour can be honestly expended without our getting its value in return. He is not careful to make everything easy to man. The Bible itself is no light book; human duty no holiday engagement. The grammar of deep personal religion, and the grammar of real practical virtue, are not to be learned by any facile Hamiltonian methods.

Binney.

LADY—The, of the Castle.

Thou seest her pictured with her shining hair
(Famed were those tresses in Provençal song)
Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair
Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along
Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving
'Midst the rich curls; and, oh! how meekly loving
Its earnest looks are lifted to the face
Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace!
Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less
Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
That might beseem a mother's; on her brow
Something too much there sits of native scorns,
And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
These may be dreams; but how shall woman tell
Of woman's shame, and not with tears? She fell!
That mother left her child! went hurrying by
Its cradle—haply not without a sigh,—
Haply one moment o'er its breast serene
She hung; but no! it could not thus have been,—
For she went on! forsook her home, her hearth,
All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
To live a gaudy and dishonour'd thing,
Sharing in guilt the splendours of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife;
He reck'd no more of glory,—grief and shame
Crush'd out his fiery nature, and his name
Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls
Crept year by year; the minstrel pass'd their walls;
The warder's horn hung mute: meantime the child,
On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled—
A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
Into sad youth: for well, too well, she knew
Her mother's tale! Its memory made the sky
Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye;
Check'd on her lip the flow of song, which fain
Would there have linger'd; flushed her cheek to pain
If met by sudden glance; and gave a tone
Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,
E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low
And plaintive. Oh! there lie such depths of woe
In a young blighted spirit; manhood rears
A haughty brow, and age has done with tears;
But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days;
And thus it was with her. A mournful sight
On one so fair—for she indeed was fair—
Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light,—
Her's were more shadowy, full of thought, and prayer,
And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek
Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek—
Still that fond child's. And oh! the brow above,
So pale and pure! So form'd for holy love
To gaze upon in silence! But she felt
That love was not for her, though hearts would melt

Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given
Went with her; and low prayers that call'd on heaven,
To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn
With alms before her castle gate she stood
'Midst pleasant groups; when, breathless and o'erworn,
And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,
A stranger through them broke: the orphan maid
With her sweet voice and proffer'd hand of aid,
Turn'd to give welcome; but a wild, sad look
Met her's—a gaze that all her spirits shook,—
And that pale woman, suddenly subdued
By some strong passion, in its gushing mood,
Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears,
As rain the hoarded agonies of years,
From the heart's urn; and with her white lips press'd
The ground they trod, then burying in her vest
Her brow's deep flush, sobb'd out—"Oh, undefiled!
I am thy mother; spurn me not, my child!"

Isaure had prayed for that lost mother; wept
O'er her stain'd memory, while the happy slept
In the hush'd midnight: stood with mournful gaze
Before yon picture's smile of other days,
But never breathed in human ear the name
Which weigh'd her being to the earth with shame.
What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
The dark remembrances, the alter'd guise
Awhile o'erpower'd her?—from the weeper's touch
She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much
For that all-humbled one; its mortal stroke
Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke
At once in silence. Heavily and prone
She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone
Those long, fair tresses—they still brightly wore
Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—
Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty roll'd
And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.
The child bent o'er her—call'd her—'twas too late—
Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate!
The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
How didst thou fall, O bright-hair'd Ermengarde!

Hemans.

LAKE—Its Tranquillity.

How deep, how pure, how tranquil is the lake!
Lowly beneath the great hills it doth lie,
Yet looketh day and night unto the sky,
Whose tints and glorious radiance it doth take.
The sun and stars a matchless mirror make
In its calm bosom bending from on high;
Yet none the less, earth's objects that are nigh
Are seen reflected there—the ferny brake,
The bending birch-tree, and the stedfast pine,
The daisied meadows where the cattle feed,
The tiny pebbles on the beach that shine,
Each tuft of moss, and every bending reed.
So to my soul be such pure calmness given,
Reflecting all things fair in earth and heaven.

N. Hall.

LANGUAGES—Characterized.

The ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries;
The learned Greek, rich in fit epithets,
Blessed in the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French.

Brewer.

LANGUAGE—Ever Creative.

One must not consider a language as a product dead, and formed but once: it is an animate being, and ever creative. Human thought elaborates itself with the progress of intelligence; and of this thought language is a manifestation. An idiom cannot therefore remain stationary: it walks, it develops, it grows up, it fortifies itself, it becomes old, and it reaches decrepitude.

W. Von Humboldt.

LANGUAGE—Defined.

In language all the principal powers have a nearly equal part and share. The grammatical structure is furnished by the reason. From the fancy, on the other hand, is derived whatever is figurative; and how far does not this reach, extending into the primary and natural signification of words, which often no longer exists, or at least is rarely traceable? And so also that deep spiritual significance, that characteristic meaning, which in the original stem-syllable and radical words of some rich old language, invariably is regarded as a beauty, must be ascribed to the understanding, which so profoundly seizes and precisely designates whatever is peculiar, unless, perhaps, it is preferred to assign it to an immediate feeling which wonderfully harmonizes with or responds to it.

Frederick Schlegel.

LANGUAGE—Mutability of.

"For my part," I continued, "I consider this mutability of language a wise precaution of Providence for the benefit of the world at large, and of authors in particular. To reason from analogy, we daily behold the varied and beautiful tribes of vegetables springing up, flourishing, adorning the fields for a short time, and then fading into dust, to make way for their successors. Were not this the case, the fecundity of nature would be a grievance instead of a blessing. The earth would groan with rank and excessive vegetation, and its surface become a tangled wilderness. In like manner the works of learning and genius decline, and make way for subsequent productions. Language gradually varies, and with it fade away the writings of authors who have flourished their allotted time; otherwise the creative powers of genius would overstock the world, and the mind would be completely bewildered in the endless mazes of literature. Formerly there were some restraints on this excessive multiplication. Works had to be transcribed by hand, which was a slow and laborious operation; they were written either on parchment, which was expensive, so that one work was often erased to make way for another; or on papyrus, which was fragile and extremely perishable. Authorship was a limited and unprofitable craft, pursued chiefly by monks in the leisure and solitude of their cloisters. The accumulation of manuscripts was slow and costly, and confined almost entirely to monasteries. To these circumstances it may, in some measure, be owing that we have not been inundated by the intellect of antiquity; that the fountains of thought have not been broken up, and modern genius drowned in the deluge. But the inventions of paper and the press have put an end to all these restraints. They have made every one a writer, and enabled every mind to pour itself into print, and diffuse itself over the whole intellectual world. The consequences are alarming. The stream of literature has swollen into a torrent—augmented into a river—expanded into a sea. A few centuries since, five or six hundred manuscripts constituted a great library; but what would you say to libraries such as actually exist, containing three or four hundred thousand volumes; legions of authors at the same time busy; and the press going on with fearfully increasing activity, to double and quadruple the number? Unless some unforeseen mortality should break out among the progeny of the muse, now that she has become so prolific, I tremble for posterity. I fear the mere fluctuation of language will not be sufficient. Criticism may do much. It increases with the increase of literature, and resembles one of those salutary checks on population spoken of by economists. All possible encouragement, therefore, should be given to the growth of critics, good or bad. But I fear all will be in vain; let criticism do what it may, writers will write, printers will print, and the world will inevitably be overstocked with good books. It will soon be the employment of a lifetime merely to learn their names. Many a man of passable information, at the present day, reads scarcely anything but reviews; and before long a man of erudition will be little better than a mere walking catalogue." *W. Irving.*

LANGUAGE—a Living Original.

Language is a living original. It is not made but grows. The growth of language repeats the growth of the plant. At first it is only root, next it puts forth a stem, then leaves, and finally blossoms. . . . Language must move with the movements of mind, as the ocean obeys sidereal influences. A petrified and mechanical national mind will certainly appear in a petrefied and mechanical language. But the provisions are perfect. The renovation of language is provided for, as the renovation of the races is provided for, by a subtle chemistry—the sublime democracy of speech! When a tongue has become dead and effete, the mind walks out of it. With an advance in the national mind—with the influx of a nobler spirit—comes a renovation of its language: by a passionate, propulsive movement it ejects its old dead speech, and rises to larger and freer expression. Like the waters in Spring, the rising spirit sweeps away the frozen surface of an effete society, literature, language, and thought.

W. Swinton.

LAST LOOK—Its Affecting Character.

To me there is something affecting in the last look, on whatever object it is cast, for the last of everything reminds us of the last of life, the last day we shall spend on earth —the last look we shall fix upon terrestrial scenes—when we must turn from the beloved objects, whose society and sympathy have sweetened our cup of woe, and filled our span of time, to the loneliness of death and the realities of eternity. *Sir Thomas Raffles.*

Use law and physicke only for necessity: they that use them otherwise, abuse themselves into weake bodies and light purses: they are good remedies, bad businesses, and worse recreations. *Quarles.*

LAW—Exactions of.

I lent my gossop my meir to fetch hame coals
And he her droun'd into the querrel holes,
And I ran to the consistory for to plenyé,
And there I happened amang ane greedy menyé.
They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum;*
Which aucht days I gat but *libellandum;*
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum;*
In ane half year I gat *inter loquendum;*
An syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum;*
But I could never ane word yet understand him.
And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
And gart me pay for four and twenty acts;
But or they came half gate to *concludendum,*
The fient a plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postpon'd me twa year, with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo,* bade me come again.
And then thie rooks they roupit wonder fast,
For sentence silver they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum;* they made me wonder fain;
But I gat ne'er my gude grey meir again.
Sir D. Lyndsay.

LAW—Fulfilling of.

Hath made two wills, which, with the legacy
Of His and thy kingdom, thy sons invest:
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil;
None doth; but Thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again, what law and letter kill:
Thy laws abridgement and Thy last command
Is all but love; oh, let this last will stand!
Donne.

LAW—Importance of.

If God in times past commanded His people to read, without ceasing, the law which He had given them, and to meditate therein day and night; and if holy men believe themselves bound to read daily the rule which they had received from their Master; how can we neglect the law of Jesus Christ, whose words are, "Spirit and life?" For having entered by baptism into the Catholic and Universal Church, of which Jesus Christ is the founder, it is our duty to revere the Gospel as our rule, since it teaches us His will; since it assures us of His promises; since it is our light in this world, and the law by which we shall be judged in another; He hath spoken it,—"The word which I have spoken, that same shall judge you in the last day." *St. Augustine.*

LAW—Its Majesty.

"Render to Cæsar things which Cæsar's are,
But to God God's." Ah! me, how eagerly,
Rushing to the world-Cæsar's feet, do we
Bring the red gold and frankincense from far,
To render up! Gold of the heart's young love
Bartering for Mammon (prudence, its world-name);
Pure aspirations for base, fleeting fame;
And for false joys of earth, a heaven above.
What do we lay before "our Father's" throne?
The broken heart the world hath trampled on,
But could not heal; the bruiséd hopes flung back
From Cæsar's throne, when our reward we lack;
Hyssop and vinegar: how oft they be
Our only tribute, Lord, reserved for Thee!
Mary C. Hume.

LAW—Man's Sole Guardian.

Law, man's sole guardian ever since the time
When the old Brazen Age, in sadness saw
Love fly the world! *Schiller.*

LAWS—Preventive, their Effects.

The framer of preventive laws, no less than private tutors and schoolmasters, should remember that the readiest way to make either mind or body grow awry is by lacing it too tight. *Southey.*

LAW—The, and the Gospel.

The doctrine of the Gospel is the revelation of the Son of God. This is a doctrine quite contrary to the law, which revealeth not the Son of God, but showeth forth sin—it revealeth death, the wrath and judgment of God, and hell. The Gospel, therefore, is such a doctrine as admitteth no law; yea, it must be as separate from the law as there is distance between heaven and earth. The Gospel teacheth me, not what I ought to do—for that is the proper office of the law—but what Jesus Christ the Son of God hath done for me. *Luther.*

LAW—and Gospel Reconciled.

If the law had been given for the same end as the Gospel; if the law had been given for man, ruined and sinful, to obtain life and salvation by it as well as the Gospel, then they might have been supposed to contradict one another: but since they are given for different purposes, they are but different revelations of God which are made happily subordinate one to another, and their different ends and designs are both obtained. The law convinces and condemns sinners, and the Gospel relieves and pardons them, justifies and saves them. *Dr. Watts.*

LAWS—Known by Revelation.

Concerning Faith, the principal object whereof is that eternal verity which hath discovered the treasures of hidden wisdom in Christ; concerning Hope, the highest object whereof is that everlasting goodness which in Christ doth quicken the dead; concerning Charity, the final object whereof is that incomprehensible beauty which shineth in Christ, the Son of the living God; concerning these virtues, the first of which, beginning here with a weak apprehension of things not seen, endeth with the intuitive vision of God in the world to come; the second, beginning here with a trembling expectation of things far removed, and as yet but only heard of, endeth with a real and actual position of that which no tongue can express; the third, beginning here with a weak inclination of heart towards Him unto whom we are not able to approach, endeth with endless union, the mystery whereof is higher than the reach of the thoughts of men. Concerning that Faith, Hope, and Charity, without which there can be no salvation, was there ever any mention made saving only in that law which God himself hath from heaven revealed? There is not a syllable uttered with certain truth, concerning any of these three, more than hath been supernaturally received from the mouth of the eternal God. *Hooker.*

LAW—Sergeant of the.

A sergeant of the lawe ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise.
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was no wher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.
No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Thereto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale
Of his array tell I no lenger tale. *Chaucer.*

LAW—The Spiritual.

To preach up justification by the law, as a covenant, is legal; and makes void the death and merits of Jesus Christ; but to preach obedience to the law, as a rule, is evangelical: and it savours as much of a New-Testament-spirit, as they phrase it, to urge the commands of the law, as to display the promise of the Gospel. *Hopkins.*

LAW—Use of.

Law was design'd to keep a state in peace,
To punish robbery, that wrong might cease;
To be impregnable; a constant fort
To which the weak and injured might resort;
But these perverted minds its force employ,
Not to protect mankind, but to annoy;
And long as ammunition can be found,
Its lightning flashes and its thunders sound.
G. Crabbe.

LEARNING—Subordinated.

A man may be excellently, habitually good, without more languages than one: he may be fully persuaded of those great truths that will make him master of his passions, and independent of the world; that will render him easy and useful in this life, and glorious in another, though he be no logician nor metaphysician. *Lucas.*

LEARNING—and Wealth: their Value

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy;
At best it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
Young.

LEARNING—On the Advancement of.

I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools they are they seminaries of state, and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. *Ben Jonson.*

LEARNING—Distemper of.

It is the first distemper of learning when men study words, and not matter. *Bacon.*

LEARNING—The Nobility Exhorted to.

You mighty lords, that, with respected grace,
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our land.

Hold up disgracèd knowledge from the ground;
Keep virtue in request; give worth her due,
Let not neglect with barbarous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night a-new;
Be not, oh, be not accessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid?—
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your father's bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing time will proudly send
A warrant unto wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mockeries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungraced, unknown:
Poor, idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own!
S. Daniel.

LEGISLATION—Good Effects of.

Behold, now, this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. . . .

This is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For, as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so, when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. . . .

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties. *Milton.*

LEGISLATURE—Its Objects.

The only way to erect a common power, able to defend men from the invasion of foreigners and the injuries of one another, and thereby to secure them in such sort, as that by their owne industrie and by the fruits of the earth they may nourish themselves and live contentedly, is to conferre all their power and strength upon one man, or upon one assembly of men, that may reduce all their wills, by plurality of voices, into one will; . . . and therein to submit their wills every one to his will, and their judgements to his judgement. This is more than consent or concord; it is real unitie of them all, in one and the same person, made by covenant of every man with every man. . . . This done, the multitude so united in one person is called a Common-wealth. This is the generation of that great Leviathan, or rather, to speake more reverently, of that mortal God to which we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence. . . . And in Him consisteth the essence of the common-wealth; which (to define it) is one person of whose acts a great multitude, by mutual covenants one with another, have made themselves every one the author, to the end he may use the strength and means of them all as he shall think expedient to their peace and common defence.

Hobbes.

LIBERALITY—Christian.

You will say, Here is a marvellous doctrine, which commandeth nothing but give, give: if I should follow this doctrine, I should give so much, that at the length I shall have nothing left for myself. These be the words of infidelity: he that speaketh such words is a faithless man. And I pray you tell me, have ye heard of any man that came to poverty because he gave unto the poor? have you heard tell of such a one? No, I am sure you have not. And I dare lay my head to pledge for it, that no man living hath come, or shall hereafter come to poverty, because he hath been liberal in helping the poor. For God is a true God, and no liar: He promiseth us in His Word that we shall have the more by giving to the needy. Therefore the way to get is to scatter that you have. Give, and you shall gain. If you ask me how I shall get riches, I make thee this answer—scatter that thou hast; for giving is gaining. But you must take heed and scatter it according unto God's will and pleasure: that is, to relieve the poor withal, to scatter it amongst the flock of Christ: whosoever giveth so shall surely gain, for Christ saith, "give and it shall be given unto you." It shall be given unto you—this is a sweet word, we can well away with that; but how shall we come by it?—Give. *Bishop Latimer.*

LIBERALITY—a Term of Ambiguous Import.

The peculiar character of the present age is sometimes denoted, perhaps not unaptly, by the term liberality; a term of ambiguous import, and therefore denoting a quality of questionable price; for if by liberality be intended a generous freedom from irrational prejudices in the forming of our opinions, or a courteous and benignant manner in maintaining them, it is a quality highly to be prized and diligently to be cultivated. But if by liberality be intended a licentiousness of sentiment, careless about the grounds of the opinions which it adopts, and indifferent to the essential distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, it is a quality worthless in itself, and noxious in its consequences. In the former sense, liberality is strictly agreeable to the spirit and the dictates of the Christian religion. In the latter sense it is no less manifestly at variance with them.

Bishop Mant.

LIBERTY.

Liberty is a super-excellent thing, very much talked about, and very little understood—generally least of all by those who make the most noise about it; indeed, I should say, it is an unerring rule, that a noisy advocate for liberty is never a sincere one. Noise comes of ignorance, interest, or passion; but the true love of liberty dwells only in the bosoms of the pure and reasonable.

> "License they mean, when they cry liberty;
> For who loves that, must first be wise and good."

The vital maxims of the worshippers of liberty is the Christian one—Let us do unto others as we would they should do unto us; all else who profess their devotion are tyrants in disguise, which disguise they throw off the moment they attain the power against which they have been exclaiming. The essence of liberty is division and order, and its preserving principle, self-government. In proportion as this combination is perfect, the state of liberty will be perfect. The ignorant cannot keep this in view, and the designing will not; in consequence of which, instead of the readaptation of sound principles as circumstances require, they are frequently abandoned, and expedients of a contrary tendency introduced, sometimes with specious effect in the first instance, but with certain evil eventually. The present times are peculiarly illustrative of this, in the desire manifested to adopt the centralization, and ochlocratic or mob principles. The centralization principle is the exact opposite of the principle of division, under which the last nation grew to be what it is; and its increase requires a readaptation to continue its glory, instead of an abandonment to destroy it. The ochlocratic or mob principle, though it may appear to be founded on the principle of self-government, is virtually the reverse, and for this reason, that its tendency is to throw the management of affairs into the hands of a few, and those the most unworthy; whilst apathy and disgust keep the best as much aloof, as if they were by law excluded from interference. This is an inevitable result in the long run. It is witnessed continually in ochlocratically organized parishes and corporations, and has, from the first, been visible in the different degrees in the new overgrown parliamentary constituencies. The excitement of the moment is producing a partial activity, but which is factitious, and not essential. The cumbrous machines will only be towed into action by party steamers, in the shape of clubs and associations, and, in ordinary times, will be completely water-logged, while corruption and misrule will gradually creep in undisturbed. It will require far more statesman-like contrivances to draw men from their business, their pleasure, and their ease, and induce them sufficiently to interest themselves in public affairs to keep public affairs in their proper course. The spirit of party will not accomplish this.

Zealots in liberty are apt to suppose that it consists entirely in independence of all government; that is, that the less power is lodged with government, the more freedom is left to the citizens. But the most perfect state of liberty consists in the most complete security of person and property, not only from government, but from individuals; and in this point of view, I apprehend, liberty is enjoyed to far greater extent in England than in any other country in the world. In this point of view, honesty and peaceable behaviour are essential to the enjoyment of liberty. Robbery, fraud, assassination, murder, assault, even exposure to duels, are all destructive of a state of liberty; and, taking exemption from these evils, as well as from any arbitrary interference on the part of government, I cannot doubt but that the balance is greatly in our favour, though we have great room for improvement. If in any other country there is greater security from individual invasion of person or property, it is enjoyed at an annoying and dangerous sacrifice of public liberty, for which there can be no compensation. Besides, as in despotic countries, there is no publicity as there is in this, it is doubtful whether appearances are not often contrary to the reality. For instance, it has latterly been discovered, contrary to all former supposition, that there are more suicides, in proportion to population, in Paris than in London; and I will add, though it has nothing to do with my subject, that there are more in London in July than in November, which is contrary to all former supposition also. Whether a man has his pocket picked by a sharper, or by an oppressive impost; whether his plate or jewels are seized by an order of government, or are carried away by a housebreaker; whether his estate is cleared of its game by the king's purveyor, or by a gang of poachers; or whether he is confined to his house after a certain hour by a regulation of police, or by the fear of being robbed or murdered,—in neither predicament can he be said to enjoy perfect liberty, which consists in security of person and property, without molestation or restraint, provided there is no molestation or restraint to others. To attain this liberty strong government is necessary, but strong without being vexatious; and the only form is that which, in the true spirit of our constitution, consists of a simple supreme government, presiding over and keeping duly organized a scale of self-governments below it. It is by moral influence alone that liberty, as I have just defined it, can be secured, and it is only in self-governments that the proper moral influence exists. In proportion as the supreme government takes upon itself the control of local affairs, apathy, feeblenes, and corruption will creep in, and our increasing wealth, which should prove a blessing, will only hasten our ruin. *Walker.*

LIBERTY—a Sacred Cause.

And if one
Exist who would not arm for liberty,
Be he too cursèd living; and when dead
Let him be buried downwards, with his face
Looking to hell, and o'er his coward grave
The hare skulk in her form. *Bailey.*

LIBERTY—Wished Well of.

STUDENT. The wise and good wish well to liberty,
Throughout all lands; but aim to win her cause
By some bold manly movement from the heart
Of all united nations; not by base
Assassin's craft, of hangman's well repaid.
FESTUS. But how to gain this, how to inaugurate
This grand concerted blessing, seems a knot
Time's wearied fingers work at till they bleed;
And baffled races vainly pray for. Still
The riddle must be read. The hour must come
When retributive mercy shall succeed
Her sterner sister Justice, and aye reign
In parity divine with righteous love.
Bailey.

LIBERTY—Christian.

Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song:
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And He by means, in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love. . . .
He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides. *Cowper.*

There is a paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruit He sends
Large prelibations oft to saints below.
Of these the first in order, and the pledge,
And confident assurance of the rest,
Is liberty; a flight into his arms,
Ere yet mortality's fine threads gave way,
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe.
Cowper.

LIBERTY—is Moral Health.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society. *Bolingbroke.*

LIBERTY—Too much, Hurtful.

He that takes his full liberty in what he may, shall repent him: how much more in what he should not? I never read of Christian that repented him of too little worldly delight. The surest course I have still found in all earthly pleasures, to rise with an appetite, and to be satisfied with a little. *Bishop Hall.*

LICENCE—Its True Meaning.

Licence they mean when they cry liberty. *Milton.*

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas! not I.

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
A life! is all thy song:
"Endure and—die!" *B. W. Procter.*

Then what is life? When stripp'd of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortal how to prize
That happiness vain man 's denied to know,
Until he 's call'd to claim it in the skies.
John Clare.

Life is at most a meeting and a parting!
A glimpse into the world of might have been.
Gerald Massey.

LIFE—a Loved One.

My life with thee
Is like a song, and the sweet music thou,
Which doth accompany it. *Bailey.*

LIFE—Of.

No man ever miscarried because his life was short, but because it was bad. That life is long enough that despatches the task of it. *Herle.*

LIFE—Average Duration of.

Nothing is more proverbially uncertain than the duration of human life, where the maxim is applied to an individual; yet there are few things less subject to fluctuation than the average duration of a multitude of individuals. The number of deaths happening amongst persons of our own acquaintance is frequently very different in different years; and it is not an uncommon event that this number shall be double, treble, or even many times larger in one year than in the next succeeding. If we consider larger societies of individuals, as the inhabitants of a village or small town, the number of deaths is more uniform; and in still larger bodies as among the inhabitants of a kingdom, the uniformity is such that the excess of deaths in any year above the average number seldom exceeds a small fractional part of the whole. In the two periods, each of fifteen years, beginning at 1780, the number of deaths occurring in England and Wales in any year did not fall short of, or exceed the average number one-thirteenth part of the whole; nor did the number dying in any year differ from the number of those dying in the next by a tenth part. *Babbage.*

LIFE—Its Changes.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust. *H. K. White.*

LIFE—a Froward Child.

Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over. *Goldsmith.*

LIFE—The Christian.

O Thou great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late called me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior; and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on; high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and couldst know
No motive but my bliss; and hast ordained
A rise in blessing; with the Patriarch's joy
Thy call I follow to the land unknown:
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust:
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this—oh, let me live to Thee!
Young.

LIFE—Its Narrow Circle.

Life is contracted within a narrow and barren circle, year after year steals somewhat away from their store of comfort, deprives them of some of their ancient friends, blunts some of their power of sensation, or incapacitates them for some function of life. *Blair.*

LIFE—Prolonged by Civilization.

If we collect England, Germany, and France in one group, we find that the average term of mortality which in that great and populous region was formerly one in thirty people annually, is not at present more than one in thirty-eight. This difference reduces the number of deaths throughout these countries from 1,900,000 to less than 1,200,000 persons; 700,000 lives, or one in eighty-three annually, owe their preservation to the social ameliorations effected in the three countries of western Europe, whose efforts to obtain this object have been attended with the greatest success. The life of man is thus not only embellished in its course by the advancement of civilization, but is extended by it and rendered less doubtful. The effects of the amelioration of the social condition are to restrain and diminish, in proportion to the population, the annual number of births, and, in a still greater degree, that of deaths; on the contrary, a great number of births, equalled or even exceeded by that of deaths, is a characteristic sign of a state of barbarism. In the former case, as men in a mass reach the plenitude of their physical and social development the population is strong, intelligent, and manly; while it remains in perpetual infancy, whole generations are swept off without being able to profit by the past,—to bring social economy to perfection.
Philosophical Journal.

LIFE—Crumbles away.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopp'd the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,
And still, oh, still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them! *Aubrey De Vere.*

LIFE—Domestic.

All the virtues of domestic life are lessons which are taught in the Christian school. It is like the sun, who, though he regulates and leads on the year, dispensing life and light to all the planetary worlds, yet disdains not to cherish and beautify the flower which opens its bosom to his beam: so the Christian religion, though chiefly intended to teach us the knowledge of salvation, and be our guide to happiness on high, yet also regulates our conversation in the world, extends its benign influence to every circle of society, and peculiarly diffuseth its blessed fruits in the paths of domestic life. *Hogg.*

LIFE—Its Chain of Duties.

It is useful to observe, in our progress through life, the chain of duties, trials, and blessings which imperceptibly conduct us from one period to another; and how successive comforts and blessings spring from previous duties. Thus the diligence, sobriety, and virtuous habits of youth, will, in middle age, ensure to us, through God's blessing, the respect of the world, and success in our pursuits, and the active and useful employments of that period, added to early and continued piety and benevolence, will produce an old age of comfort and consolation. Thus proceeding in the way we should go, we reap from the same source our reward for the past, and our encouragement for the future. *Mrs. King.*

LIFE—in Earnest.

Life without some necessity for exertion must ever lack real interest. That state is capable of the greatest enjoyment where necessity urges, but not painfully; where every effort is required, but as much as possible without anxiety; where the spring and summer of life are preparatory to the harvest of autumn and the repose of winter. Then is every season sweet, and in a well-spent life the last the best—the season of calm enjoyment, the richest in recollections, the brightest in hope. Good training and a fair start constitute a more desirable patrimony than wealth; and those parents who study their children's welfare rather than the gratification of their own avarice or vanity, would do well to think of this. Is it better to run a successful race, or to begin and end at the goal? *Moir.*

LIFE—All-absorbing.

Let me be pure!
Oh! I wish I was a pure child again,
As ere the clear could trouble me: when life
Was sweet and calm as is a sister's kiss;
And not the wild and whirlwind touch of passion,
Which though it hardly light upon the lip,
With breathless swiftness sucks the soul out of sight,
So that we lose it, and all thought of it.
What is this life wherein Thou hast founded me,
But a bright wheel which burns itself away,
Benighting even night with its grim limbs,
When it hath done and fainted into darkness?
Flesh is but fiction, and it flies away;
The gaunt and ghastly thing we bear upon us,
And which we hate and fear to look upon,
Is Truth, in Death's dark likeness limned—no more. *Bailey.*

LIFE—a Sacred Thing.

All life is sacred in its kind to heaven,
And all things holy, beautiful, and good. *Bailey.*

LIFE—the Burden of a Song.

This to me is life;
That if life be a burden, I will join
To make it but the burden of a song:
I hate the world's coarse thought. And this is life;
To watch young beauties budlike feelings burst
And load the soul with love;—as that pale flower,
Which opes at eve, spreads sudden on the dark
Its yellow bloom, and sinks the air down with sweets. *Bailey.*

LIFE—Spiritual.

Spiritual life is great and clear,
And self-continuous as the changeless sea,
Rolling the same in every age as now;
Whether o'er mountain-tops, where only snow
Dwells, and the sunbeam hurries coldly by;
Or o'er the vales, as now, of some old world,
Older than ancient man's. As is the sea's,
So is the life of Spirit, and the kind,
And then with natures raised, refined and freed,
From these poor forms, our days shall pass in peace
And love; no thought of human littleness
Shall cross our high calm souls, shining and pure
As the gold gates of heaven. Like some deep lake

Upon a mountain summit they shall rest,
High above cloud and storm of life like this,
All peace and power, and passionless purity;
Or, if a thought of other troubled times
Ruffle it for a moment, it shall pass
Like a chance raindrop on its heavenward face.
I love to meditate on bliss to come.
Not that I am unhappy here; but that
The hope of higher bliss may rectify
The lower feeling which we now enjoy.
This life, this world is not enough for us:
They are nothing to the measure of our mind.
For place we must have space; for time we must have
Eternity; and for a spirit godhood. *Bailey.*

LIFE—None Lost.

No life is waste in the great worker's hand.
The gem too poor to polish in itself
Is ground to brighten others. *Bailey.*

LIFE—Woman's.

Our life is comely as a whole; nay, more;
Like rich brown ringlets, with odd hairs all gold.
We women have four seasons, like the year.
Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days,
When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;
Ere yet we know what love is, or the ill
Of being loved by those whom we love not.
Summer is when we love and are beloved,
And seems short; from its very splendour seems
To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies.
Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands,
And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled locks,
Is wantoning about us day and night.
And winter is when these we love have perished;
For the heart ices then. And the next spring
Is in another world, if one there be.
Some miss one season, some another; this
Shall have them early, and that late; and yet
The year wear round with all as best it may.
There is no rule for it; but in the main
It is as I have said. *Bailey.*

LIFE—to be Honoured Holily.

And yet is life a thing to be beloved,
And honoured holily, and bravely borne.
A man's life may be all ease, and his death,
By some dark chance, unthought of agony:—
Or life may be all suffering, and decease
A flower-like sleep;—or both be full of woe;
Or each comparatively painless. Blame
Not God for inequalities like these.
They may be justified. How canst thou know?
They may be only seeming. Canst thou judge?
They may be done away with utterly,
By loving, fearing, knowing God the Truth.
In all distress of spirit, grief of heart,
Bodily agony, or mental woe,
Rebuffs and vain assumptions of the world,
Or the poor spite of weak and wicked souls,
Think thou on God. Think what He underwent
And did for us as man. Weigh thou thy cross
With Christ's, and judge which were the heavier.
Joy even in thine anguish; such was His;
But measurelessly more. Thy suffering
Assimilateth thee to Him. Rejoice!
Think upon what thou shalt be. Think on God.
Then ask thyself, what is the world, and all
Its mountainous inequalities? Ah, what!
Are not all equal as dust-atomies? *Bailey.*

LIFE—Intellectual.

What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? for all things are
Sacred—the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it. It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought,
And feel the spirit stretch into a view;
To joy in what might be if will and power
For good would work together but one hour.
Yet millions never think a noble thought:
But with brute hate of brightness bay a mind
Which drives the darkness out of them, like hounds.
Throw but a false glare round them, and in shoals
They rush upon perdition: that 's the race.
What charm is in this world-scene to such minds
Blinded by dust? What can they do in heaven,
A state of spiritual means and ends?
Thus must I doubt—perpetually doubt.
Bailey.

LIFE—Circumscribed.

Draw life as we may,
Round as a world or as an atom round,
And pure as virgin's visionary dream,
Or perfect faith's regenerative wave—

It fails to match the true invisible
Whereof we labour. It is come to this.
Bailey.

LIFE—Phases of.

CLARA. How look these beings?
FESTUS. Ah! Life looks gaily and gloomily in turns;
With a brow chequered like the sward, by leaves,
Between which the light glints; and she careless wears
A wreath of flowers—part faded and part fresh.
And death is beautiful, and sad, and still:
She seems too happy; happier far than life—
In but one feeling, apathy: and on
Her chill white brow frosts bright a braid of snow.
Bailey.

LIFE—Belongs Solely to God.

It is not thou
Who takest life: it is God, whose I shall be!
And his, with God, whom here my heart deifies.
I glory in His power as in His love. *Bailey.*

LIFE—Decline of.

He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full—as the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as a rainbow giving light in the bright clouds. *Sacred Scriptures.*

LIFE—Its True End.

If your life were but a fever-fit,—the madness of a night, whose follies were all to be forgotten in the dawn, it might matter little how you fretted away the sickly hours,—what toys you snatched at, or let fall,—what visions you followed wistfully with the deceived eyes of sleepless phrenzy. Is the earth only an hospital? Play, if you care to play, on the floor of the hospital dens. Knit its straw into what crowns please you; gather the dust of it for treasure, and die rich in that, clutching at the black motes in the air with your dying hands;—and yet, it may be well with you. But if this life be no dream, and the world be no hospital—if all the power and peace and joy you can ever win must be won now, and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never—will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? Was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down *upon* it, but only *under* it? The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest. No proud one! no jewelled circlet flaming through heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. "It should have been of gold, they thought, but Jupiter was poor." This was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny was there any *happiness* to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful, and free. The wreath was to be of *wild* olive, mark you:—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely full-filled fruit, mixed with gray leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem for you, but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live—type of gray honour and sweet rest. Free-heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain;—these, and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences innumerable of living things, —these may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine; serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come. *Ruskin.*

LIFE—Commensurate with Use.

There is a grand and beautiful law, in the light of which the whole matter becomes intelligible—namely, that the communication of life from God is always in the exact ratio of the use and destiny of the recipient object in the general economy of creation. The more princely the heritage of office, always more beautiful and complex is the form of the object; and commensurately with this, the more exalted is the presentation, and the more noble the operation of the life which fills it. This is the great fundamental principle to which are referable all diversity of structure and configuration in nature, all dissimilitude of substance and organization, and all variety in the force and amount of life. It may be illustrated by the operation, under its various opportunities, of water, which in composition and inherent capabilities, is everywhere precisely the same. In connection with machinery, which is like the complicated and elaborate structure of organized bodies, we see it either turning the huge mill-wheel by the river, or heated into steam, making a thousand wheels whirl in concert; and in either case promoting mightiest ends and uses. Away from machinery, and merely gliding as a stream towards the sea, it serves but to carry onwards the boat that may be launched upon it. Lying as a still lake among the unpeopled and silent mountains, its energy seems depressed into inertia, though at any moment that energy is capable of being played forth in all its astounding plenitude, give it but the adequate medium. So with the Divine life in the universe. In the words of a powerful writer, "The material world, with its objects sublimely great or meanly little, as we judge them; its atoms of dust, its orbs of fire; the rock that stands by the sea-shore, the water that wears it away; the worm, a birth of yesterday, which we trample under foot; the streets of constellations that gleam perennial overhead—the aspiring palm-tree fixed to one spot, and the lions that are sent out free; these incarnate and make visible all of God their natures will admit;" that is, all of His *life*. They are competent to receive and play forth, by virtue of their respective offices in the system of the world, and the forms they hold in harmony therewith. Carbon, in the shape of diamond, has a nobler destiny than carbon in the shape of charcoal; therefore, it receives that intenser communication of life which is so exquisitely phenomenonized in crystallization, and the concurrent translucency and brightness. The soul has a nobler destiny than the body; therefore has it the inspired life whereby it travels whither it will, piercing space to its utmost bound, centrifugal as light.

Leo H. Grindon.

LIFE—Its Conditions.

All conditions are full of complaints, from him that trudges on his clouted shoe, to him who can scarce mention the manners or the fortunes of the multitude without some expressions of contumely and disdain.

Richard Lucas.

LIFE—Contrasted Country.

Oh, happy, if you knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature's boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas? is wealth, not graced with power.
The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
The ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrowed day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See, there he comes, the exalted idol comes!
The circle's formed, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To soothe his tortured mind; all, all are fled.
For though they basked in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.
  Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
No wicked interest bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life; our social cups
Smile, as we smile; open and unreserved.
We speak our inmost souls; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smoothe every brow, and glow on every cheek.
  Oh, happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvied and secure?
  Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
The expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confined, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing; unskilled to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view, with piercing eyes, the grand machine,

Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
Who, veiled in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmoved, unchanged Himself; yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want
That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad the horizon round.

Somerville.

LIFE—Evanescent.

And what is life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to naught.

John Clare.

LIFE—The Evening of.

Amid life's varied streams and sources of transport and pain, often mingled and often alternating, we learn at last to prefer those milder and more certain or enduring pleasures which calmly soothe us, to the bustle, the labour, and the excitements that engage and animate our youth, and maturer strength. Agitation and emotion at length lose their charm; they disturb more than they amuse us. As age advances to its sober evening, we perceive and appreciate the value of conscious life without pain; of sedate tranquillity; of reposing, yet not inactive thought; of sensibility without perturbation; of patient hope; of resting movability; of sensations that please, but do not not agitate; of intellectual rumination; and of those solemn aspirations of sacred foresight, of prospective gratitude, and of humble reliance on the great mediatorial Benefactor, which close our mortal days with true dignity, and make even dissolution an inestimable blessing.

Sharon Turner.

LIFE—Experienced.

He only knows aright how to live in the world, that hath learnt to die to the world.

Gurnall.

LIFE AND FAME.

Oh, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other.
What 's somebody or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade
We no such nice distinction woven see,
As 'tis "to be" or "not to be."
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made
From the false glories of the gay reflected bow
Is a more solid thing than thou.
Vain weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities!
Yet canst nor wind nor wave sustain,
But broken and o'erwhelmed, the endless oceans meet again.

And with what rare intentions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive!
Wise subtle arts and such as well befit
That Nothing, man's no wit—
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
"Here lies the great"—false marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.
But oh, ye learned men! explain
What essence, what existence this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis.

Cowley.

LIFE—Its Utter Frailty.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life: a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: the farther it goeth the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death: now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate: oh, joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?

St. Augustine.

LIFE—the Gift of God.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT. But not a minute, king, that thou can'st give:
Shorten my days thou can'st with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou can'st help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
Shakespeare.

LIFE—Guarded by God.

Our passage through life is like that of the children of Israel through the Red Sea. Doubt and darkness are before us, unless God enlighten our path: the enemy presseth upon us behind, unless God check his pursuit: the waters stand in heaps on each hand of us; if they open a path to us, it is through the word of His power, which were He to recall, the water-flood stands ready to overflow us, the deep to swallow us up, the pit to shut her mouth upon us. Amidst perils, which thus encompass us round on every side, what continual need have we to look up to the Almighty for aid and support. *Townson.*

LIFE—and Happiness of God.

Thus man pursues his weary calling,
And wrings the hard life from the sky;
While happiness unseen is falling
Down from God's bosom silently.
Schiller.

LIFE—The Means to Attain a Happy.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find,
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.
Howard, Earl of Surrey.

LIFE—is Love.

Show me what thou truely lovest, show me what thou seekest and strivest for with thy whole heart, when thou hopest to attain to true enjoyment, and thou hast hereby shown me thy life. What thou lovest, is that thou livest. This very love is thy life, the root, the seat, the central point of thy being.
Fichte.

LIFE—A Journey.

The journey of life
There are none can presage;
From all we can learn
'Tis an uncertain stage.
Or short, or extended,
No mortal can say;
What up-hills, or down-hills,
There are in the way.
Yet, were all we travellers
Social inclined;
And true, honest-hearted,
And loving and kind;
Nor man to man scornful;
Nor man to man wrong;
How happily we might
All travel along!
But power will oppress thee;
And pride pass thee bye;
And folly will laugh
At a tear in thine eye;
And should dark misfortune
Thy prospects o'ercast,
E'en friendship will leave thee
Exposed to the blast;
And envy and malice
Augment thy distress;
And cunning and avarice
Thy little make less.
But, strengthened by virtue,
Still bravely contend;
And hope will uphold thee,
And God be thy Friend! *Anon.*

LIFE—The Lesson of.

Could beauty's early bloom return, and boyhood's voice of mirth,
Like floral hues, and songs of birds, when spring revives the earth,—
Though forms should fade, and hearts grow cold, and life's fair flowers decay,—
How sweet to know that wintry spell ere long might pass away!
David Leslie Richardson.

LIFE—of Man.

The life of man
Is summ'd in birth days and in sepulchres.
H. K. White.

LIFE—of the Old and the Young Mutually Misunderstood.

Though every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational despondence or self-pity in age.
Steele.

LIFE—a Parenthesis.

Life has been called a parenthesis between our birth and death. The history of the human race is but a parenthesis between two cataclysms of the globe which it inhabits; time itself only a parenthesis in eternity.
Southey.

LIFE—Passing Away.

Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth—
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exultingly, inly, "they are thine"
Gaze on while yet thy gladdened eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor clouds shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.
Byron.

LIFE—Path of.

O Lord—in sickness and in health,
To every lot resign'd,
Grant me, before all worldly wealth,
A meek and thankful mind.

As life, thy upland path we tread,
And often pause in pain,
To think of friends and parents dead,
Oh! let us not complain.

The Lord may give or take away,
But naught our faith can move,
While we to Heaven can look, and say,
"Our Father lives above."
W. L. Bowles.

LIFE—a Preparation for.

Oh, pray for life! thou feel'st that, with these faults of thine,
Thou art not ready yet with sons of God to shine.
Ruckert.

LIFE—Human, the Rapidity with which it Passes Away.

Our life is short and transitory. This is an incontestible proposition; though, to judge from the conduct of most people, one would not suppose it received truth. Let us judge by our own experience. Ought not each step we have taken, from our births to this moment, to have convinced us of the frailty of life? Let us consider only with what swiftness the days, the weeks, the months, and the years have passed, or rather flown away. They were over, even before we perceived it. Let us endeavour to recall them to mind, and to follow them in their rapid flight. Is it possible to give an account of the different eras? If there had not been in our lives certain very remarkable moments, which made impression on our minds, we should be still less able to recollect the histories of them. How many years of our infancy, which we can say nothing of, but that they have glided away? How many others have passed in the thoughtlessness of youth; during which, misled by our inclinations, and given up to pleasure, we had neither the wish nor the time to look into ourselves? To these years succeeded those of a riper age, more capable of reflection. We then thought it was time to change our way of life, and to act like reasonable men; but the business of the world took possession of us to such a degree, that we had no leisure to reflect on our past lives. Our families increased, and our cares and endeavours to provide for them increased in proportion. Insensibly the time draws nigh in which we arrive at old age; and perhaps, even then, we shall neither have leisure nor force of mind to recollect the past, to reflect upon the period to which we are come, upon what we have done, or neglected to do; in a word, to consider the purposes for which God placed us in this world. In the meantime, what can insure our ever attaining that advanced age? A thousand accidents break the tender thread of life before it comes to its full length. The child just born falls, and is reduced to dust. The young man who gives the highest hopes, is cut down in the age of bloom and beauty; a violent illness, an unfortunate accident lays him in the grave. Dangers and accidents multiply with years; negligence and excess lay the seeds of maladies, and dispose the bodies to catch those that are epidemical. The last age is still more dangerous. In a word, half of those who are born are carried out of the world, and perish in the short space of their first seventeen years. Behold the concise but faithful history of life! Oh, may we employ those days, so short, and so important, in learning how to number them, and to redeem the time which flies so swiftly away! Even whilst we make these reflections some moments are flown. What a precious treasure of days and hours should we not lay up, if, from the numberless moments we have to dispose of, we often devoted some of them to so useful a purpose. Let us think of it seriously; every instant is a portion of life impossible to recall, but the remembrance of which may be either the source of joy or sorrow. What heavenly enjoyment it is, to be able to look happily on the past, and to say to one's self with truth, "I have lived so many years, during which I have sown a rich seed of good works; I do not wish to begin them again, but I do not regret that they have passed." We should be able to hold this language, if we fulfilled the end for which life was given us—if we devoted the short space of time to the great interests of eternity. *Sturm.*

LIFE—Human.

This life is a season of probation, assigned to us for the purpose of making our choice between everlasting happiness or misery. This life, considered as it is in itself, is an object of contempt. We may say of it, with the sacred writer, that it is a shadow that passeth away—a vanity which has nothing real or solid—a flower which fadeth—grass which withereth and is cut down—a vapour which dissolves into air—a dream which leaves no trace after the sleep is gone—a thought which presents itself to the mind, but abideth not—an apparition—a nothing before God. But when we contemplate this life in its relation to the great end which God proposes to Himself in bestowing it upon us, let us form exalted ideas of it; let us carefully compute all its subdivisions; let us husband with scrupulous attention all the instants of it, even the most minute and imperceptible; let us regret the precious moments which we have irrecoverably lost. For this shadow which passeth, this vanity which hath nothing real or solid, this flower which fadeth, this grass which is cut down and withereth, this vapour which melteth into air, this forgotten dream, this transient thought, this apparition destitute of body and substance, this nothing, this span of life so vile and contemptible,—is time which we must redeem, a time of visitation which we must know, a time accepted; a day of salvation which we must improve, a period of forbearance and long-suffering which we must embrace, a time beyond which there shall be time no longer, because after life is finished, tears are unavailing, sighs impotent, prayers are disregarded, and repentance is ineffectual. *Saurin.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
Cowper.

Look, then, upon this world as one wide ocean, where many are shipwrecked and irrecoverably lost—more are tossed and fluctuating; but none can secure to themselves, for any inconsiderable time, a future undisturbed calm. The ship, however, is still under sail; and whether the weather be fair or foul, we are every minute making nearer approaches to, and must shortly reach the shore; and it may be the haven where we would be! Then will it signify little or nothing whether we have gone down to the chambers of death by an easy, gradual descent, or have been violently pushed off the precipice of life; whether we have been tossed by storms and tempests, or had a smooth and easy voyage to the shores of everlasting rest. Let us, then, look forward to that life which is to come. Let us consider all the splendid amusements of this world as so many gay follies, and all the more important transactions of it as so many sober follies, if they interfere with our preparations for the next. Let us repose an unreserved trust in that Being whose Almighty power will protect us, whose unerring wisdom will direct our goings, and whose infinite goodness will overpay our slight sufferings with an unfading crown of glory. *Seed.*

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

O ye wild groves! oh, where is now your
bloom?
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought:)
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?

Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark: the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
Oh, smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the Orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign. *Beattie.*

LIFE—Its Real Prizes.

Life has a prize for every one who will open his heart to receive it, though it may be a very different one from the spirit of his early dreams. "There is no greater mistake," says a thoughtful writer, "in contemplating the issues of life, than to suppose that baffled endeavours and disappointed hopes bear no fruits, because they do not bear those particular fruits which were sought and sighed for."

"The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enrich'd
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made
In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes,
And things that seem to perish."
Henry Taylor.

The disproportion in man's inheritances is far less than we are prone to think. If one hand of the Universal Giver be closed, the other is expanded; no one is left without his meed of compensation; only in our weakness and unthankfulness we look more at the darker side of our lot, and at what appears to us the brighter side of our neighbour's. Epictetus explains the mystery in part:—"It is not fortune that is blind, but ourselves." Whatever be our lot, if man will but just concede that that must be best for him which the Best of Beings has ordained, life thenceforward has a solace which no fortune can wrest away. *Leo H. Grindon.*

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,

Which does that early season move,
  As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
  But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
  And youth each vapour clears.

But oh! too soon, alas! we climb,
  Scarce feeling we ascend,
The gently-rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime
  And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
  Fond expectation past:
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
  Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care 's a driving harm,
  That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear 's a winter storm,
  And every look 's a frown.

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.

LIFE—A Prosperous One.

As half in shade and half in sun
  This world along its path advances,
May that sweet side the sun's upon
  Be all that ever meets thy glances.

Howell.

LIFE—The Quiet.

Happy the man whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
  In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
  In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years glide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
  Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
  Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
  With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
  Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
  Tell where I lie.

Pope.

LIFE—Race for.

For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is muster'd in this hour of need;
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking:
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguin'd strains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bath'd—he reels—his race is o'er;
He falls—and with convulsing throe,
Resigns his throat to th' ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling o'erhead,
Swoop down, to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

Pringle.

LIFE—Acts of, Recorded.

There is an invisible pen always writing over our heads, and making an exact register of all the transactions of our life. Not our public conduct only, and what we reckon the momentous parts of our life, but the indulgence of our private pleasures, the amusement of our secret thoughts, and idle hours, shall be brought into account. *Blair.*

LIFE—not Greater than its Reflex.

As the flower on the mountain-side, and the crystal in the vein of the rock, may be more lovely and more perfect to us than the mountain itself, so individual souls may be, as it were, the flowers and highest perfection of the great existence of which they are a part; while these souls again have their flower and highest perfection in the ideal life which they project beyond the confines of the real. The highest life known to us exists not in the ages of our past; not in the distant stars, which look so blue and beautiful, while probably they are full of wildly conflicting forces, but in our own imaginings and longing dreams, which can harmonize all antagonisms, and shadow forth a perfect world. It is even this draping, glorifying power of imaginative thought which renders possible our conscious recognition of things existent. Omnipotent phantasy, that divinest goddess, is the true "*matar gloriosa*" and queen of heaven, the mistress of souls, and benefactress of mankind, ever gathering our knowledge and ignorance into shapes of beauty, weaving the rainbow across our path, and veiling the dark deep with lucid azure. From the cradle to the grave, what were the children of men but for her?—before the child's gaze, where the speculation is but small, she forms this our world as before the clear, earnest eyes of the bravest man; and when the strong thought is about to slumber for ever in the wearied brain, the heart of feeling beats faintly, and the dim eye is closing, she is *there*, painting the blessed fields, on the awful darkness, with the very mists of death. In her gifts is an ordered world. How often, in her highest exercise, has she formed it anew for the races of men! now giving a centre—some misty Olympus—among the peaks of which are gods; now, some unfathomable source of creative power, itself unmoved; now, some omnipotent ruler, "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." Slight her not, poor thinker! and worship at her nod; for without her there is only the blackness of darkness for ever—the melancholy waste of waters on which no Columbus has found a new land. Painful and dangerous is her service, "*spes et premia in ambigno—certa, funera et luctus;*" but even to him who is destroyed by it there is compensation; for in the very perception of genius—in its love penetrating to all stars, its sight, which vindicates existence, and hails the golden age,—there is a pure joy, an exceeding sense of glory, which can raise and transfigure it above the sufferings of earth. *A. Wilson.*

LIFE—A Righteous.

A life of the most absolute devotedness to God is the only righteous way of living; no man lives a righteous life that doth not live a devoted life. *Howe.*

LIFE—Likened to the Seasons.

Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life;—pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanish'd. Virtue sole survives."
Thompson.

LIFE—The Praise of a Solitary.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh, how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
Oh, how more sweet in zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights. *William Drummond.*

LIFE—Solitary.

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils,
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience!
Earl of Ancrum.

LIFE—Joys and Sorrows of.

Life that has sorrow much and sorrow's cure,
Where they who most enjoy shall much endure. *G. Crabbe.*

LIFE—A Sorrowful one.

Life's road from youth had lain through grief and gloom,
And every milestone was a loved one's tomb.
Household Words.

LIFE—The Source of.

Life is no part of God's *works*, no created and therefore *finite substance;* neither is it in any case detached from Him, or independent of Him. As the rivers move along their courses only as they are renewed from perennial springs, welling up where no eye can reach, so is it with life. Genuine philosophy knows of no life in the universe but what is momentarily sustained by connection with its source,—with Him who "alone hath life in Himself." The popular notion which sees an image of it in the reservoir of water, filled in the first place from the spring, but afterwards cut off, and holding an independent existence, is countenanced neither by science nor resolution. How can independent vitality pertain even to the most insignificant of created forms, when it is said so expressly that "in Him all things live and move and have their being"? Even man has no life of his *own*, though of nothing are people more fully persuaded than that they live by virtue of an inborn vital energy, to maintain which, it needs only that they shall feed and sleep. Not that men deny the general proposition that life is from God, and in the hands of God. Every one is willing to allow that he received his life originally from the Almighty, and that the Almighty takes it away from him when He pleases. Few, however, are willing to regard themselves as existing only by virtue of His constant influx, which, nevertheless, is the only way in which it can be true that "in Him we live and move and have our being." It is wounding to self-love, and to the pride of human nature, to think of ourselves as so wholly and minutely dependent as we are, moment by moment, day and night, the senses all the while insinuating the reverse. Moreover, in the minds of most men there is a strong aversion to recognize physical effects as resulting from spiritual causes. Towards everything, indeed, which involves a spiritual element—which lifts us above the region of the senses—there is a deep-seated dislike, such as mere argument is perhaps incapable of overcoming, and which can only give way, it would seem, under the influence of higher moral feelings. Truly to understand anything of God's government and providence, we must first of all be faithful to His revealed law. We can form no right estimate, either of nature or of life, till we strive, with His Divine blessing, to become in ourselves more truly human. *Leo H. Grindon.*

LIFE—Stages of.

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war or slumber'd strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till Death's cold hand signs his release? . . .

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers, as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd. . . .

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset—as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade. *King.*

LIFE—Steals away Unheeded.

Still on its march, unnotic'd and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And, as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise. *H. K. White.*

LIFE—None Live to Themselves.

There is not a sentence in Scripture which strikes a narrow soul with greater astonishment—and one might as easily engage to clear up the darkest problem in geometry to an ignorant mind, as make a sordid one comprehend the truth and the reasonableness of this proposition. No man liveth to himself! Why does any man live to anything else? In the whole compass of human life can a prudent man steer to a safer point? Not live to himself! To whom, then? Can any interests or concerns which are foreign to a man's self have such a claim over him that he must serve under them—suspend his own pursuits—step out of his right course, till others have passed by him and attained the several ends and purposes of living before him! *Sturm.*

LIFE—A True.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
Young.

LIFE—When Undesirable.

Methinks, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim;
When evening's shadows veil the sky,
And pleasures siren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dreams of seraphim,
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold;
To feel those longings to depart
That cheer'd the good of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast
The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
By white-wing'd seraphs led:
Where glories earth may never know
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless lustre shed;
It were not lonely thus to soar,
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And, though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfetter'd soul
There rests no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue, unpillar'd skies,
Up, to its final home!
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run.
Willis G. Clark.

LIFE—Right Use of.

He sins against this life, who slights the next.
Young.

LIFE—True Regulation of.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long.
Lady Rachel Russell.

LIFE—Its Value.

Those who know the value of human life know the importance of a year, a day, and even an hour; and these when spent amid the full enjoyment of the vital functions, of how much importance to our whole existence! It is therefore an eternal and irreparable loss, when time is not enjoyed as it ought.
Struve.

LIFE—Compared to a Voyage.

We read that, in certain climates of the world, the gales that spring from the land carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And, to take up once more the comparsion of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find, by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with peace, and hope, and joy: which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odours to the seaman, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls; and give them to understand with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven. *Townson.*

And of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach: and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy: . . .
Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours, from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd; with such delay
Well pleased, they slack their course; and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets.
Milton.

Another passage, scarcely less poetical, and, in moral beauty far superior, affords a still more striking coincidence:—

The merchant who towards spicy regions sails,
Smells their perfume far off, in adverse gales;
With blasts which thus against the faithful blow,
Fresh odorous breathings of God's goodness flow.
Bishop Ken.

LIFE—A Voyage.

Earth is an island posted round with fears;
Thy way to heaven is through the sea of tears;
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drown'd. *Quarles.*

LIFE—Our Walk to Heaven.

I see, when I have but a short journey to travel, I am quickly at home, soon out of the pain of my travel, soon into the possession of my rest. If my life be but my walk, and heaven my home, why should I desire a long journey? Indeed, knowing my home so pleasant, I would not be weary with a long walk, but yet the shorter my journey the sooner my rest. *Warwick.*

LIFE—A Woven Web.

Our life is nothing but as it were a web woven with interminglings of wants and favours, crosses and blessings, standings and fallings, combat and victory: therefore there should be a perpetual intercourse of praying and praising in our hearts. *Sibbes.*

LIFE—Comfort of a Well-spent.

Every man would willingly live and die comfortably. No way so to do but to lay up a foundation of comfort in a holy conversation. A wicked man would gladly forget himself, and run away from himself. He cannot look backward or inward upon himself without guilt and horror. . . . No such good company as a good conscience. . . . A leper cares not much for a looking-glass, because he shall see by it nothing but his own deformity. . . . He that hath led a holy life is like a man who hath travelled over a beautiful valley, and being on the top of the hill, turneth about with delight to take a view of it again. Our good works are not either the merits or cause of our confidence or comfort, but only the free grace of God and perfect righteousness of Christ bestowed upon us: yet from a good conscience and a holy conversation, as from fruits and effects of divine love and grace, we may draw arguments of comfort: for "In the fear of the Lord there is strong confidence." *Reynolds.*

LIFE—a Short Day but Full of Work.

Life is but a short day; but it is a working-day. Activity may lead to evil; but inactivity cannot be led to good. *Hannah More.*

LIFE—A Worldly.

The whole course of a man's life out of Christ is nothing but a continual trading in vanity, running a circle of toil and labour, and reaping no profit at all. *Leighton.*

LIFE—Love for, Increased by Years.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increased with years
So much that, in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
Mrs. Thrale.

LIFE—Youthful.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwinds sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey. *Thomas Gray.*

LIGHT—Its Adumbration.

Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

LIGHT.

Every one may be convinced, by his own observation, of the great effect of the presence or absence of light on the growth of plants. As animal life exhibits less striking changes, the influence of light upon it is in general wholly lost sight of. The following experiment can leave no doubt as to its reality and power:—

Frogs, in passing from the egg to maturity, go through an intermediate state, in which they are called tadpoles. They then not only have no limbs, and possess a tail, but, like fishes, live in water, and breathe by means of gills instead of lungs. Dr. Edwards took a considerable number of frogs in this state, and dividing them into two portions, placed them under water in perfectly similar circumstances, except that the one portion was exposed to light and the other excluded from it. This difference had the very remarkable effect of retarding the transformation of the latter to the state of perfect frogs. Whilst the tadpoles in the light had undergone this change, several of those in the dark retained their original form, but had greatly increased in size. The effect of the absence of light appears likewise to be shown in the colour and structure of the proteus, and some other animals, which inhabit situations into which light never enters.

We cannot suppose that man is altogether insensible to the influence of an agent which is capable of producing so marked an effect on inferior animals; and we can scarcely refrain from in part attributing to this cause, not only the peculiar appearance, and the prevalence of a particular kind of rickets, accompanied by idiocy, amongst the inhabitants of some deep and shaded valleys, but also the sallow and sickly complexions of the inhabitants of confined cities, when compared with the ruddy glow on the cheeks of the peasant.

The narrowness of the streets, in conjunction with the height of the houses, offers a great and almost irremediable obstacle to the free access of light; and as we can only hope to see it partially removed, it becomes the more important to turn the admitted rays of the sun to the greatest advantage. This is far from being done. The dark, and almost black, external walls absorb nearly all the light which falls upon them; hence little or no benefit is gained from reflection.

An easy remedy is to be found in whitening the walls. The means of doing this are within the reach of all, since the object might be effected by the cheapest lime-wash, as well as by the most costly stucco. In narrow and confined streets the process should be performed regularly and annually. The fall of the year would be the best season, as the fresh white would then afford some compensation for the shortness and dullness of the days. In doing so we have Nature herself for our guide, for we see her in winter overspread everything with a covering of the purest white. Before the return of long and bright days could render the general prevalence of white injurious or unpleasant to the eyes, the smoke of innumerable chimneys would have sufficiently changed the colour to do away with all danger of this kind. The influence of the measure would not be confined to day-time and twilight. In increasing the effect of the street lamps, its advantages would be still more conspicuous. *Hodgkin.*

LIGHT—in Darkness.

It was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it is upon it that the bow is set! The cloud is a thing of darkness, yet God chooses it for the place where He bends the arch of light! Such is the way of our God. He knows that we need the cloud, and that a bright sky without a speck or shadow would not suit us in our passage to the kingdom. Therefore He draws the cloud above us, not once in a lifetime, but many times. But lest the gloom should appal us, He braids the cloud with sunshine—nay, makes it the object which gleams to our eye with the very fairest hues of heaven. Yes, it is not merely light, after the darkness has fled away. That we shall one day know—how fully! But it is light in darkness; light beaming out of a ray produced by that darkness! Water from the rock, wells from the sand, light from the very cloud that darkens—life in the very midst of death! This is the marvel—this is the joy. Peace in trouble, gladness in sorrow; nay, peace and gladness produced by the very tribulation itself; peace and gladness which nothing but that tribulation could have produced! Such is the deep love of God; and such is the way in which He makes all things work together for good to us. *Horatius Bonar.*

LIGHT—Divine.

The best way to see Divine light, is to put out thine own candle! *Quarles.*

LIGHT AND COLOUR—Inseparable.

All colours depend on light. Light, therefore, ought previously to be examined; and with it its opposite, darkness. With regard to light, to make it a cause capable of producing the sublime, it must be attended with some circumstances, besides its bare faculty of showing other objects. Mere light is too common a thing to make a strong impression on the mind, and without a strong impression nothing can be sublime. But such a light as that of the sun, immediately exerted on the eye, as it overpowers the sense, is a very great idea. Light of an inferior strength to this, if it moves with great celerity, has the same power; for lightning is certainly productive of grandeur, which it owes chiefly to the extreme velocity of its motion. A quick transition from light to darkness, or from darkness to light, has yet a greater effect. But darkness is more productive of sublime ideas than light. Our great poet was convinced of this; and indeed so full was he of this idea, so entirely possessed with the power of a well-managed darkness, that, in describing the appearance of the Deity, amidst that profusion of magnificent images which the grandeur of his subject provokes him to pour out upon every side, he is far from forgetting the obscurity which surrounds the most incomprehensible of all beings, but

> "—— With the majesty of darkness round
> Circles his throne."

And what is no less remarkable, our author had the secret of preserving this idea, even when he seemed to depart the farthest from it, when he describes the light and glory which flows from the Divine presence—a light which by its very excess is converted into a species of darkness.

> "Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear."

Here is an idea not only poetical in a high degree, but strictly and philosophically just. Extreme light, by overcoming the organs of sight, obliterates all objects, so as in its effect exactly to resemble darkness. After looking for some time at the sun, two black spots, the impression which it leaves, seem to dance before our eyes. Thus are two ideas, as opposite as can be imagined, reconciled in the extremes of both; and both, in spite of their opposite nature, brought to concur in producing the sublime. And this is not the only instance wherein the opposite extremes operate equally in favour of the sublime, which in all things abhors mediocrity. *Burke.*

LIGHT—in Building.

As the management of light is a matter of importance in architecture, it is worth inquiring, how far this remark is applicable to building. I think, then, that all edifices calculated to produce an idea of the sublime, ought rather to be dark and gloomy, and this for two reasons. The first is, that darkness itself on other occasions is known by experience to have a greater effect on the passions than light. The second is, that to make an object very striking, we should make it as different as possible from the objects with which we have been immediately conversant. When therefore you enter a building, you cannot pass into a greater light than you had in the open air; to go into one some few degrees less luminous, can make only a trifling change; but to make the transition thoroughly striking, you ought to pass from the greatest light to as much darkness as is consistent with the uses of architecture. At night the contrary rule will hold, but for the very same reason; and the more highly a room is then illuminated, the grander will the passion be. *Burke.*

LIGHT—Study the.

Study the light; attempt the high; seek out
The soul's bright path; and since the soul is
fire
Of heat intelligential, turn it aye
To the all-Fatherly source of light and life:
Piety purifies the soul to see
Perpetual apparitions of all grace
And power, which to the sight of those who
dwell
In ignorant sin are never known. *Bailey.*

LIGHT—Eternal.

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure that soul must be,—
When placed within Thy searching sight
It shrinks not; but with calm delight
Can live and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear Thee burning bliss!
But *that* is surely theirs alone,
For they have never, never known
A fallen world like this!

Oh! how can I—whose native sphere
Is dark—whose mind is dim,—
Before th' Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode!—
An offering—and a sacrifice—
A Holy Spirit's energies—
An Advocate with God.

These—these prepare man for the sight
Of Majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in th' "Eternal Light"
Of th' Eternal Love! *Rev. T. Binney.*

LIGHT—Intellectual.

Marvels have long been in vogue amongst
sages,
Yet, though in many things harsh, if not
rancorous,

All the philosophers, scribes of all ages,
Combine, "*una voce*," in one point to anchor us—
Children of light!—leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their nature and fools to their foolishness,
Granite was hard in the quarries of yore!

Hoary old Merlin, that sage necromancer,
Gave me, a student, a similar answer,
When I besought him for light and for lore:—
Student of light! leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their nature and fools to their foolishness,
Berries were bitter in forests of yore!

Treading the snow-crested heights of Armenia,
Treading the valleys of broad Abyssinia,
The oracle answered me just as before:—
Wouldst thou have peace? Leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their nature and fools to their foolishness,
Beetles were blind in the ages of yore!

Gœthe.

LIGHT—Origin of.

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy wingèd arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine;
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word Divine.

* * * *

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

* * * *

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head:
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

* * * *

When, goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st,
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

* * * *

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,
In th' empyrean heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow. *Abraham Cowley.*

LIGHT—Its Gentle Strength.

So have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the powers of darkness, and without violence and noise, climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightliness of the morning. *Bishop Taylor.*

LIGHT—Absence of, in the Soul.

He that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon. *Milton.*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

I am wandering down life's shady path,
Slowly, slowly, wandering down.
I am wandering down life's rugged path,
Slowly, slowly, wandering down.

Morn, with its store of buds and dew,
Lies far behind me now;
Morn, with its wealth of song and light,
Lies far behind me now.

The pleasant heights of breezy life,
The pleasant heights are passed;
The sunny slopes of buoyant life,
The sunny slopes are past.

I shall rest in yon low valley soon,
There to sleep my toil away;
I shall rest in yon sweet valley soon,
There to sleep my tears away.

Laid side by side with those I love,
How calm that rest shall be!
Laid side by side with those I love,
How soft that sleep shall be!

I shall rise and put on glory,
When the great morn shall dawn;
I shall rise and put on beauty,
When the glad morn shall dawn.

I shall mount to yon fair city,
The dwelling of the blest;
I shall enter yon bright city,
The palace of the blest.

I shall meet the many parted ones,
In that our home of joy:
Lost love for ever found again,
In that dear home of joy.

We have shared our earthly sorrows,
Each with the other here;
We shall share our earthly gladness,
Each with the other there.

We have mingled tears together,
We shall mingle smiles and song;
We have mingled sighs together,
We shall mingle smiles and song.

H. Bonar.

LIGHTNING—The Force of.

A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at the distance of twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud, highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind; and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible in its effects as the direct shot, which is frequently of inconceivable intensity. Instances have occurred in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of a stone wall, have been conveyed to a considerable distance by a stroke of lightning. Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally vitreous tubes, descending many feet into banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid. Some years ago, Dr. Fielder exhibited several of these fulgorites in London, of considerable length, which had been dug out of the sandy plains of Silesia and Eastern Prussia. One found at Paderborn was forty feet long. Their ramifications generally terminate in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid. No doubt the soil and substrata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience, that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A school-house in Lammermuir, in East Lothian, has been struck three different times. *Mrs. Somerville.*

LITERARY—Sociality of the Time of James I.

Gifford has thus described the club at the Mermaid:—"About this time (1603) Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of beaux esprits at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday Street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here for many years he regularly repaired with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names even at this distant period call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." Jonson has been accused of excess in wine; and certainly temperance was not the virtue of his age. Drummond, who puts down his conversations in a spirit of detraction, says, "Drink was the element in which he lived." Aubery tells us, "he would many times exceed in drink;

Canary was his beloved liquor." And so he tells us himself, in his graceful poem, "Inviting a friend to supper"—

> "But that which most doth take my muse and me
> Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine."

But the rich Canary was to be used, and not abused:—

> "Of this we will sup free, but moderately;
> Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
> But at our parting we will be as when
> We innocently met. No simple word,
> That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board
> Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
> The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night."

This is not the principle of intemperance, at any rate; nor were the associates of Jonson at the Mermaid such as were sensual gratification would have allied in that band of friendship. They were not such companions as the unhappy Robert Greene, whose genius was eaten up by his profligacy, describes himself to have lived amongst:—"His company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfery, perjury, forgery, or any villany. Of these he knew the cast to cog at cards, cozen at dice; by these he learned the legerdemains of nips, foysts, conycatchers, crossbyters, lifts, high lawyers, and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers; and pithily could he point out their whole courses of craft: so cunning was he in all crafts, as nothing rested in him almost but craftiness." This is an unhappy picture; and in that age, when the rewards of unprofessional scholars were few and uncertain, it is scarcely to be wondered that their morals sometimes yielded to their necessities. Jonson and Shakespeare passed through the slough of the theatre without a stain. Their club meetings were not the feasts of the senses alone.

LITERATURE—Debased.

The shelves are full, all other themes are sped;
Hackney'd and worn to the last flimsy thread,
Satire has long since done his best; and cursed
And loathsome ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her powers away,
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play;
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.
'Twere new, indeed, to see a bard all fire,
Touch'd with a coal from heaven, assume the lyre,
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that His name is Love.

Cowper.

LITERATURE—of England.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets, that have continued down from "the Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimsom tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality. *W. Irving.*

LITERATURE—a Mere Step to Knowledge.

Literature is a mere step to knowledge; and the error often lies in our identifying one with the other. Literature may, perhaps, make us vain: true knowledge must render us humble.

Mrs. Sandford.

LITERATURE—a Great Social Link.

In the cultivation of literature is found that common link which, among the higher and middling departments of life, unites the jarring sects and subdivisions in one interest; which supplies common topics and kindles common feelings, unmixed with those narrow prejudices with which all professions are more or less infected. The knowledge, too, which is thus acquired, expands and enlarges the mind, excites its faculties, and calls those limbs and muscles into freer exercise, which, by too constant use in one direction, not only acquire an illiberal air, but are apt also to lose somewhat of their native play and energy. And thus, without directly qualifying a man for any of the employments of life, it enriches and ennobles all: without teaching him the peculiar benefits of any one office or calling, it enables him to act his part in each of them with better grace and more elevated carriage; and, if happily planned and conducted, is a main ingredient in that complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war.

Bishop Copleston.

LITERATURE—Popular.

Immoral publications have the same tendency with bad examples, both in propagating vice and promoting infidelity; but they are still more pernicious, because the sphere of their influence is more extensive.

A bad example, though it operates fatally, operates comparatively within a small circumference. It extends only to those who are near enough to observe it, and fall within the reach of the poisonous infection that spreads around it; but the contagion of a licentious publication, especially if it be (as it too frequently is) in a popular and captivating shape, knows no bounds; it flies to the remotest corners of the earth; it penetrates the obscure and retired habitations of simplicity and innocence; it makes its way into the cottage of the peasant, into the hut of the shepherd, and the shop of the mechanic; it falls into the hands of all ages, ranks, and conditions; but it is peculiarly fatal to the unsuspecting and unguarded of the youth of both sexes; and to them its "breath is poison, and its touch is death."

What, then, have they to answer for, who are every day obtruding these publications on the world, in a thousand different shapes and forms—in history, in biography, in poems, in novels, in dramatic pieces; in all of which the prevailing feature is universal philanthropy and indiscriminate benevolence; under the protection of which the hero of the piece has the privilege of committing whatever irregularities he thinks fit; and, while he is violating the most sacred obligations, insinuating the most licentious sentiments, and ridiculing everything that looks like religion, he is nevertheless held up as a model of virtue; and though he may perhaps be charged with a few little venial foibles, and pardonable infirmities (as they are called), yet we are assured that he has, notwithstanding, the very best heart in the world. Thus it is that the principles of our youth are insensibly and almost unavoidably corrupted; and instead of being inspired, as they ought to be, with a just detestation of vice, they are furnished with apoligies for it, which they never forget, and are even taught to consider it as a necessary part of an accomplished character.

Bishop Porteus.

LITERATURE—Its Power.

Yes, there was a time
When tomes of ancient song held eye and heart—
Were the sole lore I recked of: the great bards
Of Greece, of Rome, and mine own master land,
And they who in the holy book are deathless;
Men who have vulgarized sublimity,
And bought up truth for the nations; parted it,
As soldiers lotted once the garb of God;
Men who have forged gods—uttered—made them pass:
In whose words, to be read with many a heaving
Of the heart, is a power, like wind in rain—
Sons of the sons of God, who, in olden days,
Did leave their passionless heaven for earth and woman,
Brought an immortal to a mortal breast,
And like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,
And melting in the covenant of love,
Left here a bright precipitate of soul,
Which lives for ever through the lines of men,
Flashing by fits, like fire from an enemy's front;
Whose thoughts, like bars of sunshine in shut rooms,
Mid gloom, all glory, win the world to light;
Who make their very follies like their souls;
And like the young moon with a ragged edge,
Still, in their imperfection, beautiful;
Whose weaknesses are lovely as their strengths,
Like the white nebulous matter between stars,
Which, if not light, at least is likest light;
Men whom we build our love round like an arch
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way
To glory and to immortality;
Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion,
Through every limb and the whole heart; whose words
Haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain air;
Thoughts which command all coming times and minds,
As from a tower a warden; fix themselves
Deep in the heart as meteor stones in earth,
Dropped from some higher sphere; the words of gods,
And fragments of the undeemed tongues of heaven;

Men who walk up to fame as to a friend,
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir
They have wrested, from the world's hard hand and gripe;
Men who, like Death, all bone but all unarmed,
Have ta'en the giant world by the throat, and thrown him;
And made him swear to maintain their name and fame
At peril of his life; who shed great thoughts
As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves
In a kindly largesse to the soil it grew on;
Whose rich dark ivy thoughts, sunned o'er with love,
Flourish around the deathless stems of their names;
Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,
Like sound upon the falling of a force;
Whose words, if wingèd, are with angels' wings;
Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them;
Whose hearts have a look southwards, and are open
To the whole noon of nature. These I have waked,
And wept o'er night by night; oft pondering thus:
Homer is gone; and where is Jove? and where
The rival cities seven? His song outlives
Time, tower, and god—all that then was, save heaven. *Bailey.*

LITERATURE—Study of.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying nor in retirement. *Cicero.*

LIVING—to no End.

I see too many men willing to live to no purpose, caring only to be rid of time, on what terms soever, making it the only scope of their life to live: a disposition that may well befit brute creatures, which are not capable of any other aim, save merely their own preservation; but, for men that enjoy the privilege of reason, for Christians that pretend a title to religion, too base and unworthy. Where God hath bestowed these higher faculties he looks for other improvements; for what a poor thing is it only to live! a thing common to us with the most despised vermin that breeds on our own corruption; but to live for some more excellent ends is that which reason suggests, and religion perfects. *Bishop Hall.*

LONDON—after the Fire.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved, and all divine with gold,

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fire does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.

Now, like a maiden queen she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train,
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again. *Dryden.*

LONG-AGO.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing 's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Where the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh, we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoilers hand is slow,

While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.
Lord Houghton.

LORD OF MERCY—God, the.

Thou, God, art Lord of mercy; and Thy thoughts
Are high above the star-dust of the world!
The spheres themselves are but as shining noughts,
On these imperial robes, Thy skies, impearled.
From rank to rank in Thearchy divine,
We angel raylets gladden in Thy sight;
Whose thousand thrones are holy in the heavens,
And hidden in Thy universal light. *Bailey.*

LORDS—Their Pride.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lord of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs,—a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion, fresh from Nature's hand.
Goldsmith.

LOSSES—on Life's Road.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known:
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourn'd their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turn'd an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talk'd of vanish'd gold,
Some of proud honours told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales where done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."
Frances Browne.

LOST—When Lost, Valued.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. *Shakespeare.*

LOST—The, are Slaves for Ever.

The lost are slaves for ever; here
Never but on their Master's merciless
Business, nor elsewhere. Still sometimes with these
Dark spirits have I held communion,
And in their soul's deep shadow, as within
A mountain cavern of the moon, conversed
With them, and wormed from them the gnawing truth
Of their extreme perdition; marking oft
Nature revealed by torture, as a leaf
Unfolds itself in fire and writhes the while,
Burning, yet unconsumed. *Bailey.*

LOVE.

Seemeth not love at times so occupied
For thee, as though it cared for none beside?

To great and small thing love alike can reach,
And cares for each as all, and all as each.

Love of my bonds partook, that I might be
In turn partaker of its liberty.

Love found me in the wilderness, at cost
Of painful guests, when I myself had lost.

Love, on its shoulders joyfully did lay
Me, weary with the greatness of my way.

Love lit the lamp and swept the house all round,
Till the lost money in the end was found.

Love, the king's image there would stamp again,
Effaced in part and soil'd with rust and stain.

'Twas love, whose quick and ever watchful eye
The wanderer's first step homeward did espy.

From its own wardrobe love gave word to bring
What things I needed—shoes, and robe, and ring.

Love threatens, that it may not strike, and still
Unheeded, strikes, that so it may not kill.

Love set me up on high; when I grew vain
Of that my height, love brought me down again.

Love often draws good for us from our ill,
Skilful to bless us e'en against our will.

The bond-servant of love alone is free;
All other freedom is but slavery.

How far above all prize love's costly wine,
What can the meanest chalice make divine!

Fear this effects, that I do not the ill,
Love more—that I thereunto have no will.

Seeds burst not their dark cells without a throe;
All birth is effort; shall not love's be so?

Love weeps—but from its eyes these two things win
The largest tears—its own, its brother's sin.

The sweetness of the trodden camomile
Is love's, which injured, yields more sweets the while.

The heart of love is with a thousand woes
Pierced, which secure indifference never knows.

The rose aye wears the silent thorn at heart,
And never yet might pain for love depart.

Once o'er this painful earth a man did move,
The man of griefs, because the man of love.

Hope, Faith and Love, at God's high altar shine,
Lamp triple-branched, and fed with oil divine.

Two of these triple-lights shall once grow pale,
They burn without, but love within the veil.

Nothing is true but love, nor aught of worth;
Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth.

Oh, merchant at heaven's mart for heavenly ware!
Love is the only coin that passes there.

The wine of love can be obtained by none,
Save Him who trod the wine-press all alone!
Trench.

She loved him—oh, such love as her's but dwells
'Mid rugged rocks and solitary dells!
'Tis seldom found where splendour rules the thought;
By bitterness alone such gem is bought:
Dear child of nature, strongest when the day
Of man's frail happiness has passed away.
Oh, ne'er in scorn such gentle feeling mock,
The wild flower loves the shadow of the rock;
And better it may suit the sad of mood,
To whom the world is but a solitude,
Whose lonely hearts on hearts as lone have fix'd,
Affections blended, hopes, fears, wishes mix'd;
Still to be near their loved, though desolate,
Soothe, cherish, shield, though all beside may hate.
S. R. Jackson.

Love's voice doth sing
As sweetly in a beggar as a king.
Decker.

I love thee more than the sunburnt earth loves softening showers—more than new ransomed captives love the day, or dying martyrs, breathing forth their souls, the acclamations of whole hosts of angels. *Cumberland.*

I love you more than the ewe loves her lamb, the doe her fawn, or the dove her mate. *L. Macnally.*

Loved her more than doves their mates, than ewes their lambs, than tender kids their fawning dams. *Motteux.*

More loved by me than by the eye the light. *T. Cooke.*

Loved as living breath. *Spenser.*

LOVE—Adored.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear,

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love again.
Beddow.

LOVE—Air of.

Hail! air of love, by which we live;
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit though unseen—
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.

Bailey.

LOVE—All in All.

What in Thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day;
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode;
My robe before the throne of God.

Moravian.

LOVE—the Attribute of the Brave.

None but the brave and beautiful can love.

Bailey.

LOVE—the Attribute of the Young.

But while the blood is bright, breath sweet, skin smooth,
And limbs all made to minister delight—
Ere yet we have shed our locks like trees their leaves,
And we stand staring bare into the air—
He is a fool who is not for love and beauty.
I speak unto the young, for I am of them,
And always shall be.

Bailey.

LOVE—Autumnal.

Though young no more we still could dream
Of beauty's dear deluding wiles,
The leagues of life to greybeards seem
Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles.

Who knows a woman's wild caprice?
It play'd with Goethe's silver'd hair,
And many a Holy Father's "niece"
Has softly smoothed the papal chair.

When sixty bids us sigh in vain
To melt the heart of sweet sixteen,
We think upon those ladies twain
Who loved so well the tough old Dean.

We see the Patriarch's wintry face,
The maid of Egypt's dusky glow,
And dream that youth and age embrace,
As April violets fill the snow.

Tranced in her Lord's Olympian smile
His lotus-loving Memphian lies,—
The musky daughter of the Nile
With plaited hair and almond eyes.

Might we but share one wild caress
Ere life's autumnal blossoms fall,
And earth's brown clinging lips impress
The long cold kiss that waits us all!

My bosom heaves, remembering yet
The morning of that blissful day
When Rose, the flower of spring, I met,
And gave my raptured soul away.

Flung from her eyes of purest blue,
A lasso, with its leaping chain,
Light as a loop of larkspurs, flew
O'er sense and spirit, heart and brain.

Thou com'st to cheer my waning age,
Sweet vision, waited for so long!
Dove that would seek the poet's cage
Lured by the magic breath of song!

She blushes! Ah, reluctant maid,
Love's *drapeau rouge* the truth has told!
O'er girlhood's yielding barricade,
Floats the great Leveller's crimson fold!

Come to my arms!—love heeds not years;
No frost the bud of passion knows,—
Ha! what is this my frenzy hears!
A voice behind me utter'd,—Rose!

Sweet was her smile,—but not for me!
Alas, when woman looks too kind,
Just turn your foolish head and see,—
Some youth is walking close behind!

Oliver W. Holmes.

LOVE—Not to be Bought.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought.
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are life's oblivion, the souls sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

Oh, weary hearts! oh, slumbering eyes!
Oh, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own.

Responds—as if, with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touch'd its strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stay'd so long?"
Longfellow.

LOVE—the Child of Bliss and Woe.

Well; love is the child of bliss and woe;
So, from his parents dear,
One eye is blinded with a smile,
One drownèd in a tear.
And on one lip there drops a kiss,
Like honey from the wild woodbine;
And that's the lip he had from bliss—
And that's the lip I will have mine:
But on the other hangs a lie,
And that—but that's 'tween you and I.
Bailey.

LOVE—Compared to a Violet.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
Shakespeare.

LOVE'S COMPARISON.

Must I tell thee, Georgiana,
Of my cousin Caroline?
How the pretty creature sported
With this wayward heart of mine?
Oh! her eyes were as blue as heaven, love,
But not so blue as thine;
And yet I almost idolized
The eyes of Caroline.

Her soft hair rippled to her waist
In waves of golden light,
Giving glimpses of a shoulder
That was exquisitely white;
Thine own has just that sunny fall,
But silkier far than hers;
And a fairer neck gleams through them,
While the wind their beauty stirs.
Ah! fondly (when she'd let me)
Did I those tresses twine;
But it was not near so pleasant, love,
As playing thus with thine!

Her laugh was like a fairy's laugh,
So musical and sweet,
Her foot was like a fairy's foot,
So dainty and so fleet;
Her smile was fitful sunshine,
Her hand was dimpled snow,
Her lip a very rosebud
In sweetness and in glow;
But I know a lighter footstep,
A more melodious laugh,
A hand that's swansdown to the touch,
More soft than hers by half;
And a smile of more than angel-power
To brighten and to bless,
And a lip (that if you'd let me)
I would perish but to press!
Ah! dearly did I love to hold
Her little hand in mine;
But I was not half so happy, sweet,
As now in taking thine!

Her cheek was very eloquent,
For there her feelings spoke,
Like summer's rosy lightning
The colour o'er it broke;
While bewitching smiles and dimples
Changed its beautiful repose,
Like the zephyr and the sunshine
At play upon a rose.
But I know a cheek whose blushes,
As they trembling come and go,
I could gaze upon for ever,
If it did not pain thee so;
She never sought to shun my gaze—
My petted Caroline;
And yet I'd give her sunniest look
For one dear blush of thine.

Now prythee do not call
My cousin Carry—a coquet!
When I tell you she had danglers
By the dozen in her net;
For she was very beautiful,
Bewildering and bright,
And I own, her pretty winning ways
And words bewitch'd me quite.
Ah! I even now remember
That sweet madness with a sigh;
Nay, do not draw the hand away,
Nor droop the doubting eye;
But think, if I was dazzled thus
By careless Caroline,
How much more fondly I shall prize
So pure a heart as thine! *Osgood.*

LOVE—Comprehensive.

He loved all things,
From God to foam-bells dancing down a stream,
With a most equal love. *Alexander Smith.*

LOVE—Concentrated.

I know that thou dost love me. I in vain
Strive to love aught of earth or heaven but thee.

Thou art my first, last, only love; nor shall
Another even tempt my heart. Like stars,
A thousand sweet, and bright, and wondrous fair,
A thousand deathless miracles of beauty,
They shall ever pass at all but eyeless distance,
And never mix with thy love; but be lost
All meanly in its moonlike lustrousness.
Bailey.

LOVE—Connubial.

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth
Her glory-robe of flowers—
The sea its gems—the grand old woods
Their songs and greening showers:
The birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
In beauty wreathe above;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—
And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewell'd great,
Where love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine,
While we may live and love.

Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things,
There 's love for you and me!
Thy lips, that kiss to death, have turn'd
Life's water into wine;
The sweet life melting through thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow;
But, love's rich rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee;
But, though nought to the world, dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me.
Gerald Massey.

LOVE—Consummate in the Birth.

Love 's not a flower that grows on the dull earth;
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—
For rain;—matures by parts,—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it, and see it not; and lo!
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth! *J. S. Knowles.*

LOVE—not to be Controlled.

The flaming torch to earth's cold breast the child of Venus turns,
Which when he most essays to quench it most intensely burns.
'Tis ever thus with those who seek to change love's soaring course—
The greater the constraint they use, the greater is its force:
So 'tis throughout the world, where love is most oppress'd and bound,
E'en there its mightiest influence, its greatest strength is found. *Jan Krull.*

LOVE—Cosmopolitan, always Weak.

To embrace the whole creation with love sounds beautiful; but we must begin with the individual, with the nearest. And he who cannot love that deeply, intensely, entirely, how should he be able to love that which is remote and which throws but feeble rays upon him from a foreign star? How should he be able to love it with any feeling which deserves the name of love? The greatest cosmopolites are generally the neediest beggars; and they who embrace the entire universe with love, for the most part, love nothing but their narrow self. *J. G. Herder.*

LOVE—Strong in Death.

We watch'd him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak:
"I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:

Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
A cold dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight like lead:
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed:
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But then their heads do shake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Why can't I see the poplar,
The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
Dream, when the woods are still?
Why, can't I see you, mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake!
His little bosom heaves not;
The fire hath left his cheek:
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—could it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd his flight away:
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay. *E. Elliot.*

LOVE—Devoted.

To read to her, to listen to her voice,
To wait upon her slightest wish or whim,
To seek with headlong eagerness and haste
Aught that might gratify, amuse, surprise,
And win the precious guerdon of a smile,
Or gentle pressure from her soft-gloved hand,
Became the sole ambition of his life.

* * * *

Not theirs the age of careful retrospect,
Nor forecasting of aught but happinness;
The present was so full of rich delight
That all the past had dwindled to a point,
And all the future seemed already theirs.
Gibbs.

LOVE—Its Devotedness.

Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his;—that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot—walk by his side, an outcast—
Work for him, beg with him—live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost. *E. B. Lytton.*

LOVE—Devotion in.

FESTUS. Lady! I will not forget my trust.
(*Apart*) The breeze which curls the lake's bright lip but lifts
A purer, deeper, water to the light;
The ruffling of the wild bird's wing but wakes
A warmer beauty and a downier depth.
That startled shrink, that faintest blossom-blush
Of constancy alarmed!—Love! if thou hast
One weapon in that shining armoury,
The quiver on thy shoulder, where thou keep'st
Each arrowy eye-beam feathered with a sigh;—
If from that bow, shaped so like Beauty's lip,
Strung with its string of pearls, thou wilt twang forth
But one dart, fair into the mark I mean,—
Do it, and I will worship thee for ever:
Yea, I will give thee glory and a name
Known, sunlike, in all nations. Heart be still! *Bailey.*

LOVE—Its Kindly Discernment.

Much rather than the spots upon the sun's broad light,
Would love spy out the stars scarce twinkling through the night. *Ruckert.*

LOVE—Disconsolate.

The melancholy winds which shun the day,
And mourn abroad at dark, are chanting now
A funeral dirge for me. Sweet, let me lie
Once on thy breast. I will not chill 't, my love,
With my cold cheek, nor stain it with a tear:
It is a shrine where innocent love might lie:
Where murder'd love should end.
Barry Cornwall.

LOVE—Enraptured.

To me there is but one place in the world,
And that where thou art; for where'er I be,
Thy love doth seek its way into my heart,
As will a bird into her secret nest:
Then sit and sing; sweet wing of beauty, sing. *Bailey.*

LOVE—Equality in.

When hearts are join'd
In virtuous union, love's impartial beams
Gild the low cottage of the faithful swain
With equal warmth, as when he darts his fires
On canopies of state. *Fenton.*

LOVE—Its Fickleness.

Love is a law, a discord of such force,
That 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce;
Love 's a desire, that to obtain betime,
We lose an age of years pluck'd from our prime;
Love is a thing to which we soon consent—
As soon refuse, but sooner far repent.
Webster and Rowley.

LOVE—Filial, and Duty.

Pomponius Atticus, the friend and correspondent of Cicero, making the funeral oration at the death of his mother, did protest that, living with her three score and seven years, he was never reconciled unto her; because (take the comment with the text) there never happened betwixt them the least jar which needed reconciliation. *Fuller.*

LOVE—First.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone.
Byron.

LOVE—at First-sight.

Now there was made, fast by the tower's wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
And herberè green, with wandis long and small
Railèd about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and, hawthorn hedges knet
That lyf was none walking there forbye
That might within scarce any wight espy.

And therewith cast I doun mine again
Where as I saw walking under the tower
Full secretly, now comen her to pleyne
The fairest or the freshest youngé flower
That e'er I saw methought before that hour
For which suddén abate anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.
The King's Quhair.

LOVE—The Flight of.

When the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song, when the spirit is mute—
No song, but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.
Shelley.

LOVE—Forsaken.

Never any more,
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we reëmbrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sew'd or drew,
I recall

How he look'd as if I sang
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the colour sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touch'd the sweet.
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak—I love thee best!"
He exclaim'd—
"Let thy love my own foretell."
I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblam'd,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised,
Was it strange?

Would he lov'd me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undream'd
—Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile—"She never seem'd
Mine before.

"What—she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love's so different with us men,"
He should smile.
"Dying for my sake—
White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles then,
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God? *Robert Browning.*

LOVE—The, of God

Is the truest key of knowledge, according to that sublime aphorism of a great man,—"The love of God is the light of the soul." It brightens the understanding, as well as warms the affections; clears the head, as well as enlarges the heart; and gives to the soul an open and a free view of the greatest and noblest truths, both in nature and in religion. It is the best teacher and instructor in theory, and the best guide and director in practice; the best expositor of Scripture, the best resolver of doubts, the best distinguisher of the will of God, the best decider of cases of conscience, and the best moderator and composer of disputes and controversies in religion: and in one word, as "the fear of God is the beginning," so the love of God is the perfection and accomplishment, "of wisdom." *Norris.*

LOVE—Grows not Old.

Oh, lay thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old, we're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold, that hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine, made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine, like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest, and take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest, and make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head, on this dear head;
But sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid, are surely laid.

Oh, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'Twill shelter thee, 'twill shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree, on my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And song-birds flown, and song-birds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down, together down.
Gerald Massey.

LOVE—Its Rich Healing.

Oh, weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!
Gerald Massey.

LOVE—is the Heart of Art.

HELEN. Tell-tale, make one, then.
FESTUS. Love is the art of hearts and heart of arts.
Conjunctive looks and interjectional sighs
Are its vocabulary's greater half. *Bailey.*

LOVE—Heavenly.

Where far away and high above,
In maze on maze the tranced sight
Strays mindful of that heavenly love
Which knows no end in depth or height,
While the strong breath of music seems
To waft us ever on, soaring in blissful dreams.
Byron.

LOVE'S HISTORY.

By sylvan waves that westward flow
A hare-bell bent its beauty low,
With slender waist and modest brow,
Amidst the shades descending.
A star look'd from the paler sky—
The hare-bell gazed, and with a sigh
Forgot that love may look too high,
And sorrow without ending.

By casement hid, the flowers among,
A maiden lean'd and listen'd long;
It was the hour of love and song,
And early night-birds calling:
A barque across the river drew—
The rose was glowing through and through
The maiden's cheek of trembling hue,
Amidst the twilight falling.

She saw no star, she saw no flower—
Her heart expanded to the hour;
She reck'd not of her lowly dower
Amidst the shades descending.
With love thus fix'd upon a height,
That seem'd so beauteous to the sight,
How could she think of wrong and blight,
And sorrow without ending.

The hare-bell droop'd beneath the dew,
And closed its eye of tender blue;
No sun could e'er its life renew,
Nor star, in music calling.
The autumn leaves were early shed;
But earlier on her cottage bed
The maiden's loving heart lay dead,
Amidst the twilight falling! *C. Swain.*

LOVE—Infatuation of.

There is no life on earth but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse or trade of sense or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love.
And now I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that fancied treasure—it is love!
Ben Jonson.

LOVE—Its Influence.

When we love,
All air breathes music, like the branchy bower,
By Indian bards feigned, which, with ceaseless song,
Answers the sun's bright raylets; nor till eve
Folds her melodious leaves, and all night rests,
Drinking deep draughts of silence. *Bailey.*

LOVE—The Influence of.

Love is a cheerful passion. If a man be slow, it will make him quick; if a man be careless, it will make him diligent; if a man be covetous, it will make him liberal; if a man be silent, it will make him speak; and if he be sad, it will make him merry. The question has frequently been discussed,—whether there can be joy where there is not, or hath not been love before; and it is generally held affirmatively. St. Augustine called joy, "the love of a good obtained." There cannot be a better thing to prevent sadness than the love of friendship: for, in its very nature it is self-denying—putting a man out of himself, and making him to live in the thing that he loves.

Love to God, though he should whip a man ever so much, will make him close his lips, and kiss the rod that strikes him. It will make him as mute as David was—dumb with silence. Love to God will produce a liking of anything that comes from Him: it will make him rejoice with thankfulness if it be good, and if afflictive, with patience.

Love to men, though they should persecute the Christian ever so much, will make him prosecute them again—not with suits of law to revenge, but with suits in prayer to convert them. He will behave himself as a brother, but he will imitate none but Christ. Though they curse, he will bless. The more they delight to vex him, and work him sorrow, the more he will delight to endure it with patience, and overcome it with joy. In short, love in a godly man so conquers and corrects the adverse passions, that none of them are strong enough to draw a cloud upon his face, or a wrinkle upon his brow, or extort an angry word from his mouth. Meet him when and where you will, and in what condition soever, and you will be sure to find him, in his countenance, in his speech, and in all his carriage, loving and cheerful, and very well pleased. *Bogan.*

LOVE—Intense.

Either in discourse, or thought, or actual
deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! *Shakespeare.*

LOVE—The Invincibility of.

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he
fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leasing;
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in
loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing. *Middleton.*

LOVE—Legend of.

I know a fable of the flowers!
The first young maid who loved and lost
Her lover on the faithless wave,
In dying, all her sweetness gave
To ev'ry bud that spring can boast;
And since that time, from flow'rs and groves,
All fragrance seaward ever roves,
And leaves the marge of ev'ry shore
To seek its love the ocean o'er.
The Statue Shrine.

LOVE—is Light from Heaven.

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul. *Byron.*

LOVE—of the Lover.

Oh, ye're a' the warl', to me, lassie!
Ye're a' the warl' to me;
This heart shall cease to beat for aye,
E're it proves false to thee!

Oh, the soldier loves his country's cause,
And he stands or falls for fame;
The statesman courts the loud applause
That bodes a deathless name;
In pleasure's train the thoughtless sweep;
The miser loves his gold;
But they're nought to me, if I could keep
That love that thou hast told.
For, ye're a' the warl', &c.

Can I forget that gloamin' sweet,
On the banks o' bonnie Dee,
Where Nature's wildest beauties meet
to deck the flowery lea?
I wadna gie, I fondly vow,
For gem o' earth or sea,
That sprig o' thyme, though wither'd now,
Ye puid and gied to me!
For, ye 're a' the warl' to me, &c.

Blow, favouring winds, and fill those sails
That waft me from this strand,
To streams, and glens, and heath'ry hills,
My own—my native land!
In foreign climes no more I 'll rove,
But, 'neath our trysting tree,
With wither'd flower, I'll claim that love
Ye, trusting, vow'd to me!
For, ye 're a' the warl', &c.
T. M. Gemmet.

Oh! my love's a winsome lady;
Sweeter face ne'er fed love on!
In a court or forest shady
Queenlier beauty never shone.

Like a ladye from a far land
Came my true love, brave to see!
As to heaven its rainbow garland,
Is her beauty rich to me.

In white arms of love she wound me,
And I look'd up in her smile:
In warm arms of love she bound me;
As the sea takes some blest isle.

As some dusky lake may mirror
One fair star that shines above,

So my life—aye growing clearer—
Holds this tremulous star of love.

Nearest to my heart I wear her,
As a bark the waves above—
Oh! so proudly do I bear her
On the bosom of my love!

Look you, how she cometh, trilling
Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss!
Merry as a May-morn, thrilling
With the dew and sunshine's kiss.

Ruddy gossips of her beauty
Are her twin cheeks: and her mouth
In its ripe warmth smileth, fruity
As a garden of the south.

Ha! my precious Sweet-and-Twenty,
Husband still your virgin pride!
Just a month, and this dear, dainty
Thing shall be my wedded bride.
Gerald Massey.

LOVE—Man's Chief Wisdom.

Nay, man's chief wisdom 's love—the love of God.
The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
Was that of Christ and love. His great command—
His all-sufficing precept—was 't not love?
Truly to love ourselves we must love God—
To love God we must all His creatures love—
To love His creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus love is all that 's wise, fair, good, and happy. *Bailey.*

LOVE—Message of.

Go, blushing flow'r!
And tell her this from me,
That in the bow'r,
From which I gather'd thee,
At evening I will be.

And further tell,
In tearing thee away,
A petal fell;
And, falling, seem'd to say—
"Thy rose is hurt to-day."

And, while I stripp'd
Thy stem of leaves below,
A dew-drop slipp'd,
Slipp'd on my hand, to show—
"And thou hast dealt the blow."

But, while I stand,
The tear, with subtle art,
Dries on my hand;
As wishing to impart—
"And thou canst heal the smart."

Then bid her fly,
When sunset skirts the West,
To me, that I,
Upon my happy breast,
May soothe her own to rest. *Peter Spencer.*

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

Oh, tell her, swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the south,
And dark and true and tender is the north.

O swallow, swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

Oh, were I thou, that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

Oh, tell her, swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the south,
But in the north long since my nest is made.

Oh, tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the north,
And brief the moon of beauty in the south.
Tennyson.

LOVE AND MIRTH.

Love fram'd with mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
Collins.

LOVE—Changes Natures.

The Merle said, love is cause of honour aye,
Love makeis cowards manhood to purchase,

Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largĕness,
Love makis sweir folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
A lusty life in lovis service been.
William Dunbar.

LOVE—best Seen when most Needed.

I see that candle yields me small benefit at day, which at night much steads me: and I know the cause is not because the candle's light was less at day, but because the day's light is less in the evening. As my friend's love to me, so mine to my friend may be at all times alike; but we best see it, when we most need it: and that, not because our love is then greater, but our want. Though then I welcome a courtesy according to my want, yet I will value a courtesy according to its worth. That my fortunes need not my friend's courtesy is my happiness: should my happiness slight my friend's courtesy, it were my folly. *Warwick.*

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!
Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LOVE—Paramount.

What can be counted pleasure after love?
Like the young lion which hath once lapped blood,
The heart can ne'er be coaxed back to aught else. *Bailey.*

LOVE—The Physical Cause of.

When we have before us such objects as excite love and complacency, the body is affected, so far as I could observe, much in the following manner:—The head reclines something on one side: the eyelids are more closed than usual, and the eyes roll gently with an inclination to the object; the mouth is a little opened, and the breath drawn slowly, with now and then a low sigh; the whole body is composed, and the hands fall idly to the sides. All this is accompanied with an inward sense of melting and languor. These appearances are always proportioned to the degree of beauty in the object, and of sensibility in the observer. And this gradation from the highest pitch of beauty and sensibility, even to the lowest of mediocrity and indifference, and their corresponding effects, ought to be kept in view, else this description will seem exaggerated, which it certainly is not. But from this description it is almost impossible not to conclude, that beauty acts by relaxing the solids of the whole system. There are all the appearances of such a relaxation; and a relaxation somewhat below the natural tone seems to me to be the cause of all positive pleasure. Who is a stranger to that manner of expression so common in all times and in all countries, of being softened, relaxed, enervated, dissolved, melted away by pleasure? The universal voice of mankind, faithful to their feelings, concurs in affirming this uniform and general effect; and although some odd and particular instance may perhaps be found, wherein there appears a considerable degree of positive pleasure, without all the characters of relaxation, we must not therefore reject the conclusion we had drawn from a concurrence of many experiments; but we must still retain it, subjoining the exceptions which may occur according to the judicious rule laid down by Sir Isaac Newton in the third book of his Optics. Our position will, I conceive, appear confirmed beyond any reasonable doubt, if we can show that such things as we have already observed to be the genuine constituents of beauty, have each of them, separately taken, a natural tendency to relax the fibres. And if it must be allowed us, that the appearance of the human body, when all these constituents are united together before the sensory, further favours this opinion, we may venture, I believe, to conclude, that the passion called love is produced by this relaxation. By the same method of reasoning which we have used in the inquiry into the causes of the sublime, we may likewise conclude, that as a beautiful object presented to the sense, by causing a relaxation of the body, produces the passion of love in the mind, so if by any means the passion should first have its origin in the mind, a relaxation of the outward organs will as certainly ensue in a degree proportioned to the cause.

Burke.

LOVE—Platonic.

There is a love, which is not the love only of the thoughtless and the young—there is a love which sees not with the eye, which hears not with the ears; but in which soul is enamoured of soul. The countryman of thy ancestors, the cave-nursed Plato, dreamed of such a love—his followers have sought to imitate it; but it is a love that only high and noble natures can conceive—it hath nothing in common with the sympathies and ties of coarse affection. *E. B. Lytton.*

LOVE—is Poesie.

Love is poesie—it doth create;
From fading features, dim soul, doubtful heart,
And this world's wretched happiness, a life
Which is as near to heaven as are the stars.

Bailey.

LOVE—Power of.

"Love is strong as death," says an inspired writer; "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And never is this master-principle more gloriously triumphant than when it is exerted to reclaim, restore, and purify the wandering spirit. For wherever there is a heart to be won, it will be won by kindness; and wherever there is a spark of virtuous sensibility, it will be cherished and enkindled by the breath of mild consideration. Force, indeed, may outwardly constrain the sinner, and terror may suddenly arrest him. But it is not thus that the blessed work of moral renovation is completed. It is charity alone which can procure the permanent and voluntary devotedness of body, soul, and spirit. It is only by the cords of affection that men are so drawn to the service of their Maker as to find it perfect freedom. And perhaps it may not be too much to affirm, that the moral omnipotence of God himself is resolvable into this one eternal principle, that God is love. *Bishop Jebb.*

LOVE—a Happy Privilege of Mind.

Love is the happy privilege of mind—
Love is the reason ot all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.

Bailey.

LOVE — the Happy Privilege of the Soul.

Love is the happy privilege of the mind—
Love is the reason of all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
In all throughout one common feeling reigns:
Each doth maintain, and is maintain'd by the other:
All are compatible—all needful; one
To life,—to virtue one,—and one to bliss:
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being,
From these three principles doth every deed,
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come;
To these they all determine—sum and scheme:
The three are one in centre and in round;
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world. Hail! air of love, by which we live!
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen—
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.
One only simple essence liveth—God,—
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,
The angels high above us, with ourselves,
Are but compounded things of mind and form.
In all things animate is therefore cored
An elemental sameness of existence;
For God, being Love, in love created all,
As he contains the whole and penetrates.
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good:
We love each other; and these lower lives,
Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,
According to their reason, love us too:
The most intelligent affect us most.
Nay, man's chief wisdom 's love—the love of God.
The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
Was that of Christ and love. His great command—
His all-sufficient precept—was 't not love?
Truly to love ourselves we must love God,—
To love God we must all His creatures love,—
To love His creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus love is all that 's wise, fair, good, and happy! *Bailey.*

LOVE—Protestation of.

HELEN. I sometimes dream that thou wilt leave me
Without thy love—even me, lonely;
And oft I think, though oft it grieve me,
That I am not thy one love only:
But I shall alway love thee till
This heart like earth in death stand still.
FESTUS. I love thee, and will leave thee never,
Until my soul leave life for ever.
If earth can from her children run,
And leave the seasons—leave the sun,—
If yonder stars can leave the sky,
Bright truants from their home in heaven—
Immortals who deserve to die,
Were death not too good to be given,—
If heaven can leave and live from God,
And man tread off his cradle clod—
If God can leave the world He sowed,
Right in the heart of space to fade—
Soul, earth, star, heaven, man, world, and God
May part—not I from thee, sweet maid.

Bailey.

LOVE—Its Purity.

It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead in the proper corpse, quick in another's:
Transfers the lover into the loved.
That he or she that loves, engraves or stamps
The idea of what they love, first in themselves;
Or, like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their beloved, and them reflect.
It is the likeness of affections.
Is both the parent and the nurse of love.
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent as it least relates
Unto the body; circular, eternal;
Not feign'd or made, but born: and then so precious;
As naught can value it but itself; so free,
As nothing can command it but itself.
And in itself so round and liberal,
As, where it favours, it bestows itself.
But we must take and understand this love
Along still as a name of dignity,
Not pleasure.
True love hath no unworthy thought, no light,
Loose, unbecoming appetite, or strain;
But fix'd, constant, pure, immutable.

Jonson.

LOVE—Its Quivering Sympathy.

Alone she was, her head against the wall
Had fallen; her heavy eyes were shut when he
Stood on the threshhold; she rose quietly,
Hearing the clash of arms, and took his hand,
And thus with quivering lips awhile did stand
Regarding him; but he made little show
Of manliness, but let the hot tears flow
Fast o'er his cheeks. At last she spake:
"Weep, then!
If thou who art the kindest of all men
Must sorrow for me, yet more glad were I
To see thee leave my bower joyfully
This last time; that when o'er thee sorrow came,
And thought of me therewith, thou mightst not blame
My little love for ever saddening thee.
Love!—let me say love once—great shalt thou be,
Beloved of all, and dying ne'er forgot.
Farewell! farewell! farewell! and think thou not
That in my heart there lingers any hate
Of her who through these years for thee did wait,
A weary waiting—three long, long, long years,
Well over now; nay, when of me she hears,
Fain were I she should hate me not. Behold,
Here is a coif, well wrought of silk and gold
By folk of Micklegarth, who had no thought
Of thee or me, and thence by merchants brought
Who perchance loved not. Is Gudrun too fair
To take this thing a queen might long to wear?
Upon the day when on the bench ye sit,
Hand held in hand, crown her fair head with it.
And tell her whence thou hadst it. Ah, farewell,
Lest of mine eyes thou shouldst have worse to tell
Than now thou hast!"
Therewith she turned from him
And took the coif, wherein the gold was dim,
With changing silken threads, the linen white,
Scarce seen amid the silk and gold delight.
With hands that trembled little did she fold
The precious thing, and set its weight of gold
Within a silken bag; and then to his
She reached her hands, and in one bitter kiss
Tasted his tears, while a great wave of thought
Of what sweet things the changed years might have brought
Swept over her—and then she knew him gone,
And yet for all that scarcely felt more lone

Than for many days past she had felt.
So with fixed eyes she drew into her belt
Her kirtle, and to this and that thing turned
With heart that ever for the long rest yearned.

William Morris.

LOVE—will not Reason.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for its precision, he admits him not for his councillor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I. Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I. Would you desire better sympathy? *Shakespeare.*

LOVE—Revives.

As a fainting flower
Is revived by a shower,
Whose soft drops fall o'er it,
And gently restore it,
Ere ever it dies,
So the heart of Medoro
Recovers its lightness,
And banishes sorrow,
Because of the brightness
Of thy young eyes. *Metastasio.*

LOVE—Rules all.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Scott.

LOVE—for Love's Self.

No jewell'd beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face
There 's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, oh! very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine.

Oh, joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me:
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody:
My soul up-springs, a deity!
To hear her voice divine;
And dear, oh! very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.

There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh! none so dear to me
As this sweet love of mine.

Gerald Massey.

LOVE—Sensitive.

They should beware who charges lay in love,
On solid ground they make them, for there are hearts
So proudly fond, that wring them hard they'll break,
Or ever they will stoop to right themselves.

J. S. Knowles.

LOVE—Opposed to Sin.

Love makes the noblest champions in the holy war against sin, the world, and Satan. Love, though it be a soft and delicate affection, yet it is hardy and strong withal, for "love is strong as death." Labour to be affected with a strong, ardent love of God in Christ, "the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" of virtue and holiness, the impressions of the Divine image on the soul; and of all those spiritual excellencies which fit and prepare the soul for heavenly glories.

Worthington.

LOVE—A Sister's.

When o'er my dark and wayward soul
The clouds of nameless sorrow roll;
When Hope no more her wreath will twine,
And memory sits at sorrow's shrine,
Nor aught to joy my soul can move,
I muse upon a sister's love.

When, tir'd with study's graver toil,
I pant for sweet affection's smile,
And, sick with restless hopes of fame,
Would half forego the panting aim;
I drop the book,—and thought will rove,
To greet a sister's priceless love.

When all the world seems cold and stern,
And bids the bosom vainly yearn;
When woman's heart is lightly chang'd,
And friendship weeps o'er looks estranged,
I turn from all the pangs I prove,
To hail a sister's changeless love.

And, oh, at shadowy close of even,
When quiet wings the soul to heaven!
When the long toils of lingering day,
And all its cares are swept away;
Then—while my thoughts are rapt above—
Then, most I prize my sister's love.

Chauncey Hare Townsend.

LOVE—Spirit of a Bitter.

By pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years, my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a Fairy Future!

E. B. Lytton.

LOVE—Sweet Spirit of my.

Sweet spirit of my love!
Through all the world we walk apart:
Thou may'st not in my bosom lie:
I may not press thee to my heart,
Nor see love-thinkings light thine eye:
Yet art thou with me. All my life
Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere;
My bravest dreams of thee are rife,
And colour'd with thy presence dear.

Sweet spirit of my love!
I know how beautiful thou art,
But never tell the starry thought:
I only whisper to my heart,
"She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot."
And birds that night and day rejoice,
And fragrant winds give back to me
A music ringing of thy voice,
And surge my heart's love tide to thee.

Sweet spirit of my love!
The spring and summer, bloom-bedight,
That garland earth with rainbow showers,
Morn's kissing breath and eyes of light,
That wake in smiles the winking flowers,
The air with honey'd fragrance fed,
The flashing waters—soughing tree—
Noon's golden glory,—sundown red,
Aye warble into songs of thee.

Sweet spirit of my love!
When night's soft silence clothes the earth,
And wakes the passionate bird of love;
And stars laugh out in golden mirth,
And yearning souls divinlier move;
When God's breath hallows every spot,
And lapp'd in feeling's luxury,
The heart's break-full of tender thought;
Then art thou with me, still with me.

Sweet spirit of my love!
I listen for thy footfall—feel
Thy look is burning on me, such
As reads my heart: I sometimes reel
And throb, expectant for thy touch!
For, by the voice of woods and brooks,
And flowers with virgin fragrance wet,
And earnest stars with yearning looks,
I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet spirit of my love!
Strange places on me smile, as thou
Had'st pass'd and left thy beauty's tints:
The wild flowers even the secret know,
And light and shade flash mystic hints.
Meseems, like olden gods, thou'lt come
In cloud; but mine anointed eyes
Shall see the glory burn through gloom,
And clasp thee, Sweet, with large surprise.

Gerald Massey.

LOVE—Unalterable.

Ask me not how much I love thee!
Do not question why!
I have told thee the tale
In the evening pale,
With a tear and a sigh!

I told thee when love was hopeless;
But now he is wild and sings—
That the stars above
Shine ever on love,
Though they frown on the fate of kings.

Oh, a king would have loved and left thee,
And away thy sweet love cast;
But I am thine,
Whilst the stars shall shine,—
To the last—to the last!

B. Cornwall.

LOVE—Unequal.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.

Shakespeare.

LOVE—Unheeded.

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: . . .
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Shakespeare.

LOVE—Unrequited.

I loved him as young genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life, by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn:
Life had no evil destiny
That, with him, I could not have borne!
I had been nursed in palaces;
Yet earth had not a spot so drear,
That I should not have thought a home
In Paradise, had he been near!
How sweet it would have been to dwell,
Apart from all, in some green dell
Of sunny beauty, leaves, and flowers;
And nestling birds to sing the hours!
Our home, beneath some chestnut's shade,
But of the woven branches made:
Our vesper hymn, the low wone wail
The rose hears from the nightingale;
And waked at morning by the call
Of music from a waterfall.
But not alone in dreams like this,
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
I loved: my love had been the same
In hush'd despair, in open shame.
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him,
This world had power to give beside!
My heart was wither'd—and my heart
Had ever been the world to me:
And love had been the first fond dream,
Whose life was in reality.
I had sprung from my solitude,
Like a young bird upon the wing,
To meet the arrow; so I met
My poison'd shaft of suffering.
And as that bird, with drooping crest
And broken wing, will seek his nest,
But seek in vain: so vain I sought
My pleasant home of song and thought.
There was one spell upon my brain,
Upon my pencil, on my strain;
But one face to my colours came;
My chords replied but to one name—
Lorenzo!—all seem'd vow'd to thee,
To passion, and to misery! *L. E. Landon.*

LOVE—Unselfish.

Love has no thought of self!
Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
The loathsome prostitution of a hand
Without a heart! Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves! *E. B. Lytton.*

LOVE—True, Unselfish.

I must not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair.
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear,
Their lot was but to weep and moan;
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath
Has charm'd at birth from gloom and care,
These ask no love—these plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,
And garlands for their forehead weave;
And what the world can give, they take—
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears—
They bring us light; and warmth, and joy.

On one she smiled, and he was blest!
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din!
But 'twas not love that heaved his breast,
Fair child! it was the bliss within.
Matthew Arnold.

LOVE—Unsought.

At last came love; not whence I sought nor thought it;
As on a ruined and bewildered wight
Rises the roof he meant to have lost for ever.
On came the living vessel of all love;
Terrible in its beauty as a serpent;
Rode down upon me like a ship full sail,
And, bearing me before it, kept me up,
Spite of the drowning speed at which we drave
On, on, until we sank both. Was not this love? *Bailey.*

LOVE—What is it?

Lucy. What is love? Oh! I wonder so:
Do tell me—who pretends to know?
Frank. Ask not of me, love, what is love!
Ask what is good of God above;
Ask of the great sun what is light;
Ask what is darkness of the night;
Ask sin of what may be forgiven;
Ask what is happiness of heaven;
Ask what is folly of the crowd;
Ask what is fashion of the shroud;
Ask what sweetness of thy kiss;
Ask of thyself what beauty is;
And, if they each should answer, I!
Let me, too, join them with a sigh.
Oh! let me pray my life may prove,
When thus, with thee, that I am love.
Bailey.

LOVE—a Wild Woe.

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love;
The taint of earth, the odour of the skies,
Is in it. Would that I were aught but man!
The death of brutes, the immortality
Of fiend or angel, better seems than all
The doubtful prospects of our painted dust.
And all morality can teach is—bear!
And all religion can inspire is—hope!
Bailey.

LOVE—of Youth.

And if love not now, while woman is
All bosom to the young, when shall I love?
Who ever paused on passion's fiery wheel?
Or trembling by the side of her he loved,
Whose lightest touch brings all but madness, ever
Stopped coldly short to reckon up his pulse?
The car comes—and we lie—and let it come;
It crushes—kills—what then! It is joy to die.
Enough shall not fool me. I fling the foil
Away. Let me but look on aught which casts
The shadow of a pleasure, and here I bare
A breast which would embrace a bride of fire.
Bailey.

LOVE-LETTERS.

Writ
In honeydew, upon a lily leaf,
With quill of nightingale. *Bailey.*

LOVELINESS—needs no Adornment.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thompson.

LOVELINESS—Personified.

Her heart was all humanity,
Her soul all God's; in spirit and in form,
Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
Of seashells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped
In silver dew; she spake as with the voice
Of spheral harmony which greets the soul,
When at the hour of death the saved one knows
His sister angels near; her eye was as
The golden pane the setting sun doth just
Imblaze; which shows, till heaven comes, down again,
All other lights but grades of gloom; her dark
Long rolling locks were as a stream the slave
Might search for gold, and searching find.
Bailey.

LOVER—to his Beloved.

Festus. Live, mine Elissa! and thou shalt live with me;
And I will love thee ever as I now love.
Wilt thou!
Elissa. Oh! make me happy! say I may
Believe thee.
Festus. May? Thou must.
Elissa. Say it again.
I cannot know too often of my bliss.
But dost thou love me? tell me—wilt thou love me?
Festus. Since I have known thee I have done nought else.
All hours not spent with thee are blanks between stars.
I love thee! love thee! love thee! madly love thee!
Oh! thou hast drank my heart dry of all love!
It will be empty to aught after thee.
Come, dry thine eyes. Blessings on those sweet eyes!
By heaven! they might a moment win the glance
Of any seraph gazing not on God. *Bailey.*

LOVER—His Coliloquy.

Along the garden-walk I stray'd,
To cull a fitting flower for thee;
And musing there I long delay'd,
Uncertain which that flow'r should be.
For, for the maid who wakes my muse,
In heart so pure, in face so fair,
It needful was that I should choose
The purest and the fairest there.

At length, beneath the sheltering shade
Of roses, hiding from the light,

By their own fragrant sweets betray'd,
These white pinks caught my wandering sight.
So chastely delicate their mien,
So sweetly rich their fragrance rare—
"Bright flow'rs!" I cried, "ye are, I ween,
The purest and the fairest there."

I cull'd them, for 'twas known to me,
Thy sire would hold a feast to-night,
And that I there should meet with thee,
Amid the lords and ladies bright.
And still, in simplest garb array'd,
I find thee here, as everywhere;
Though bright the throng, belovèd maid!
The purest and the fairest there.

Take them; and may thy breast be found
As free as they from any blot,
And shed its fragrant virtues round
On those who own a lowlier lot.
So shalt thou, when from death's repose
Thou wakest, heav'nly joys to share,
Still shine amid the throng that shows
The purest and the fairest there.

Peter Spencer.

LOVER—Description of.

STUDENT. Then he loved.
FESTUS. I said so. I have seen him, when he hath had
A letter from his lady dear, he blessed
The paper that her hand had travelled over,
And her eye looked on; and would think he saw
Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes
Wandering amid the words of love there traced,
Like glow-worms among beds of flowers. He seemed
To bear with being but because she loved him.
She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,
As hath a sword from war: and he at night
Would solemnly and singularly curse
Each minute that he had not thought of her.
HELEN. Now that was like a lover!

Bailey.

LOVER—His Intensity of Feeling.

Well, in earnest, then.
She did but look upon him, and his blood
Blushed deeper even from his inmost heart;
For at each glance of those sweet eyes a soul
Looked forth as from the azure gates of heaven;
She laid her finger on him; and he felt
As might a formless mass of marble feel,
While feature after feature of a God
Were being wrought from out of it. She spake;
And his love-wildered and idolatrous soul
Clung to the aëry music of her words,
Like a bird on a bough, high swaying in the wind.
He looked upon her beauty and forgot,
As in a sense of drowning, all things else;
And right and wrong seemed one, seemed nothing; she
Was beauty, and that beauty everything.
He looked upon her as the sun on earth:
Until, like him, he gazed himself away
From heaven so doing; till he even wept,—
Wept on her bosom as a storm-charged cloud
Weeps itself out upon a hill, and cried—
I, too, could look on thee until I wept,—
Blind me with kisses! Let me look no longer;
Or change the action of thy loveliness,
Lest long same-seemingness should send me mad!
Blind me with kisses; I would ruin sight
To give its virtue to thy lips, whereon
I would die now, or ever live; and she,
Soft as a feather-footed cloud on heaven,
While her sad face grew bright like night with stars,
Would turn her brow to his and both be happy;
Numbered among the constellations they!
Then as tired wanderer, snow-blinded, sinks
And swoons upon the swelling drift, and dies;
So on her dazzling bosom would he lay
His famished lips, and end their travels there.
Oh, happy they! not he would go to heaven,
Not, though he might that moment.

Bailey.

LOVER — His Description of his Mistress.

Then sit we, love, and sip with me,
And I will teach thyself to thee.
Thy nature is so pure and fine,
'Tis most like wine;
Thy blood, which blushes through each vein,
Rosy champagne;
And the fair skin which o'er it grows,
Bright as its snows.
Thy wit, which thou dost work so well,
Is like cool moselle;
Like madeira, bright and warm,
Is thy smile's charm;
Claret's glory hath thine eye,
Or mine must lie;
But nought can like thy lips possess
Deliciousness;
And now that thou'rt divinely merry,
I'll kiss and call thee sparkling sherry.

Bailey.

LOVER—to his Mistress.

I come fresh from thee every time we meet,
Steeped in the still sweet dew of thy soft beauty,

Like earth at day-dawn, lifting up her head
Out of her sleep, star-watched, to face the sun—
So I, to front the world, on leaving thee.
Oh, there is inspiration in thy look!
Poesie, prophecy. Come hither, love:
The evening air is sweet. *Bailey.*

LOVER—Physicked.

He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: and thus I cured him. *Shakespeare.*

LOVER—How Wedded.

The lady was, of course, most beautiful,
And made her lover do just as she pleased:
And consequently he did very wrong.
They met, sang, walked, talked folly, just as all
Such couples do, adored each other; thought,
Spoke, wrote, dreamed of and for naught on earth
Except themselves; and so on. *Bailey.*

LOVER—His Wretchedness.

Who says he loves and is not wretched, lies;
Or that love is madness, came mad from his mother.
It is the most reasonable thing in nature.
What can we do but love? It is our cup.
Love is the cross and passion of the heart;
Its end—its errand. *Bailey.*

LOWLINESS—the Base of Virtue.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue:
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest.
My God keeps all His pity for the proud. *Bailey.*

LOVERS—The.

Vesper look'd forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneel'd to offer up her prayer,—
Her prayer nightly offer'd, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had call'd
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave; and hither now repair'd,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone:
"Her lover's safety and his quick return."
In holy, humble attitude she kneel'd,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, press'd
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturn'd, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour stream'd,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce utter'd, soft as zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear drop wander'd on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon look'd stedfastly; the stars,
That circle nightly round the Eternal Throne,
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

Oh, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not: for oft-times Providence,
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Return'd from long delay,
With glory crown'd of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneel'd herself to pray.
Wrapp'd in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seem'd too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneel'd,
Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
Seem'd fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought,
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, form'd for himself—
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embower'd,
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them minister'd,
And God, approving, bless'd the holy joy! *Pollok.*

LOVERS—The Parting of.

Now from his eastern couch the sun,
Erewhile in cloud and vapour hidden,
Rose in his robes of glory dight;
And skywards, to salute his light,
Up sprang a choir, unbidden,
Of joyous larks, that, as they shook
The dewdrops from their russet pinions,
Pealed forth a hymn so glad and clear,
That darkness might have paused to hear
(Pale sentinel on morn's dominions),
And envied her the flood of song
Those happy minstrels pour'd along,

"Yes, Peace and Love might build a nest
For us amid these vales serene,
And Truth should be our constant guest
Among these pleasant wildwoods green.
My heart should never nurse again
The once fond dreams of young Ambition,
And Glory's light should lure in vain,
Lest it should lead to Love's perdition;
Another light should round me shine,
Belovèd, from those eyes of thine!"

"Ah, Gilbert! happy should I be
This hour to die, lest fate reveal
That life can never give a joy
Such as the joy that now I feel.
Oh! happy, happy now to die,
And go before thee to the sky;
Losing, maybe, some charm of life,
But yet escaping all its strife;
And, watching for thy soul above,
There to renew more perfect love,
Without the pain and tears of this—
Eternal, never palling bliss!"

And more she yet would say, and strives to speak,
But warm, fast tears begin to course her cheek,
And sobs to choke her; so, reclining still
Her head upon his breast, she weeps her fill;
And all so lovely in those joyous tears
To his impassioned eyes the maid appears;
He cannot dry them, nor one word essay
To soothe such sorrow from her heart away.

He's gone! ah, no! he lingers yet.
And all her sorrow, who can tell?
As gazing on her face he takes
His last and passionate farewell.
"One kiss!" said he, "and I depart
With thy dear image in my heart:
One more—to soothe a lover's pain,
And think of till I come again!
One more." Their red lips meet and tremble,
And she, unskilful to dissemble,
Allows, deep blushing, while he presses,
The warmest of his fond caresses.
Charles Mackay.

LUCIFER—Enthroned.

Shielded and drawn up close,
Behind a broken and decaying world,
From which the light had vanished like the light
Out of a death-shrunk eye, sat Lucifer—
Midst in the powers of darkness, and the hosts
Of hell, enthroned sublime; and all were still
As ambushed silence round the foe of God.
But oh! how changed from him we knew in heaven,
Whose brightness nothing made might match nor mar:
Who rose and it was morn; who stretched his wing,
And stepped from star to star; so changed he showed
Most like a shadowy meteor, through which
The stars dim glint—woe-wasted, pined with pain.
Bailey.

LUCIFER—His Mission.

It is my part.
Let ruin bury ruin. Let it be
Woe here, woe there, woe, woe be everywhere:
It is not for me to know, nor thee, the end
Of evil. I inflict and thou must bear.
The arrow knoweth not its end nor aim.
And I keep rushing, ruining along
Like a great river rich with dead men's souls.
For if I knew, I might rejoice; and that
To me by Nature is forbidden. I know
Nor joy, nor sorrow; but a changeless tone
Of sadness like the nightwind's is the strain
Of what I have of feeling. I am not
As other spirits,—but a solitude
Even to myself; I the sole spirit sole.
Bailey.

LUCIFER—His Destiny.

Ye thrones of heaven, how bright, how pure ye are!
How have ye brightened since I saw ye first!
How have I darkened since ye saw me last!
What is the dark abyss of fire, and what
The ravenous heights of air, o'er which I reign,
In agony of glory, to these seats?
The loathsome cavern of the oracle,
O'er which ye rise in templed majesty,
Filled with the incense of all worshippers,
And echoing with the eloquence of God,

Which rolls in sunny clouds around the heavens.
Yet must I work through world and life my fate;
And winding through the wards of human hearts,
Steal their incarnate strength. Death does his work
In secret and in joy intense, untold:
As though an earthquake smacked its mumbling lips
O'er some thick-peopled city. But for me
Exists not peace nor pleasure, even here,
Where all beside, the very faintest thought,
Is rapture. I will speak to God as erst.
Father of spirit, as the sun of air!
Beginning of all ends, and end of all
Beginnings, throughout whole eternity;
From whom eternity and every power
Perfect, and pure cause, is and emanates;
Originator without origin!
End without end! Creator of all ages,
And Sabbath of all Being; who hast made
All numbers sacred, who art all and one!
At whose right hand the wisdom of all worlds
Combined, is only fearful foolishness
Or inarticulate madness;—and Thou, Lord!
Maker and Perfecter of all, the one!
Being above all being, God the Life!
Who art the way whereon the world proceeds
From God, all-making, and whereby returns
The ever generated universe!
Who rulest all worlds in the law of light,
Thy nature and their own; who art before
All ages, angels, blessed, times and worlds;
Word that in every world art safe to save
All souls, impregned with spirit, God-begot;
And Thou, eternal spirit Deity;
Sole sanctifier of the universe;
Being, and Life, and Spirit, who dost make,
Destroyest, recreatest, makest God!
God one and Trine! Thou seest me here again!
Still, sunlike, though eclipsed, of blinding power,
And fiery cause, and everness of ill;
Behold I bow before Thee. *Bailey.*

LULLABY—A, of a Mother to her Child.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there 's griefe enough for thee.
Mother's wagge, prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changde made him so,
When he had left his prettie boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there 's griefe enough for thee.
Streaming teares that never stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eies,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Teares of bloud fell from his heart,
When he left his prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there 's griefe enough for thee.
The wanton smilde, father wept,
Mother cride, baby lept,
More he crownde, more he cride,
Nature could not sorrow hide,
He must goe, he must kisse
Child and mother, babie blisse,
For he left his prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there 's griefe enough for thee. *Greene's Arcadia.*

LUST.

O lust, thou infernal fire! whose fuel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell. *Quarles.*

Oh, the extreme loathsomeness of fleshly lust! which not only effeminates the mind, but enervates the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury and wantonness; it is accompanied with filthiness and uncleanness; and it is followed with grief and repentance. *Quarles.*

LUST AND PASSION—our Worst Enemies.

A Christian hath no such enemies without him as unruly and undisciplined lusts and passions within him: and it is a vain thing to think of overcoming the world without us, until this world within us be brought into subjection; for without the lusts and corruptions within, the world, and the evil men of the world, and the evil one of the world, could not hurt us. *Sir M. Hale.*

LUST—Prayer Against.

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtain of Thy hand. *Quarles.*

LUST—Its Wantonness.

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind. *Quarles.*

LUXURY—a Bane of Life.

O luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dyer.

LUXURY—Cup of, Darkens the Intellect.

The soul of man was supposed by many ancient sages to be thrust into the human body as into a prison, for punishment of past offences: but the worst prison is the body of an indolent epicure, whose blood is inflamed by fermented liquors and high sauces, or rendered putrid, sharp, and corrosive, by a stagnation of the animal juices through sloth and indolence; whose membranes are irritated by pungent salts; whose mind is agitated by painful oscillations of the nervous system; and whose nerves are mutually affected by the irregular passions of his mind. This ferment on the animal economy darkens and confounds the intellect: it produceth vain terrors and vain conceits, and stimulates the soul with mad desires, which, not being natural, nothing in nature can satisfy. No wonder, therefore, there are so many fine persons of both sexes, shining themselves, and shone on by fortune, who are inwardly miserable and sick of life. *Bishop Berkeley.*

LUXURY—a Prevailing Vice.

One might reasonably have thought that as the world grew older, luxury would have been more shunned: for the more men multiplied, and the greater their dangers grew, they should have been the more easily induced to shun all expense, that they might the more successfully provide against those inconveniences. But yet it proved otherwise, and luxury was the last of all vices that prevailed over mankind; for after riches had been hoarded up, they rotted, as it were, into luxury; and after that tyranny and ambition had robbed many poor innocents, luxury, more cruel than they, was made use of by Providence to revenge their quarrel, and so triumphed over the conquerors. Thus, when Rome had by wit and courage subdued the world, it was drowned in that inundation of riches which these brought upon it.
Sir G. Mackenzie.

LYING—not True Poetry.

There is not so great a lie to be found in any poet as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. *Cowley.*

LYING—Procreative.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.
Alexander Pope.

* * *

M.

MAD.

As the winds. *C. Davenant.*

As rolling tempests. *Play,* "*Female Wits.*"

As the sea.
Godolphin, in "*Dryden's Miscellany.*"

As the warring elements. *T. Dibdin.*

As the seas and wind, when both contend which is the mightier. *Shakespeare.*

As the raging billows of the sea, the baited panther, or Nemean lion; or as the tiger in search of prey, when cruel appetite had whet his fury. *Banks.*

As a Bedlamite. *C. Macklin.*

As the priestess of the Delphic god.
N. Rowe.

As to build on a hill of sand.
R. Davenport.

As a March hare. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

As a Libyan wilderness by night, with all its lions up in chase or fight. *J. Montgomery.*

Madder than hunted lions.
Play, "*Fatal Discovery.*"

MADNESS.

"The monument woos me."
Second Maiden's Tragedy.

Everything that seeks to do thee harm
Hearkens to the song that I am singing.

Sly and winding worm is in his hole,
Ruddy shrewmice listen in their burrow;
Wasps are nested by thee, but the charm
Keeps that yellow robber-band from stinging;
In thy bed of clay the howking mole
Bores no tunnel thorough.
Now that day from heaven is gone,
Thou are smoothly dreaming on,
Not to waken with the dawn.

Only now the moaning of the breeze
Answers to the song that I am singing.
In the moonlit dyke the crouching hare
Raises up her watchful ears to listen;
From the blackness of the ghostly trees
Swift and silent bats like dreams are winging;
Round the grassy hammocks here and there
Elfin tapers glisten.
Whilst the wind's sad tale is told,
Thou art lapt up from the cold
In a blanket made of mould.

Many nights and many days have heard
Songs of mine like that I am singing.
By the sun, or by this paler round;
In the dark, when shrouded stars are weeping;
When the old tower shakes his ivy-beard;
When the skiey thunder-bells are ringing;
Hurtful things that live below the ground
From thy pillow keeping.
And when I have leave to die,
Then an angel from the sky
Comes to watch us where we lie.

W. Allington.

MAGIC—the Conception of the Vulgar.

Magic! And what is magic? When the traveller beholds in Persia the ruins of palaces and temples, the ignorant inhabitants inform him they were the work of magicians! What is beyond their own power, the vulgar cannot comprehend to be lawfully in the power of others. But if by magic you mean a perpetual research amongst all that is more latent and obscure in nature, I answer, I profess that magic and that he who does so comes but nearer to the fountain of all belief. Knowest thou not that magic was taught in the schools of old? But how, and by whom? as the last and most solemn lesson, by the priests who ministered to the Temple.

E. B. Lytton.

MAGNANIMITY—a Mark of Greatness.

Great minds erect their never-falling trophies
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captivated,
Argues a bastard conquest. *Massinger.*

MAGNANIMITY—of a Savage.

A Scotch Highlander was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, his life was about to be sacrificed, when the chief adopted him as his son. They carried him into the interior; he learnt their language, assumed their habits, and became skilful in the use of their arms. After a season, the same tribe began their route to join the French army, at that time opposed to the English. It was necessary to pass near to the English lines during the night. Very early in the morning, and it was spring, the old chief roused the young Highlander from his repose: he took him to an eminence, and pointed out to him the tents of his countrymen. The old man appeared to be dreadfully agitated, and there was a keen restlessness in his eye. After a pause,—"I lost," said he, "my only son in the battle with your nation; are you the only son of your father? and do you think that your father is yet alive?" The young man replied, "I am the only son of my father, and I hope that my father is yet alive." They stood close to a beautiful magnolia in full blossom. The prospect was grand and enchanting, and all its charms were crowned by the sun, which had fully emerged from the horizon. The old chief, looking steadfastly at his companion, exclaimed, "Let thy heart rejoice at the beauty of the scene! to me it is as the desert; but you are free; return to your countrymen, revisit your father that he may again rejoice, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring!" *Colton.*

MAGNIFICENCE—a Source of the Sublime.

Magnificence is likewise a source of the sublime. A great profusion of things, which are splendid or valuable in themselves, is magnificent. The starry heaven, though it occurs so very frequently to our view, never fails to excite an idea of grandeur. This cannot be owing to the stars themselves, separately considered. The number is certainly the cause. The apparent disorder augments the grandeur; for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our ideas of magnificence. Besides, the stars lie in such apparent confusion as makes it impossible on ordinary occasions to reckon them. This gives them the advantage of a sort of infinity. In works of art, this kind of grandeur, which consists in multitude, is to be very cautiously admitted; because a profusion of excellent things is not to be attained, or with too much difficulty; and because in many cases this splendid confusion would destroy all use, which should be attended to in most of the works of art with the greatest care; besides, it is to be considered, that unless you can produce an appearance of infinity by your disorder, you will have disorder only without magnificence. There are, however, a sort of fire-works, and some other things, that in this way succeed well, and are truly grand. There are also many descriptions in the poets and orators, which owe their sublimity to a richness and profusion of images, in which the mind is so dazzled as to make it impossible to attend to that exact coherence and agreement of the allusions, which we should require on every other occasion. I do not now remember a more striking example of this than the description which is given of the king's army in the play of Henry the Fourth,—

"All furnished, all in arms,
All plum'd like ostriches that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
As full of spirit as the mouth of May,
And gorgeous as the sun in Midsummer,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry with his beaver on
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropped from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus."

In that excellent book, so remarkable for the vivacity of its descriptions, as well as the solidity and penetration of its sentences, the Wisdom of the son of Sirach, there is a noble panegyric on the high priest Simon the son of Onias; and it is a very fine example of the point before us:—

"How was he honoured in the midst of the people, in his coming out of the sanctuary! He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full; as the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds; and as the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the frankincense tree in summer; as fire and incense in the censer, and as a vessel of gold set with precious stones; as a fair olive tree budding forth fruit, and as a cypress which groweth up to the clouds. When he put on the robe of honour, and was clothed with the perfection of glory, when he went up to the holy altar, he made the garment of holiness honourable. He himself stood by the hearth of the altar, compassed with his brethren round about; as a young cedar in Libanus, and as palm trees compassed they him about. So were all the sons of Aaron in their glory, and the oblations of the Lord in their hands," &c. *Burke.*

MAJESTIC—

As a god. *Pope.*

As when Juno, throned above the deities by the side of Jove, lends her proud smile celestial, while her Lord showers heaven's bounties on the world below. *Cornwall.*

As the sky's bright panoply. *Universal Magazine.*

As the storm that broods upon the mountain. *M. R. Mitford.*

As the forest oak. *Poem "Margaret of Anjou."*

Deep on his brow imprinted sorrow sat, majestic as a cloud upon the morn. *G. E. Howard.*

Mien, as majestic as the moon at full. *N. E. Kindersley.*

MAMMON—The Home of.

At length they came into a larger space
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace
That straight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne,
By that wayes side there sat infernal playne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous strife—
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandishèd a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth and both did threaten life.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least force or fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard;
Ne would he suffer sleepe once thether-ward
Approche, albe his drowsy den were next,
For next to death is sleepe to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annext;
Here sleep, there richesse and hel-gate them betwext.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke a huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile nett
Enwrappèd in fowle smoke and clouds more black than jett.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All barrd with double bends, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placèd were along.
But all the grownd with sculs were scatterèd
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome, there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburièd.
Spenser.

MAN—Well Armed.

The bark of a tree contains an oily juice, which, when it is in greater plenty than can be exhaled by the sun, renders the plant evergreen. Such is the state of the man whose virtue is proof against the scorching heats of temptation and persecution: he is "like a green olive tree," in the courts of the temple, "his leaf shall not wither." *Bishop Horne.*

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
Pope.

MEN'S AGENCY—Simple Elements of.

Labour produces its desired effects only by conspiring with the laws of nature. There is no commodity, or thing produced for consumption, which labour provides in any other way than by co-operating with the laws of nature. It is found that the agency of man can be traced to very simple elements. He can do nothing more than produce motion. He can move things towards one another, and he can separate them from one another: the properties of matter perform all the rest. He moves ignited iron to a portion of gunpowder, and an explosion takes place. He moves the seed to the ground, and vegetation commences. He separates the plant from the ground, and vegetation ceases. Why, or how, these effects take place, he is ignorant. He has only ascertained by experience, that if he perform such and such motions, such and such events will follow. In strictness of speech, it is matter itself which produces the effects. All that men can do is to place the objects of nature in a certain position.
Mill's Political Economy.

MAN—Bad, Unfitted for Service.

During the course of my life, I have acquired some knowledge of men and manners, in active life, and amidst occupations the most various. From that knowledge, and from all my experience, I now protest that I never knew a man that was bad fit for any service that was good. There was always some disqualifying ingredient mixing with the compound, and spoiling it. The man seems paralytic on that side: his muscles there have lost their tone and natural properties; they cannot move. In short, the accomplishment of anything good is a physical impossibility in such a man. He could not if he would, and it is not more certain than that he would not if he could, do a good or a virtuous action.
Burke.

MAN—His Origin.

Festus. Whence are we!
Luniel. Child of the royal blood of man redeemed,
The starry strain of spirit, thence we are.
This, therefore, be thy future and thy fate.
As water putrefied and purified,
Seven times by turns, will never more corrupt,
So thou and thine whole race, all change endured,
Through doubt, sin, knowledge, faith, love, power, and bliss,
Shall practice every note of Being's scale,
Till the whole orb coharmonize with heaven,
And pure imperial peace rule all below;—
Till, star by star, these bright and sacred seats,
Whose ancestry of sempiternal suns
Comes of the vast and universal void,
And in whose lineage of light yon earth
Seems but a new possession scarcely worth
Accepting or rejecting, shall at last
Into primordial nothingness relapse;
And man, the universal son of God,
Who occupied in time those starry spheres,
Regenerate and redemeed shall live for aye,
Made one with Deity; all evil gone,
Dispersed as by a thunderclap of light.
Bailey.

MAN—His Mission.

How I wish
I could love men! for amid all life's quests
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.
It matters not how long we live, but how.
For as the parts of one manhood while here
We live in every age: we think, and feel,
And feed upon the coming and the gone
As much as on the now time. Man is one:
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each other's rights and wrongs; thus are we men.

Let us think less of men and more of God.
Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,
Like a small bird winging the still blue air;
And then again, at other times, it rises,
Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all breathless,
And just overhead lets itself down on us.
Bailey.

MAN—Likened to a Bee.

Man, indeed, may be called a bee, in a figurative style. In search of sweets, he roams in various regions, and ransacks every inviting flower. Whatever displays a beautiful appearance, solicits his notice, and conciliates his favour, if not his affection. He is often deceived by the vivid colour and attractive form, which, instead of supplying honey, próduce the rankest poison; but he perseveres in his researches, and if he is often disappointed, he is also often successful. The misfortune is, that when he has found honey, he enters upon the feast with an appetite so voracious, that he usually destroys his own delight by excess and satiety. *Knox.*

MAN—a Bubble.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double;
Who would trust to such weak eyes?

Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise;
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Lost in error, lives and dies.
Robert Dodsley.

MAN—His Capacity Limited.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible, in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation, in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a summer shower: yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind. *Dr. Johnson.*

MAN—Combined.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
But man, associated and leagued with man,
By regal warrant, or self-joined by bond
For interest-sake, or swarming into clans,
Beneath one head, for purposes of war,
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fades rapidly; and, by compression marred,
Contracts defilement not to be endured.
Hence chartered boroughs are such public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature; and disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial justice red.
Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice. *Cowper.*

MAN—the Consummation of Creation.

Man, for whom all things were made, was himself made last of all. We are taught to follow the heavenly Artist, step by step, first in the production of the inanimate elements; next, of vegetable, and then of animal life; till we come to the master-piece of Creation, man, endued with reason and intellect. The house being built, its inhabitant appeared: the feast being set forth, the guest was introduced; the theatre being decorated and illuminated, the spectator was admitted to behold the splendid and magnificent scenery in the heavens above, and the earth beneath; to view the bodies around him, moving in perfect harmony, and every creature performing the part allotted it in the universal drama; that seeing, he might understand, and understanding, adore, its Supreme Author and Director.
Bishop Horne.

MAN—Contrasts in.

A good man is like the day, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is always ascending upwards to a region of more constant purity. The bad man is like the night, dark, and scattering fears and unwholesome vapours upon all which rest beneath.

Felltham.

MAN—Covetous.

I should marvel that the covetous man can still be poor when the rich man is still covetous, but that I see a poor man can be content when the contented man is only rich, the one wanting in his store, while the other is stored in his wants. I see then we are not rich or poor by what we possess, but by what we desire. For he is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough; nor he poor that hath but little, but he that wants more. If God then make me rich by store, I will not impoverish myself by covetousness; but if he make me poor by want, I will enrich myself by content. *Warwick.*

MAN—His Culture.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other. *Bacon.*

MAN—A Deceptive.

We say of a false man, Trust him not, he will deceive you; we say concerning a weak and broken staff, Lean not on it, for it will deceive you. The man deceives because he is false, the staff because it is weak, yet our own heart is both. The heart of man hath not strength to think one good thought of itself; it cannot command its own attention to a prayer ten lines long; and no wonder then that in secret it should grow weary of a holy religion, which consists of so many parts as to make the business of a whole life.

Jeremy Taylor.

MAN—Dependence of, upon his Creator.

For the continuance of life a thousand provisions are made. If the vital actions of a man's frame were directed by his will, they are necessarily so minute and complicated, that they would immediately fall into confusion. He cannot draw a breath without the exercise of sensibilities as well ordered as those of the eye or ear. A tracery of nervous cords unites many organs in sympathy, of which, if one filament were broken, pain, and spasm, and suffocation would ensue. The action of his heart, and the circulation of his blood, and all the vital functions, are governed through means and by laws which are not dependent on his will, and to which the powers of his mind are altogether inadequate. For, had they been under the influence of his will, a doubt, a moment's pause of irresolution, a forgetfulness of a single action at its appointed time, would have terminated his existence.

Now, when man sees that his vital operations could not be directed by reason, that they are constant, and far too important to be exposed to all the changes incident to his mind, and that they are given up to the direction of other sources of motion than the will, he acquires a full sense of his dependence. If man be fretful and wayward, and subject to inordinate passion, we perceive the benevolent design in withdrawing the vital motions from the influence of such capricious sources of action, so that they may neither be disturbed like his moral actions, nor lost in a moment of despair.

When man thus perceives that in respect to all these vital operations he is more helpless than the infant, and that his boasted reason can neither give them order nor protection, is not his insensibility to the Giver of these secret endowments worse than ingratitude? In a rational creature, ignorance of his condition becomes a species of ingratitude: it dulls his sense of benefits, and hardens him into a temper of mind with which it is impossible to reason, and from which no improvement can be expected. *Bell.*

MAN—when Depraved, Enhanced by Greatness.

A bad great one is a great bad one: for the greatness of an evil man makes the man's evil the greater. It is the unhappy privilege of authority, not so much to act, as teach wickedness, and by a liberal cruelty, to make the offender's sin not more his own than others. Each fault in a leader is not so much a crime as a rule for error: and their vices are made (if not warrants, yet) precedents for evil. To sin by prescription is as usual as damnable: and men run post in their journey, when they go to the devil with authority. When then the vices of the rulers of others are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones must needs be the greatest of all offences. Either then let me be great in goodness, or else it were good for me to be without greatness. My own sins are a burden too heavy for me, Why then should I lade myself with other offences?

Warwick.

MAN—The Devout.

The devout man exults in the indications of his being fixed and irretrievable. He feels this confirmed habit as the grasp of the hand of God, which will never let him go. From this advanced state he looks with firmness and joy on futurity, and says, "I carry the eternal mark upon me, that I belong to God; I am free of the universe; and I am ready to go to any world to which He shall please to transmit me, — certain that everywhere, in height or depth, He will acknowledge me for ever! *Foster.*

MAN—Egotistical.

The man who ventures to say, "My moral education is completed, and my works have corroborated it," assuredly deceives himself. It is always incumbent upon us to learn how to regulate our conduct for each day, and those days which are to come: we are under obligation to preserve our virtue invariably on the alert, urging us to new actions; and we are equally bound to recollect our faults, and to repent of them. *Silvio Pellico.*

MAN—A Fearful.

Man feels a thousand deaths in fearing one. *Young.*

MAN'S—Fickleness.

Clocks will go as they are set; but man,
Irregular man's never constant, never certain. *Massinger.*

MAN'S—Folly is Man's Ruin.

All who enjoy the Gospel have reason to expect the necessary assistance of the Spirit. Our heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him—to all that ask Him. Nor must it be said that we cannot ask aright. No doubt we are capable of such asking as is required, and made the condition of receiving: otherwise here was a promise and no promise; a promise to make us despair, rather than encourage us. I do not pretend to solve all difficulties here; but the notions God has taught to entertain of Himself, of His justice, wisdom, mercy, and goodness; the declarations He has made of Himself in His Word assures us, that He will not, does not, lay our salvation upon things absolutely out of our own reach. Whatever weakness, impotency, and inability we are under by reason of the fall, a sufficient remedy is provided through a Mediator. And when God has appointed us so many duties, all tending to our advantage, and promised to assist us therein, and to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, we must conclude these duties are possible, and that the necessary assistance shall not be denied: otherwise we make Him a hard master, "reaping where He has not sown, and gathering where He has not strawed." In short, none shall perish for want of necessary assistance on God's part: none can justly say, though they sinned, they could not help it; nor shall be able to say in hell, that though they are damned, they could not help it. Such a plea would afford a relief the place of torment does not admit of—would cool the tongues of the damned, and in a great measure quench the flames of the burning lake. All there will be convinced that God was real, not only in His threatenings, but in His promises of grace and help; and this conviction will render them utterly defenceless, fill them with silent horror, and, when under the sentence of God, leave them for ever speechless. *Bennet.*

MAN—A Fortunate.

I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
A hundred ways for its acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That ev'n those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turn'd a blessing. *Rowley.*

MAN—A Good, the Best Friend.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen. The good man is a profitable useful person; and that is the band of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces, and make dialogues of news and prettinesses, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the clarity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do no good. I do not speak of accidental hindrances and misfortunes, by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child, but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent; he only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel or defend my cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can and will, when I need it, do me good. Only this I add: into the heaps of doing good I will reckon loving me; for it is a pleasure to be beloved; but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no farther, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, loads to their families, but can never ease my loads: but my friend is a worthy person when he can become to me a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule. There must be in friendship something to distinguish it from a companion and a countryman, from a schoolfellow or a gossip, from a sweetheart or a fellow-traveller. Friendship may look in at any one of these doors; but it stays not anywhere till it come to be the best thing in the world. And when we consider that one man is not better than another, neither towards God nor towards man, but by doing better and braver things, we shall also see that that which is most beneficent is also most excellent; and therefore those friendships must needs be most perfect where the friends can be most useful. For men cannot be useful but by worthinesses in the several instances; a fool cannot be relied upon for counsel, nor a vicious person for the advantages of virtue, nor a beggar for relief, nor a stranger for conduct, nor a tattler to keep a secret, nor a pitiless person trusted with my complaint, nor a covetous man with my child's fortune, nor a false person without a witness, nor a suspicious person with a private design, nor him that I fear with the treasures of my love; but he that is wise and virtuous, rich and at hand, close and merciful, free of his money, and tenacious of a secret, open and ingenuous, true and honest, is of himself an excellent man, and therefore fit to be loved; and he can do good to me in all capacities where I can need him, and therefore is fit to be a friend. I confess we are forced, in our friendships, to abate some of these ingredients; but full measures of friendship would have full measures of worthiness; and according as any defect is in the foundation, in the relation also there may be imperfection: and indeed I shall not blame the friendship so it be worthy, though it be not perfect; not only because friendship is charity, which cannot be perfect here, but because there is not in the world a perfect cause of perfect friendship. Can any wise or good man be angry if I say I choose this man to be my friend because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to be in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? *Jeremy Taylor.*

MAN—Made for a Future State.

Canst thou think it worth the while, that the Maker of the universe should create a soul, and send it down into the world, on purpose to superintend these trivial affairs—to keep alive a silly piece of well-figured earth while it eats and drinks, to move it to and fro in chase of shadows, to hold it up while others bow the knee and do it homage—as if it had not some higher work to mind in reference to another state? Art thou contented to live long in the world to such purposes? What low, worthless spirit is this that had rather be so employed, than in the visions of his Maker's face; that chooses thus to entertain itself on earth rather than partake the effusions of the Divine glory above; that had rather creep with worms than soar with angels; associate with brutes than with the spirits of just men made perfect? Who can solve the phenomenon, or give a rational account why there should be such a creature as man upon the earth, abstracting from the hopes of another world? *Howe.*

MAN—A Good.

A good man, though unlearned in secular knowledge, is like the windows of the temple—narrow without and broad within; he sees not so much of what profits not abroad; but whatsoever is within, and concerns religion and the glorification of God, that he sees with a broad inspection; but all human learning without God is but blindness and folly. One man discourses of the sacrament, another receives Christ; one discourses for or against transubstantiation; but the good man feels himself to be changed, and so joined to Christ that he only understands the true sense of transubstantiation, while he becomes to Christ bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh, and of the same spirit with His Lord.

From holiness we have the best instruction. For that which we are taught by the Holy Spirit of God, this new nature, this vital principle within us, it is that which is worth our learning; not vain and empty, idle and insignificant notions, in which, when you have laboured till your eyes are fixed in their orbs, and your flesh unfixed from its bones, you are the reproof of heresies, for the detection of no better and no wiser. If the Spirit of God be your teacher, He will teach you such truths as will make you know and love God, and become like to Him, and enjoy Him for ever, by passing from similitudes to union and eternal fruition. *Jeremy Taylor.*

MAN—The Recreant Spirit of.

By its own members: Man, alas! alone;
The recreant spirit of the universe,
Loves surface knowledge; calls the crimes of crowds
Virtue; adores the useful vices; licks
The gory dust from off the feet of war,
And swears it food for gods, though fit for fiends
Only; reversing just the devil's state,
When first he entered on this orb of man's—
A fallen angel's form, a reptile's soul.
Bailey.

MAN—His Imperfection.

Man imperfect is—
Momently sinning. Evil then results
From imperfection. The idea of good
Is owned in imperfection's lowest form.
God would not, could not, make aught wholly ill,
Nor aught not like to err. Man never was
Perfect nor pure, or he would be so now.
Thy nature hath some excellencies—these
Oft thwarted by low lusts and wicked wills.
What then? They are necessitate in kind,
As change in nature, or as shade to light.
Bailey.

MAN—His Relationship to God.

Men have a claim on God; and none who hath
A heart of kindness, reverence, and love,
But dare look God in the face and ask His smile.
He dwells in no fierce light—no cloud of flame;
And if it were, Faith's eye can look through hell,
And through the solid world. We must all think
On God. Yon water must reflect the sky.
Midnight! Day hath too much of light for us,
To see things spiritually. Mind and Night
Will meet, though in silence, like forbidden lovers,
With whom to see each other's sacred form
Must satisfy. The stillness of deep bliss
Sound as the silence of the high hill-top,
Where thunder finds no echo—like God's voice
Upon the worldling's proud, cold rocky heart—
Fills full the sky; and the eye shares with heaven
That look so like to feeling, which the bright
And glorious things of Nature ever wear.
There is much to think and feel of things beyond
This earth; which lie, as we deem, upwards—far
From the day's glare and riot—they are Night's!
Oh, could we lift the future's sable shroud!
Bailey.

MAN—Cause of his Fall.

Man, through ignorance, first,
And need of knowing, fell. Now, grown so wise,
He thinks he lacketh nothing; no, not God.
Is faith here? I have missed her from the earth
This many an age. *Bailey.*

MAN—The Good.

God properly dwells in a good man, and a good man has also his dwelling in God; according to that of St. John, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." He is indeed the most glorious temple that the Divinity has next to the sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ; the divine Shekinah rests upon him, and the glory of God shines forth in him, as it did of old in the Jewish tabernacle. And as God dwells in him, so he loves Him and delights in Him, and in Him only. . . . God regards nothing in us but His own image, which consists in righteousness and true holiness; and this He can find no where upon earth but in a good man; and there He finds it, loves it, and honours it. For the good man follows the will, and conforms to the order of God; the frame of his mind is rightly disposed, and the strings of his soul well in tune: that which is the measure of the Divine will is the rule also of his essential order and justice; he wills that which is simply and absolutely best, without being swayed by any private or self-regards; is above all little sneaking designs or unworthy projectings; is endued with a spirit of universal love, seeks the good of all mankind, and heartily rejoices in the welfare of every creature. *Norris.*

MAN'S GREATNESS.

Man is so great, that his greatness appears even in his knowing himself to be miserable. It is true, that to know our misery is to be miserable; but it is also great to know our misery. Thus his greatness is shown by his miseries. They are the miseries of a prince, the miseries of a king dethroned. *Pascal.*

MAN—not Dependent on Good Fortune.

He's not the happy man to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the spring,
Whose carved mountains bleat and forests sing:
For whom the cooling shade in summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whose wide fields unbounded autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores;
Whose winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves. *J. Thomson.*

MAN—The Honest.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin or wrench from giving all their due.

Whom none can work nor woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.
Herbert.

MAN'S Instincts—on the Side of Immortality.

I not only apprehend and consider external objects, . . . but have ideas raised within myself of a higher order, and many: I can not only represent to myself things that are, or have been, but deduce many others from them, and foresee much that will be, or at least may be; by which thinking I had almost said I get into another world before-hand; and whether I shall live in some other state after death or not, I am certainly a being capable of such an expectation, and cannot but be solicitous about it; none of these things can be said of those clods or those brutes. . . . Can I, then, be made capable of such great expectations which those animals know nothing of (happier by far in this regard than I am, if we must die alike), or to be disappointed at last? Thus placed just upon the confines of another world, and fed with hopes of penetrating it and enjoying it,—and then to be shut out. Must I, when I bid farewell to these walks, when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this dark scene darken upon me — must I then only furnish dust, to be mingled with the ashes of these herds and plants, or with this dust under my feet? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them in death?

This argument grows strongest of all to one who, besides all this, endeavours in the conduct of life to observe the laws of reason—that is, of his nature; and that is, of the Author of nature, upon whom he depends; laments and labours against his own infirmities, implores the Divine mercy, prays for some better state hereafter, acts and lives in the hope of one, and denies himself many things upon that view; one who, by the exaltation of his reason and upper faculties, and that which is certainly the effect of real and useful philosophy, the practice of virtue, is still approaching toward a higher manner of being, and doth already taste something spiritual and above this world. To such a one there must be a strong expectation indeed, and the argument built upon it must be proportionable; for, can he be endowed with such capacities, and have, as it were, overtures of immortality made to him if, after all, there is no such thing. *Wollaston.*

MAN—Old, His Intellect Scandalized.

There is a wicked inclination in most people to suppose an old man decayed in his intellects. If a young or middle-aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders, and say, "His memory is going." *Johnson.*

MAN—Formed for Intelligence.

Man was formed with an understanding for the attainment of knowledge; and happy is he who is employed in the pursuit of it.

Ignorance is in its nature unprofitable; but every kind of knowledge may be turned to use. Diligence is generally rewarded with the discovery of that which it seeks after; sometimes of that which is more valuable.

Human learning, with the blessing of God upon it, introduces us to Divine wisdom; and while we study the works of nature, the God of nature will manifest Himself to us; since, to a well-tutored mind, "the heavens," without a miracle, "declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handy-work."

Bishop Horne.

MAN—The Just, Fearless.

A just man cannot fear,
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrants ear,
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should in a point meet all, to take his life,
His innocency is armour 'gainst all these.

Ben Jonson.

MAN—Just, Conduct of a.

A just person knows how to secure his own reputation, without blemishing another's, by discovering his faults. *Quesnel.*

MAN—under Spiritual Law.

Man is under law; but he is also under more than any mere natural law. The laws which regulate phenomena apply to his conduct, but they do not exhaust his being. He has a spirit and life of his own which transcend nature-conditions, and are not contained by them. Above the system of these conditions there is a higher system of being, and man, in his innermost life, belongs to this higher system. It is his peculiar glory that he does so—that amid ceaseless movements of matter, before which he is apparently so weak, he is conscious of an existence higher than all matter, and which would survive its wildest crash. He *knows himself*, and that is what nature does not do. There is no play of conscious life in its mighty mutations. But man is characteristically a self-conscious, thinking soul, higher than all nature, and which no subtle development of mere natural conditions can ever explain. This is the eternal basis of Christian Theism, and of all religion that is not mere consecration of earthly energies and passions. This is the only spring of a genuine morality that can survey man as under some higher law of voluntary obedience, and not a mere law of harmony and growth. *Dr. Tulloch.*

MAN—His Misfortunes Incidental.

Suppose a virtuous man has drawn on himself a great misfortune, by a fault incident to human nature, and therefore venial, the remorse he feels aggravates his distress, and consequently raises our pity to a high pitch. We at the same time blame the man; and the indignation raised by the fault he has committed is dissimilar to pity: these two passions, however, proceeding from the same object, are forced into a sort of union; but the indignation is so slight as scarce to be felt in the mixture with pity. *Lord Kaimes.*

MAN—Mistaken.

In all ages and all countries, man, through the disposition he inherits from our first parents, is more desirous of a quiet and approving, than of a vigilant and tender conscience, desirous of security instead of safety; studious to escape the thought of spiritual danger more than the danger itself; and to induce, at any price, some one to assure him confidently that he is safe, to prophesy unto him smooth things, "and to speak peace, even when there is no peace."

Archbishop Whately.

MAN—the Great Mystery.

The whole creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man. At the blast of His mouth were the rest of the creatures made; and at His bare word they were started out of nothing: but in the frame of man (as the text describes it) He played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create as to make him. When He had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a form and soul, but having raised the walls of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation—of a substance like Himself—an incorruptible and immortal spirit. In our study of anatomy there is a mass of mysterious philosophy, and such as reduced the very heathens to divinity; yet amongst all those rare discoveries and curious pieces I find in the fabrick of man I do not so much content myself as in that I find not —that is, no organ or instrument for the rational soul: for in the brain, which we term the seat of reason, there is not anything of moment more than I can discover in the crany of a beast; and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the soul—at least, in that sense we usually receive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how; there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is

strange that it hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us.
Bacon.

MAN—His Ungoverned Nature.

Like some vast flood, unbounded fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungoverned man along,
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The laws are formed and placed on every side;
Whene'er it breaks the bonds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed;
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below!
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay,
The stately fabric shakes and falls away;
Primeval want and ignorance come on,
But freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.
Crabbe.

MAN—His Necessities.

To make a man virtuous, three things are necessary:—1. Natural parts and disposition. 2. Precepts and instruction. 3. Use and practice, which is able better to correct the first, and improve the latter.
Locke.

MAN—His Nobility.

Man is but a reed, the feeblest thing in nature; but he is a reed that thinks (*un roseau pensant*). It needs not that the universe arm itself to crush him. An exhalation, a drop of water, suffices to destroy him. But were the universe to crush him, man is yet nobler than the universe, *for he knows that he dies;* and the universe, even in prevailing against him, knows not its power.
Pascal.

MAN'S—Proper Place in Creation.

When we reflect within what a narrow area our researches are necessarily circumscribed; when we perceive that we are bounded in space almost to the surface of the planet in which we reside, itself merely a speck in the universe, one of innumerable worlds invisible from the nearest of the fixed stars; when we recollect, too, that we are limited in point of time to a few short years of life and activity—that our records of the past history of the globe and of its inhabitants are comprised within a minute portion of the latest of the many epochs which the world has gone through; and that, with regard to the future, the most durable monuments we can raise, to hand down our names to posterity, are liable at any time to be overthrown by an earthquake, and would be obliterated as though they had never been, by any of those processes of metamorphic action which geology tells us form a part of the cycle of changes which the globe is destined to undergo,—the more lost in wonder we may be at the vast fecundity of nature, which within so narrow a sphere can crowd together phenomena so various and so imposing, the more sensible shall we become of the small proportion which our highest powers and their happiest results bear, not only to the cause of all causation, but even to other created beings, higher in the scale than ourselves, which we may conceive to exist.
Professor Daubeny.

MAN — Against a Rich, Despising Poverty.

Whatever man possesses, God has lent;
And to His audit liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he spent;
When thus thou bragg'st thou art a great receiver.
Little my debt, when little is my store,
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

But, seeing God Himself descended down,
To enrich the poor by His rich poverty;
His meat, His house, His grave, were not His own;
Yet all is His from all eternity:
Let me be like my head whom I adore!
Be thou great, wealthy—I still base and poor!
Fletcher.

MAN—His Inventive Power.

The inventive powers of man are not simply limited: it is difficult to prove that he possesses aught but the talent of varying that which has been invented by the Creator, or of recombining those inventions into new groups; being thus, in reality, but a copyist. He has often attempted to design new animals; but they have ever been compounded from the parts of known ones: while, where his novelties have been greatest, the anatomist has not been able to supply the parts necessary to motion. No botanist invents a new plant but in the same manner; yet he receives from Nature a hundred new inventions without the least surprise. The designer of ornaments must have recourse to the same inexhaustible source; and when he attempts to improve, he soon finds that he is compelled to return to his model and teacher. Be the painter what he may in poetic talent, he is but the transcriber of what Nature has produced, as his excellence consists in selection and adaptation. The poet, equally, notwithstanding the prejudices in favour of his invention, is the recorder and combiner of what exists, while even his abstractions are but analyses of Nature. There is but one inventor; it is the Omnipotent, who has invented all things. *Macculloch.*

MAN—Seeks Praise.

Alas, for man!
Unless his fellows can behold his deeds
He cares not to be great. 'Tis very true,
The text is written in a languid hand:
Sin hath drunk up my pleasure, as eclipse
Drinks up the sunlight. On my spirit lies
A malison and ban. What though the spring
Makes all the hills and valleys laugh in green,—
Is the sea healed, or is the plover's cry
Merry upon the moor? I now am kin
To these, and winds, and ever-suffering things.
Oh! I could blot these words out with my tears.
Alexander Smith.

MAN—His Price.

The value or worth of a man is as of all other things his price—that is to say, so much as would be given for the use of his power! *Hobbes.*

MAN—the Creature of Progress.

Man is a creature of progress, whenever found in circumstances of civilization. Popular institutions have an expansive principle in them. The human mind, which naturally contains this tendency, is quickened in its advancement by the social element. We believe that the species, with many reverses and retardations, has gradually improved. Its own law of progress has been resisted, but could not be utterly destroyed. It satisfies the argument to show that there never was such an amount of all that enters into the civic good of man—knowledge, law, liberty, refinement, invention, wealth—at any given period, as now subsists, since the world began. Like cross-currents of the ebb, we have beheld the contentions which would thwart this law of human progress; but as such currents only precede and indicate the turning of the tide, so now we mark the flow and predict the flood. Our plan of educating the people must agree with this noble bias and chief distinction of our nature. Far be from us the injustice and madness of withstanding such a power of development and pledge of acceleration! We may seek to guide it—to stop it is an attempt as impious as vain. The darkness of a general ignorance can never again cover the nations. The civilization of the world can never more recede. We must treat man accordingly. We must provide him for his journey, and equip him for his race. *Dr. Hamilton.*

MAN—A Reckless.

When a man stands in no awe of the disgrace which attends bad actions, and has no concern for his character, there is no way of transgression in which that man may not walk. With a countenance clothed in shamelessness and audacity, he easily and naturally proceeds from one bad action to the most profligate attempts. *Procopius.*

MAN—Aided by Religion.

Man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and it will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak, but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing for another abode. To religion, then, we must hold in every circumstance of life, for our truest comforts: for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the wretched a change from pain. *Goldsmith.*

MAN—A Reserved.

A reserved man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature, and even grudges himself the laugh into which he is somtimes betrayed. *Shenstone.*

MAN—in Retirement.

What a man is in private duties, that he is in the sight of God, and no more. *Dr. Owen.*

MAN—Wise: his Signs.

These are the signs of a wise man: to reprove nobody, to praise nobody, to blame nobody, nor ever to speak of himself as an uncommon man. *Epictetus.*

MAN—Life Stages of.

Behold fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. *Thompson.*

MAN—His State when Asleep.

In order to know the omnipotence and wisdom of God, we need not have recourse to extraordinary events. The most common things, the daily changes which happen in nature, and in our own bodies, are alone sufficient to convince us, in the strongest manner, that it is a Being infinite in wisdom, goodness, and power, who has created the world, and who directs every event in it. Of the great number of wonders of which He is Author, I will now mention one only; and, though it happens daily, it does not the less deserve to be remarked, and to become the object of our admiration. How often have those been refreshed and recruited by sleep, who possibly have never reflected on that state; or, at least, have never considered it as one of the remarkable effects of Divine goodness. They think that nothing extraordinary happens when balmy sleeps comes upon them. They think the machine, their body, is formed for that situation, and that their inclination to sleep proceeds from causes purely natural.

But perhaps sleep may be considered in two different lights. On one side there is nothing in it which may not result necessarily from our nature. On the other, there is in this natural effect something so striking and wonderful, that it is well worth a closer examination. In the first instance it is a proof of the wisdom of our Creator, that we go to sleep imperceptibly. Let us try only to watch the moment in which we are falling asleep, and that very attention will prevent it. We shall not go to sleep till that idea is lost. Sleep comes uncalled. It is the only change in our manner of existence in which reflection has no share; and the more we endeavour to promote it, the less we succeed. Thus, God has directed sleep, that it should become an agreeable necessity to man; and He has made it independent of our will and our reason. Let us pursue this meditation, and reflect on the wonderful state we are in during our sleep. We live without knowing it, without feeling it. The beating of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the digestion, the separation of the juices; in a word, all the animal functions continue and operate in the same order. The activity of the soul appears for a time in some degree suspended, and gradually loses all sensation, all distinct idea. The senses deaden, and interrupt their usual operations. The muscles by degrees move more slowly, till all voluntary motion has ceased. First, this change begins by the forehead; then the muscles of the eyelids, the neck, the arms, and the feet lose their activity, to such a degree, that man seems to be metamorphosed into the state of a plant. The situation of the brain becomes such, that it cannot transmit to the soul the same notions as when awake. The soul sees no object, though the optic nerve is not altered; and it would see nothing, even if the eyes were not shut. The ears are open, and yet they do not hear. In a word, the state of a person asleep is wonderful in all respects. Perhaps there is but one other in the world so remarkable, and this is visibly the image of that state which death reduces us to. Sleep and death are so nearly alike, it is right to observe it. Who, in reality, can think of sleep, without recollecting death also. As imperceptibly as we now fall into the arms of sleep, shall we one day fall into those of death. It is true, that death often gives warning of its approach several hours or days before; but the real moment in which death seizes us happens suddenly, and when we shall seem to feel the first blow, it will be already our last. The senses, which lose their functions in our sleep, are equally incapable of acting at the approach of death. In the same manner the ideas are confused, and we forget the objects which surround us. Perhaps, also, that the moment of death may be as agreeable as the moment of falling asleep. The convulsions of dying people are as little disagreeable a sensation to them as the snoring is to those that sleep.

Let our devotion often bring this meditation to our minds. Every time we seek repose in bed, let us reflect on all the wonders of balmy sleep, and bless our Preserver, who, even while we sleep, does such great things for us. Great things, indeed: for if He did not guard us with a protecting hand, to how many dangers should we not be exposed in the night? If God did not keep and direct the beating of our hearts, the circulation of our blood, and the motion of the muscles, the first sleep after we were born would have delivered us into the arms of death.

Let us reflect attentively on all these things, and our own hearts will point to us the duties we ought to fulfil towards so great a Benefactor. Then, with joy and gratitude, we shall bless the Lord, who shows Himself to be our God in every circumstance through life. *Sturm.*

MAN'S—Natural State.

In the nature of man we find three principall causes of quarrell: first, competition; secondly, diffidence; thirdly, glory. The first maketh man invade for gain; the second, for safety; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattell; the second, to defend them; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other signe of undervalue, either direct in their persons or by reflexion in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest, that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called warre; and such a warre as is of every man against every man. For warre consisteth not in battel only, or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battel is sufficiently known; and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of warre as it is in the nature of the weather. . . .

To this warre of every man against every man, this also is consequent—that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power there is no law; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are, in warre, the two cardinal vertues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties, neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition, that there be no propriety, no dominion, no mine and thine distinct; but only that to be every man's that he can get, and for so long as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill-condition in which man by meer nature is actually placed: though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in his passions, partly in his reason. The passions which encline men to peace are—feare of death, desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement. These articles are they which otherwise are called the Lawes of Nature. *Hobbes.*

MAN—in his Unconverted and Converted State.

With one object only in view—the glory of God—he lives but to promote it. In every thing around him he perceives a present Deity, in every individual of his species a kinsman and a brother. His constant aim is to benefit his fellow-creature, both in a temporal and in a spiritual sense; and, in so far as he is personally concerned, to maintain "a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men." If an author, his works will bear the impress of the same spirit which pervades the whole man. They may be brilliant, but they will also be useful. They may exhibit genius, but they will also manifest piety. Amusement and instruction will go hand in hand. His wit, too, is of that chaste and innocent description which can enliven the mind without injuring the heart. In short, his genius resembles the sunbeam—now glittering on the lake, now expanding the rose-bud, now bringing to maturity the fruits of the earth; and thus imparting grace, and fragrance, and fertility to the landscape. While that of the unconverted is like the lightning—at one time playing majestically and harmlessly around the summit of the mountain, but at another splitting the gnarled oak, and annihilating the traveller who had taken shelter beneath it, or illuminating, by its lurid glare, the dark recesses of the cavern, and displaying objects at once disgusting to the senses and appalling to the soul. *Dr. Huie.*

MAN'S THOUGHTS—The Intimacy of.

There is much profound and important wisdom in that proverb of Solomon, where it is said—"The heart knoweth its own bitterness." It forms part of a truth still more comprehensive—that every man knoweth his own peculiar feelings, and difficulties, and trials, far better than he can get any of his neighbours to perceive them. It is natural to us all, that we should desire to engross to the uttermost the sympathy of others with what is most painful to the sensibilities of our own bosom, and with what is most aggravating in the hardships of our own situation. But, labour as we may, we cannot with every power of expression make an adequate conveyance of all our sensations and of all our circumstances into another understanding.

There is something in the intimacy of a man's own experience which he cannot make to pass entire into the heart and mind, even of his most familiar companion; and thus it is, that he is often defeated in his attempts to obtain a full and cordial possession of his sympathy.

He does not reflect all the while, that with every human being he addresses, there is an inner man, which forms a theatre of passions and of interests, as busy, as crowded, and as fitted as his own to engross the anxious and the exercised feelings of a heart which can alone understand its own bitterness, and lay a correct estimate on the burden of its own visitations. Every man we meet carries about with him, in the unperceived solitude of his bosom, a little world of his own; and we are just as blind, and as insensible, and as dull, both of perception and of sympathy, about his engrossing objects, as he is about ours; and, did we suffer this observation to have all its weight upon us, it might serve to make us more candid and more considerate of others. It might serve to abate the monopolizing spirit of our nature. It might serve to soften down all the malignity which comes out of those curious contemplations that we are apt to cast on the fancied ease and prosperity which are around us. It might serve to reconcile every man to his own lot, and dispose him to bear with thankfulness his own burden; and, sure I am, if this train of sentiment were prosecuted with firmness, and calmness, and impartiality, it would lead to the conclusion that each profession in life has its own peculiar pains and its own besetting inconveniences; that, from the bottom of society up to the golden pinnacle which blazons upon its summit, there is much in the shape of care and suffering to be found; that, throughout all the conceivable varieties of human condition, there are trials, which can neither be adequately told on the one side, nor fully understood on the other; that the ways of God to man are equal, in this, as in every department of His administration; and that, go to whatever quarter of human experience we may, we shall find how He has provided enough to exercise the patience and to accomplish the purposes of a wise and a salutary discipline upon all His children.

Dr. Chalmers.

MAN—Unwitting.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know beside.

Tillotson.

MAN—a Wise one.

No man ever thought too highly of his nature or too meanly of himself. *Young.*

MAN'S WORKS—and Nature's.

Man has never woven a tapestry like that which May spreads beneath us, in its green and flowery meadows; and where are the imitative works of art that can compete with a flower-garden—can even approach to a single flower? But we admire the imitations and almost forget to look at the reality and the original. Yet, while the former are costly, or even inaccessible, the others are given freely, without cost, and they are given freely to all. The Creator has even empowered us to create for ourselves, and almost without labour, beauty which no art can approach, and no price could teach it to rival. We sow a few seeds in a few minutes, and we become artists, under the kindness of the Great Artist, producing pictures, imperfect imitations of which we must have purchased with gold—as not all the gold of the universe could have stimulated an artist to approach to them.

Macculloch.

MAN—a Little World.

Man, thus compounded and formed by God, was an abstract or modell or briefe storie of the universall. And whereas God created three sorts of living natures (to wit) angelicall, rationall, and brutall—giving to angels an intellectuall and to beasts a sensuall nature—He vouchsafed unto man both the intellectuall of angels, the sensitive of beasts, and the proper rationall belonging to man.

"Man," says Gregory Nazianzen, "is the bond and chain which tieth together both natures;" and because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universall, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts thereof, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world. . . . His blood, which disperseth itselfe by the branches of veines through all the body, may be resembled to those waters which are carried by brookes and rivers over all the earth; his breath to the aire, his naturall heate to the enclosed warmth which the earth hath in itselfe, which, stirred up by the heate of the sunne, assisteth nature in the speedier procreation of those varieties which the earth bringeth forth; our radicall moisture—oile, or balsamum (whereon the naturall heat feedeth and is maintained)—is resembled to the fat and fertilitie of the earth; the haires of man's bodie which adornes or overshadowes it, to the grass, which covereth the upper face and skin of the earth; . . . our determinations, to the light, wandering, and unstable clouds, carried everywhere with uncertaine winds; our eies, to the light of the sun and moone, and the beauty of our youth, to the flowers of the spring, which, either in a very short time, or with the sun's heat, dry up and wither away, or the fierce puffes of wind blow them from the stalks; the thoughts of our mind, to the motion of the angels; and our pure understanding, to those intellectuall natures which are alwaies present with God; and, lastly, our immortal soules (while they are righteous) are by God Himselfe beautified with the title of His owne image and similitude. *Raleigh.*

MAN—The Worst.

The best thing corrupted is worst: an ill man is the worst of all creatures; an ill Christian, the worst of all men; an ill professor, the worst of all Christians; an ill minister, the worst of all professors.

Bishop Hall.

MANNERS—a Maintenance of Self-respect.

Good manners consist in a constant maintenance of self-respect, accompanied by attention and deference to others; in correct language, gentle tones of voice, ease and quietness in movements and action. They repress no gaiety or animation which keeps free of offence; they divest seriousness of an air of severity or pride. In conversation, good manners restrain the vehemence of personal or party feelings, and promote that versatility which enables people to converse readily with strangers, and take a passing interest in any subject that may be addressed to them. *Women's Rights and Duties.*

MANNER—Ungracious.

Ungraciousness in rendering a benefit, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the song.

Feltham.

MANHOOD—Opening, Charm in.

There is a charm in opening manhood which has commended itself to the imagination in every age. The undefined hopes and promises of the future—the dawning strength of intellect—the vigorous flow of passion—the very exchange of home ties and protected joys for free and manly pleasures, give to this period an interest and excitement unfelt, perhaps, at any other. It is the beginning of life in the sense of independent and self-supporting action. Hitherto life has been to boys, as to girls, a derivative and dependent existence—a sucker from the parent growth—a home discipline of authority and guidance, and communicated impulse. But henceforth it is a transplanted growth of its own—a new and free power of activity—in which the mainspring is no longer authority or law from without, but principle or opinion from within. The shoot which has been nourished under the shelter of the parent stem, and bent according to its inclination, is transferred to the open world, where of its own impulse and character it must take root, and grow into strength, or sink into weakness and vice. There is a natural pleasure in such a change. The sense of freedom is always joyful, at least at first. The mere consciousness of awakening powers and prospective work touches with elation the youthful breast. But to every right-hearted youth this time must also be one of severe trial. Anxiety must greatly dash its pleasure. There must be regrets behind and uncertainties before. The thought of home must excite a pang even in the first moments of freedom. Its glad shelter—its kindly guidance—its very restraints, how dear and tender must they seem in parting! How brightly must they shine in the retrospect as the youth turns from them to the hardened and unfamiliar face of the world! With what a sweet, sadly-cheering pathos must they linger in the memory! And then what chance and hazard is there in his newly-gotten freedom! What instincts of warning in its very novelty and dim inexperience! What possibilities of failure as well as of success in the unknown future, as it stretches before him!

Dr. Tulloch.

MARRIAGE—Circumspection.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife: for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war—wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

Lord Burleigh.

MARRIAGES—Few Happy.

Say, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy;
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concert spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual love:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves. *Dr. Watts.*

MARRIAGE—Harmonious.

For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong. *Schiller.*

MARRIAGE—Lottery of.

Marry! no, faith; husbands are like lots in
The lottery: you may draw forty blanks
Before you find one that has any prize
In him; a husband generally is a
Careless domineering thing, that grows like
Coral; which, as long as it is under water,
Is soft and tender; but as soon
As it has got its branch above the waves,
Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bow'd.

Marston.

MARRIAGE—Pro and Con.

But what do I trouble myself to finde arguments to perswade to, or commend marriage? Behold a brief abstract succintly, pithily, pathetically, perspicuously, and elegantly delivered in twelve motions to mitigate the miseries of marriage, by Jacobus de Voragine.

1. Hast thou meanes? thou hast one to keep and increase it.

2. Hast none? thou hast one to helpe to get it.

3. Art in prosperity? thine happiness is doubled.

4. Art in adversity? shee'l comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden to make it more tolerable.

5. Art at home? shee'l drive away melancholy.

6. Art abroad? shee looks after thee going

from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy returne.

7. There's nothing delightsome without society; no society so sweet as matrimony.

8. The band of conjugal love is adamantine.

9. The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth, the number of parents is doubled, of brothers, sisters, nephews.

10. Thou art made a father by a faire and happy issue.

11. Moses curseth the barrenness of matrimony, how much more a single life.

12. If nature escape not punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it.

All this is true, say you, and who knows it not? But how easy a matter is it to answer these motives, and to make an *anti-parodia* quite opposite unto it? To exercise myself, I will essay.

1. Hast thou meanes? thou hast one to spend it.

2. Hast none? thy beggery is increased.

3. Art in prosperity? thy happiness is ended.

4. Art in adversity? like Jobs wife, shee'l aggravate thy misery, vexe thy soule, make thy burden intollerable.

5. Art at home? shee'l scold thee out of doores.

6. Art abroad? if thou be wise keep thee so: shee'l perhaps graft hornes in thine absence, scowle on thee coming home.

7. Nothing gives more content than solitariness; no solitariness like this of a single life.

8. The band of marriage is adamantine; no hope of loosing it; thou art undone.

9. Thy number increaseth, thou shalt be devoured by thy wives friends.

10. Thou art made a cornuto by an unchast wife; and shalt bring up other folkes children in stead of thine owne.

11. Paul commends marriage, yet he preferres a single life.

12. Is marriage honourable? What an immortall crown belongs to virginity.

So Siracides himself speaks as much as may be for and against women; so doth almost every philosopher plead *pro* and *con*; every poet thus argues the case (though what cares *vulgus hominum* what they say?) so can I conceive, peradventure, and so canst thou. When all is said, yet since some be good, some bad, let's put it to the venture.

Burton.

MARRIED LIFE—a Discipline.

Married life appears to me a sort of philosophical discipline, training persons to honourable duties, worthy of the good and wise. Few unmarried people are affected as they ought to be towards the public good, and perceive what are really the most important objects in life. *Melancthon.*

MARRIED STATE—Forbearance in.

Should erring nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose;
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Dr. John Langhorne.

MARTYR—His Bravery.

I wondered not to hear so brave an end,
Because I knew who made it could contend
With death, and conquer, and in open chase
Would spit defiance in his conquered face—
And did. Dauntless he trod him underneath
To show the weakness of unarmed death.
Nay, had report or niggard fame denied
His name, it had been known that Ailmer died.
It was no wonder to hear rumour tell
That he, who died so oft, once died so well.
Great Lord of life, how hath Thy dying breath
Made man, whom death hath conquered, conquer death! *Quarles.*

MARTYR—His Warfare.

Like as the armed knyghte,
Appointed to the fielde,
With this world will I fighte,
And fayth shal be my shylde.

Fayth is that weapon stronge,
Which will not fayle at nede;
My foes therefore amonge,
Therewith wyl I procede.

* * * *

Faythe of the fathers olde
Obtained right witness,
Whych makes me verye bolde
To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoice in harte,
And hope bydes me do so;
For Christ will take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayest, Lord, whoso knocke,
To them Thou wylt attende;

Undo therefore, the locke,
And Thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave,
But fyght Thou in my steade.

* * * *

Not oft I use to wryght
In prose, nor yet in rhyme;
Yet wyl I show one syght,
That I sawe in my tyme.

I sawe a royall throne,
Where Justyce shulde have sytte;
But in her steade was one
Of moody cruell wytte.

Absorpt was ryghtysness;
As by the ragynge floude;
Satan, in his excess,
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I,—Jesus, Lorde,
When Thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what wyll fall.

Yet, Lorde, I Thee desyre,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hyre
Of their iniquytie. *Anne Askewe.*

MARTYR—His Triumph.

Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine. *Gray.*

MARTYR—Unconquerable.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. *Byron.*

MARTYRDOM.

I will relate a remarkable instance of modern martyrdom. A young Greek, some years ago, whose name was Paniotes, was servant to a Turkish nobleman called Osman Effendi. He came with his master to Jerusalem; and when Osman Effendi went to worship in the mosque of Omar, this young Greek accompanied him. Soon after, Osman Effendi undertook a journey to Damascus, intending to return to Jerusalem, and left Paniotes to await his return. When the pasha of Damascus arrived here on his annual visit, Paniotes was accused to him of having profaned the mosque of Omar, by having entered it. He was summoned to appear before the pasha, and questioned as to why he did so; he answered, that he had followed his master, whom it was his duty to follow. The penalty was death, or to turn Mohammedan, which was much pressed upon him. Paniotes exclaimed, "Christ is risen, who is the Son of the living God,—I fear nothing." Pasha: "Say God is God, and Mohammed the prophet of God, and I adopt you as my son." Paniotes: "Christ is risen, I fear nothing." They led him out before the castle of David, and drew up the soldiers around him, with their swords drawn; but Paniotes exclaimed, "I am a Christian! Christ is risen! I fear nothing!" He knelt down and prayed to Jesus Christ the Son of God, and exclaimed, "Christ is risen! I fear nothing." Even Christians advised him to turn Mohammedan. He exclaimed, "Christ is risen! I fear nothing." The executioner lifted up his fine hair, which he wore, as many Greeks do, flowing down to the shoulders, and struck him several times with the sword, so as to draw blood, in the hope that he might relent; but Paniotes continued, "Jesus is the Son of the living God;" and crossing himself, exclaimed, "Christ is risen; I fear nothing!" and his head fell. *Wolff.*

MARTYRS—for Conscience Sake.

The firm endurance of suffering by the martyrs of conscience, if it be rightly contemplated, is the most consolatory spectacle in the clouded life of man—far more ennobling and sublime than the outward victories of virtue, which must be partly won by weapons not her own, and are often the lot of her foulest foes. Magnanimity in enduring pain for the sake of conscience, is not indeed an unerring mark of rectitude, but it is of all destinies that which most exalts the sect or party whom it visits, and bestows on their story an undying command over the hearts of their fellow-men. *Sir James Mackintosh.*

MAY.

How shall I meet thee, summer, wont to fill
  My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
  First came, and on each coomb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
Fresh flow'rs shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
  As with the songs of joyance and of hope
  The hedgerows shall ring loud, and on the slope

The poplars sparkle in the transient beam;
The shrubs and laurels, which I loved to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies.
W. L. Bowles.

MAY DAY.

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labour drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plough.
Then lads, &c.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note!
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
"Let love and pleasure rule the year!"
Then lads, &c.

Lo! Sol looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around his sky;
Embracing hill, and vale, and stream,
And warming nature with his beam.
Then lads, &c.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with zephyr every flower;
Shall these our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us we are foes to Love?
Then lads, &c.
Dr. Wolcot.

MAY MORNING.

Forth of his palace royal issuèd Phœbùs,
With golden crown and visage glorious,
Crisp hairs, bright as chrysolite or topàs,
For whase hue might nane behold his face,
The fiery sparkis brasting from his een
To purge the air and gilt the tender green.

* * * * *

The auriate phanis, of his throne sovràn,
With glitter and glance o'erspread the ocëan,
The largé floodís, leamand all of light,
But with ane blink of his supernal sight.
For to behald it was ane glore to see
The stabled windís and the calmèd sea,
The soft seasòn, the firmament serene,
The lowne illuminate air and firth amene.
Gavin Douglas.

MAY—Song to.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces deck'd in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring!
Erasmus Darwin.

MAY—Welcome to.

'Tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in;
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May!
Herrick.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke,
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let 's obay
The proclamation made for May;
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's goe a Maying.
Herrick.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deck't all with dainties of her season's pryde,

And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
  Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which, on either side,
  Supported her like to their soveraine queene;
Lo! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
  And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene,
  And Cupid self about her fluttered all in greene.
Spenser.

MECHANICS—Skill in.

"Skill in mechanics," says Hope, "is a faculty wholly distinct from taste in the fine arts; where the latter exists, or lies dormant, or retrogrades, the other may still advance, still make great and rapid strides. Thence the greater exigencies of the Romans in respect of achitecture—the vaster buildings they had to raise and to cover, soon made them seek all the superior means, and develop all the superior powers of the arch." "Pillars and walls placed so far asunder that no blocks of stone, no beams of wood can connect them, may by the arch be embraced and combined. An area so spacious that no flat ceiling could cover it, may by the vault be closed in with equal solidity and durability; by means of the vault the expense of cutting, of carrying, of raising masses of immense weight, only to produce small intervening spaces, may be avoided. A less quantity of materials may be spread out over, and render habitable a much greater space. To form a just estimate of its capabilities, we need but glance at the Pantheon of pagan, and Saint Peter's of papal Rome."

MEDDLESOMENESS—Punished.

I saw two men fighting together till a third, casually passing by, interposed himself to part them; the blows of one fell on his face, of the other on his back, of both on his body, being the screen betwixt the fiery anger of the two fighters. Some of the beholders laughed at him as well enough served for meddling with matters which belonged not to him. *Thomas Fuller.*

MEDDLING.

We should enjoy more peace if we did not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge. *Taylor.*

MEDITATION.

Meditation is often confounded with something which only partially resembles it. Sometimes we sit in a kind of day-dream, the mind expatiating far away into vacancy, while minutes and hours slip by almost unmarked in mere vacuity. This is not meditation, but reverie,—a state to which the soul resigns itself in mere passivity. When the soul is absent and dreaming, let no man think that *that* is spiritual meditation, or anything that is spiritual. Meditation is partly a passive, partly an active state. Whoever has long pondered over a plan which he is anxious to accomplish, without distinctly knowing at first the way, knows what meditation is. He knows also what it is who has ever earnestly and sincerely loved one living human being. The image of his friend rises unbidden by day and by night, stands before his soul in the street and in the field, comes athwart his every thought, mixes its presence with his every plan. So far all is passive. But besides this, he plans and contrives for that other's happiness—tries to devise what would give him pleasure—examines his own conduct and conversation, to avoid that which can by any possibility give pain. This is meditation. So, too, is meditation on religious truths carried on. If it first be loved, it will recur spontaneously to the heart. But then it is dwelt on till it revives innumerable applications, is again and again brought up to the sun and tried in various lights, and so incorporates itself with the realities of practical existence.

Meditation is done in silence. By it we renounce our narrow individuality, and expatiate into that which is infinite. Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the first of these sacred solitary moments. There is a Divine depth in silence; we meet God alone. *Robertson, of Brighton.*

Meditation is to the sermon what the harrow is to the seed—it covers those truths which else might have been picked or washed away. *A Divine of the 17th Century.*

MEDITATION—the Foundation of Actions.

Meditation is the womb of our actions—action the midwife of our meditations. A good and perfect conception if it want strength for the birth, perisheth in the womb of the mind, and, if it may be said to be born, it must be said to be still-born. A bad and imperfect conception, if it hath the happiness of a birth, yet the mind is but delivered of a burthen of imperfections, in the perfection of deformity, which may beg with the cripple at the gate of the temple, or perish through its imperfections. If I meditate what is good to be done, and do not the good I have meditated, I lose my labour and make cursed my knowledge. If I do the thing that is good, and intend not that good that I do, it is a good action, but not well done. Others may enjoy some benefit, I deserve no commendations. Resolution without action is a slothful folly, action without resolution is a foolish rashness. First, know what 's good to be done, then do that good, being known. If forecast be not better than labour, labour is not good without forecast; I would not have my actions done without knowledge nor against it. *Warwick.*

MEDITATION—Exhortation to.

Let us all cultivate the peculiar grace which shone in the Lord's mother,—"Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." If we read little, let us *keep* it well; if we read much, let it be because we have time to *ponder.* Haste in divine things, is ever a sign of heartlessness. If our time for thought is scanty, let us use it the more calmly and the more thoughtfully for self-recollection, self-correction, and earnest communing with God. One moment *so spent*, is worth hours even of sacred reading without it. One moment so spent with the windows of the heart set fully open towards the heavenly temple, so that the light, and the air, and the warmth of the very city of God may reach it in its inmost corners and recesses, is so full of hope, so full of promise, yea, so full of blessedness, that it makes a man say, as he retires from it,—"Behold, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." *Dr. C. J. Vaughan.*

MEDITATION—Fruits of.

The standing spiritual benefits of meditation are many. It imprints and fastens a truth upon the mind and memory; deliberate thoughts stick to us, as a lesson we have conned is not easily forgotten. Civet long kept in a box, the scent remaineth when the civet is taken out. We had need inculcate things, if we would have them to affect us. The steel must be beat again and again upon the flint, if we would have the sparks fly out; so must the understanding bear hard upon the will, to get out any affection and respect to the ways of God. It showeth the beauty of truths. When we look upon them "*in transitu,*" we do not see half that is in them, but upon a deliberate view it more appeareth,—as there is a secret grace in some that is not discerned but by much converse and narrow inspection. It helpeth to prevent vain thoughts. The mind of man is restless, and cannot be idle; and therefore it is good to employ it with good thoughts, and set it awork on holy things; for then there will be no time and heart for vanity, the mind being prepossessed and seasoned already, but when the heart is left to run loose, vanity increaseth upon us. Oh! Christians, meditation is all; it is the mother and nurse of knowledge and godliness, the great instrument in all the offices of grace. We resemble the simplicity and purity of God most in the holiness of our thoughts.

Without meditation we do but talk one after another like parrots, and take up things by mere hearsay, and repeat them by rote, without affection and life, or discerning the worth and excellency of what we speak. It is meditation that maketh truth always ready and present to us. *Manton.*

MEDITATION—the Soul's Perspective Glass.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if He were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, who was the more fair; but action to Leah, who was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking. *Owen Feltham.*

MEDITATION—the Life of the Soul.

Meditation is the life of the soul; action is the soul of meditation; honour is the reward of action: so meditate, that thou mayest do; so do, that thou mayest purchase honour—for which purchase give God the glory. *Quarles.*

MEDITATION—Obstacles to.

Neither may the soul that hopeth to profit by meditation suffer itself for the time to be entangled with the world, which is all one as to come to God's flaming bush on the hill of vision, with our shoes on our feet. Thou seest the bird whose feathers are limed, unable to take her former flight. So are we when our thoughts are clinging together with the world, to soar up to our heaven in meditation. The pair of brothers must leave their nets, if they will follow Christ; Elisha his oxen, if he will attend a prophet. It must be a free and a light mind that can ascend this mount of contemplation, overcoming this height, this steepness. Cares are a heavy load and uneasy; these must be laid down at the bottom of the hill, if ever we look to attain the top. Thou art loaded with household cares, perhaps public. I bid thee not cast them away. Even these have their season, which thou canst not omit without impiety. I bid thee lay them down at the closet door, when thou attemptest this work. Let them in with thee, thou shalt find them troublesome companions, ever distracting thee from thy best errand; thou wouldst think of heaven, thy barn comes in thy way, or perhaps thy count-book, or thy coffers, or it may be thy mind is beforehand travelling upon thy morrow's journey. So while thou thinkest of many things, thou thinkest of nothing; while thou wouldst go many ways, thou standest still; and as in a crowd, while many press forward at once through one door, none proceedeth; so while variety of thoughts tumultuously throng in upon the mind, each proves a bar to the other, and all an hindrance to him that entertains them.

Bishop Hall.

MEDITATION—a Rare Virtue.

If I should call meditation an unaccustomed and unpractised duty, I should speak a truth, though somewhat inartificially; for not only the interior beauties and brighter excellencies are as unfelt as ideas and abstractions are; but also the practice and common knowledge of the duty itself are strangers to us, like the retirement of the deep or the undiscovered treasures of the Indian hills. And this is a very great cause of the dryness and expiration of man's devotion, because our souls are so little refreshed with the waters and holy dews of meditation. We go to our prayers by chance, or order, or by determination of accidental occurrences, and we recite them as we read a book; and sometimes we are insensible of the duty, and a flash of lightning makes the room bright, and our prayers end, and the lightning is gone, and we are dark as ever. We draw our water from standing pools, which never are filled but with sudden showers, and therefore we are dry so often; whereas, if we would draw water from the fountains of our Saviour, and derive them through the channel of diligent and prudent meditation, our devotion would be a continual current, and safe against the barrenness of frequent droughts. For meditation is an attention, an application of spirit to divine things; a searching out of instruments to a holy life; a devout consideration of them, and a production of those affections which are in a direct order to the love of God and a pious conversation. Indeed, meditation is all that great instrument of piety whereby it is made prudent, and reasonable, and orderly, and perpetual; for, supposing our memory instructed with the knowledge of such mysteries and revelations as are apt to entertain the spirit, the understanding is first and last employed in the consideration of them, and then the will in their reception, when they are duly prepared and so transmitted; and both these in such manner, and to such purposes, that they become the magazine and great repositories of grace, and instrumental to all designs of virtue. For the understanding is not to consider the matter of any meditation in itself, or as it determines in natural excellencies or unworthiness respectively, or with a purpose to furnish itself with notion and riches of knowledge; for that is like the winter sun—it shines but warms not. The understanding is here something else besides the intellectual power of the soul. It is the spirit; that is, it is celestial in its application, as it is spiritual in its nature, and we may understand it well by considering the beatifical portions of soul and body in their future glories; so that the understanding is yet not an idle and useless faculty, but naturally drives to practice, and brings guests into the inward cabinet of will, and there they are entertained and feasted.

Jeremy Taylor.

MEEK—

As Patience.	*R. Shiel.*
Eyes, meek as gentle Mercy's at the throne of heaven.	*Earl of Carlisle.*
As a saint.	*Pope.*
As a cloistered saint.	*Play, "Royal Cuckold."*
As Moses.	*W. Cowper.*
As womanhood.	*Wordsworth.*
Meekly as a maiden.	*W. T. Moncrieff.*
As doves.	*Sir W. Davenant.*

MEEK—

As the violet. *Pollok.*
As parting day. *B. Hoole.*
As meek might be. *Drayton.*

MEEKNESS—is Love at School.

Meekness is love at school,—love at the Saviour's feet. It is Christian lowlihood. It is the disciple learning to know himself—learning to fear, and distrust, and abhor himself. It is the disciple practising the sweet but self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of his character. It is the living Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of Him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul. *Dr. James Hamilton.*

MELANCHOLY—is not simply a Grave and Staid Deportment.

A disposition to melancholy is by no means, as might first be imagined, necessarily indicated by a staid and grave deportment. In a large proportion of instances, it is even coupled with an exuberance of spirits, which would seem to promise a perpetual sunshine of cheerfulness. The mind, however, which is alive to joy, is also, and perhaps equally, alive to sorrow; and often passes by quick transition from the one to the other. Lord Byron, in his "Corsair," touches upon this peculiarity of mind,—

"Strange though it seems, yet with extremest grief
Is link'd a mirth,—it doth not bring relief.
The playfulness of sorrow ne'er beguile,
And smiles in bitterness,—but still it smiles."

Dr. Currie describes Burns, notwithstanding the gaiety of his writings, as constitutionally a melancholy man, and subject "to those depressions of mind which are perhaps not wholly separable from the sensibility of genius, but which in him rose to an uncommon degree." Such a disposition is far from being at variance with social enjoyments. Those who have studied the affinities of mind know that a melancholy of this description, after a while, seeks relief in the endearments of society, and that it has no distant connection with the flow of cheerfulness, or even the extravagance of mirth. *Harrison.*

MELANCHOLY—Mood of.

There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave.
Dyer.

MELANCHOLY—Varieties in.

Of the melancholy of common life there are two species that have but little resemblance. There is a sullen gloom which disposes to unkindness and every bad passion; a fretfulness in all the daily and hourly intercourse of familiar life, which, if it weary at last the assiduities of friendship, sees only the neglect which has forced and not the perversity of humour which gave occasion to it, and soon learns to hate, therefore, what it considers as ingratitude and injustice; or which, if friendship be still assiduous as before, sees in these very assiduities a proof, not of the strength of that affection which has forgotten the acrimony to soothe the supposed uneasiness which gave it rise, but a proof that there has been no offensive acrimony to be forgotten, and persists therefore in every peevish caprice till the domestic tyranny becomes habitual. This melancholy temper, so poisonous to the happiness, not of the individual only, but of all those who are within the circle of its influence, and who feel their misery the more because it may perhaps arise from one whom they strive, and vainly strive to love, is the temper of a vulgar mind. But there is a melancholy of a gentler species, a melancholy which as it arises, in a great measure, from a view of the sufferings of man, disposes to a warmer love of man this sufferer, and which is almost as essential to the finer emotions of virtue as it is to the nicer sensibilities of poetic genius. *Dr. Thomas Brown.*

MELODIES.

Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more
sweet. *Wordsworth.*

MELODIOUS—

As stringed harp swept by the winds in autumn. *Cornwall.*

As the nightingale first heard beneath the Arabian heavens, wooing the rose. *Ibid.*

As the new-mated thrush. *Ibid.*

As the bird that calls the morning as the last star goes down in the west, and out of sight is heard. *Ibid.*

Voice, melodious as revolving spheres attuned by touch angelic. *J. B. Burges.*

MELODY—Its Influence.

That simple melody
Comes on the heart like infant innocence—
Pure feeling pure; while yet the new-bodied soul
Is swinging to the motion of the heavens,
And scarce hath caught, as yet, earth's backening course. *Bailey.*

MELODY—Sent from Heaven.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife;
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.
H. K. White.

MEMORY.

Memory is a recurrence of sensations, which existed formerly, produced by the operations of some internal changes, after the causes by which the first sensations were excited have ceased to exist. *Horace Welby.*

MEMORY—Misplaced at Times.

It is a pity, but it is no less true, that I have observed in some of my friends, who, when their memories represent a thing to them entire, and as it were in present view, begin their story so far back, and crowd it with so many impertinent circumstances, that if the story be good in itself, they spoil it; and if it be bad, you are either to curse the strength of their memory or the weakness of their judgment. It is a difficult matter to close up a narration, and to cut it short in its career. Neither is there anything that more discovers the strength of a horse than when it makes a full stop with a grace; and of those men who talk pertinently, I know some who would, but cannot, stop short; for whilst they are seeking a period for the narration, they talk idly, and drawl out their words like men that have scarce strength to utter them. *Montaigne.*

MEMORY—of the Good.

A good memory is the best monument. Others are subject to casualty or time; and we know that the pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. *Fuller.*

MEMORY—of a Virtuous Man.

The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives, and though their tombs want tongues;
Yet have they eyes that daily sweat their losses,
And such a tear from stone no time can value.
To die both good and young are nature's curses,
As the world says; ask Truth, they are bounteous blessings;
For then we reach at heaven, in our full virtues,
And fix ourselves new stars crown'd with our goodness. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

MEMORY—Pains of.

Oh! that the things which have been were not now
In memory's resurrection! But the past
Bears in her arms the present and the future:
And what can perish while perdition is?
From the hot, angry, crowding courts of doubt
Within the breast, it is sweet to escape, and soothe
The soul on looking upon natural beauty.
Bailey.

MEMORY—Extraordinary Power of.

Seneca is reported to have been able to repeat two thousand verses at once, in their exact order, and then rehearse them backwards, with so much precision as not to miss a single word or syllable. Cyrus had a memory so exceedingly tenacious, that historians say he could call every soldier in his immense armies accurately by name. Mithridates, who was the ruler of twenty-three nations, speaking different languages, could converse with all of them in their vernacular tongue. A Corsican boy could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and afterwards begin with the last word, and repeat them backwards without a single mistake. Dr. Wallis extracted the cube root of three, even to thirty places of decimals, solely by his memory. Magliabechi, an Italian, who read most of the books written in his lifetime, could tell what was the subject of each author, quote the chapters, sections, and pages, in which any particular subject was expressed; besides this, he could repeat even the writer's own words. A gentleman loaned him a manuscript to examine, and afterwards pretended he had lost it, when, to his utter amazement, Bechi wrote it word for word, by the mere strength of his memory, although he read the article but once. Euler lost his sight in 1783, yet carried on his complicated and abstruse mathematical calculations on the inequalities of the planetary motions, and composed a treatise on algebra, by dint of his astonishing memory. He could, moreover, repeat the Æneid of Virgil from beginning to end, and tell the first and last line of every page in the edition which he had read before he became blind. Whitfield is said to have been so familiar with the Scripture, that he could repeat the whole Bible without mistake. A physician who died a few years since, in Massachusetts, could repeat the "Paradise Lost" of Milton in his old age, though he had not read it for twenty years.

MEMORY—the Purveyor of Reason.

Memory is the purveyor of reason; the power which places those images before the mind, upon which the judgment is to be exercised, and which treasures up the determinations that are once passed, as the rule of future actions, or grounds of subsequent conclusion. *Dr. Johnson.*

MEMORY—Retrospective.

I cannot sleep; my fervid brain
Calls up the vanish'd past again,
And throws its misty splendour deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep?
A breath from that far distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more,
And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odours from the Hesperides!
A wind that through the corridor
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
And touching the æolian strings,
Faints with the burden that it brings!
Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends whose lives are ended!
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seem'd to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long-ago;
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!
I would not sleep! I love to be
Alone in their fair company;
But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away!

Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place;
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain:
The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot recreate,
Nor get our souls to the same key
Of the remember'd harmony.

Rest! rest! oh give me rest and peace!
The thought of love that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturb'd and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep! *Longfellow.*

MEMORY—Wafts Over Space.

League after league it hurrieth thee,
  Yet never quits its place;
It hath no wings wherewith to flee,
  Yet wafts thee over space!
It is the fleetest boat that e'er
  The wildest wanderer bore:
As swift as thought itself to bear
  From shore to farthest shore;
'Tis here and there, and everywhere,
  Ere yet a moment's o'er! *Schiller.*

MEMORY—Tenacity of.

You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old Time into a den, and stay his motion;
Wash off the swift hours from his downy
    wings,
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.
John Fletcher.

MEMORY—Treacherous.

'Tis not mine to forget. Yet can I not
Remember what I would, or what were well!
Memory plays tyrant with me, by a wand
I cannot master. I may not forget
My visitations, that have shadowed me
Like an eclipse, until my tortured heart
Was weakened like a child's; and like a child's
Scarce knew its duty in its feebleness.
Forgetfulness of sorrow is not mine,
But on me rests remembrance like a ban;
Yet, like the flash that plays upon the cloud
In the night season, memory will unveil,
Though for a moment, some dim passages
Of my passed, palled existence. I can see,
As in a dream, how life was when I sprang
Into its highway for the agony
And strain of high contention. I can see
Beyond a vision's clearness, how I went,
Cheered as the lark is, to the upper sky
By the unbarring morning; so by shouts
Of men, as they broke round me in my morn!

Life was a panorama of high hope—
A prospect of high travel, and great fame.
I saw upon the future, painted nought
That looked like frowns upon repelling brows,
But only hands that seem'd to beckon on
In a still strange temptation, that my eye
Grew mad with, till the colours of this earth
Took hue like those of heaven; and I forgot
It was the destiny of one to fade,
And that my love was given to! But my years
Here, too, brought knowledge; in that company
Of sadness and repentance, whose dim train
Sweeps on so with experience, that they seem
Like manacled and cowled captives at the car
Of some unmoved and stayless conquerer!

And now how gaze I on that memory
Of that first page I turned for lessons here!
My prayer is to forget the dreamy past—
And senseless to the present, to look on,
And upward, with a better constancy,
And holier aspiration, till rebuke
Is merged in mercy, and I feel the clouds
Are bending to receive me, like great wings,
To waft me to the mighty tabernacle
That they are round about.

Grenville Mellen.

MEMORY—a Warning Voice.

A gracious soul remembers that man was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day. He remembers how Saul lost two kingdoms at once—his own kingdom and that of heaven—for sparing Agag and the fat of the cattle. He remembers how the unprofitable servant, for the non-improvement of his talent, was cast into outer darkness. He remembers how Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead suddenly for telling a lie. He remembers how Lot's wife, for a look of curiosity, was turned into a pillar of salt. He remembers how Adam was cast out of Paradise for eating forbidden fruit, and the angels cast out of Heaven for not keeping their standing. He remembers that Jacob smarted for his lying to his dying day. He remembers how God followed him with sorrow upon sorrow, and breach upon breach, filling up his days with grief and trouble. He remembers how Moses was shut out of the Holy Land, because he spake unadvisedly with his lips. He remembers the young prophet who was slain by a lion, for eating a little bread, and drinking a little water, contrary to the command of God, though he was drawn thereunto by an old prophet, under a pretence of a revelation from heaven. He remembers how Zacharias was stricken dumb, because he believed not the report of the angel Gabriel. He remembers how Uzzah was stricken dead for supporting the ark, when it was in danger of falling; nor can he forget the fifty thousand men of Bethshemish, who were slain for looking into the ark; and the remembrance of these things stirs up his hatred and indignation against the least sins. *Brooks.*

MEN—Classification of.

All men in reality converse either with God or with the devil, and walk in the confines either of heaven or of hell: they have their fellowship either with the Father and the Son, or else with the apostate and evil angels.

John Smith.

MEN—Conversion of.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Young.*

MEN—Difference in.

The difference of men is very great: you would scarce think them to be of the same species; and yet it consists more in the affections than the intellect. For, as in the strength of the body two men shall be of an equal strength, yet one shall appear stronger than the other, because he exercises and puts out his strength, while the other will not stir nor strain himself:—so it is in the strength of the brain; the one endeavours, and strains, and labours, and studies; the other sits still and is idle, and takes no pains, and therefore he appears so much the inferior.

Selden.

MEN—would rather Seem than Be.

That age is deade and vanisht long ago,
Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things euen as they were in deede.
In steade whereof, our curious years can finde
The christal glas, which glimseth braue and bright,
And shewes the thing much better far than it,
Beguylde with foyles, of sundry subtil sights,
So that they seeme and couet not to be.
This is the cause (beleve me now, my lorde)
That realmes do rewe from high prosperity,
That kings decline from princely gouernment,
That lords do lacke their auncestors good wil,
That knights consume their patrimonie still...
That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
That sicophants are counted idly guests,

That Lais leades a ladies life alofte,
And Lucrece lurkes with sobre bashful grace.
G. Gascoigne.

MEN—Great: their Simplicity.

The greatest truths are the simplest, so likewise are the greatest men. *Helps.*

MEN—The, of Old.

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scann'd,
Enjoy'd as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmann'd—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffer'd them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done—
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.

* * * *

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below. *Lord Houghton.*

MEN—Wrongfully Condemned.

Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it. Men may overget
Delusion—not despair. *Bailey.*

MERCHANT—His Occupation Respectable.

The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life; who carries off every redundance, who fills up every want; who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the products of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and thus knits into one family, and weaves into one web, the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind. *H. Brooke.*

MERCIES—Catholicity of.

As meadows parched, brown groves, and withering flowers,
Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial showers;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam;
As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream;—
Thus to man's grateful soul from heaven descend
The mercies of his Father, Lord, and Friend!
Sir William Jones.

MERCIFUL—

And kind as a forgiving God. *Dryden.*
As heaven. *Rolt.*

The rose-lipp'd cherubs round the throne of heaven,
Have not their bosoms more divinely warm
With melting mercy, than that tender breast.
Fettiplace Bellers.

MERCY.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
Sheridan.

MERCY—Capacity of.

I comprehend it possible
For mercy what it once made to unmake;
Not to its opposite remake; for so,
Corruption stands regeneration's root.
Justice is sacred between man and man,
And mercy certain between man and God,
Whose equity is holy in the heavens.
But between God and fiend no middle power
Exists, save man, and no creator he. *Bailey.*

MERCY—Figurative Description of.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around. *Giles Fletcher.*

MERCY—The Divine.

We should learn to comfort ourselves in this, That while we are under our minority, we are under the mercy of a Father—a mercy of conservation by His providence, giving us all good things richly to enjoy, even all things necessary unto life and godliness—a mercy of protection, defending us by power from all evil—a mercy of education and instruction, teaching us by His Word and Spirit—a mercy of communion many ways, familiarly conversing with us, and manifesting Himself to us—a mercy of guidance and government, by the laws of His family—a mercy of discipline, fitting us, by fatherly chastisements, for those further honours and employments He will advance us unto. And when our minority is over, and we once are come to a perfect man, we shall then be actually admitted unto that inheritance immortal, invisible, and that fadeth not away, which the same mercy at first purchased, and now prepareth and reserveth for us. *Reynolds.*

MERCY—and Forgiveness for All.

Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? Are our natures
More than men's natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?
Beaumont and Fletcher.

MERCY OF GOD.

What imagery in any production of the human mind can be comparable to the following passage in the Book of Revelation, where the Almighty is described as extending His mercy and compassion to the righteous who had suffered tribulation?

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

It is observable that the sacred writers very frequently have recourse to a *meiosis*, or such a form of expression as implies more than is declared: hence the beautiful simplicity of this passage signifies the highest possible state of everlasting felicity. *Schultes.*

MERCY—God's.

The air we breathe, the light we behold, the ground we tread upon, the meat we eat, whatsoever we are, or have, or hope for, it is His mercy. By it "we live, and move, and have our being." "Thou hast crowned me with Thy mercy," said David: it is a metaphor taken from a garland, which is composed of many and different flowers. God's mercy was the only motive to our redemption; His merciful grace, preventing us and assisting us, is the only means to apply this redemption; the consideration of this mercy is that which encourageth us to repentance. As Christ prayed, "Father, forgive them!" the poor thief grew bold, "Lord, remember me!" Mercy is the end of our repentance, that we may find forgiveness; mercy is our supporter in all our sorrows for sin, that we roar not out with Cain, "My sin is greater than it can be forgiven;" nor betake ourselves desperately, with Judas, to an halter. Mercy is our only plea when we do repent; we cannot say we have done such and such good offices for the time past, we are too unprofitable servants; we dare not promise of ourselves to be more serviceable for the time to come, we are too desultory creatures: Lord, forsake not us, lest we forsake thee! Mercy is the object of our hopes, the total sum of our desires; both grace and glory do depend upon mercy. So mercy is the beginning, the middle, the end of our happiness.
Bishop Bramhall.

MERCY—The Rainbow of.

Mercy is like a rainbow: we must never look for it after night. It shines not in the other world. If we refuse mercy here, we must have justice to eternity. *Le Bas.*

MERCY—Resplendent.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main;
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd. *Giles Fletcher.*

MERCY AND TRUTH.

Out of the west coast, a wench, as me thought,
Came walking in the way, to hell-ward she looked,
Mercy hight that maid, a meek thing withal,
A full benign burd, and buxom of speech;
Her sister, as it seemed, came soothly walking,
Even out of the east, and westward she looked,
A full comely creature, Truth she hight,
For the virtue that her followed afeard was she never.
When these maidens mette, Mercy and Truth,
Either axed other of this great wonder,
Of the din and of the darkness. . . .
Robert Longlande.

MERIT.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient. *Quarles.*

MERIT—Human.

The devil never tempts us with more success than when he tempts us with a sight of our own good actions. *Bishop Wilson.*

MESSAGES—of God.

In the ancient mythological writers we occasionally find passages descriptive of the descent of Mercury and Iris from heaven on messages of the celestial deities; but none of them can be placed in competition with the description given in the Book of Psalms.

"He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind." *Schultes.*

Now earth and heaven hold commune, day and night;
There's not a wind but bears upon its wing
The messages of God; and not a star
But knows the bliss of earth. *Bailey.*

MESSENGERS—God's.

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great master said,—"I see
No best in kind but in degree;
I give a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

These are the three great chords of night,
And he whose ear is tuned aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony. *Longfellow.*

METALS—Their Importance.

An art so important to mankind, as the working of metals, must soon have commanded their attention, and been carried to some degree of perfection. Hence we read before the flood, of Tubal Cain, who was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. What was the effect of that great catastrophe on the useful arts, is unknown. Some intimations gathered from the ancient poets and historians would lead us to infer that the art of working metals, though not unknown, was extremely limited. This remark applies particularly to iron, which is extracted from the ore with more difficulty than most other metallic substances. Barbarous and semi-civilized nations are found, who have been able to extract the more precious metals, but have never obtained iron. The estimation in which such a people hold this substance, and the eagerness with which, when a ship arrives, they inquire for it, might convey a useful lesson to those who are accustomed to regard it as of little value. The art of working iron was probably introduced into Britain by Julius Cæsar. *Dr. Potter.*

METHOD—Advantage of.

What is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education; and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain without finding him out?" Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases; for if he be, as we now assume, a well-educated man, as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, and, unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling; whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action, and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produces all his pauses, and, with the exception of the "and then," the "and there," and the still less significant "and so," they constitute likewise all his connections. Our discussion, however, is confined to method, as employed in the formation of the understanding and in the construction of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth to the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that everything is in its place. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more: he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

Coleridge.

MIDNIGHT—Season of Rest.

Season of general rest, whose solemn still
Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chi'l,

But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
Thee do I hail, as, at my casement high,
My candle waning melancholy by,
I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

H. K. White.

MIDNIGHT—Stillness of.

Soft be thy step! night, the meek mother, lies
In the deep bosom of the silent wood,
Around her nestled all the feather'd brood;
The sainted stars, that sentinel the skies,
Take watchword from the river mysteries
Whose streamlets skirt this silvan neighbourhood,
Tuning their music to their dreamiest mood,
To shed their influence on her sleeping eyes.

So some pale Abbess, in her shadowed cell,
While all around her the pure sisters rest,
Blends in her dreams the organ's distant swell
And bright-eyed angels hovering o'er her breast.
Here heavenly peace, and peace on earth combine,
Night be thy pillow too, their guarded shrine.

Blackwood.

MIDSUMMER—is as the Prime of Life.

Midsummer, or the summer solstice, presents itself to the contemplative man as that point of time which, like the prime of life, may be called the pivot of our expectations; on which anxieties change their balance. With what desires, hopes, and anticipations, each vernal ray inspires the zealous botanist, just as buoyant spirits excite the youthful mind.

Pleasurable prospects still continue to arise till that fated day,—the longest of the year, to which we have just alluded, like the strongest of man's life,—when no longer does each succeeding day outstretch its predecessor in length or strength, but a shadowy reverse commences. When the season of brilliancy has risen to its zenith, or man to the perfection of his nature, then, and not till then, arrives a full reflection on declining days. If, however, the cultivator of a flower garden, or of the years of human life, has indulged due thought of a future season; if his young plants be well trained, his whole garden in good culture, and he has made preparation to meet the icy hand of a winter fast approaching, all is well: he fears not present nor future storms; all seasons alike afford him pleasure. To him, indeed, we may say with Southey—

"Sweet are the harmonies of spring,
Sweet is the summer's evening gale,
And sweet the autumnal winds that shake
The many-coloured grove.

Reflection too may love the hour
When nature, hid in winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud
Or bids the flowret bloom.

For nature soon in spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flow'ret bloom."

Maund.

MIGHTY—The, Pass Away.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?

Byron.

MILKMAID—A Fair and Happy.

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticlere, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition,—that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet. *Sir T. Overbury.*

MILLENNIUM—The.

One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Cowper.

MILLENNIUM—Its Blessedness.

They come from the ends of the earth,
White with its aged snows;
From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,
Where the day-beam ever glows;
From the east, where first they dwelt,
From the north, and the south, and the west,
Where the sun puts on his robe of light,
And lays down his crown to rest.

Out of every land they come;
Where the palm triumphant grows,
Where the vine overshadows the roofs and the hills,
And the gold orbed orange glows;
Where the olive and fig-tree thrive,
And the rich pomegranates red,
Where the citron blooms, and the apple of ill
Bows down its fragrant head.
From the lands where the gems are born,
Opal and emerald bright;
From shores where the ruddy corals grow,
And pearls with their mellow light;
Where silver and gold are dug,
And the diamond rivers roll,
And the marble, white as the still moonlight,
Is quarried, and jetty coal;—

They come—with a gladdening shout;
They come—with a tear of joy;
Father and daughter, youth and maid,
Mother and blooming boy.
A thousand dwellings they leave,
Dwellings—but not a home;
To them there is none but the sacred soil,
And the land whereto they come.
And the Temple again shall be built,
And filled as it was of yore:
And the burden be lift from the heart of the world,
And the nations all adore;
Prayers to the throne of heaven
Morning and eve shall rise,
And *unto* and not *of* the Lamb
Shall be the sacrifice. *Bailey.*

MILLENNIUM—Pure, Good.

The time shall come when every evil thing
From being and remembrance both shall die;
The world one solid temple of pure good.
Bailey.

MILLER—His Stoutness.

The miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'old heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cope right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler and a goliardeis
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune.
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.
Chaucer.

MIND—The.

By the mind of a man we understand that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, wills. The essence both of body and mind is unknown to us. We know certain properties of the first, and certain operations of the last; and by these only we can define or describe them. We define body to be that which is extended, solid, movable, divisible. In like manner, we define mind to be that which thinks. We are conscious that we think, and that we have a variety of thoughts of different kinds—such as seeing, hearing, remembering, deliberating, resolving, loving, hating, and many other kinds of thought—all which we are taught by nature to attribute to one internal principle; and this principle of thought we call the mind or soul of a man. *Dr. Reid.*

MIND—A Contented.

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,—
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone;
For many have been harmed by speech,
Through thinking, few or none. . . .

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtue of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.

Wherefore for virtue's sake
I can be well content,—
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent. *Lord Vaux.*

MIND—Content of.

Content of mind springing from innocence of life, from the faithful discharge of our duty, from satisfaction of conscience, from a good hope in regard to God and our future state, is much to be preferred before all the delights which any temporal possession or fruition can afford. *Barrow.*

MIND—Defective: our Intolerance to.

Whence comes it to pass that we have so much patience with those who are maimed in body, and so little with those who are defective in mind? It is because the cripple acknowledges that we have the use of our legs; whereas the fool obstinately maintains that we are the persons who halt in understanding. Without this difference in the case, neither object would move our resentment, but both our compassion. *Pascal.*

MIND—A Good.

A good mind is a kingdom in itself, it is true; but there is no mind truly good but that wherein Christ dwells. *Leighton.*

MIND—Inconsiderate.

Is there the naked wood who deems
A dead blank prospect? Yet, meseems,
'Tis but a dull incurious eye
Which on the vast variety
Can cast a casual glance, and sees
No interest in the wintry trees.
And 'tis an inconsiderate mind,
To nature's works and wonders blind,
Which scans the brethren of the glade,
Though of their vesture disarrayed,
And there discerns not sign on sign
Of heavenly wisdom, power divine! *Mant.*

MIND—Independence of.

Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are whipt
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself—ne'er asks the body counsel. *Otway.*

MIND—of Man.

Man's mind is like the moon, whose crescent orb
Tops yonder hill—the vastier volume dark;
But 'tis not that which grows; the virginal light,
At first but just enough to affirm its life,
At last, with total and resistless ray,
Subdues the obscure sphere; so reason wins
From faith her shadowy world, and knowledge hoards
What ignorant belief hath lost for aye. *Bailey.*

MIND—A Noble, above Flattery.

Minds,
By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery. *Rowe.*

MIND—Its Divine Origin.

The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we everywhere find of His wisdom who made it. If a discourse on the use of the parts of the body may be considered as an hymn to the Creator, the use of the passions, which are the organs of the mind, cannot be barren of praise to Him, nor unproductive to ourselves, of that noble and uncommon union of science and admiration which a contemplation of the works of infinite wisdom alone can afford to a rational mind; whilst, referring to Him whatever we find of right or good or fair in ourselves, discovering His strength and wisdom even in our own weakness and imperfection, honouring them where we discover them clearly, and adoring their profundity where we are lost in our search, we may be inquisitive without impertinence, and elevated without pride; we may be admitted, if I may dare to say so, into the counsels of the Almighty by a consideration of His works. The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies, which, if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us. But, besides this great purpose, a consideration of the rational of our passions seems to me very necessary for all who would affect them upon solid and sure principles. It is not enough to know them in general: to affect them after a delicate manner, or to judge properly of any work designed to affect them, we should know the exact boundaries of their several jurisdictions; we should pursue them through all their variety of operations, and pierce into the inmost, and what might appear inaccessible parts of our nature—

"Quod latet arcana non enarrabile fibra."

Without all this it is possible for a man, after a confused manner, sometimes to satisfy his own mind of the truth of his work; but he can never have a certain determinate rule to go by, nor can he ever make his propositions sufficiently clear to others. Poets, and orators, and painters, and those who cultivate other branches of the liberal arts, have without this critical knowledge succeeded well in their several provinces, and will succeed; as among artificers there are many machines made and even invented without any exact knowledge of the principles they are governed by. It is, I own, not uncommon to be wrong in theory and right in practice; and we are happy it is so. Men often act right from their feelings, who afterwards reason but ill on them from principle; but as it is impossible to avoid an attempt at such reasoning, and equally impossible to prevent its having some influence on our practice, surely it is worth taking some pains to have it just and founded on the basis of sure experience.

Burke.

MIND—Presence of.

He must have a good presence of mind with him, as well as exactness of judgment, and not be actually ignorant of what he habitually knows; for then he will act as absurdly as if he had not known it. For it is all one, as to the purpose of well-living, not to have right notices and apprehensions of things, or not to have an actual view or sense of them. He must therefore consider as well as understand, and have his thoughts about him as well as in him. He must not only walk with a good light, but must bear it always before him, and have it continually shining in his eyes, that so he may not make a false step for want of having his light present. In one word, he must have a right judgment in all things, and an actual view of what he knows. If he be not thus qualified, I do not see how he can live and act well; and if he be, I do not see what is wanting to make and denominate him truly wise.

Norris.

In extremes, bold counsels are the best.
Like emp'ric remedies, the last are tried;
And by th' event condemn'd or justified.
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.

Dryden.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaim'd that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but a while the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for, around him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph; "is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water: this reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dash'd the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sunk for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drain'd: then, bid thy servants that spill'd water gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions stirr'd—

Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee drink and live!"

Richard Chenevix Trench.

MIND—A Proud.

The mind of a proud man is like a mushroom which starts up in a night: his business is first to forget himself, and then his friends. *South.*

MIND—Sound.

A sound and steadfast Christian is a blessing in his generation, and a glory to his profession. Soundness of judgment must needs be a choice blessing; because the understanding is the leading faculty which directs the will and conscience of man, and they his whole life and practice. How often and how earnestly doth Christ pray for His people, that they may be kept in the truth? It is true, orthodoxy in itself is not sufficient unto man's salvation; but the conjunction of an orthodox head with an honest sincere heart does always constitute an excellent Christian. Happy is the man that hath a head so hearted, and a heart so headed! *Flavel.*

MIND—Spirtuality of.

The more thou art purged from all inordinate desire to the things of this world, and the less earthly and sensual thou art, the better thou wilt conceive what is heavenly, the better thou wilt apprehend the state of the life to come. The more thou art spiritualized, spiritually-minded (and to be so is life), the more thou livest a life worthy of thy soul, and art not enslaved to thy body, to sense, to this outward world; the more thou livest a life of purity, temperance, humility, and sobriety, the better thou wilt conceive what is spiritual and immortal, life and immortality. *Dr. Worthington.*

MIND—Undevout, cannot be Happy.

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable if he has a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification: while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor garden; let him only look at Nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in His works, can consider them as demonstrations of His power, His wisdom, His goodness, and His truth: this man is greater, as well as happier, in his poverty than the other in his riches. The one is but little higher than a beast, the other but a little lower than an angel.

Jones of Nayland.

MIND—Lowly in Wisdom.

Oh! I would walk
A weary journey to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind, and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish. Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

H. K. White.

MINDS—Creature, Fallible.

Ay, they are.
All creature-minds, like man's, are fallible.
The seraph who in heaven highest stands
May fall to ruin deepest. *Bailey.*

MINDEDNESS—Heavenly.

Heavenly-mindedness, in the full sense of the word, includes a subjection of every thought to the will of God; a surrender of the affections to him; a deliberate preference of an eternal good to temporal advantages; purity of intention; abstraction from the world in the scriptural sense of the term; separation from low and secular ends; in a word, the daily remembrancer of that work which, though it can only be perfected in another state of being, must have its commencement here—the union of the soul with God. *Bishop Sumner.*

MINISTER — He is Careful in the Discreet Ordering of His own Family.

A good minister and a good father may well agree together. When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his stove, with one hand dandling his child in the swaddling clothes, and in the other hand holding a book and reading it. Our minister also is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two, by his cheerful giving it. He loveth also to live in a well repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully. A clergyman who built his house from the ground wrote in it this counsel to his successor:—

> "If thou dost find
> An house built to thy mind
> Without thy cost,
> Serve thou the more
> God and the poor;
> My labour is not lost."

Fuller.

MINISTER—The Christian.

Oh, study not only to preach exactly, but to live exactly! Let the misplacing of one action in your lives trouble you more than the misplacing of words in your discourses. This is the way to succeed in your embassy, and give up your account with joy. *Flavel.*

MINISTER—His Legacy.

Lying on his death-bed, he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy. And they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts. He is so far from that base jealousy that his memory should be outshined by a brighter successor, and from that wicked desire that his people may find his worth by the worthlessness of him that succeeds, that he doth heartily pray to God to provide them a better pastor after his decease. As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to die fat. It is well if he hath gathered any flesh, being more in blessing than bulk. *Fuller.*

MINISTER—The Parish.

There is a charm in the week-day services of a parish minister which has not been duly estimated either by philanthropists or patriots. He, in the first instance, meets with general, and I had almost said universal, welcome from the families—at least from those in the humbler classes of society. His official and recognized character furnishes him with a ready passport to every habitation; and he will soon find that a visit to the house of a parishioner is the surest way of finding an access to his heart. Even the hardiest and most hopeless in vice cannot altogether withstand this influence; and at times, in their own domestic history, there are opportunities, whether by sickness, or disaster, or death, which afford a mighty advantage to the Christian kindness that is brought to bear upon them. It is thus that nature and Providence may be said to act as the handmaids of Christianity, by the frequent openings which they afford to its officiating ministers; and of which, if he do avail himself, he is sure to obtain a vast moral ascendancy over the people. Even his courtesies on the wayside are not thrown away upon them; and little do they know of humanity who would undervalue the most passing smiles and salutations which reciprocate between a clergyman and his people, whether as the symptoms or as the efficients of a cordiality the best fitted to soften the asperities of our nature, and so to cement and harmonize the jarring elements of a commonwealth. And his week-day attentions, and their Sabbath attendance, go hand in hand. A house-going minister wins for himself a church-going people. The bland and benignant influences of his friendly converse, of his private and particular affection, are enlisted on the side of their piety; nor can we imagine a position of greater effectiveness than his, whence to bear on the hearts and habits of a surrounding population.

Chalmers.

MINISTRY—A Learned.

Learning as well as office is requisite for a minister. An unlearned scribe, without his treasure of old and new, is unfit to interpret God's oracles. The priest's lips should preserve knowledge, is no less a precept to the minister than a promise to the people. We are unfit to be seers if we cannot distinguish between Hagar and Sarah. A minister without learning is a mere cypher which fills up a place, and increaseth the number, but signifies nothing. There have been some niggardly affected to learning, calling it man's wisdom. If the moral songs of a poet, or a philosopher, or perhaps some golden sentence of a father drop from us, it is straight called poisoned eloquence, as if all these were not the spoils of the Gentiles and mere handmaids unto divinity. They wrong us: we make not the pulpit a philosophy-logic-poetry-school: but all these are so many stairs to the pulpit. Will you have it? The fox dispraiseth the grapes he cannot reach. If they could beat down learning, they might escape censure for their own ignorance. For shame! Let none that have borne a book dispraise learning. She hath enemies enough abroad; she should be justified of her own children. Let Barbary disgrace arts, not Athens.

T. Adams.

MINUTE THINGS—The Uses of.

The influence of plants, even of those of the lowest grade, is much greater than what would at first appear to an unreflecting observer; for even the jelly-like forms of vegetation seen floating on stagnant water afford nourishment to animalcules, which are themselves to serve as food to more highly-developed animals. Sea-weeds afford sustenance to many fish, and even to the dugong and lamantine of the tropical seas, as to the huge hippopotamus. Lichens and mosses are among the first plants to grow upon newly formed lands, and may be seen vegetating even upon the barren rock. These, insignificant as they may appear, afford by their decay a portion of organized matter to barren soil, and allow of the vegetation of grasses and other small herbaceous plants which, decaying in their turn, give additional organized matter to enrich the soil, and thus prevent that which has been long in cultivation from becoming sterile.

Myriads also of the minutest as well as of the largest living beings feed upon vegetable matter; even the insignificant rock-moss serves as food for the rein-deer, the pasture-grasses for herds of ruminating cattle, and the leaves of trees for the largest quadrupeds now seen upon the surface of the earth. From the great similiarity in nature of the different pasture-grasses in every part of the world, man has been able to transport cattle into various countries of the earth which he has chosen to colonize. Some fruits afford nutriment to birds and small quadrupeds; while others, employed as such by man, form with vegetables, the chief objects of attention to the gardener, and the principles of their culture the science of horticulture; while the cereal grasses, as yielding the greater portion of the food of man, form the principal objects of agriculture. *Dr. Royle.*

MIRTH—not Continual.

Mirth at a funeral is scarce more indecent or unnatural than a perpetual flight of gaiety and burst of exultation in a world like this: a world, which may seem a paradise to fools, but is a hospital with the wise. *Dr. Young.*

MIRTH—Honest.

Wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

MISANTHROPE.

Certainly, whatever dark thoughts concerning the Deity some men in their cells may sit brooding on, it can never reasonably be conceived that that Being, who is most self-sufficient and self-happy, should harbour any despiteful designs towards His creatures. Nevertheless, because so many are apt to abuse the notion of the Divine love and goodness, and to frame such conceptions of it as destroy that awful and reverential fear that ought to be had of the Deity, and make men presumptuous and regardless of their lives; therefore, we think fit here to superadd, also, that God is no soft, nor fond and partial love, but that justice is an essential branch of this Divine goodness. *Cudworth.*

MISER—The.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift!)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodged,
By clamourous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come. *Robert Blair.*

MISER—His Madness.

STUDENT. You see yon wretched starved old man; his brow
Grooved out with wrinkles like the brown dry sand
The tide of life is leaving?
LUCIFER. Yes, I see him.
STUDENT. Last week he thought he was about to die:
So he bade gold be strewn beneath his pillow,
Gold on a chest that he might lie and see,
And gold put in a basin on his bed,
That he might dabble with his fingers in.
He 's going now to grope for pence or pins.
He never gave a pin's worth in his life.—
What would you do to him? *Bailey.*

MISER—The Term at times Misapplied.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honour or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessities.

But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are united. Instead of this, we find the sober and industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation—men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock. *Goldsmith.*

MISER—Money, Love of.

Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou 'rt to fly,
O man, ordained to die? *Cowley.*

MISER—The Rich.

He has a heart that will serve him to hear a thousand lectures about charity without the least damage to his pocket. As for the pleasure of doing good, he understands it not; he has no notion of the matter: nor will the spectacles with which he tells his money help him to see Jesus Christ in a poor man. As for being rewarded in another world, and lending to God to be hereafter repaid with interest, he is not for this spiritual sort of usury, but looks upon what is lent to God as little better than a desperate debt. The plain truth of it is, he does not like his security, but thinks a mortgage is better.

Norris.

MISERS—Their Madness.

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread. *Young.*

MISERY.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Shakespeare.*

MISERY—Final.

Earth turning from the sun, brings night to man;
Man turning from his God, brings endless night,
Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend,
Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
Young.

MISERY—Human.

Ah! little think the gay licentious crowd,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty! how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse!
E'en in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress! how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends
And point the parting anguish! Thought, fond man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in its high career would stand appalled,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
Thomson.

MISFORTUNES—Conduct in.

If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, live and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live; and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends (and kindred), live; to bless and protect them. If you hope for immortality, live; and prepare to enjoy it.
John Herries.

MISTAKE.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,

I might suspect, and take th' alarm
Your business is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear. *Butler.*

MISTAKE—How to Correct.

If you would convince a person of his mistake, accost him not upon that subject when his spirit is ruffled or discomposed with any occurrences of life; and especially when he has heated his passions in the defence of a contrary opinion. *Watts.*

MISTRESS—Description of.

I loved her for that she was beautiful;
And that to me she seemed to be all nature,
And all varieties of things in one:
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
All light and laughter in the morning: fear
No petty customs nor appearances;
But think what others only dreamed about;
And say what others did but think; and do
What others would but say; and glory in
What others dared but do; so pure withal
In soul: in heart and act such conscious, yet
Such careless innocence, she made round her
A halo of delight; 'twas these which won
me;—
And that she never schooled within her breast
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday
To all; and that she made all even mine,
In the communion of love: and we
Grew like each other, for we loved each other;
She, mild and generous as the sun in spring;
And I, like earth, all budding out with love.
Bailey.

MOBS.

I hate all mobs and tumultuary assemblies on one side or the other. They are the senseless instruments of party, the clumsy machinery by which imperfect government is carried on or opposed by imperfect politicians. They are in their very nature unlawful and unconstitutional, directly at variance with our free institutions, which are as much opposed to anarchy as to despotism. They are alternately encouraged from interest, or tolerated from fear. The following extract from a a letter from Dr. Priestly to the people of Birmingham, after the riots of 1791, is strongly illustrative of what the mob spirit is capable; and that the progress of civilization has been able in no degree to assauge that spirit, Nottingham, Derby, and Bristol afford indisputable proofs in recent times. The Birmingham mob was on the Tory, the others on the Whig side:—

"You have destroyed the most truly valuable and useful apparatus of philosophical instruments that perhaps any individual in this or any other country was ever possessed of, in my use of which I annually spent large sums, with no pecuniary view whatever, but only in the advancement of science, for the benefit of my country and of mankind. You have destroyed a library corresponding to that apparatus which no money can repurchase, except in a long course of time. But, what I feel far more, you have destroyed manuscripts which have been the result of the laborious study of many years, and which I shall never be able to recompose; and this has been done to one who never did or imagined any harm." *Moir.*

MODERATION.

Moderation is commonly firm; and firmness is commonly successful. *Johnson.*

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Young.

MODERATION—in Controversy Governed by Age.

In my youth I was quickly past my fundamentals, and was running up into a multitude of controversies, and greatly delighted with metaphysical and scholastic writings; but the older I grew, the smaller stress I laid upon these controversies and curiosities, as finding far greater uncertainties in them than I at first discerned, and finding less usefulness comparatively, even where there is the greatest certainty. And now it is the fundamental doctrines of the Catechism which I highliest value, and daily think of, and find most useful to myself and others. The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments do find me now the most acceptable and plentiful matter of all my meditations: they are to me as my daily bread and drink; and as I can speak and write of them over and over again, so I had rather read or hear of them than of any of the school niceties which once so much pleased me. *Baxter.*

MODERATION—in Eating and Drinking.

Be very moderate in eating and drinking. Drunkenness is the great vice of the time: and by drunkenness I do mean, not only gross drunkenness, but also tippling, drinking excessively and immoderately, or more than is convenient or necessary: avoid those

companies that are given to it; come not into those places that are devoted to that beastly vice—namely, taverns and ale-houses; avoid and refuse those devices that are used to occasion it, as drinking and pledging of healths; be resolute against it; and when your resolution is once known, you will never be solicited to it. The Rechabites were commanded by their father not to drink wine, and they obeyed it, and had a blessing for it. My command to you is not so strict: I allow you the moderate use of wine and strong drink at your meals; I only forbid you the excess, or unnecessary use of it, and those places, and companies, and artifices that are temptations to it.
Sir Matthew Hale.

MODEST—

As morn. *A. Marvel.*
As the opening morn. *Jane West.*
As the blushing morning. *Duchess of Newcastle.*
As morning, when she coldly eyes the youthful Phœbus. *Shakespeare.*
As infant Nature in her bloom. *Pix.*
As justice. *Play, "Pericles."*
As an angel. *J. Leanerd.*
As a vestal virgin's eye. *Lilly.*
As a maid. *E. Young.*
And bashful as a virgin. *Duchess of Newcastle.*
As the dove. *Shakespeare.*

In distant climes a plant there grows,
Which from the touch its leaves will close,
And trembling turn itself away
If aught approach its fragile spray;
Its kindred plant they say abides
Unseen our northern clime beneath,
From ev'ry idle gaze it hides,
And shrinks at ev'ry ruder breath;
Amid the snows it thrives the best
Which guard the virgin's spotless breast.
'Tis Modesty! a lovelier flow'r
Than spring's first snow-drop, born 'mid
February's show'r. *Holford.*

MODESTY—Controls.

Modesty withholds a man from vain boasting, and makes a wise man not to scorn a fool. Certainly the heart of the blushing man is nearer heaven than the brazen forehead, for it is a branch of humility; and when that dies, virtue is upon the wane. *Feltham.*

MODESTY—False.

The false modesty of the insignificance of such a being as man has always encouraged modern unbelievers to call in question the moral government of God. To this topic the Duke of Marlborough (who, without doubt, had often heard it urged in the licentious court in which he had been brought up) evidently alludes, when he says to the Duchess, in his letter of August 26, 1709:—"I cannot help being of opinion that, however insignificant we may be, there is a Power above that puts a period to our happiness or unhappiness. If anybody had told me, eight years ago, that, after such success, and after you had been a faithful servant twenty-seven years, that ever in the queen's life-time we should be obliged to seek happiness in a retired life, I could not have believed that possible." *Warburton.*

MOMENTS—Their Flight, how Silent.

My friend, arrest the present moments;
For, be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And, though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved;
And know, for that thou slumberedst on thy guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.
Nathaniel Cotton.

MONEY—Greatness of.

In every nation there are, and must always be, a certain number of these fiends' servants who have it principally for the object of their lives to make money. They are always more or less stupid, and cannot conceive of anything else so nice as money. Stupidity is always the basis of the Judas bargain. We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, didn't understand

Christ; couldn't make out the worth of Him, or meaning of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle-headed, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ; yet believed in Him, much more than most of us do; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for Himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little bye-perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have his thirty pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand Him—doesn't care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business; makes his own little job out of it at all events, come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men you have a certain number of bagmen—your "fee-first" men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself, or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labour of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all its produce to himself, except the labourer's food. That is the modern Judas's way of "carrying the bag," and "bearing what is put therein." *Ruskin.*

MONEY—Making.

The first of all English games is making money. That is an all absorbing game; and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that than at foot-ball, or any other roughest sport; and it is absolutely without purpose: no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money,—he never knows. He doesn't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he *may* get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as, at cricket, you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. So all that great foul city of London there—rattling, growling, smoking, stinking,—a ghastly heap of fermented brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore,—you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only Lord's cricket ground without the turf; a huge billiard-table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit; but mainly a billiard-table after all. *Ruskin.*

MONEY—Test of.

Here is the test, with every man, of whether money is the principal object with him or not. If in mid-life he could pause and say, "Now have I enough to live upon, I'll live upon it; and having well-earned it, I will also well spend it, and go out of the world poor as I came into it;" then money is not principal with him: but if, having enough to live upon in the manner befitting his character and rank, he still wants to make more, and to *die* rich, then money is the principal object with him, and it becomes a curse to himself, and generally to those who spend it after him. For you know it *must* be spent some day; the only question is whether the man who makes it shall spend it, or some one else. And generally it is better for the maker to spend it, for he will know best its value and use. This is the true law of life. *Ruskin.*

MONITORS.

It seems that enemies have been always found the most faithful monitors; for adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself. *Dr. Johnson.*

MONK—Description of.

A monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And when he rode, men mighte his bridel
here
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seint Maure and of seint
Beneit,
Because that it was olde and sondele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace,
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.

And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therefore he was a prickasoure a right;
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.

Chaucer.

MOON—Her Gloss of Beauty.

Silver Phœbe spreads
A light, reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measured strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the scene with sweets,
Which soften even Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharm'd, unheeding sits.

Richard Glover.

MOON—Her Deathless Brightness.

The lonely, bowery, woodland view before—
And, making all more beautiful, thou, sweet moon,
Leading slow pomp, as triumphing o'er heaven!
High riding in thy loveless, deathless brightness,
And in thy cold unconquerable beauty,
As though there were nothing worthy in the world
Even to lie below thee, face to God.
And Night, in her own name, and God's again,
Hath dipped the earth in dew;—and there she lies,
Even like a heart all trembling with delight,
Till passion murder power to speak—so mute.
Young maiden moon! just looming into light—
I would that aspect never might be changed;
Nor that fine form, so spirit-like, be spoiled
With fuller light. Oh, keep that brilliant shape!
Keep the delicious honour of thy youth,
Sweet sister of the sun, more beauteous thou
Than he sublime. Shine on, nor dread decay.
It may take meaner things: but thy bright look,
Smiling away an immortality,
Assures it us—nay, it seems, half, to give.
Earth may decease. God will not part with thee,
Fair ark of light, and every blessedness!
Yes, earth, this earth, may foul the face of life,
Like some swart mole on beauty's breast, or dead
Stiff mangled reptile some clear well—while thou,
Like to a diamond on a dead man's hand,
Shalt shine, aye brilliant, on creation's corse;
Whence God shall pluck thee to His breast, or bid
Beam 'mid His lightning locks. What are earth's joys
To watching thee, tending thy bright flock over
The fields of heaven? Thy light misleadeth not,
Though eyes which image heaven oft lure to hell:
Thy smile betrayeth not—though sweet as that
Which wins and damns. Mother, and maid of light!
That, like a God, redeems the world to heaven—
Making us one with thee, and with the sun,
And with the stars in glory—lovely moon!
I am immortal as thyself; and we
Shall look upon each other yet, in Heaven!

Bailey.

MOON—Her Borrowed Light.

And as the moon with borrow'd light displays
Reflected beams, sent from the sun's bright rays;

So from the Sun of Righteousness divine,
The saints with perfect comeliness do shine.
Old Play, "Youth's Comedy."

MOON—Communicates Light.

The moon, a softer but not less beautiful object than the sun, returns and communicates to mankind the light of the sun, in a gentle and delightful manner, exactly suited to the strength of the human eye; an illustrious and most beautiful emblem, in this and several other respects, of the divine Reedemer of mankind; who, softening the splendour of the Godhead, brings it to the eye of the understanding in a manner fitted to the strength of the mind, so that, without being overwhelmed or distressed, it can thus behold "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." *Dwight.*

MOON—Her Peaceful Light.

The moon diffuses peaceful light,
And o'er the waves her trembling lustre plays.
John Bidlake.

MOON—Her Silver Light.

The silver queen of night
Arose in full orb'd lustre, and began
Her path majestic through the blue serene,
And threw her silver light o'er half the world.
George Townsend.

MOON—All Lovely.

The moon all lovely, from her clouded veil
Soft gliding, lifts her silvery lamp on high;
The little stars their twinkling rays conceal,
And to their dens the powers of darkness fly.
So, when the beams of heavenly comfort shine,
Life's fairy visions faintly glide away;
The train of anguish fly her light divine,
That yields the faithful soul eternal day.
Charles Fox.

MOON—The Pale Queen of Night.

Now night's pale queen, in majesty serene,
With silver radiance ting'd the solemn scene;
The light that trembling gilds the starry plain,
Stream'd o'er the rocks and far illumin'd main.
John Ogilvie.

MOON—The Fair Regent of Night.

Thou moon, fair regent of the lonely hours,
Bright walking through mid heaven, whose lovely smiles
Renew the day, who deck'st with silver robe
The Ethiop night, as through mid heaven thou walk'st
Pale shining—to the lonely hours confess—
Confess for ever to each conscious night
Thy architect divine. *J. Husbands.*

MOON—the Revelation of Night.

As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear; to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart.
Chapman's "Homer."

MOON—Beautifully Pale.

Oh, thou meek orb! that stealing o'er the dale
Cheer'st with thy modest beams the noon of night,
On the smooth lake diffusing silv'ry light,
Sublimely still, and beautifully pale.
Mary Robinson.

MOON—Her Calm Placidity.

How calm and placid is this scene!
The moon from her high tabernacle, bright
With burnish'd silver, looks directly down
On the smooth bosom of th' unruffled lake,
That far and wide reflects the radiant blaze.
How calm and how serene the sky!
"The Indians:" A Tragedy.

MOON—Night's Regent.

Rising above the silent wood,
Night's regent pour'd a silver flood,
And bright her glitt'ring spangles fell
On many a sleeping floweret's bell.
Holford.

MOON—The Silver.

Now plays the silver moon upon the sea,
And all the train of twinkling stars adorn
The hollow compass of our heaven's sphere.
Play, "Knack to know an Honest Man."

MOON—The Pale Sister of the Sun.

. . . nor would I fail
At dewey eve to wander, when the sun
To his pale sister's milder rule resigns
The cloudless skies, who as she rises spreads
Her silver beams, and the snow-mantled tops
Of yonder mountains with a yellow hue

Faint tinges, one expanded sheet of light
Diffusing. *George Keate.*

MOON—Like to a Fair Virgin.

How calm this hour! from that thin fleecy cloud,
Like a fair virgin veil'd, the moon looks out
With such serene and sweet benignity
That night unknits his gloomy brows and smiles. *Play, "Sulieman."*

MOONLIGHT—The Lover's.

I saw a lover—on his upraised brow
The midnight moon had in sweet token lighted,
Then knew he that his absent love, his plighted,
Was present—in her thought and in her vow.
Blest creatures! whom night-wandering angels bow
To bless—and leave the low sunk world benighted:
Love knows no time, for it is ever—now!
Love knows no space, for hearts must live united!

Blest creatures ye! for nature's self doth plot
Your communing, and levels this terrene;
And prostrates all it holds, as it were not;
And lifts her lamp up in the sky serene,
That both might gaze upon one heavenly spot,
And love alone might live and breathe between.
Blackwood.

MOONBEAMS—Pervading Influence of.

Over fields of thymy blossom;
Over beds of dewy flowers;
Now upon the streamlet's bosom;
Now within the whispering bowers;
Soft and slow
The moonbeams go,
Wandering on through midnight hours.

Lightly o'er the crested billow,
Where the heaving waters flow,
Where the sea-bird finds her pillow,
There the list'ning moonbeams go
Soft and slow,
Soft and slow,
Ever wandering soft and slow.

Queen of beauty! canst thou ever
Thus thy lonely task fulfil;
Sister voices never, never
Answering thee from bower or hill?
Soft and slow
As winter's snow
Fall thy footsteps cold and still.

Silent moon! thy smile of beauty
Fainting hope will oft renew;
Teach me, then, thy holy duty,
Waste and wild to wander through,
Soft and slow
Still to go,
Patient, meek, though lonely too.
Household Words.

MOONLIGHT SCENE—A.

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly-scatter'd leaves, and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope:
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, grey
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovlier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh! how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars,
Which, in that brightest moonlight well nigh quench'd,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attemper'd mind.
R. Southey.

MOONRISE.

What stands upon the highland?
What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain side,
Like a veil of silver folden
Round the white brow of a bride?

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree.

Black rocks to marble turning,
  Like palaces of kings;
On ruin-windows burning,
  A festal glory flings;

The desert halls uplighting,
  While falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting
  For the banquet or the dance.

With ivory wand she numbers
  The stars along the sky;
And breaks the billows' slumbers
  With a love-glance of her eye.

Along the cornfields dances,
  Brings bloom upon the sheaf;
From tree to tree she glances,
  And touches leaf by leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows;
  Through their half-closed eyelids gleams;
With her white torch through the meadows
  Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
  Like a conqueror, from the east,
And the joyous world partaking
  Of her golden fairy feast. *Ernest Jones.*

MORALITY.

Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of Thee.
Young.

MORALITY—is not Grace.

Morality is not grace; because it doth not change nature: if it did, many of the heathen were as near to God as the best of Christians. Whatever may be done by the strength of nature, cannot alter it; for no nature can change itself. Poison may be great within the skin, like a viper's; but freedom from gross sins argues not a friendship for God. None were ever so great enemies to Christ as the Pharisees, to whom Christ gave no other title than that of the devil's children, and charges them with hatred both of Himself and Father (John viii. 44). *Charnock.*

MORALITY—Mere.

Civility adorneth nature, but doth not change it. Moral virtues are so many sweet flowers strewed over a dead corpse, which hide the loathsomeness of it, but inspire not life into it. *Flavel.*

MORALITY—None without Religion.

There is no morality without religion, and there is no religion without morality. "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments." He who loves God, keeps the commandments in principle. He who keeps the commandments, loves God in action. Love is obedience in the heart. Obedience is love in the life. Morality is religion in practice. Religion is morality in principle.
Emerson.

MORALITY—Christ the Teacher of.

Next to the knowledge of one God, Maker of all things, a clear knowledge of their duty was wanting to mankind. This part of knowledge, though cultivated with some care by some of the heathen philosophers, yet got little footing among the people. All men, indeed, under pain of displeasing the gods, were to frequent the temples: every one went to their sacrifices and services; but the priests made it not their business to teach them virtue. If they were diligent in their observations and ceremonies, punctual in their feasts and solemnities, and the tricks of religion, the holy tribe assured them the gods were pleased; and they looked no further. . . .

We see how unsuccessful in this the attempts of philosophers were before our Saviour's time. How short their several systems came of the perfection of a true and complete morality is very visible. And if, since that, the Christian philosophers have much outdone them, yet we may observe that the first knowledge of the truths they have added are owing to revelation; though, as soon as they are heard and considered, they are found to be agreeable to reason, and such as can by no means be contradicted. Every one may observe a great many truths, which he receives at first from others, and readily consents to as consonant to reason, which he would have found it hard, and perhaps beyond his strength to have discovered himself. Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine as we who have it delivered ready dug and fashioned into our hands are apt to imagine. And how often, at fifty or threescore years old, are thinking men told what they wonder how they could miss thinking of! which yet their own contemplations did not and possibly never would have helped them to. Experience shows that the knowledge of morality, by mere natural light (how agreeable soever it be to it), makes but a slow progress and little advance in the world. And the reason of it is not hard to be found in men's necessities—passions, vices, and mistaken interests—which turn their thoughts another way. And the designing leaders, as well as the following herd, find it not to their purpose to employ much of their meditations this way. Or, whatsoever else was the cause, it is plain in fact, human reason, unassisted, failed men in its great and proper business of morality. It never, from unquestionable principles, by clear deductions, made out an entire body of the law of nature. And he that shall collect all the moral rules of the philosophers, and compare them with those contained in the New Testament, will find them to come short of the morality delivered by our Saviour and taught by His apostles.

Though yet, if any one should think that, out of the sayings of the wise heathens before our Saviour's time, there might be a collection made of all those rules of morality which are to be found in the Christian religion, yet this would not at all hinder but that the world nevertheless stood as much in need of our Saviour and the morality delivered by Him. I will suppose there was a Stobæus in those times who had gathered the moral sayings from all the sages of the world. What would this amount to towards being a steady rule, a certain transcript of a law that we are under? Did the saying of Aristippus or Confuscius give it an authority? Was Zeno a lawgiver to mankind? If not, what he or any other philosopher delivered was but a saying of his. Mankind might hearken to it or reject it as they pleased, or as it suited their interest, passions, principles, or humours; they were under no obligation; the opinion of this or that philosopher was of no authority; and if it were, you must take all he said under the same character. All his dictates must go for law, certain and true, or none of them. And then, if you will take any of the moral sayings of Epicurus (many whereof Seneca notes with esteem and approbation) for precepts of the law of nature, you must take all the rest of his doctrine for such too, or else his authority ceases; and so no more is to be received from him, or any of the sages of old, for parts of the law of nature, as carrying with it an obligation to be obeyed, but what they prove to be so. But such a body of ethics, proved to be the law of nature, from principles of reason, and reaching all the duties of life, I think nobody will say the world had before our Saviour's time. It is not enough that there were, up and down, scattered sayings of wise men conformable to right reason. The law of nature was the law of convenience too; and it is no wonder that those men of parts, and studious of virtue (who had occasion to think on any particular part of it), should by meditation light on the right, even from the observable convenience and beauty of it, without making out its obligation from the true principles of the law of nature and foundations of morality. But these incoherent apopthegms of philosophers and wise men, however excellent in themselves, and well intended by them, could never make a morality whereof the world could be convinced—could never rise to the force of a law that mankind could with certainty depend on. Whatsoever should thus be universally useful as a standard to which men should conform their manners, must have its authority either from reason or revelation. It is not every writer of morals or compiler of it from others that can thereby be erected into a lawgiver to mankind, and a dictator of rules which are therefore valid because they are to be found in his books under the authority of this or that philosopher. He that any one will pretend to set up in this kind, and have his rules pass for authentic directions, must show that either he builds his doctrines upon principles of reason, self-evident in themselves, and that he deduces all the parts of it from thence by clear and evident demonstration, or must show his commission from heaven, that he comes with authority from God to deliver His will and commands to the world. In the former way nobody that I knew before our Saviour's time ever did or went about to give us a morality. In the latter way, by revelation, we have from Christ a full and sufficient rule for direction, and conformable to that of our reason. *Locke.*

MORALS—Christian.

Let not the law of thy country be the *non ultra* of thy honesty; nor think that always good enough which the law will make good. Narrow not the law of charity, equity, mercy. Join gospel-righteousness with legal right. Be not a mere Gamaliel in the faith, but let the Sermon on the Mount be thy Targum unto the law of Sinai. *Sir T. Browne.*

MORN.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;

The hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love;
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove. . . .

O Nature, how in every charm supreme,
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
Oh, for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptur'd heart and ear and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody. *Beattie.*

MORN—Cheers the Sight.

Behold the ocean in a calm subside,
Grey on the rocks the morning cheers the sight;
Soon will the sun glow in his eastern pride,
Diffusing round a trembling flood of light.
W. Churchey.

MORN—Dawn of.

Methinks I see the sun,
Eternal painter, now begin to rise
And limn the heavens in vermilion dye;
And having dipt his pencil aptly fram'd
Already in the colour of the morn,
With various temper he doth mix in one
Darkness and light.
"*Prologue to Phillis of Scyros:*" *old Play.*

MORN—Delights of.

Delightful morn! sweet blossom of the day!
And thou, O sun, by whom the distant hills
With lustre bright are ting'd—how sweet your reign!
While in the flow'ry meads the lambkins sport.
Behold the lark, already on the wing,
Scarce gives the sunbeams time to light the earth,
So eager to salute the new-born day!
David Ogborne.

MORN—Eye-lids of.

The opening eye-lids of the dawn
A smiling glance threw o'er the lawn,
Where dew-drops glitter'd in the ray,
And gossamers all sparkling lay
Like veil bespangled all with gold,
And thrown in many a careless fold
O'er the fair head of damsel gay,
To hide her beauties from the day.
"*Lay of the Scottish Fiddle:*" *a Poem.*

MORN—Its Glory.

How glorious is the morn! how sweet the air
Perfum'd with fragrant odours that the sun
Exhaleth from the flowers of the earth!
Hark! how the birds, those warbling choristers,
Do strain their pretty throats, and sweetly sing
Glad hymns to Him who made this glorious light. *William Harrison.*

MORN—the Light of Heaven.

Now breaks the morn—the light of heaven
To sleeping nature life has given;
The glorious orb, its genial source,
Is on his grand diurnal course;
The dew, that stole in silent hour
To lend its soft refreshing power
To nature, parch'd by the bright ray
That gives the life and glare to day,
Now flies in vapour from the beam
That scares it with refulgent gleam;
But as it rolls away on wind
It leaves some sparkling pearls behind,
As pure,—as pensive,—and as clear,
As falls the bosom's warmest tear,
When o'er some dear lamented dead
The silent—mournful gem is shed. *Ely.*

MORN—Orient.

Soft the smile
Of orient morn, and sweet the rustling wing
Of zephyr rising from the waste of flowers,
And breathing fragrance.—But, nor orient morn,
Nor fragrant zephyr, nor Arabian climes,
Nor gilded ceilings, can relieve the soul
Pining in thraldom. *W. Richardson.*

MORN—Its Radiances.

Now was the eastern sky, dyed purple, spread
For fair Aurora's radiant feet to tread;
She mounts serene, and with mild dawning light
Smiles on the low'ring dusky face of night.
Blackmore.

MORN—Its Rise.

Aurora rose, and from her orient tresses
Threw the light. *Poole.*

MORN—Her Roseate Beauties.

Fair rob'd Aurora from the bright'ning East
Began her roseate beauties to display,
Scatt'ring refulgence from her radiant breast,
And wide unbarr'd the golden gates of day.
The Shamrock.

MORN—The Rosy-fingered.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn;
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait,
Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light.
Thomas Blacklock.

MORN—Her Rosy Steps.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.
Milton.

MORN—Sabbath.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sigh'd along the grove
Have hushed their drowsy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So soft the day when the first morn arose!
John Leyden.

MORNING.

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
From the red east he flitted with his train;
The houris draw away the gate of night,
Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedecked heaven's plain,
And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye.
Chatterton.

Wake up! The sun presents an image in his rays,
How man can shine at morn to his Creator's praise.
Ruckert.

The morning now in colours richly dight,
Stepp'd o'er the eastern thresholds.
Poole.

MORNING—Beauty and Poverty.

The voice of the morning is calling to childhood—
From streamlet, and valley, and mountain it calls;
And Mary, the loveliest nymph of the wild wood,
Is crossing the brook where the mill water falls.
Oh! lovely is Mary, her face like a vision
Once seen leaves a charm that will ever endure;
From her glance and her smile there beams something elysian:
She has but one failing—sweet Mary is poor.

Her bosom is white as the hawthorn, and sweeter;
Her form light and lovesome, as maiden's should be;
Her foot like a fairy's—yet softer and fleeter—
Oh, Mary, the morn hath no lily like thee!
But narrow and low hangs the roof of her dwelling,
Her home it is humble, her birth is obscure;
And though in all beauty and sweetness excelling,
She wanders neglected—for Mary is poor.

Yet, oh! to her heart mother Nature hath given
The kindest affections that mortal can know;
She loves every star that sheds radiance in heaven,
She worships the flowers as God's image below.
Ah! sad 'tis to think that a being resembling
The fairest in beauty, such lot should endure;
But the dews that like tears on the lilies are trembling,
Are types but of Mary—for Mary is poor.
C. Swain.

MORNING—A Bright.

'Twas morning, and the glorious sun was risen
From his bright chamber in the rosy east,
Bursting, as if with joy, his misty prison,
To shine upon the ocean's sparkling breast;
The last star feebly twinkled in the west:
A light breeze rippled o'er the dancing sea.
M. A. Browne.

MORNING—Breaking forth of.

The morning breaketh forth in crimson, and the beauteous flowers of the field spread wide their odorous cups to drink the blooming influence of the rising genial sun.

George Smith Green.

MORNING, &c.—Well Commenced.

MORNING.—I. To lift up the heart to God, in thankfulness for renewing my life.

II. To renew my covenant with God in Christ:—1. By renewed acts of faith, receiving Christ, and rejoicing in the height of that relation. 2. Resolution of being one of His people, doing Him allegiance.

III. Adoration and Prayer.

IV. Setting a watch over my own infirmities and passions, over the snares laid in our way. *Perimus licitis.*

DAY EMPLOYMENT.—There must be an employment—two kinds:—

I. Our ordinary calling, to serve God in it. It is a service to Christ, though never so mean, (Coloss. iii.) Here, Faithfulness, Diligence, Cheerfulness. Not to overlay myself with more business than I can bear.

II. Our spiritual employments. Mingle somewhat of God's immediate service in this day.

REFRESHMENTS.—I. Meat and drink, moderation, seasoned with somewhat of God.

II. Recreations:—1. Not our business. 2. Suitable. No games, if given to covetousness or passion.

IF ALONE.—I. Beware of wandering, vain, lustful thoughts; fly from thyself, rather than entertain these.

II. Let thy solitary thoughts be profitable; view the evidences of thy salvation, the state of thy soul, the coming of Christ, thy own mortality: it will make thee humble and watchful.

COMPANY.—Do good to them. Use God's name reverently. Beware of leaving an ill impression of ill example. Receive good from them, if more knowing.

EVENING.—Cast up the accounts of the day. If aught amiss, beg pardon. Gather resolution of more vigilance. If well, bless the mercy and grace of God that hath supported thee.

The above notes were copied by Bishop Burnet from the MSS. of Hale "in the same simplicity in which he writ it for his own private use." "These notes have an imperfection in the wording of them, which shows that they were only intended for his privacies."

MORNING—Description of.

Wish'd morning's come; and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

Thomas Otway.

MORNING DEVOTION—Health to the Body.

The famous Dr. Boerhaave prescribed morning devotion as the best method of preserving health; for, said he, "Nothing can tend more to the health of the body than the tranquillity of the mind and the due regulation of the passions; and nothing," added he, "more effectually retains the passions, and gives spirit and vigour through the business of the day, than early meditation and prayer."

Riddock.

MORNING DEVOTIONS.

See, the time for sleep has run;
Rise before or with the sun;
Lift thy hands and humbly pray
The Author of eternal day,
That as the light, serenely fair,
Illumines all the tracts of air,
His sacred spirit so may rest
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,
And kindly cleanse it all within
From darker blemishes of sin,
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.

Thomas Parnell.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up: prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; for day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath its morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?
Above thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world: let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Vaughan.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Evening and morning—those two ancient names
So link'd with childish wonder, when with arm
Fast wound about the neck of one we loved,
Oft questioning, we heard Creation's tale—
Evening and morning ever brought to me
Strange joy; the birth and funeral of light,
Whether in clear unclouded majesty
The large sun pour'd his effluence abroad,
Or the grey clouds roll'd silently along,
Dropping their doubtful tokens as they pass'd;
Whether above the hills intensely glow'd
Bright lines of parting glory in the west,
Or from the veil of faintly-redden'd mist
The darkness slow descended on the earth;
The passing to a state of things all new—
New fears and new enjoyments—this was all
Food for my seeking spirit: I would stand
Upon the jutting hills that overlook
Our level moor, and watch the daylight fade
Along the prospect: now behind the leaves
The golden twinkles of the westering sun
Deepen'd to richest crimson: now from out
The solemn beech-grove, through the natural aisles
Of pillar'd trunks, the glory in the west
Show'd like Jehovah's presence-fire, beheld
In olden times above the mercy-seat
Between the folded wings of cherubim;—
I loved to wander, with the evening star
Heading my way, till from the palest speck
Of virgin silver, evermore lit up
With radiance as by spirits minister'd,
She seem'd a living pool of golden light;
I loved to learn the strange array of shapes
That pass along the circle of the year.

Alford.

MORNING—brings Freshness and Joy.

When we rise fresh and vigorous in the morning, the world seems fresh too, and we think we shall never be tired of business or pleasure; but by that time the evening is come, we find ourselves heartily so; we quit all its enjoyments readily and gladly; we retire willingly into a little cell; we lie down in darkness, and resign ourselves to the arms of sleep with perfect satisfaction and complacency. Apply this to youth and old age,—life and death. *Bishop Horne.*

MORNING—on her Throne of Gold.

The morning, sitting in a throne of gold,
Surveyed the earth. *Poole.*

MORNING—A Summer.

The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine soil'd the earth's tinsell'd robe.
How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain,
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In 's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feather'd choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamour'd air!
Here Nature, in her unaffected dress,
Plaited with valleys and emboss'd with hills,
Enchased with silver streams and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.

William Chamberlayne.

MORNING—Summer.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
  Or list the gurgling of the brook;
Or, stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
  Peruse and pause on nature's book.

When nature every sweet prepares
  To entertain our wish'd delay—
The images which morning wears,
  The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
  Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
  Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
  And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
  A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
  To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy grey,
  And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
  Unnoticèd to vulgar eyes;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
  Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
  'Neath their morning burthen lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
  Sweet I scent the blossom'd bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
  Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
  Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So, emerging into light,
  From the ignorant and vain,
Fearful genius takes her flight,
  Skimming o'er the lowly plain.
John Clare.

MORTALITY.

While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Young.

Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies;"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
Young.

The human race resemble the withering foliage of a wide forest. While the air is calm, we perceive single leaves scattering here and there from the branches; but sometimes a tempest or a whirlwind precipitates thousands in a moment. It is a moderate computation which supposes a hundred thousand millions to have died since the exit of righteous Abel. *Foster.*

MORTALITY—Its Ending.

'Tis like enough.
We slip away like shadows into shade;
We end, and make no mark we had begun;
We come to nothing, like a pure intent.
When we have hoped, sought, striven, and lost our aim,
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness,
Like a white brow, through its overshadowing hair—
As though the day were overcast. *Bailey.*

MORTALITY—Pervades all.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream:
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
Cowper.

MOTHER—on the Death of her Blind Boy.

Dost thou weep, mournful mother,
  For thy blind boy in the grave?
That no more with each other
  Sweet counsel ye can have?—
That he, left dark by nature,
  Can never more be led
By thee, maternal creature,
  Along smooth paths instead?
That thou canst no more show him
  The sunshine by the heat;
The river's silver flowing,
  By murmurs at his feet?
The foliage by its coolness,
  The roses by their smell;
And all creation's fulness,
  By loves invisible?
Weepest thou to behold not
  His meek, blind eyes again,—
Closed doorways which were folded,
  And prayed against in vain—
And under which sate smiling
  The child-mouth evermore,
As one who watcheth, willing
  The time by, at a door?
And weepest thou to feel not
  His clinging hand on thine—
Which now, at dream time, will not
  Its cold touch disentwine?
And weepest thou still ofter,
  Oh, never more to mark
His low, soft words made softer
  By speaking in the dark?
Weep on, thou mournful mother!

But since to him, when living,
  Thou wert both sun and moon,
Look o'er his grave, surviving,
  From a high sphere alone.

Sustain that exaltation—
  Expand that tender light,
And hold in mother-passion
  Thy blessed in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
  From the dark world he knew,—
No twilight in the gateway
  To mediate 'twixt the two,—
Into the sudden glory,
  Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee
  At once to light and God!—
For the first face, beholding
  The Christ's in its divine,—
For the first place, the golden
  And tideless hyaline;
With trees, at lasting summer,
  That rock to songful sound,
While angels the new-comer
  Wrap a still smile around!

Oh, in the blessed psalm, now,
  His happy voice he tries,—
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,
  Than others, o'er his eyes,—
Yet still, in all the singing,
  Thinks haply of thy song,
Which, in his life's first springing,
  Sang to him all night long,—
And wishes it beside him,
  With kissing lips that cool,
And soft did overglide him,
  To make the sweetness full.
Look up, O mournful mother;
  Thy blind boy walks in light!
Ye wait for one another,
  Before God's infinite!
But thou art now the darkest,
  Thou mother, left below—
Thou, the sole blind,—thou markest,
  Content that it be so,
Until ye two give meeting
  Where the great heaven-gate is,
And he shall lead thy feet in,
  As once thou leddest his!
Wait on, thou mournful mother!

E. B. Browning.

MOTHER—The Death of the Young.

Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears,
For she we lost was lovely, and we loved
Her much. Fresh in her memory, as fresh
As yesterday is yet the day she died:
It was an April day; and blithely all
The youth of nature leap'd beneath the sun,
And promised glorious manhood; and our hearts
Were glad, and round them danced the lightsome blood
In healthy merriment, when tidings came
A child was born; and tidings came again
That she who gave it birth was sick to death:
So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy!
We gather'd round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the throne
Of mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven; and Mercy, in her love, refused;
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!
Most gracious, when she seem'd the most to frown!
The room I well remember, and the bed
On which she lay, and all the faces, too,
That crowded dark and mournfully around.
Her father there and mother, bending stood;
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,
And brothers, and they wept; her sisters, too,
Did weep and sorrow comfortless; and I,
Too, wept, though not to weeping given; and all
Within the house was dolorous and sad.
This I remember well; but better still
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
The dyeing eye! That eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew as nearer death approach'd,
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell
Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon
Came down, and o'er the desert scatter'd far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe; 'twas brought, and by her placed;
She look'd upon its face, that neither smiled,
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon 't, and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seem'd to penetrate
The heavens, unutterable blessings, such
As God to dying parents only granted
For infants left behind them in the world.
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard
No more. The angel of the covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides

Obscured among the tempest of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

Robert Pollok.

MOTHER—Devotedness to.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

W. Irving.

MOTHER—an Instrument in the Hand of God.

Let every mother consider herself as an instrument in the hand of Providence,—let her reflect on the immense importance the proper education of one single family may eventually prove! and that, while the fruit of her labours may descend to generations yet unborn, she will herself reap a glorious reward;—let her behold our children rich in intellectual and moral worth, their desires regulated by virtue and religion, their passions under the control of reason, and their hearts in the possession of that "peace which passes understanding;"—let her see them ennobled by that species of superiority which alone commands the reverence of the heart, and enjoying that true dignity which confers the only real distinction;—let her imagine her children bedewing her tomb with tears of filial affection and gratitude, and even in the latest hour blessing her memory as the cause of that happiness which has marked their path on earth, and as the conductor to that hope which sweetens the hour of dissolution.

Miss Hamilton.

MOTHER—Sorrow for Loss of.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery-window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!

Cowper.

MOTHER—Her Love.

See a fond mother encircled by her children; with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love. One she kisses on its cheek, and clasps another to her bosom; one she sets upon her knee, and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, by their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look, and a word to those; and, whether she grants or refuses, whether she smiles or frowns, it is all in tender love. Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is Providence; so it watches over us, comforting these, providing for those, listening to all, and assisting every one; and if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers; or, if seeming to deny a blessing, it grants one in the refusal.

Krummacher.

MOTHER—My.

She was, indeed, in many particulars an example for her sex—an example too valuable to be altogether lost I will sketch for study one or two of the agreeable features in her character. When I was living alone with her, as already stated, I used occasionally to go out to dinner in the neighbourhood, and afterwards to walk home late, sometimes very late. By the way, I will remark that I have never felt my mind so vigorous as frequently when walking home in the country after a dinner-party. The excitement of company and good cheer, heightened by exercise in the refreshing cool of the night, produces an effect on the spirits, according to my experience, unequalled at any other time; and it seems to be something the same with horses, which never go with such alacrity as when returning home after a good feed, and in company, at night. But to resume; at whatever hour I arrived, I always found my mother sitting up for me alone. Not a word of reproach — not a question. If it happened to be cold or damp I was greeted with a cheerful fire, by which she had been sitting, reading or netting, as her eyes would permit, and with a colour on her cheek at seventy which would have done no discredit to a girl at eighteen. She had always the supper-tray ready, but not brought in, so as neither to tempt me if I did not want anything, nor to disappoint me if I did. When a man throws himself into a chair after the fatigues of the day, he generally feels for a period a strong propensity to silence, any interruption of which has rather a tendency to irritate. I observed that my mother had always great tact in discovering the first symptoms of revival, till which she would quietly go on with her own occupation, and then inquire if I had had an agreeable party, and put such questions as showed a gratifying interest, equally removed from worrying curiosity and disheartening indifference. I recommend the same course generally to female consideration and adoption. If, from any engagement, I wished to breakfast earlier than usual, however early, she was always ready, and without taking any credit for her readiness. If I was down before the hour, I was almost sure to find her seated at table; or, if the morning was fine, walking composedly before the windows, with breakfast prepared. If I desired to have a particular dinner, it was served up just as I asked for it—no alteration—no additional dish—with the very unphilosophical remark, "You have no occasion to eat it unless you like." She seemed to be aware that needless variety causes a distraction destructive of perfect contentment, and that temptation resisted, as well as temptation yielded to, produces, though in an inferior degree, digestive derangement. I will mention only one other trait, and that is, that though she was unremitting in her care and attention when any of her family was ill, yet her own indispositions she always concealed as long as she could,—for it seemed to give her pain to be the cause of the least interruption to the pleasure of those she loved.

Moir.

MOTHER—The Widowed.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth;
The sea will not give back its prey—
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son—
"O merciful heaven! when I am gone
Thine is this earthly blossom!"

While thus she sat, a sunbeam broke
Into the room; the babe awoke,
And from its cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there!
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretch'd his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day,—
"Forgive me that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
"The griefs she bids us here endure
She can herself repair!"

John Wilson.

MOTION—an Emblem of Life.

Motion embellishes nature largely, because it is an emblem, and characteristic of *life*—to contemplate which is one of the soul's highest pleasures, by reason of its own vitality. It loves to behold its immortality pictured in the outward world, be it ever so faintly; and if it meet no reflex in its surveys, feels defrauded and unsatisfied. The correspondence of the *forms* of nature with the particular elements of our spiritual being, encourages this secret love of movement, so strong within the soul: for the soul not only sees in external nature the counterparts of its elements and qualities, but reflections likewise of its activities and deeds. The swaying of the trees, the bending of the flowers, the waving of the corn, severally picture occurrences in the inner life,—the one kind promoted by the wind of nature, the other by the Spirit of God.

Leo H. Grindon.

MOTION—and Repose.

Things even which are incapable of visible motion mainly acquire what beauty they may present, from in some way referring us to motion. We are so pleased, for instance, with the undulating outline of distant hills, because they unroll before the imagination the rising and falling of the waves, and thus transport us into the very presence of life's grandest emblem. There is no pleasure derived from the view of a mere flat extended plain, unless relieved by waving corn or the movement of animals. These being absent, everything seems to have subsided into stagnancy, and the pictured idea is death rather than life. We call it, without a libel, "a *dead* level." Even the shadows in still water, depending, as they do, on the most exquisite placidity of surface, are no exception; for they seldom so powerfully appeal as when the objects they depict are gently agitated by the breeze. Feeling how important it is that life should thus be presented to the mind even in scenes of the profoundest repose, the poets rarely delineate such without introducing some delicate allusion that shall suggest it (as in Ovid),—

> Men, birds, and animals lie dissolved in deep repose;
> The murmur of the woods is hushed;
> The leaves are motionless;
> The humid air is still;
> *The stars alone twinkle.*

Leo H. Grindon.

MOTIVE—Consummation of.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at. *Quarles.*

MOTIVES—God Looks at.

God asks not *what*, but *whence* thy work is? from the fruit
He turns His eye away, to prove the inmost root. *French.*

MOTIVES—to Piety and Devotion.

We are surrounded by motives to piety and devotion, if we would but mind them. The poor are designed to excite our liberality; the miserable, our pity; the sick, our assistance; the ignorant, our instruction; those that are fallen, our helping hand. In those who are vain, we see the vanity of the world; in those who are wicked, our own frailty. When we see good men rewarded, it confirms our hope; and when evil men are punished, it excites our fear. *Bishop Wilson.*

MOUNTAINS—Elevate the Mind.

The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains. *Wordsworth.*

MOURNING—Salutariness of.

How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves,
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
(Inestimable gain), and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise. *Young.*

MUNIFICENCE—Divine.

To give is the act of a prince, I should rather say of God. Poor men receive; rich men give. Subjects receive; princes give. Creatures receive; the Creator gives. The more noble and eminent natures are, the more they give and the less they receive. The heavenly bodies glance their light, and dart their influences upon the earth below, but receive nothing from the earth. To give is an act of perfection; to receive is a mark of imperfection; were we not imperfect, we need not be receiving. He that gives imitates God, who gives and receives not again, because He wants nothing. And, therefore, it was a saying of Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is a part of God's beatitude that He is all things, and *hath* all things to give; that He can give, and not be beholden to receive: that He is an overflowing sea, always pouring out His gifts and golden streams upon the creature. When He hath given them grace, He hath more grace still to give. And being God, and not man, He gives continually—to give He makes His continued act. He will never cease giving to His saints, not only in this life, but in the life to come; He will be giving out to His saints eternally. For as the sun is always giving out his heat and virtue to the world, so will God be always giving out His sweetness to His saints throughout eternity. Such is His noble and princely spirit, that He takes more pleasure in giving than thou canst in receiving.

Froysel.

MUSIC—Softens Cares.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

Milton.

MUSIC—Enhanced in Silent Darkness.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the day-time it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the Gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same, the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful. *Bishop Hall.*

MUSIC—Designed to Prepare for Heaven.

I am persauded that music is designed to prepare for heaven, to educate for the choral enjoyment of Paradise, to form the mind to virtue and devotion, and to charm away evil and sanctify the heart to God. A Christian musician is one who has a harp in his affections, which he daily tunes to the notes of the angelic host, and with which he makes melody in his heart to the Lord. Does he strike the chord with his hands? it is to bid lute and harp awake to the glory of God. The hand, the tongue, and the ear form a kind of triple chord not to be broken. Bring music to this test, and your vocal hours will not be spent in vain. The instruction of your childhood will supply you through life with a fountain of pleasures, drawn from the true source of legitimate recreation. Sing the songs of Zion, and, amidst the vibrations of the air, may true prayer and praise ascend to heaven, and enter into the ears of the Lord God of our salvation; and then will the harmonious combination be complete.

Legh Richmond.

MUSIC—Influence of.

The diffusion of a taste for music, and the increasing elevation of its character, may be regarded as a national blessing. The tendency of music is to soften and purify the mind. The cultivation of a musical taste furnishes to the rich a refined and intellectual pursuit, which excludes the indulgence of frivolous and vicious amusements, and to the poor a "*laborum dulce lenimen*," a relaxation from toil more attractive than the haunts of intemperance. All music of an elevated character is calculated to produce such effects; but it is to sacred music, above all, that they are to be ascribed. Music may sometimes be the handmaid of debauchery; but this music never can. Bacchanalian songs and glees may heighten the riot of a dissolute party; but that man must be profligate beyond conception, whose mind can entertain gross propensities while the words of inspiration, clothed with the sounds of Handel, are in his ears. In the densely peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, music is cultivated among the working classes to an extent unparalleled in any other part of the kingdom. Every town has its choral society, supported by the amateurs of the place and its neighbourhood, where the sacred works of Handel, and the more modern masters, are performed with precision and effect, by a vocal and instrumental orchestra, consisting of mechanics and work-people; and every village-church has its occasional holiday oratorio, where a well-chosen and well-performed selection of sacred music is listened to by a decent and attentive audience of the same class as the performers, mingled with their employers and their families. Hence the practice of this music is an ordinary domestic and social recreation among the working classes of these districts; and its influence is of the most salutary kind. The people, in their manners and usages, retain much of the simplicity of "the olden time;" the spirit of industrious independence maintains its ground among them, and they preserve much of their religious feelings and domestic affections, in spite of the demoralizing effects of a crowded population, fluctuating employment, and pauperism. Their employers promote and encourage so salutary a recreation by countenancing and contributing to defray the expenses of their musical associations; and some great manufacturers provide regular musical instruction for such of their work-people as show a disposition for it. "It is earnestly to be wished," says a late writer, "that such an example were generally followed in establishments where great numbers of people are employed. Wherever the working classes are taught to prefer the pleasures of intellect, and even of taste, to the gratification of sense, a great and favourable change takes place in their character and manners. They are no longer driven, by mere vacuity of mind, to the beer-shop; and a pastime, which opens their minds to the impressions produced by the strains of Handel and Haydn, combined with the inspired poetry of the Scriptures, becomes something infinitely better than the amusement of an idle hour. Sentiments are awakened which make them love their families and their homes; their wages are not squandered in intemperance; and they become happier as well as better." In every class of society the influence of music is salutary. Intemperance may be rendered more riotous and more vicious by the excitement of loose and profane songs, and music may be an auxiliary to the meretricious blandishments of the stage. But the best gifts of nature and art may be turned to instruments of evil; and music, innocent in itself, is merely abused when it is conjoined with immoral poetry and the allurements of pleasure. "Music," says Burney, "may be applied to licentious poetry; but the poetry then corrupts the music, not the music the poetry. It has often regulated the movements of lascivious dances; but such airs, heard for the first time without the song or dance, could convey no impure ideas to an innocent imagination; so that Montesquieu's assertion is still in force, that 'music is the only one of all the arts which does not corrupt the mind.'" *Hogarth.*

MUSIC—Muse of.

By the sweet muse of music, I could swear
I do believe it smiles upon me; see it
Full of unuttered music, like a bird;
Rich in invisible treasures, like a bud
Of unborn sweets, and thick about the heart
With ripe and rosy beauty—full to trembling.
I love it like a sister. Hark!—its tones;
They melt the soul within one like a sword,
Albeit sheathed by lightning. Talk to me,
Lovely one! Answer me, thou beauty!
So I will to my music. Sweet! I come.
Art thou not glad to see me? What a time
Since I have touched thine eloquent white fingers.
Hast thou forgot me? Mind, now! Knowest thou not
My greeting? Ah! I love thee. *Bailey.*

MUSIC—The Pleasures of.

Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me:
There's sure no passion in the human soul
But finds its food in music. *Lily.*

MUSIC—as a Recreation.

Of all delights, to those who have the gift or taste for it, music is the most exquisite. To affix the term amusement to it is perhaps scarcely fair. It is always more than this when duly appreciated. Luther ranked it as a science next in order to theology. "Whoever despises music," he said, "as is the case with all fanatics, with him I can never agree; for music is a gift of God, and not a discovery of man. It keeps Satan at a distance, and by making a man happy, he loses all anger, pride, and every other vice. After theology, I give music the second rank and highest honour; and we see David, together with all the saints, have expressed their thoughts in verse, in rhyme, and in song. Most of all, I approve these two recreations and amusements—namely, music and chivalrous exercises, with fencing, wrestling, &c.,—the first chasing away the cares of the heart and melancholy thoughts, the other beneficial in exercising and improving the limbs, and keeping the body in health." So Luther, with that manly and healthy instinct which always characterizes him. He loved music himself, and always found a solace in it; and every sympathetic, and tender, and beautiful nature will do the same. It is a charm not only in itself, but a charm to keep us from idle and frivolous amusements. While stealing the senses by its soft witchery, it awakens at the same time the most hidden fountains of intellectual feeling, so that under its spell, more than at any other time, we feel—

"Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

There is no other recreation, if this be a proper name for it at all, which is so purely intellectual. Other amusements, many games, may exercise the intellect, and even largely draw forth its powers of forethought, of decision, and readiness; but music appeals to the soul in those deeper springs which lie close to spiritual and moral feeling. It lifts it out of the present and visible into the future and invisible. Even in its gayer and lighter strains it often does this, as well as in its more solemn and sacred chants. The simple lilt of a song which we have heard in youth, or which reminds us of home and country—some fragment of melody, slight in meaning, yet exquisitely touching in sweet or pathetic wildness—will carry the soul into a higher region, and make a man feel kindred with the immortals—

"Oh, joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!"

A joy so precious as this, and which may minister to such high ends, is one which we are bound to cultivate in every manner, and for which we are warranted in seeking the fullest indulgence. *Dr. Tulloch.*

MUSIC—Sad.

Hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. *Wordsworth.*

MUSIC—in the Soul never Dies.

Music, once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air. *E. B. Lytton.*

MUSIC—Stealing Away.

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away. *Collins.*

MUSIC—its Sweetness.

Oh! there is nought so sweet
As lying and listening music from the hands,
And singing from the lips, of one we love—
Lips that all others should be tuned to. Then
The world would all be love and song; heaven's harps
And orbs join in; the whole be harmony—
Distinct, yet blended—blending all in one
Long and delicious tremble like a chord.
But to Thee, God! all being is a harp
Whereon Thou makest mightiest melody.
Bailey.

MUSICAL—

As Apollo's lute. *Milton.*

Sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair. *Shakespeare.*

More musical than the pipe of Hermes. *Ibid.*

Than the harp of Apollo. *A. Hill.*

Than is a syren's voice.
Play, "Cupid's Whirligigg."

The Delian lute is not more musical than thy sweet voice.
Play, "Hector of Germany."

His accents fell as evening echoes fall,
Each word as gentle and as musical.
M. A. Browne.

MYSTERIES—Essential to Deity.

Ignorance of the manner how Divine mysteries exist is no sufficient plea for infidelity, when the Scriptures reveal that they are. For, reason that is limited and restrained cannot form a conception that is commensurate to the essence and power of God. This will appear more clearly by considering the mysterious excellencies of the Divine nature, the certainty of which we believe, but the manner we cannot understand: as that His essence and attributes are the same, without the least shadow of composition; yet His wisdom and power are to our apprehensions distinct, and His mercy and justice in some measure opposite. That His essence is entire in all places, yet not terminated in any. That He is above the heavens, and beneath the earth, yet hath no relation of high or low, distant or near. That He penetrates all substances, but is mixed with none. That He understands, yet receives no ideas within Himself. That He wills, yet hath no motion that carries Him out of Himself. That in Him time hath no succession; that which is past is not gone, and that which is future is not to come. That He loves without passion, is angry without disturbance, repents without change. These perfections are above the capacity of reason fully to understand, yet essential to the Deity. Here we must exalt faith, and abase reason. *Dr. Bates.*

MYSTERIES—Divine.

In the meditation of Divine mysteries, keep thy heart humble and thy thoughts holy; let philosophy not be ashamed to be confuted, nor logic blush to be confounded: what thou canst not prove, approve; what thou canst not comprehend, believe; and what thou canst believe, admire: so shall thy ignorance be satisfied in thy faith, and thy doubts swallowed up with wonders. The best way to see daylight is to put out thy candle.
Quarles.

MYSTERIES—Doctrinal.

How unreasonable it is to reject any doctrine which is revealed to us in the Christian Scriptures, only because we are unable to comprehend how it can be! The words may be plain and evident where the doctrines which they contain are mysterious; and how much safer, and wiser, and more befitting our present condition it is to conclude that these truths are proposed by the Author of light to prove our humility and ready acquiescence in His will, to become subservient to the ends of religion by exercising the obedience of our reason, and probably in other ways which at present we cannot perceive. It is not intended that we should know everything in this present life; it is not agreeable to our notions of a state of trial that we should. Many things we must at present take for granted, upon the authority of God's word; nor is this any juster ground of complaint than it is that a child is less acquainted with the reason of things than one of maturer age. That man acts most agreeably to his character of an imperfect and erring creature, placed in a state of discipline, who first satisfies himself that the Scriptures are indeed what they profess to be, the Word of God; and then takes in hand the sacred volume of truth with a humble and teachable mind, prepared to believe all that is therein stated, because he finds it there; and to practise all that is therein commanded, because he there discovers the sure will of God, and the motives to obedience. This it is to receive with meekness the engrafted Word.

Bishop Blomfield.

MYSTERIES—of Religion.

A religion without its mysteries is a temple without a God. *Robert Hall.*

MYSTERY—the Food of Angels.

It is an evil incident to man,
And of the worst, that, unexplored, he leaves
Truths useful and attainable with ease
To search forbidden deeps, where mystery lies
Not to be solved, and useless if it might.
Mysteries are food for angels; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment; but man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean
His manna from the ground, or starve and die. *Cowper.*

MYSTERY—of the Word of God.

The constitution of the world, and God's natural goverment over it, is all mystery, as much as the Christian dispensation. Yet, under the first, He has given men all things pertaining to life; and under the other, all things pertaining to godliness. *Butler.*

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NATION—A: its Characteristic Indelibly Marked.

A nation cannot be affected by any vice or weakness without expressing it, legibly and for ever, either in bad art or by want of art; and that there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence—that is iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have created,—do you think on those iron-plates your courage and endurance are not written for ever—not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment? And take also your great English vice—European vice—vice of all the world—vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell—the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonour into your wars—that vice which has rendered for you and for your next neighbouring nation the daily occupations of existence no longer possible but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath; so that, at least, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who lead the so-called civilization of the earth—you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough border riders of your Cheviot hills—

> "They carved at the meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd:"

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armour as the strength of the right hands that forged it? *Ruskin.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

In civil history, records are consulted, medals examined, and antique inscriptions deciphered, in order to determine the epochs of human revolutions and verify moral events;—so in natural history, we must search the archives of the world, draw from the bowels of the earth the monuments of former times, collect the fragments, and gather into one body of proofs, all the indices of physical changes which may enable us to retrace the different ages of nature. It is thus only that we can fix some points in the immensity of space, and mark the progressive stages in the eternal march of time. *Jameson.*

NATURAL HISTORY—Love of, Engenders Piety.

A lover of natural history cannot, I think, be a bad man, as the very study of it tends to promote a calmness and serenity of mind favourable to the reception of grateful and holy thoughts of the great and good Parent of the universe. He cannot be a cruel man, because he will be unwilling wantonly to destroy even an insect, when he perceives

how exquisitively each of them is contrived, and how curiously it is made for the station it is destined to fill in the animal world.
Jesse.

NATURE—Calm of.

All things are calm, and fair, and passive. Earth
Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap
Into a breathless dewy sleep; so still
That we can only say of things—they be!
The lakelet now, no longer vexed with gusts,
Replaces on her breast the pictured moon,
Pearled round with stars. Sweet imaged scene of time
To come, perchance, when, this vain life o'erspent,
Earth may some purer beings' presence bear;
Mayhap even God may walk among His saints,
In eminence and brightness like yon moon,
Mildly outbeaming all the beads of light
Strung o'er night's proud dark brow. How strangely fair
Yon round still star, which looks half suffering from,
And half rejoicing in, its own strong fire;
Making itself a lonelihood of light,
Like Deity, where'er in heaven it dwells.
How can the beauty of material things
So win the heart and work upon the mind,
Unless like-natured with them? Are great things
And thoughts of the same blood? They have like effect.
Bailey.

NATURE—Catholicity of.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Shakespeare.

NATURE—Ever Changing.

Nature herself is a laboratory, in which metals and all elements are for ever at change. Easy to make gold—easier, more commodious, and cheaper still to make the pearl, the diamond, and the ruby. Oh, yes; wise men found sorcery in this too; but they found no sorcery in the discovery that, by the simplest combination of things of every-day use, they could raise a devil that would sweep away thousands of their kind by the breath of consuming fire. Discover what will destroy life, and you are a great man! what will prolong it, and you are an impostor! Discover some invention in machinery that will make the rich more rich, and the poor more poor, and they will build you a statue! Discover some mystery in art that will equalize physical disparities, and they will pull down their own houses to stone you.
E. B. Lytton.

NATURE—Creative and Comprehensive.

Nature creates and produces, at one and the same time, the rudiments and principles of the whole body, and of every component part.
Bacon.

NATURE—Comprehensive Study of.

The study of nature requires two qualifications of the mind, which at first sight appear to be opposed to each other:—the comprehensive view of a bold genius that embraces the whole, and the minute and careful inspection of an unwearied industry that lives upon the smallest objects.
Buffon.

NATURE—and God.

The course of nature is the art of God.
Young.

NATURE—the Effect of God.

Nature herself—the whole effect of God.
Mind, matter, motion, heat, time, love, and life,
And death, and immortality—those chief
And first-born giants all are there—all parts,
All limbs of her their mother: she is all.
Clara. And what does she?
Festus. Produce: it is her life.
The three I named last—life, death, deathlessness—
Glide in elliptic path round all things made—
For none save God can fill the perfect whole,
And are but to eternity as is
The horizon to the world. At certain points
Each seems the other; now, the three are one;
Now, all invisible; and now, as first,
Moving in measured round.
Bailey.

NATURE—Study of, Draweth to God.

Those who have obtained the farthest insight into nature have been in all ages firm believers in God.
Whewell.

NATURE—Influence of.

Nature bids me love myself and hate all that hurt me; reason bids me love my friends and hate those that envy me; religion bids me love all and hate none. Nature showeth care, reason wit, religion love. Nature may induce me, reason persuade me, but religion shall rule me. I will hearken to nature in much, to reason in more, to religion in all.

Nature shall make me careful of myself, but hateful to none; reason shall make me wise for myself, but harmless to all; religion shall make me loving to all, but not careless of myself. I may hear the former, I will hearken only to the latter. I subscribe to some things in all, to all things in religion.

Warwick.

NATURE—Her Soothing Influence.

When the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit, when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings, I would wander forth
And seek the woods. The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
Or quiet dells retiring far between,
With gentle invitation to explore
Their windings, were a calm society
That talk'd with me, and soothed me. Then the chant
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
The thoughts that broke my peace. *Bryant.*

NATURE—Laws of.

In the "laws of nature" we have not "blind unintellectual fatalities," but expressions of divine volitions. They *appear* to us independent and sufficient, because God never discloses Himself directly,—only through some medium. The world is full of *apparent* truths; they enter largely into our very commonest experiences: a stick immersed in water appears to be broken; the banks of a river seem to move as we sail past; the coast seems to recede from the departing ship; a burning coal swung quickly round seems a ring of fire. So with the "laws of nature." To the eye of the senses they are one thing; to the eye of true philosophy quite another. Seeming to accomplish *all*, in reality they accomplish *nothing*. Oersted never wrote a finer truth than that the conception of the universe is incomplete if not comprehended as a constant and continuous work of the Eternally-creating Spirit; nor Emmerson, in relation to the same fact, "that it takes as much life to *conserve* as to *create*." Because of these great verities is it that to study the laws of nature is in reality to study the modes of God's action; that science is simply a "history of the Divine operations in matter and mind;" that the world, with all its antiquity, is every moment a new creation,—the song of the morning stars unsuspended and unsuspendable to the ear that will listen for it,—a virgin to every wooer of the beautiful and the true.

Leo H. Grindon.

NATURE—Permanency of her Laws.

To the ancients who lived in the infancy of the world, or rather in the infancy of man's experience, the question whether the laws of nature have that degree of permanence and fixity that can render them subjects of systematic discussion, or whether, on the other hand, the qualities of natural agents are subject to mutation from lapse of time, was very rational, and hence their distinctions between corruptible and incorruptible. Thus, according to some of them, the matter only of the celestial spheres is pure, immutable, and incorruptible, while all sublunary things are in a state of lapse; the world becoming paralyzed with age, and man himself deteriorating in character, and diminishing at once in intellectual and bodily stature. But to the moderns, who have the additional experience of some thousand years, the question of permanence is in a great measure decided in the affirmative. The profound speculations of modern astronomers, grounding their conclusions on observations made at very remote periods, have proved to demonstration, that one at least of the great powers of nature—the force of gravitation, the main bond and support of the material universe—has undergone no change in intensity from a high antiquity. The stature of mankind is just what it was three thousand years ago, as the specimens of mummies which have been exhumed at various times sufficiently show. The intellect of Newton, La Place, or La Grange, may stand in fair competition with that of Archimedes, Aristotle, or Plato; and the virtues and patriotism of Washington, with the brightest examples of antiquity.

Herschel.

NATURE—a Lesson to Us.

Nothing surely can be better adapted to turn man's thoughts off his own self-sufficiency than the works of nature. Wherever he rests his attention, whether on matter organized or unorganized, there he will discover convincing evidence of his own ignorance; and at the same time, the omnipotence of a first great Cause will be impressed on his mind, and influence his understanding.

Maund.

NATURE—Inspires Meditation.

Here ye stand—
Your moss-grown roots by hidden moisture fed,

And on your towering head the dews that fall
From God's right hand. I love your sacred lore,
And to the silence you have learn'd of Him,
Bow down my spirit. Not a whispering leaf
Uplifts itself to mar the holy pause
Of meditation.

Methinks an angel's wing
Floats o'er your arch of verdure, glorious trees!
Luring the soul above. Oh, ere we part—
For soon I leave your blessed company,
And seek the dusty paths of life again—
Give me some gift, some token of your love,
One heavenly thought, in heavenly silence born,
That I may nurse it till we meet again.

Sigourney.

NATURE—the Medicine of the Mind.

There is no better way of enabling him to win back his birthright as a rational and reflective being, than a taste of the cup of wild nature, even though its acerbity should make him writhe at the time. That is the genuine medicine of the mind, far better than all the opiates of the library, and the bounding pulse of glowing and glorious thought returns all the sooner for its being a little drastic. None perhaps acts more speedily than a taste of the sea. Take a man who has never been beyond the "hum" of the city, or chime of the village clock, and whose thoughts float along with the current of public news in the one, or stagnate in the lazy pool of village chancings in the other, put him on shipboard on a fine evening, when the glassy water has that blink of greenish purple which landsmen admire, and seamen understand; give him offing till the turn of the night; then let the wind be loosed at once, and let the accumulating waves heave fathoms up and sink fathoms down; let there be sea-room, and trim the bark to drive, now vibrating on the ridge of the unbroken wave, now plunging into the thick of that which has been broken by its own violence, and hissing as if the heat of her career and collision were making the ocean to boil, as when the nether fire upheaves a volcanic isle; temper his spirit in those waters for even one night, and when you again land him safely you will find him tenfold more a man of steel. *Robert Mudie.*

NATURE—Method of, Mysterious.

The method of Nature: who could ever analyse it? That rushing stream will not fail to be observed. We can never surprise Nature in a corner; never find the end of a thread; never tell where to set the first stone. The bird hastes to lay her egg: the egg hastens to be a bird. The wholeness we admire in the order of the world is the result of infinite distribution. Its smoothness is the smoothness of the pitch of the cataract. Its permanence is a perpetual inchoation. Every natural fact is an emanation, and that from which it emanates is an emanation also, and from every emanation is a new emanation. If anything could stand still, it would be crushed and dissipated by the torrent it resisted; and if it were a mind, would be crazed as insane persons are—those who hold fast to one thought, and do not flow with the course of nature;—not the cause, but an ever novel effect. Nature descends always from above. It is unbroken obedience. The beauty of these fair objects is imported into them from a metaphysical and eternal spring.

R. W. Emerson.

NATURE—Seeks not Praise.

Nature cares not
Although her loveliness should ne'er be seen
By human eyes, nor praised by human tongues.
The cataract exults among the hills,
And wears its crown of rainbows all alone.
Libel the ocean on its tawny sands,
Write verses in his praise—the unmoved sea
Erases both alike. *Alexander Smith.*

NATURE—Progressive.

The wheels of nature are not made to roll backwards; every thing presses on towards eternity: from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean.

R. Hall.

NATURE—and Man's Ravages.

Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,
There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain. *Byron.*

NATURE—Pleasing Reflections upon.

Yes! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there
Would soothe my weary sight, and tell of Thee. *Cowper.*

NATURE—Her Repleteness.

Now, Nature has made nothing in vain. Wherever she has prepared a habitation, she immediately peoples it. She is never straitened for want of room. She has placed animals, furnished with fins, in a single drop of water; and in such multitudes, that Leeuwenhoek, the natural philosopher, reckoned up to thousands of them.
Bernardin de St. Pierre.

NATURE—Always Right.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem:
To copy nature is to copy them. *Pope.*

NATURE—Rules of.

Those rules of old, discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd.
Pope.

NATURE—hath God's Signature.

There is a signature of wisdom and power impressed upon the works of God which evidently distinguishes them from the feeble imitations of men. Not only the splendour of the sun, but the glimmering light of the glow-worm proclaims His glory.
Rev. John Newton.

NATURE—Symbolic.

Again the world-soul voiced itself, and I
Drank in the fruitful glories of her words,
As earth consumes the golden skiey clouds.
Two books there are which must be read; the one
Wherein the elements exist as leaves
And all the worlds are signs and symbols; thus,
Earth is the symbol of humanity,
Water of spirit, fire of Deity,
And air of all things; stars the truths of heaven;
Water and fire are elements divine;
Earth and air human; heaven and the soul
From one proceed, and the blue heated skies
Out of the other, body and abode.
The sun, too, symbols spirit, and the moon
Soul, and the earth life-essence through all space;
And agents of destruction like the flood,
Presign regeneration; also fire.
This present is the result of what is passed
And coming, but the temporal present only,
The eternal present, is before both passed
And future, and posterior to them both,
And these are verified in the Eterne,
In act as in religion; thus in man,
Judgment is life, and memory like death,
Imagination immortality.
The actual and ideal meet but once,
Where pure impossibilities are facts.
Judge doubtful things by certainest, and dark
By what is clear, and dangerous by safe;
And prophesy of God to all which live,
And aboriginal heaven. *Bailey.*

NATURE—Her Teachings.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!"

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

"One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!" *Heber.*

NATURE—Its Teachings.

When children meet with primroses, nuts, or apples in their way, I see those pleasures are ofttimes occasions to make them loiter in their errands, so that they are sure to have their parents' displeasure, and ofttimes their late return finds a barred entrance to their home; whereas those who meet with dangers in the way, make haste in their journey, and their speed makes them welcomed with commendation. Nature hath sent me abroad into the world, and I am every day travelling homeward. If I meet with store of miseries in my way, discretion shall teach me a religious haste in my journey. And if I meet with pleasures, they shall pleasure me only by putting me in mind of my pleasures at home, which shall teach me to scorn these as worse than trifles. I will never more reckon a troublesome life a curse, but a blessing. A pleasant journey is dear bought with the loss of home. *Warwick.*

NATURE—Thoughts Akin to.

In surveying the works of nature, in admiring their beauty, their order, their seasons, and the thousand attractions they possess, I sometimes think that the Divine Author of our religion viewed them with corresponding feelings; and this reflection always affords me pleasure. He selected a garden having a brook in it, as a place of frequent resort; and and in a beautiful passage we find Him telling us to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" He delightfully reminds us how securely we may trust to His care and love, by desiring us to "behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." Then, again, He tells us, that we are His sheep, and that He is our Shepherd. And, at another time, He illustrates His kindness and compassion by referring to the care and protection afforded by a hen to her chickens; and further assures us, that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of our benificent Creator. These, and other illustrations of our Saviour's precepts, were taken from objects of nature, which probably immediately surrounded Him; and may be admitted as a proof of the justice of the observations I have hazarded on the subject. *Jesse.*

NATURE—Endless Variety in.

The love of nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man
Infused at the creation of his kind;
And though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of His hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points, yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in His works,
And all can taste them: minds, that have been form'd
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact;
But none without some relish, none unmov'd.
It is a flame that dies not even there
Where nothing feeds it; neither business crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
Cowper.

NATURE—Explored by Wisdom.

True wisdom bids her disciples search into the mysteries of nature as far as nature's ways are penetrable by man; but, although they scorn to hoodwink reason, they perceive and acknowledge that there is no surer sign of rationality than the forbearing to torture reason with inquiries beyond its scope and ken. True wisdom teaches that, besides the things which are revealed, there yet remain secrets which belong not to us or to our children: still the knowledge attained and attainable by them is great; and they love not less because they know not more. And how different must be the feelings of one, who sees in all the mechanism and adaptations of the universe but the effects of chance, the results of a blind impulse of mutation, from those with which the self-same wondrous works are beheld by him who traces throughout the whole creation the finger of the great Creator: the former misinterprets the book of nature, and reads therein a melancholy tale, by which he is taught, not in humility, but in despondence, to "say unto corruption, thou art my father, and unto the worm, thou art my sister and my mother;" while to the latter, the heaven and the earth, and all that they contain become narrators of the wisdom and benevolence of Him who made them. Yes; for, although there is neither speech nor language (by reason's ear), voices are heard among them; and the true philosòpher, instead of bewildering himself in unsound metaphysical speculations, perceives, even in those things which are the least understood, sufficient evidence of design to forbid their production to be attributed to chance: he recognizes at once proofs of skill in the design that he cannot fathom, and of power in its execution that he can neither measure nor comprehend. Yet, although incomprehensible, and hence to some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness, he beholds in these obscurities many sure manifestations of a wisdom without limit, and of a power without control. Yes, these clouds, which bound the horizon of human knowledge, are clouds of witnesses, for o'er their darkness he sees extended a bow of promise, a standard of the Diety; and therefore, joining in the common theme of praise, with mingled sensations of gratitude and love, he humbly yet confidently declares, "My Father made them all."

Gilbert T. Burnett.

NECESSITY—is in Ourselves.

Necessity, like light's electric force,
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more
Without us than within us; and we live,
We of this mortal mixture, in the same law
As the pure colourless intelligence
Which dwells in heaven, and the dead Hadeän shades.
We will and act and talk of liberty;
And all our wills and all our doings both
Are limited within this little life.
Freewill is but necessity in play. *Bailey.*

NEEDLEWORK—Ill Paid.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
And eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Thomas Hood.

NEST—A Bird's.

It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well;—within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join! his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils. *Cowper.*

NEST—Modelled with Instinctive Care.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft, an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And, by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Inkspotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

John Clare.

NEWS—Love of, a Master Passion.

A master passion is the love of news,
Not music so commands, nor so the Muse:
Give poets claret, they grow idle soon;
Feed the musician, and he 's out of tune.
G. Crabbe.

NIGHT.

As I watch'd, the hooded night
Sloped down in majesty and might,
Sprinkled about with drops of light,
And made a golden ferment waken
Within the heavens, as though o'ertaken
With rich thoughts, they were stirr'd and shaken:
For the keen stars (though faltering never),
Through those blue gulfs which them dissever,
Like lamps in wind, kept trembling ever.
Calm power, and peace, and constancy,
And all sweet things which cannot die,
Murmured of smooth eternity.
Household Words.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still—
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
Coleridge.

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she haled by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep,
Brainful of dreams, as summer hive with bees;
And round her in the pale and spectral light
Flock bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.
Alexander Smith.

NIGHT—To the.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother, Death, came and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon! *Shelley.*

NIGHT—Serene Beauty of.

O night! how beautiful thy golden dress
On which so many stars like gems are strewed;
So mild and modest in thy loveliness,
So bright, so glorious, in thy solitude!
The soul soars upwards on its holy wings
Through the vast ocean-paths of light sublime,
Visits a thousand, yet unravelled things;
And if its memories look to earthly time,
And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream—
For earth and earthly things but shadows seem,
While heaven is substance and eternity.
This is Thy temple, Lord! 'tis worthy Thee!
Bowring.

NIGHT—in the Lone Churchyard.

Oft, in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

Robert Blair.

NIGHT—Still Darkness of.

The day has gone, and night o'er land and sea,
Like human bliss, comes slow and silently;
Earth-fav'ring queen, whose veil as with a pall
Of deep and awful darkness covers all;
And, hid from prying eyes, those deeds are done,
That shame the eye of morn to look upon;
Thou walkest o'er the waters, and the day
Before thy awful presence shrinks away;
Beneath thy shade the usurer counts his store
With longing eye, and hand that asks for more;
Shelter'd by thee, base profligates repair
To cells of sin, and roll in riot there;
With thee the sage communes, and minstrels raise
The song array'd in light of other days;
To stillness and to thee the lover hies,
And tastes of rapture that the day denies;
And weary man in sleep forgets his pain,
While lasts o'er earth thy solitary reign.

S. R. Jackson.

NIGHT—Enchantment of.

I love to gaze at the midnight hour
On the heavens where all is shining;
I feel as if some enchanting power
Around my heart were entwining:
To see the moon like a beacon fair,
When the clouds sail swiftly by;
And the stars, like watch-lights in the air,
Illumine the northern sky.

I love to look at the silvery light
Of the sparkling gem at the pole,
And view the others so fair and bright
That round it continually roll.
I love to picture each well-known sign
Where planets their courses urge,
And watch to see them more brightly shine,
Arrived at their topmost verge.

Matthew Henry Barker.

NIGHT—Its Serene Influence.

Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,
It might have calm'd the gay amidst their mirth,
And given the wretched a delight in tears.

Coleridge.

NIGHT—the Hour of Rest.

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paus'd
From trouble and turmoil. *H. K. White.*

NIGHT—Her Loveliness.

Stringing the stars at random round her head,
Like a pearl network, there she sits—bright night!
I love night more than day—she is so lovely;
But I love night the most, because she brings
My love to me in dreams which scarcely lie.
Oh, all but truth, and lovelier oft than truth;
Let me have dreams like these, sweet night, for ever!
When I shall wake no more an endless dream
Of love and holy beauty amid the stars;
And earth and heaven for me may share between them
The rough realities of other bliss. *Bailey.*

NIGHT—of the Mind.

But truly then men lived in moral night:
'Neath a dim starlight of religious truth,
I felt my spirit's spring gush out more clear,
Gazing on these: they beautified my mind
As rocks and flowers reflected do a well.

Bailey.

NIGHT—Mystery of.

Mysterious hour that wrappest me around
With the dark mantle of ill-boding night;
Thou dost awake within more ghastly light
The mind's eye to discern the prison ground,
Where, with far worse than iron fetters bound—
Its own sad thoughts—it seeks, yet loathes the sight,

What lies between me and yon casement light,
Blank solitude, invisible, profound.

Yon little beam tells of a gentle home,
Looks that the night illume, and love's warm breath—
Dark is the gulf between us—and this dome
Of starry heaven wears now a pall of death;
I stand, enclosed in nights and thoughts forlorn—
But thou wilt beam on me again, sweet morn!
Blackwood.

NIGHT—Poetry of.

Night hath made many bards; she is so lovely.
For it is beauty maketh poesie,
As from the dancing eye come tears of light.
Night hath made many bards; she is so lovely.
And they have praised her to her starry face
So long, that she hath blushed and left them often. *Bailey.*

NIGHT—Silent Presence of.

Now to thy silent presence, Night!
Is this my first song offer'd: oh! to thee
That lookest with thy thousand eyes of light—
To thee, and thy starry nobility,
That float with a delicious murmuring
(Though unheard here, about thy forehead blue);
And as they ride along in order due,
Circling the round globe in their wandering,
To thee their ancient queen and mother sing.
Mother of beauty! veil'd queen!
Fear'd and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing?
In thy smiling presence, I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye (the moon),
Fretting that it must change so soon:
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain, Time,
Thy old remorseless enemy,
And build my link'd verse to thee.
Not dull and cold and dark art thou:
Who that beholds thy clearer brow
Endiadem'd with gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee, fair as when the young sun wakes,
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers;
Mightier than the storm that lours,
Fairer than the virgin hours
That smile when the young Aurora scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.
Not Apollo, when he dies
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy; or when he
In his meridian beauty rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
Full regality. *B. W. Procter.*

NIGHT—Serenity of.

How calm and clear
The silent air,
How smooth and still the glassy ocean,
While stars above
Seem lamps of love
To light the temple of devotion.
Dr. Percival.

NIGHT—The Song of.

I come to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts;—for every flower, sweet dew,
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth. . . .

I come with peace; I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head. . . .

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe, and sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many tones;
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings. . . .
Hemans.

NIGHT—Deep-blue Space of.

His aged knees upon the earth were bent,
His dark eye turn'd upon the firmament,
That deep-blue space where Inspiration's eye
Gives unto shadowy forms reality;
Where the soul seeks its Maker's sacred throne
With pure devotion, ne'er in temples known;
Myriads of stars magnificently bright,
In beauty circled round the queen of night,
Whose pale light shone upon his forehead bare,
Silv'ring the few weak locks by time left there,

Shedding a lustre o'er his features wan,
Awful, yet beautiful to look upon.
S. R. Jackson.

NIGHT—Stillness of.

The sober stillness of the night
That fills the silent air,
And all that breathes along the shore
Invite to solemn prayer.

Vouchsafe to me that spirit, Lord!
Which points the sacred way;
And let Thy creatures here below
Instruct me how to pray. *Crabbe.*

What a sweet thing is night!
No whisp'ring but of leaves on which the breath
Of heaven plays music to the birds that slumber. *J. Shirley.*

NIGHT—the Noon of Thought.

Is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo god; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.
Mrs. Barbauld.

NIGHT—Thoughts.

O majestic night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene. *Edward Young.*

NIGHT—Tranquillity of the.

I cannot think without admiration and gratitude on the tender care of Providence to secure us repose at night. When the day closes, a calm is spread over all nature, which proclaims to every creature a rest from labour, and invites mankind to sleep. During the time destined for the repose of man, nature, in favour of him, suspends noise, dazzling light, and every lively impression. All animals whose activity might disturb our sleep have themselves occasion to sleep. The birds seek their nests; the horse, the ox, and our other domestic animals sleep around us. But this tranquillity in the night is not equally agreeable to everybody. Many, who from pain, sickness, and other accidents, pass restless nights, wish this calm, this melancholy silence interrupted. Their sufferings and their uneasiness seem to increase, whilst all are asleep around them. They reckon the hours, and are impatient for day, in the hope that society will be some relief to them. Many wicked people also, who pass the day in continual disorder and dissipation, find the tranquillity of the night painful and troublesome. It awakens their conscience, and the least noise frightens them. Health and peace of mind procure the sweetest sleep. God has disposed all things happily to give us a quiet repose.

But how often does man interrupt the tranquillity of night by levity or malice! The boisterous noise of drunkards, and the wild spirits of libertines often disturb the repose of others, and deprive them of the sweets of sleep. Ought we not to respect the order God has so wisely established in nature too much, to disturb it in the levity of our hearts? Ought we not to love our fellow creatures enough to prevent us from disturbing their sleep, and by that means perhaps endangering both health and life?

The repose I hope for in the grave will be very different. There I shall sleep in peace, and shall not be awakened till the voice of my Judge shall call me back to life. How happy are the faithful who are released from all the miseries to which we are subject in this world. Here, the very happiest life is passed in continual hopes and fears, and our repose is disturbed by numberless troubles and anxieties. The righteous, on the contrary, whose bodies rest quietly in the grave, are free from all misery; and never more will cares, sorrow, or pain embitter their joy. *Sturm.*

NIGHT—Likened to a Widow.

How like a widow in her weeds the night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
Young.

NIGHT—World-jewelled.

Night comes, world-jewelled, as my bride should be.
The stars rush forth in myriads as to wage
War with the lines of darkness; and the moon,
Pale ghost of light, comes haunting the cold earth
After the sun's red sea-death;—quietless
Immortal night! I love thee. *Bailey.*

NIGHTINGALE.

And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Begins her solitary song; and pours
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain,
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seems, with its piercing melody, to reach
The soul; and in mysterious unison
Blends with all thoughts of gentleness and love. *Southey.*

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eve of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bills,
Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh,
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.
Milton.

NIGHTINGALE—Its Song.

Hark! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny-throated.
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst?
What triumph! hark—what pain!
Oh, wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still—after many years, in distant lands—
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change?
Once more, and once more make resound,
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis' and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain! *Matthew Arnold.*

NIGHTINGALE — As touching Her Song.

Dear Grey,—In defence of my opinion about the nightingales, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a merry note; and, though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not call it anywhere merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even he says, lamenting Itys, and the comparison of her to Electra, is rather as to perseverance by day and night, than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragic poet is not half so good authority in this question as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the *Odyssey*, where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the *Odyssey*, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt, whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the *Flower and the Leaf*, p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word merry to the goldfinch, in the *Flower and the Leaf;* in deference may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there: it is quite delightful.—Yours affectionately.

C. J. Fox (*the Statesman*).

And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love;
(And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
We have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music! *S. T. Coleridge.*

NOBILITY—True.

'Tis noble to be good,
Though thou of poor estate
Canst boast no princely rood
Nor 'scutcheon on thy gate.

'Tis not in ducal crown,
Or purple robe of state,
Or lineage handed down,
That makes the truly great.

'Tis not in worldly gear,
Or valour in the field
With mighty sword or spear,
That true pretensions yield.

If to thy humble hearth
Thy toil but brings content,
Oh! where can be the dearth
Of wealth, in blessings sent?

If to the voice of woe
Thy heart responds within—
In kindly deeds doth know
The sweets that love doth win,

More noble far art thou
Than he of rare estate,
Whose lordlings lowly bow,
Whose 'scutcheon crowns his gate.

J. Teslow.

NOTHINGNESS—Unbearable.

Heaven, farewell!
Hell is more bearable than nothingness.

Bailey.

NOVELTY—Pleasure in.

The first and the simplest emotion which we discover in the human mind is curiosity. By curiosity I mean whatever desire we have for, or whatever pleasure we take in, novelty. We see children perpetually running from place to place to hunt out something new: they catch with great eagerness, and with very little choice, at whatever comes before them; their attention is engaged by everything, because everything has, in that stage of life, the charm of novelty to recommend it. But as those things which engage us merely by their novelty cannot attach us for any length of time, curiosity is the most superficial of all the affections: it changes its object perpetually; it has an appetite which is very sharp, but very easily satisfied; and it has always an appearance of giddiness, restlessness, and anxiety. Curiosity, from its nature, is a very active principle; it quickly runs over the greatest part of its objects, and soon exhausts the variety which is commonly to be met with in nature; the same things make frequent returns, and they return with less and less of any agreeable effect. In short, the occurrences of life, by the time we come to know it a little, would be incapable of affecting the mind with any other sensations than those of loathing and weariness, if many things were not adapted to affect the mind by means of other powers besides novelty in them, and of other passions besides curiosity in ourselves. These powers and passions shall be considered in their place. But whatever these powers are, or upon what principle soever they affect the mind, it is absolutely necessary that they should not be exerted in those things which a daily vulgar use have brought into a stale unaffecting familiarity. Some degree of novelty must be one of the materials in every instrument which works upon the mind; and curiosity blends itself more or less with all our passions. *Burke.*

NOVEMBER—Approach of.

She was a lusty maid, to winter wed,
Young winter, a fresh bridegroom—yet full soon

Came sorrow, ere 'twas half the honeymoon;
And gusty passion stormed—then tears she shed—
And when she fain would smile, she hung her head.
Overseer poverty, a surly loon,
Knocked at the door, and chilled their sunless noon;
Hard was their fare, and harder still their bed—
Then winter rigorous was. This ill she brooked,
And in her pinched consumption, as she bowed,
The impatient bridegroom daily on her looked,
And soon he wrapped her in her snowy shroud,
Then, while the winds moaned o'er her lonely grave,
He sped—and tuned his voice to many a a merry stave. *Blackwood.*

The mellow year is hasting to its close,
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd,
Hangs, a pale mourner, for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.
Hartley Coleridge.

How has great nature's hand, that works unseen
Through the revolving seasons, changed the scene!
Stripped of its fruits and flow'rs, and verdure gay,
Nor one autumnal beauty left, the earth,
Wrapt in her dusky mantle, sees resigned
Stern winter's wayward reign commence. At first,
Chill rain, incessant pouring, floods the fields;
And from opposing quarters mighty winds,
On the same errand bent, with busy hands,
Tear from the groaning woods the ling'ring leaves.
The rattling hail descends, undoubted pledge
Of frost and snow and tempest yet to come.
Fowling.

"Autumn is dark on the mountains"—says a writer, the sombre imagery of whose style is peculiarly applicable to the season,—"Gray mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead." To use the words of Bryant—

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie dead,
They rustle in the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, throughout the gloomy day.

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,—a gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lonely beds, with the fair and good of ours:
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

"The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn's beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was lost from upland, glade, and glen."

November! why does every brow
Droop, as thy dun cloud sails the sky?
Why do thy hours o'er mortals flow
Lagging and sullenly?
Seldom, dark month, thy form is seen
To wear December's warrior mien;
Still does thy scanty verdure grow,
Unburied yet by winter's snow:
The storms, which soon shall burst amain,
With all their winds, a boisterous train,
But menace now—yet who but sighs
For louder winds and wilder skies?
Who but looks onward with desire
To the clustering group and social fire?

Then get thee hence—tread thou the path
Which circling months have trod before;
Give way to winter's honest wrath,
For, grateful that thy reign is o'er,
Welcome the fleecy shower! welcome the
whirlwind's roar! *Halford.*

The Saxons called November *wint-monat*, or wind-month, on account of the prevalence of high winds in this month.

This month the long vacation 's o'er,
And lawyers go to work once more;
With their materials all provided,
That they may have the cause decided.
The plaintiff he brings in his bill,
He 'll have the cause, cost what it will;
Till afterwards comes the defendant,
And is resolved to make an end on 't.
And having got all things in fitness,
Supplied with money and with witness;
And makes a noble bold defence,
Backed with material evidence.
The proverb is, one cause is good
Until the other 's understood.
They thunder out to little purpose,
With *certiorari, habeas corpus*,
Their *replicandos*, writs of error,
To fill the people's hearts with terror.
And if the lawyer do approve it,
To chancery they must remove it.
And then the two that were so warm,
Must leave it to another term;
Till they go home and work for more,
To spend as they have done before.
Poor Robin.

* * *

O.

OATH—Definition of an.

What 's an oath? 'tis but the smoke
Of flame and blood; the blister of the spirit,
Which riseth from the steam of rage; the
bubble
That shoots up to the tongue and scolds the
voice;
(For oaths are burning words). . . .
Decker.

OBEDIENCE.

I would rather obey than work miracles.
Luther.

OBEDIENCE—A Duty.

The knowing of God, that we may serve Him; and the serving Him, that we may enjoy Him, take up the whole duty of man's obedience. *Herle.*

OBEDIENCE—Light of.

Jesus Christ intended, when He opened your eyes, that your eyes should direct your feet. Light is a special help to obedience, and obedience is a singular help to increase your light. *Flavel.*

OBEDIENCE—Persevering.

He only who endures to the end shall be saved. Of no avail will it be to have entered on the way of righteousness, if we turn from it. The rewards of heaven are not secured to any individual by an immutable decree. Through the mercy of God and the merits of a Saviour, they are conferred only on those who do His commandments; and when we cease to do His commandments, we forfeit our title to these rewards. *Bishop Hobart.*

OBJECT—A Beautiful.

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures.
Fielding.

OBLIVION—Man's Fate here.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life—and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die—since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes—since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration, diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.
Sir Thos. Browne.

OBSCURE—

As doth a cloud the sun's bright shining
rays. *Harington.*
More obscure than darkness. *T. Heywood.*
Obscure as hell. *R. Hurst.*

OBSCURITY.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Gray.

OBSCURITY—Wishes for.

How miserable a thing is a great man,
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please:
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commérce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh, wretched he who, call'd abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, e'er he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses ere himself he knows.

John Crowne.

OBSCURITY—Its Uses.

Obscurity
Hath many a sacred use. The clouds which hide
The mental mountains rising nighest heaven
Are full of finest lightning, and a breath
Can give those gathered shadows fearful life,
And launch their light in thunder o'er the world.

Bailey.

OBSERVANCES—External.

If holiness consisted in the most exact and painful observance of religious duties, or if it were their necessary result and consequence, Saul of Tarsus must have been a holy man. A more precise ritualist, probably, never lived. "After the straitest sect of our religion," he says, "I lived a Pharisee: I profited in the Jews' religion above many of my equals in my own nation, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers." Nor does it appear that he indulged in any wilful sins. His persecution of the church was, he conceived, a religious duty: "I really thought within myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." "I did it ignorantly, in unbelief." According to the views he entertained, he was at once consistent and devout. And yet he was unholy—an entire stranger to the work of grace upon the soul. Having a name to live, he was dead—dead in trespasses and sins. The condition of his heart was bad. Malignant passions raged there uncontrolled. He was fierce, heady, high-minded; he was arrogant, cruel even to ferocity, and a man of blood. Conversion changed all this; and he became a pattern to the church in all gentleness and meek submission. The man who once "breathed out threatenings and slaughter" became one of the most patient sufferers of an age of martyrs. Of himself he could say, "Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat." Nor was it upon one only the change was wrought: the whole fabric and texture of his heart was changed; of which his meekness was at once a proof and consequence. He now cultivated inward purity. He struggled against an evil thought or a carnal appetite, as against a deadly foe. He not only received the truth that Jesus was the Messiah; but he proceeded to another step, distinct from this, and in fact lying far beyond it—he lived a life of faith on the Son of God.

Rev. J. B. Marsden.

OBSERVATION—

The ignorant have often given credit to the wise for powers that are permitted to none, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to all. A little Arabian tale of "The Dervise" will show how this may happen.

A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him:—"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, we pray you to conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before a justice, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:—

"I have been much pleased with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other." *Colton.*

OBSERVATIONS—General.

General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame be the greater when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny.

Locke.

OBSTINACY—doth not Hold Opinion, but You.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him: for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to anything it lays hold on. His skull is so thick that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true—otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self martydom than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own; because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever. *Butler.*

OCCUPATIONS—should be Suited to Men's Faculties.

If men would go about matters which they should do and be fitte for, and not suche thinges which willfully they desyre, and yet be unfitte for, verelye greater matters in the commonwealthe than shootinge should be in better case than they be. This ignorancye in men, which knowe not for what time and to what thing they be fitte, causeth some wyshe to be rich, for whom it were better a greate deale to be poore; other to be medlinge in everye man's matter, for whome it were more honestye to be quiete and still; some to desyre to be in the court, which be borne and be fitter rather for the carte; some to be maisters and rule other, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to iangle and taulk, which rather shoulde heare and kepe silence; some to teache, which rather should learne; some to be priestes, which were fitter to be clarkes. And this perverse judgemente of the world, when men measure themselves amisse, bringeth much disorder and great unsemelinesse to the whole body of the commonwealthe, as if a man should weare his hoose on his heade, or a woman go with a sworde and a buckler, everye man woulde take it as a great uncumlinesse, although it be but a tryfle in respecte of the other.

This perverse judgement of men hindereth nothing so muche as learninge, because commonly those that be unfitted for learninge be chieflye set to learninge. As if a man now-a-dayes have two sonnes, the one impotent, weke, sicklye, lispinge, stutteringe, and stameringe, or having any misshape in his bodye, what does the father of suche one commonlye saye? This boy is fitte for nothinge else but to set to learninge and make a prieste of; as who would say, the outcastes of the worlde, having neyther countenance, tongue, nor witte (for of a perverse bodye commeth commonly a perverse minde), be good enoughe to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preache God's Holy Worde, and minister His blessed sacraments, besydes other most weightye matters in the commonwealthe, put oft times and worthely to learned menne's dyscretion and charge; when rather such an office so highe in dignitye, so goodly in administration, should be committed to no man which should not have a countenaunce full of comelinesse to allure good men, a bodye full of manly authoritie to feare ill men, a witte apt for all learninge, with tongue and voyce able to perswade all men. And althoughe fewe such men as these can be founde in a commonwealthe, yet surelye a godly disposed man will both in his minde thinke fit, and with all his studye labour to gette such men as I speake of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an hye administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses. This perverse judgemente of fathers, as concerning the fitnesse and unfitnesse of their children, causeth the commonwealthe have manye unfit mynisters; and seinge that mynisters be, as a manne would say, instrumentes wherewith the commonwealthe doth worke all her matters withal, I marvel how it chaunceth that a poore shoomaker hath so much witte, that he will prepare no instrumente for his science, neyther knyfe nor aule, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealthe can be contente to take at a fonde father's hande the rife-raffe of the worlde, to make those instrumentes of, wherewithal she woulde worke the hiest matters under heaven. And surely an aule of leade is not so unprofitable in a shoomaker's shoppe, as an unfit minister made of grosse metell is unseemelye in the commonwealthe. Fathers in olde time, among the noble Persians, might not do with theyr children as they thought good, but as the judgement of the commonwealthe alwayes thoughte best. This faulte of fathers bringeth manye a blot with it, to the great deformitye of the commonwealthe. And here surely I can prayse gentlewomen, which have alwayes at hand theyr glasses, to see if anything be amisse, and so will amende it; yet the commonwealthe having the glasse of knowledge in every man's hande, doth see such uncumlinesse in it, and yet wincketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soone wyped away, if fathers woulde bestowe theyr children always on that thinge alwayes whereunto natrue hath ordayned them most apt and fitte. For if youth be grafted streighte and not awrye, the whole commonwealthe will floryshe thereafter. When this is done, thenne muste every man beginne to be more readye to amende himselfe than to checke another, measuringe theyr matters with that wyse proverb of Apollo, "Knowe thyselfe"—that is to saye, learne to knowe what thou art able, fitte, and apte unto, and folowe that.

Ascham.

OCCUPATION—Rural.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

W. Irving.

OCEAN—The.

"Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear," was the Divine command; and the consequence was, that the watery element assembled on one portion of the earth into seas, while the rest of the earth became habitable ground. No detail is given of the causes or movements by which this mighty result was effected. Here then the geologist is left free to form his most scientific speculations. If the globular surface was a uniform level, with an equal diffusion of the waters upon its whole circumference, some parts must have been then raised up, in order to produce adequate concavities, into which the aqueous masses could subside and collect. The exterior form of the earth is manifestly of this kind. Vast ranges of mountains and rocks are now seen standing in various places, as high above the common ground as the depths of the ocean seem to be below it, in which the seas are permanently assembled. The surface of the earth arises in some parts into high table land; but the general level of both land and sea is now nearly the same. The ocean is therefore obviously occupying cavities equal to its bulk of fluid; and the supposition has been recently made, that in order to form these hollow spaces, the mountain masses were raised up. It seems a reasonable idea that the surface of the earth covered by the sea much resembles, as to its plains, heights, and cavities, that which we inhabit. There may be depths in the ocean extending to four or five miles, as there are mountains of this height on our dry land; but until we can find the means of measuring so deep a descent, this must be mere hypothetical calculation. Our soundings have not yet been found practicable to the extent of two miles. The state and phenomena of these stupendous elevations, in many applicable points, favour the idea, and recommend it to our consideration. *Sharon Turner.*

The wide sea
That makes immortal motion to and fro
From world's end unto world's end, and shall be
When nought now grafted of men's hands shall grow;
And as the weed in last year's waves are we,
Or spray the sea-wind shook a year ago
From its sharp tresses down the storm to lee,
The moving god that hides
Time in its timeless tides,
Wherein time dead seems live eternity,
That breaks and makes again
Much mightier things than men,
Doth it not hear change coming, or not see?
Are the deeps deaf, and dead, and blind,
To catch no light or sound from landward of mankind?

Oh, thou, clothed round with raiment of white waves!
Thy brave brows lightening through the gray wet air,
Thou, lulled with sea-sounds of a thousand caves,
And lit with sea-shine to thine inland lair,
Whose freedom clothed the naked souls of slaves,
And stripped the muffled souls of tyrants bare,
Oh, by the centuries of thy glorious graves,
By the live light of the earth that was thy care,
Live—thou must not be dead,
Live—let thine armed head
Lift itself up to sunward and the fair
Daylight of time and man,
Thine head republican,
With the same splendour on thine helmless hair
That in his eyes kept up a light
Who on thy glory gazed away their sacred sight. *Algernon Chas. Swinburne.*

OCEAN—Address to the.

Oh, thou vast ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance or change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken'd air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their wonted home;
And come again, and vanish; the young spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose, thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity—Eternity—and Power.
B. W. Procter.

OCEAN—Bottom of.

Are those bright spars,
Or eyes of things which ne'er forgive,
That seem to play on us, and glare
With rage that we so far should dare
To search the hidden deeps,
Where tide, the moonslave, sleeps?
Where the wind breathes not, and the wave
Walks softly, as above a grave;

Where coral worms, in countless nations,
Build rocks up from the sea's foundations;
Where the islands strike their roots
Far from the old mainland;
And spring like desert-fruits,
Shook off by God's strong hand,
Up from their bed of sand.
Look, listen! there is music in the cave
Where ocean sleeps, and brightness in the wave
The sea-bird makes its pillow, and the star,
Last born of heaven, its azure mirror;—far
And wide, the pale fine fire of ocean flows,
Softly sublime, like lightnings in repose—
Till roused anon, afar its flaming spray it throws. *Bailey.*

OCEAN—The Midnight.

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land;
For the land it is far away;
But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love—
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own—
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!
John Wilson.

OCEAN—Sailing on the.

Their surge-crests crumble 'neath our stroke of might.
We meet, and fear not—mount; now rise, now fall—
And dare, with full nerved arm, the rage of all.
Through anger-swollen wave, or sparkling spray,
Nothing it recks; we hold our perilous way
Right onward! till we feel the whirling brain
Ring with the maddening music of the main;
Till the fixed eyeball strives and strains to ken,
Yet loathes to see the shore and haunts of men;
And the blood, half starting through each ridgy vein,
In the unwieldy hand sets black with pain.
Then let the tempest cloud on cloud come spread,
And tear the stormy terrors of his head;
Let the wild sea-bird wheel around my brow,
And shriek—and swoop—and flap her wing as now
It gladdens. On, ye boisterous billows, roll,
And keep my body; ye have ta'en my soul!
Thou element! the type which God hath given,
For eyes and hearts too earthy, of His heaven;
Were heaven a mockery, I would never mourn
While o'er thy bosom I might still be borne;
While yet to me the power and joy were given
To fling my breast on thine, and mingle earth with heaven. *Bailey.*

OLD—

As time. *A. Behn.*
As Sybilla. *Harington, Shakespeare.*
As Nestor.
Play, "*How to choose a Good Wife.*"
As a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. *Shakespeare.*
And gray as winter. *T. Killigrew.*
It is as old as Adam, and bears date with human nature itself. *South.*
Old-fashioned, as if tutored in the ark.
P. Pindar.

OMNIPRESENCE—of God.

God is everywhere present by His power. He rolls the orbs of heaven with His hand; He fixes the earth with His foot, He guides all the creatures with His eye, and refreshes them with His influence; He makes the powers of hell to shake with His terrors, and binds the devils with His word, and throws them out with His command, and sends the angels on embassies with His decrees; He hardens the joints of infants, and confirms the bones when they are fashioned secretly in the earth: He it is that assists at the numerous production of fishes, and there is not one hollowness in the bottom of the sea but He shows Himself to be Lord of it, by sustaining there the creatures that come to dwell in it; and in the wilderness, the vulture and the stork, the dragon and the satyr, the unicorn and the elk, live upon His provisions, and revere His power, and feel the force of His almightiness. Let everything represent to your spirit the presence, the excellency, and the power of God; and let your conversation with the creature lead you unto the

Creator; for so shall your actions be done more frequently with an actual eye to God's presence by your often seeing Him in the glass of creation. In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel His heat warming; in the water His gentleness to refresh you. It is the dew of heaven that makes your field give you bread.

Jeremy Taylor.

Have ye not seen Him, when through parted snows,
Wake the first kindlings of the vernal green?
When 'neath its modest veil the arbutus blows,
And the pure snow-drop bursts its folded screen?
When the wild rose, that asks no florist's care,
Unfoldeth its rich leaves? Have ye not seen Him there?

Have ye not seen Him when the infant's eye
Through its bright sapphire-window shows the mind?
When, in the trembling of that tear or sigh,
Floats forth that essence, trembling and refined?
Saw ye not Him—the Author of our trust,
Who breathed the breath of life into a frame of dust?

Have ye not heard Him when the tuneful rill
Casts forth its icy chain, and leaps away?
On thunders echoing loud from hill to hill?
In songs of birds at break of summer's day?
Or in the ocean's everlasting roar,
Battling the old gray rocks that sternly guard the shore?

Amidst the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
When vexing cares in tranquil slumbers rest?
When in the heart the holy thought is born,
And heaven's high impulse warms the waiting breast?
Have ye not felt Him while your kindling prayer
Swells out in tones of praise, announcing God is there?
Show us the Father! if ye fail to trace
His chariot where the stars majestic roll,
His pencil 'mid earth's loveliness and grace,
His presence in the Sabbath of the soul,
How can you see Him till the day of dread,
When to assembled worlds the book of doom is read?

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

OMNISCIENCE.

Oh, think, if superficial scenes amaze,
And e'en the still familiar wonders please,
These but the sketch, the garb, the veil of things,
Whence all our depth of shallow science springs;
Think, should this curtain of omniscience rise,
Think of the sight, and think of the surprise.
Scenes inconceivable, essential, new,
Whelmed on our soul, and lightning on our view,
How would the vain disputing wretches shrink,
And, shivering, wish they could no longer think;
Reject each model, each reforming scheme,
No longer dictate to the Grand Supreme,
But, waking, wonder whence they dared to dream!
All is phenomenon, and type on earth,
Replete with sacred and mysterious birth,
Deep from our search, exalted from our soar;
And reason's task is only to adore.

Henry Brooke.

OPINIONS—Arbitrary.

It is too much stiffness to stand ever on the height, and to give no quarter in matter of opinion; like those peremptory Egyptians, who in several cities would either profess to abhor the crocodide or to deify him. There is a mean, if we could hit on it, in all save fundamental quarrels, worthy to be the scope of all our charitable desires; which, if we could attain and rest in, we and the church of God should be peaceful and happy.

Bishop Hall.

OPINIONS—Golden.

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon. *Shakespeare.*

OPINIONS—Arbitrary: their Vassalage.

There is no greater vassalage than that of being enslaved to opinions. The dogmatist is pent up in his prison, and sees no light but what comes in at those grates. He hath no liberty of thoughts, no prospect of various objects: while the considerate and modest inquirer hath a large sphere of motion, and the satisfaction of more open light, he sees far, and enjoys the pleasure of surveying the divers images of the mind. But the opiniator hath a poor shrivelled soul, that will but just hold his little set of thoughts. His appetite after knowledge is satisfied with his few mushrooms.

Glanvill.

OPINIONS—Popular, sometimes Erroneous.

To adopt popular opinions without the slightest hesitation, is to run the risk of introducing into science, to its great injury, a multitude of confused notions founded on phenomena imperfectly seen and inaccurately examined; but to reject such opinions without examination, is often to lose an opportunity of important discovery.

Magazine of Popular Science.

OPINION—Prejudice in.

An opinion received or maintained without proper regard to the arguments which may prove it true, is a prejudice, whether the opinion be true or false. In most cases prejudices are opinions which, on some account, men are pleased with, independently of any conviction of their truth; and which, therefore, they are afraid to examine, lest they should find them to be false. Prejudices, then, are unreasonable judgments, formed or held under the influence of some other motive than the love of truth. *Elements of Thought.*

OPINIONS—Social, and Practice.

Opposition is raised on the accountability of man from the circumstances in which he is placed. Their power is alleged to be, in so assimilating and forming, that his character must be shaped by them. He is supposed to be always within a sphere of attraction, within the sweep of a vortex, out of which he cannot escape. A process is affirmed to be always going on from without, changing to itself all the determinations of the mind. But this theory passes by unexplained the cause that circumstances exist. They do not exist independent of us. For by them are not intended the scenes and operations of material nature, but our social opinions and practices, in custom, in institution, in amusement, in expectation, in requirement, in law. They are made and moulded by us. The fashion of the world is its own tyrannous demand. Circumstances may be stamped with an evil character, and charged with an injurious influence; but they are shaped on our forge. And withal, circumstances are generally more on the part of virtue than individual taste would choose. They are often, in many of their forms and distributions salutary and counteracting. They interpose difficulty and scandal between the tempted and the temptation. They are safeguards of morality, and have grown out of social reflection and experience. They are built upon the general conviction, that "righteousness exalteth a nation." They offer resistence to appetite, and entrenchment against exaction. They are checks producing shame and repressing selfishness. They are nearly always favourable to the general decency and order. Every man addicted to vice feels in them a restraint. Therefore multitudinous life is so incomparably more regulated than insulated life. No community can be great and good without the force of opinion, and that opinion must be on the side of what is great and good. It is written of the wicked, "They will not frame their doings to turn unto their God." Their guilt is not in conforming to others, and in yielding to external arrangements: it is their own circumstances, their own "doings,"—lying altogether in their power—which they will not "frame." "Their heart gathereth iniquity." Circumstances merely reflect ourselves. *Dr. Hamilton.*

OPINIONS—and Thoughts of Things.

Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend into invisibles; fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion, and thy life with the honour of God; without which, though giants in wealth and dignity, we are but dwarfs and pigmies in humanity. *Sir T. Browne.*

OPPORTUNITIES.

Our opportunities to do good are our talents.

Dr. C. Mather.

OPPORTUNITIES—Lost, Sinfulness of.

Wilfully to let opportunities go by is a wickedness and an inexcusable folly: whence the still more foolish regrets which tear the the heart that has been so unjust to itself—for folly is only another name for thorn and prickle seed; but a greater folly yet is to stand waiting and wishing for opportunities, when in fact they circle us, if we will but keep on the "*qui vive.*" As the best school in respect of high duties is the practice of the little ones of common life, so the best and shortest road to happiness and true philosophy is to make the most of what lies beside us, and enjoy all we can of the life we have, leaving it to God to determine what fortune shall attend our steps. "*Dominus providebit.*" If we trusted more in His spontaneous generosity, we should less often be disconcerted by the failure of our own preparations, and should find that the Divine intent is that life shall be felicitous. The same did we ask ourselves more frequently what we *have*, rather than brood so ungratefully upon what we have *not*. Though we may be poor and afflicted in comparison with some, in contrast with others we are opulent and blest. *Leo. H. Grindon.*

OPPRESSOR—His Power.

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Shakespeare.*

ORATORIO—The.

The oratorio stands somewhat by itself. It is in its very profession, *sacred music;* and many who would shrink from all contact with the opera are delighted to go to the oratorio, and to find at once their taste indulged, and their conscience soothed in listening to its solemn and majestic, or pensive and pathetic music. Others again have gone the length of recognizing a peculiar offence in the very religious character of the oratorio. That such music should be performed by those who have no religious character—that it should be set mainly as an amusement under the same impulse that any other public entertainment is sought—are points that some clergymen have not scrupled to urge in condemnation of oratorios. All that need to be said in reply to such views is, that they are not more illogical than they are are unfair, and therefore unchristian. The very same views might be urged against religious worship. This worship is, no doubt, sometimes conducted by those who have no true religious character; and there are those who join in it from no higher motive than to distract the time, and because they have nothing else to do. The truth is that all such judgments, where we can have no means of ascertaining the real state of the case, are grossly uncharitable. They savour of a spirit the very opposite of His who said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We have nothing to do with such things. The music that thrills with its awful earnestness—its tones of adoration or deprecation—may proceed from a dead, or cold, or from a deeply-touched or pious heart. We cannot tell no more than we can tell whether the eloquent preacher of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," speaks from the fulness of a faithful, or the mere readiness of a fluent tongue. It is our business to look to our own hearts, and see what good we get from such opportunities of good. Such music is truly, as Luther said, "a gift of God to us, and not a discovery of man." Let us improve the gift, and be thankful to the Giver.

John Tulloch, D.D.

ORCHESTRA—A Country.

The orchestra was in a small gallery, and presented a most whimsical grouping of heads, piled one above the other, among which I particularly noticed that of the village tailor—a pale fellow with a retreating forehead and chin—who played on the clarionet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point; and there was another, a short pursy man, stooping and labouring at a bass-viol, so as to show nothing but the top of a round bald head, like the egg of an ostrich. There were two or three pretty faces among the female singers, to which the keen air of a frosty morning had given a bright rosy tint; but the gentlemen choristers had evidently been chosen, like old Cremona fiddles, more for tone than looks; and as several had to sing from the same book, there were clusterings of odd physiognomies, not unlike those groups of cherubs we sometimes see on country tombstones.

The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instrumental, and some loitering fiddler now and then making up for lost time by travelling over a passage with prodigious celerity, and clearing more bars than the keenest fox-hunter to be in at the death. But the great trial was an anthem that had been prepared and arranged by Master Simon, and on which he had founded great expectation. Unluckily there was a blunder at the very onset: the musicians became flurried; Master Simon was in a fever; everything went on lamely and irregularly until they came to a chorus beginning, "Now let us sing with one accord," which seemed to be a signal for parting company; all became discord and confusion; each shifted for himself, and got to the end as well, or rather, as soon as he could, excepting one old chorister in a pair of horn spectacles, bestriding and pinching a long sonorous nose, who happened to stand a little apart, and, being wrapped up in his own melody, kept on a quavering course, wriggling his head, ogling his book, and winding all up by a nasal solo of at least three bars' duration. *W. Irving.*

ORDER—Variety in.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves and checquered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each others' shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend;
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn. *Pope.*

ORNAMENT—Nature a True Guide in.

Nature is the true guide in our application of ornament. She delights in it, but ever in subserviency to use. Men generally pursue an opposite course, and adorn only to encumber. With the refined few, simplicity is the feature of greatest merit in ornament. The trifling, the vulgar-minded, and the ignorant, prize only what is striking and costly,—something showy in contrast, and difficult to be obtained. *Moir.*

OURSELVES—How Disappointing.

There is no disappointment we endure
One half so great as that we are to ourselves,
We make our hearts the centres of all hopes;
All powers, all rewards, remembering not
That centres are imaginary points. *Bailey.*

* * *

P.

PALACE—A Lover's Description of.

A deep vale
Shut out by alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!
A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To exceed them all in love. We'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came amidst the breathless heavens,
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses! *E. B. Lytton.*

PARADISE — Eve's Lament on her Expulsion from.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand,
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?
Milton.

PARADISE—Erroneous Impressions of.

The common imagination that we have of Paradise on the other side of death is that of a lofty aërial region, where the inmates float in ether, or are mysteriously suspended upon nothing—where all the warm and sensible accompaniments which give such an expression of strength, and life, and colouring, to our present habitation, are attenuated into a sort of spiritual element, that is meagre, and imperceptible, and utterly uninviting to the eye of mortals here below—where every vestige of materialism is done away, and nothing left but certain unearthly scenes that have no power of allurement, and certain unearthly ecstasies, with which it is felt impossible to sympathize. The holders of this imagination forget all the while that really there is no essential connection between materialism and sin—that the world which we now inhabit had all the amplitude and solidity of its present materialism before sin entered into it—that God so far, on that account, from looking slightly upon it, after it had received the last touch of His creating hand, reviewed the earth, and the waters, and the firmament, and all the green herbage, with the living creatures, and the man whom He had raised in dominion over them, and He saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was all very good. They forget that on the birth of materialism, when it stood out in the freshness of those glories which the great Architect of Nature had impressed upon it, that then "the morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." They forgot the appeals that are made everywhere in the Bible to this material workmanship—and how, from the face of these visible heavens, and the garniture of this earth that we tread upon, the greatness and the goodness of God are reflected on the view of His worshippers. No, my brethren, the object of the administration we sit under is to extirpate sin, but it is not to sweep away materialism. By the convulsions of the last day it may be shaken and broken down from its present arrangements, and thrown into such fitful agitations as that the whole of its existing framework shall fall to pieces; and with a heat so fervent as to melt its most solid elements, may it be utterly dissolved. And thus may the earth again become without form and void, but without one particle of its substance going into annihilation. Out of the ruins of this second chaos may another heaven and another earth be made to arise; and a new materialism, with other aspects of magnificence and beauty, emerge from the wreck of this mighty transformation; and the world be peopled as before, with the varieties of material loveliness, and space be again lighted up into a firmament of material splendour. *Dr. Chalmers.*

PARDON—of Sin.

Darkness, the world, the flesh, spiritual sin
With such infectious stains thy soul defile,
No earthly spring can wash thy conscience clean,
The streams of Ganges, or the floods of Nile.
The secret source of what in thee is vile
Heaven's grace alone can fitly purge away;
Turn to thy Saviour then, in lowly style,
Ask for forgiveness, all thy sins display,
Cling to the Cross in faith, weep, tremble, praise, and pray. *Tasso.*

PARENT—The Christian.

The Christian parent ought to be a living exemplification of Christianity. His house, his habits, his family, his associates, his pursuits, his recreations ought all to be so regulated as to evince that religion is, indeed, the parent of order, the inspirer of good sense, the well-spring of good humour, the teacher of good manners, and the perennial source of happiness and peace. *Bishop Jebb.*

PARTING—A Sad Moment.

FESTUS. I am sorry, lady, to have caused this parting.
I fear I am unwelcome.
ELISSA. We were parting.
FESTUS. Then am I doubly sorry; for I know
It is the saddest and the sacredest
Moment of all with those who love. *Bailey.*

PARTNER—A Good.

Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide, but increase the flame; and, though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy.

Jeremy Taylor.

PASS—

Away like a shadow. *Wisdom of Solomon.*
Like a shadow on the wall. *Chaucer.*
Away like a summer's shade. *Spenser.*
Like summer clouds. *C. Fox.*
Like clouds before the sun. *Quarles.*
Away like clouds before the uprising sun. *Cumberland.*
Like smoke before the wind. *Quarles.*
Like a vapour. *Mrs. Cowley.*
Like gentle winds over the standing corn. *T. Cooke.*
Away like a summer breeze. *Mrs. Hemans.*
Like April showers over a field. *Young.*
Like the pageant of a day. *H. Blair.*
As a winter's tale by the fire-side. *Young.*

Through the difficulties with more ease than a bullet passeth through the thin air, or a man would pass through a net of cobweb. *Tillotson.*

PASSING AWAY.

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array;
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced on sunset's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart,
Alas! that there decay
Should claim from love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends! friends!—oh! shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When we mingled sympathies
"Passing away?"

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest from earth's vain show
To pass away!
Mrs. Hemans.

PASSION—Very Figurative.

Passion itself is very figurative, and often bursts out into metaphors; but, in touching the pathos, the poet must be perfectly well acquainted with the emotions of the human soul, and carefully distinguish between those metaphors which rise glowing from the heart, and those cold conceits which are engendered in the fancy. *Goldsmith.*

PASSION—Strong in Death.

And you brave Cobham! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
Pope.

PASSION—Gradual Growth of.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours,
His mind betrayed its weakness with its powers;
Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears;
The fulness of his heart repressed his tongue,
Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind.
But from the north when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
With stern delight he roamed the howling woods,
Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
Meanwhile, excursive fancy longed to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew;
The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
Glory the secret of his midnight dream;
That dream he told not; though his heart would ache,
His home was precious for his mother's sake.
With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
His guardian angel, till he verged to man;
But when her weary eye could watch no more,
When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain,
He fled, and sojourned in the land of Cain.
There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
Instinctive genius caught the ethereal fire;
And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
He learned to wind the passions at his will,
To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
They seemed the life-strings of the hearer's heart!

Then glory's opening field he proudly trod,
Forsook the worship and the ways of God,
Round the vain world pursued the phantom
fame,
And cast away his birth-right for a name.

Montgomery.

PASSION—in Life: its Frequency.

"Envy, hatred, malice," and all other malignant passions, as sources of madness, scarcely need be touched upon; indeed, the intellect is half gone before the individual can be brought to the indulgences of these corroding excitations. I am not a disciple of Owen. I verily think that life without passion were a sorry existence indeed,—a Chinese landscape, without proportion or perspective, light, or shadows; but I am enthusiast enough to suppose that a gradual improvement is coming to be effected upon society at large, by a growing conviction that to envy, and hate, and destroy our fellowmen is not only unchristian but unmeaning.

Uwins.

PASSION—The, Caused by the Sublime.

The passion caused by the great and the sublime in nature, when those causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; and astonishment is that state of the soul in which all its motions are suspended, with some degree of horror. In this case the mind is so entirely filled with its object, that it cannot entertain any other, nor by consequence reason on that object which employs it. Hence arises the great power of the sublime, that far from being produced by them, it anticipates our reasonings, and hurries us on by an irresistible force. Astonishment, as I have said, is the effect of the sublime in its highest degree; the inferior effects are admiration, reverence, and respect.

Burke.

PASSION FLOWERS—of the Mind.

FESTUS. Fie! fie! it is more for this:
Amid gayer people, and more wanton ways,
To give a loose to all the lists of youth—
To train your passion-flowers high ahead,
And bind them on your brow as others do.
The mornlit revel and the shameless mate—
The tabled hues of darkness and of blood—
The published bosom and the crowning
smile—
The cup excessive; and if aught there be
More vain than these or wanton—that to
have—
Have all, but always in intent, effect,
Or fact. Nay, nay, deny it not: I know.

Bailey.

PASSIONS—The.

Passions directed to their right end, may fail in their manner, but not in their measure. When the subject of our hatred is sin, it cannot be too deep: when the object of our love is God, it cannot be too high. Moderation may become a fault. To be but warm when God commands us to be hot, is sinful. We belie virtue by the constant dulness of a mediocrity.

Feltham.

PASSIONS—Controllable.

Let not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.

Locke.

PASSIONS—Restrained by Reason.

Strong passions work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.

Tucker.

PASSION—The, Ruling.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them
dark.

John Crowne.

PAST—The.

Few have lived
As we have lived, unsever'd; our young life
Was but a summer's frolic: we have been
Like two babes passing hand-in-hand along
A sunny bank on flowers—the busy world
Goes on around us, and its multitudes
Pass by me, and I look them in the face,
But cannot read such meaning as I read
In this of thine; and thou, too, dost but move
Among them for a season, but returnest
With a light step and smiles to our old seats,
Our quiet walks, our solitary bower.
Some we love well; the early presences
That were first round us, and the silvery tones
Of those most far away, and dreary voices
That sounded all about us at the dawn
Of our young life—these, as the world of
things
Sets in upon our being like a tide,
Keep with us, and are for ever uppermost.
And some there are, tall, beautiful, and wise,
Whose step is heavenward, and whose souls
have pass'd
Out from the nether darkness, and been borne
Into a new and glorious universe,
Who speak of things to come! but there is
that

In thy soft eye and long-accustomed voice
Would win me from them all.
For since our birth,
Our thoughts have flow'd together in one stream;
All through the seasons of our infancy
The same hills rose about us—the same trees,
Now bare, now sprinkled with the tender leaf,
Now thick with full dark foliage—the same church,
Our own dear village church, has seen us pray
In the same seat, with hands clasp'd side by side,
And we have sung together, and have walk'd,
Full of one thought, along the homeward lane;
And so were we built upwards for the storm
That on my walls hath fallen unsparingly,
Shattering their frail foundations, and which thou
Hast yet to look for, but hast found the help
Which then I knew not—rest thee firmly there!

* * * * *

When first I issued forth into the world,
Well I remember—that unwelcome morn
When we rose long before the accustom'd hour,
By the faint taper-light: and by that gate
We just now swung behind us carelessly,
I gave thee the last kiss; I travell'd on,
Giving my mind up to the world without,
Which pour'd in strange ideas of strange things,—
New towns, new churches, new inhabitants;
And ever and anon some happy child
Beneath a rose-trail'd porch play'd as I pass'd;
And then the thought of thee swept through my soul,
And made the hot drops stand in either eye.
Dean Alford.

PAST—Regretted.

You may converse with any man, however distinguished for attainments or habits of application, or power of using what he knows, and he will sigh over the remembrances of the past, and tell you, that there have been many fragments of time which he has wasted, and many opportunities which he has lost for ever. If he had only seized upon the fleeting advantages, and gathered up the fragments of time, he might have pushed his researches out into new fields, and, like the immortal Bacon, have amassed vast stores of knowledge. The mighty minds which have gone before us have left treasures for our inheritance; and the choicest gold is to be had for the digging. How great the dissimilarity between a naked Indian, dancing with joy over a new feather for his head-dress, and such a mind as that of Newton or of Boyle! And what makes the difference? There is mind enough in the savage; but his soul is like the marble pillar. There is a beautiful statue in it; but the hand of the sculptor has never laid the chisel upon it. That mind of the savage has never been disciplined by study; and it therefore, in the comparison, appears like the rough bison of the forest, distinguished only for strength and ferocity.
Todd.

PATIENCE.

Patience doth conquer by out-suffering all.
Peel.

PATIENCE—the Ballast of the Soul.

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storms. And he that will venture out without this, to make him sail even and steady, will certainly make shipwreck and drown himself; first, in the cares and sorrows of this world; and then in perdition.
Hopkins.

PATIENCE—Its Desirability.

I will labour not to be like a young colt first set to plough, who more tires himself out with his own untowardness (whipping himself with his misspent mettle) than with the weight of what he draws; and will labour to bear patiently what is imposed upon me.
Fuller.

Be not too eager in the arduous chase;
Who pants for triumph seldom wins the race:
Venture not at all, but wisely hoard thy worth,
And let thy labours one by one go forth.
G. Crabbe.

PATIENCE—from Heaven.

Celestial patience! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate!
While passion takes his part, betrays our peace,
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquered sorrows into joy.
Edward Young.

PATIENCE—a Brilliant Jewel.

Among all the graces that adorn a Christian soul, like so many jewels of various colours and lustres, against the day of her espousals to the Lamb of God, there is not one more brilliant than patience. *Bishop Horne.*

PATIENCE—its Blessed Results.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth—must underground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch the wheat-ears grow—
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown—
And then again day after day, till the ripen'd field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crown'd with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest day.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

PATIENCE—with Sinners.

Be patient and long-suffering towards sinners: such is the value of one soul, that it is worth waiting all your days to save it. . . . The Lord waits with patience upon sinners, and well may you. Consider yourselves how long God was treating with you, ere you were won to Him. Be not discouraged, if your success presently answer not your expectation. *Flavel.*

PATIENCE—the Soul of Peace.

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods. *Decker.*

PATRIOT.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!

Scott.

PATRONS—Earthly: their Instability.

The likeness of those who take other patrons besides God, is as the likeness of the spider, which maketh herself a house; but the weakest of all houses surely is the house of the spider. These similitudes do we propose unto men, but none understand them except the wise. *Koran.*

PATTERN—A Good one Advantageous.

There is no manner of inconvenience in having a pattern propounded to us of so great perfection, as is above our reach to attain to: and there may be great advantages in it. The way to excel in any kind is, to propose the brightest and most perfect examples to our imitation. No man can write after too perfect and good a copy; and though he can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is like to learn more than by one less perfect. He that aims at the heavens, which yet he is sure to come short of, is like to shoot higher than he that aims at a mark within his reach. *Tillotson.*

PEACE—in Believing.

Oh, keep up life and peace within,
If I must feel Thy chastening rod!
Yet kill not me, but kill my sin,
And let me know Thou art my God.
Oh, give my soul some sweet foretaste
Of that which I shall shortly see!
Let faith and love cry to the last,
"Come, Lord, I trust myself with Thee!"

Baxter.

PEACE—Its Testimony a Good Conscience.

The best foundation of peace of mind is the testimony of conscience: a sense not of perfect innocence, and of the merit of works, which would be vanity, arrogance, and a folly; but a sense of having lived before God in sincerity and without hypocrisy,—without wilful, deliberate, presumptuous, and continual disobedience. *Archdeacon Jortin.*

PEACE—on Earth.

At the glad period of our Lord's nativity there was peace in all the earth. The prevalence of public peace upon earth had ranked among the number of those interesting signs and tokens which were to accompany the coming of the long-expected Saviour to the scene of His ministry. When we read in the page of prophecy, of the myrtle and the fir-tree taking the place of the bramble and the thorn; when we hear of swords beat into pruning hooks and plough-shares, we are led to fix our attention on that state of outward peace in this world which was to form the commencement of the gospel age, and to denote the time of the Redeemer's manifestation among men. Accordingly, these predictions were fulfilled in a remarkable manner at the date of our Lord's birth, which may be regarded as the commencement of His kingdom upon earth. *Archibald Pott.*

PEACE—from Jesus Alone.

It is the religion of Jesus alone that can give peace to man: it unites him with his Saviour; it subdues his passions, it controls his desires, it consoles him with the love of Christ; it gives him joy even in sorrow; and this is a joy that cannot be taken away. *Fenelon.*

PEACE—Implies Reconciliation.

Peace with God implies reconciliation, pardon, adoption, and protection. And how can we be at peace with ourselves, till we have reason to believe that God is at peace with us? *Stillingfleet.*

PEACE—the End of all Things.

Peace is the end of all things—tearless peace;
Who by the immovable basis of God's throne
Takes her perpetual stand; and, of herself
Prophetic, lengthens age by age her sceptre.
The world shall yet be subjugate to love,
The final form religion must assume;
Led like a lion, rid with wreathed reins,
In some enchanted island, by a child.
But I have interrupted. *Bailey.*

PEACEABLE—

As sleep. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
As spotless innocence.
Play, "Maid's Tragedy."

PEACEFUL—

As a calm. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
As the dead. *Sotheby's "Oberon."*

PEACEFUL—

As a sleeping child. *M. A. Browne.*
And harmless as the dove. *E. Ward.*

PEACEFUL—Home.

I could love
Some peaceful spot where we might dwell unknown;
Where home-born joys might nestle round our hearts
As swallows round our roofs,—and blend their sweets
Like dewy tangled flowerets in one bed.
Bailey.

PEASANT—An English.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved:
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour which their neighbours find):
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears stealing down that furrowed cheek
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;

Pride in the power that guards his country's
coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.
He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze."
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

* * * *

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Master Ashford softened to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:
But he is blessed, and I lament no more,
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

Crabbe.

PEDANT—A.

Hee treades in a rule, and one hand scannes verses, and the other holds his scepter. Hee dares not thinke a thought, that the nominative case governs not the verbe; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is *criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight parts of Speech are his servants. To be briefe, he is a *heteroclite*, for hee wants the plurall number, having onely the single quality of words. *Sir T. Overbury.*

PEDANTRY.

Pedantry crams our ears with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it. *Colton.*

PEOPLE—Their True Liberty.

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves; the liberty of a private man in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. *Cowley.*

PERFECTION—How to Attain.

Be always displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest I have enough, thou perishest. Always add, always walk, always proceed. Neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate. *St. Augustine.*

PERFECTION—not the Cause of Beauty.

There is another notion current, that perfection is the constituent cause of beauty. This opinion has been made to extend much farther than to sensible objects. But in these, so far is perfection, considered as such, from being the cause of beauty, that this quality, where it is highest in the female sex, almost always carries with it an idea of weakness and imperfection. Women are very sensible of this; for which reason they learn to lisp, to totter in their walk, to counterfeit weakness, and even sickness. In all this they are guided by nature. Beauty in distress is much the most affecting beauty. Blushing has little less power, and modesty in general, which is a tacit allowance of imperfection, is itself considered as an amiable quality, and certainly heightens every other that is so. I know it is in everybody's mouth, that we ought to love perfection. This is to me a sufficient proof that it is not the proper object of love. Who ever said we ought to love a fine woman, or even any of these beautiful animals which please us? Here to be affected, there is no need of the concurrence of our will. *Burke.*

PERFECTION—Christian.

Christian perfection does not consist in doing extraordinary things; but in doing common things after a Christian manner.

Robert Hall.

PERFECTION—More than Good Dispositions and Faculties.

It has manifestly the countenance both of reason and Scripture; and how contradictory soever some ancient and later schemes of perfection seem to be, or really are to one another, yet do they all agree in effect. If we appeal to *reason*, no man can doubt but that an *habit* of virtue has much more of excellence and merit in it than single accidental acts, or uncertain fits and passions; since an habit is not only the source and spring of the noblest actions and the most elevated passions, but it renders us more regular and steady, more uniform and constant in everything that is good. As to good natural dispositions, they have little of strength or perfection in them till they be raised and improved into habits; and for our natural faculties, they are nothing else but the *capacities* of good or evil; they are undetermined to the one or other, till they are fixed and influenced by *moral* principles. It remains, then, that religious perfection must consist in an habit of righteousness; and to prevent all impertinent scruples and cavils, I add a confirmed and well-established one. *Dr. Richard Lucas.*

PERFECTION—The Highest.

Love to God, charity to man, purity, and humility, are the highest perfections that either men or angels are capable of—the very foundation of heaven laid in the soul; and he who hath attained them needs not desire to pry into the hidden rolls of God's decrees, or search the volumes of heaven to know what is determined about his everlasting condition; but he may find a copy of God's thoughts concerning him written in his own breast. *Scougal.*

PERFECTION—Religious.

Religion is nothing else but the purifying and refining nature by grace—the raising and exalting our faculties and capacities by wisdom and virtue. Religious perfection, therefore, is nothing else but the moral accomplishment of human nature—such a maturity of virtue as man in this life is capable of; conversion begins, perfection consummates the habit of righteousness: in the one, religion is as it were in its infancy; in the other, in its strength and manhood; so that perfection, in short, is nothing else but a ripe and settled habit of true holiness. According to this notion of religious perfection, he is a perfect man whose mind is pure and vigorous, and his body tame and obsequious—whose faith is firm and steady, his love ardent and exalted, and his hope full of assurance—whose religion has in it that ardour and constancy, and his soul that tranquillity and pleasure, which bespeak him a child of the light and of the day—a partaker of the Divine nature, and raised above the corruption that is in the world through lust. *Dr. Richard Lucas.*

PERSEVERANCE.

It is not calculable what may be accomplished in everything in life by moderate beginnings and judicious perseverance. "*The Original.*"

PERSEVERANCE—Christian.

The Christian race is not to be run by so many fits, but by a constant course and progress—still getting ground upon our lusts, still approaching nearer to the kingdom of heaven. A Christian is not made in a fit, neither is the work of grace wrought in a passion; but it is a settled, solemn, and constant frame of heart that brings a man to Christ and salvation. *Hopkins.*

PREACHER—A Poor, but Good.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure persone of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth wer him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sickenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do!
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolfe ne made it not miscarie.
Chaucer.

PERFUME—

The air with incense richer than the phœnix' funeral pile. *T. Nabbs.*

My chamber like the phœnix' nest. *Behn.*

Perfumed, as if Arabian winds scattered their spices loosely on the face of some rich earth fruitful with aromates. *Nabbs.*

Yield a more precious breath than that which moves the whispering leaves in the Panchaian groves. *Habington.*

PERFUME.

A thousand dew-drops gemm'd their bed,
And heaven's wide cope stretch'd o'er their head;
Their curtain the white thorn of May
Shedding its blossoms, as the spray
Trembled beneath the zephyr's sway;
And ne'er did golden censor fling
On velvet couch of slumb'ring king
Such perfumes as that zephyr's wing.
Holford.

PERSUASION—An Appeal to Feeling as well as to Reason essential to.

When persuasion is the end, passion also must be engaged. If it is fancy which bestows brilliancy on our ideas, if it is memory which gives them stability, passion doth more—it animates them. Hence they derive spirit and energy. To say that it is possible to persuade without speaking to the passions, is but at best a kind of specious nonsense. The coolest reasoner always, in persuading, addresseth himself to the passions some way or other. This he cannot avoid doing, if he speak to the purpose. To make me believe, it is enough to show me that things are so; to make me act, it is necessary to show that the action will answer some end. That can never be an end to me which gratifies no passion or affection in my nature. You assure me "it is for my honour." Now you solicit my pride, without which I had never been able to understand a word. You say "it is for my interest." Now you bespeak my self-love. "It is for the public good." Now you rouse my patriotism. "It will relieve the miserable." Now you touch my pity. So far, therefore, it is from being an unfair method of persuasion to move the passions, that there is no persuasion without moving them.

But if so much depend on passion, where is the scope for argument? Before I answer this question, let it be observed that, in order to persuade, there are two things which must be carefully studied by the orator. The first is, to excite some desire or passion in the hearers; the second is, to satisfy their judgment that there is a connection between the action to which he would persuade them and the gratification of the desire or passion which he excites. This is the analysis of persuasion. The former is effected by communicating lively and glowing ideas of the object; the latter, unless so evident of itself as to supersede the necessity, by presenting the best and most forcible arguments which the nature of the subject admits. In the one lies the pathetic; in the other the argumentative. These, incorporated together, constitute that vehemence of contention to which the greatest exploits of eloquence ought doubtless to be ascribed. Here, then, is the principal scope for argument; but not the only scope, as will appear in the sequel. When the first end alone is attained—the pathetic without the rational—the passions are indeed roused from a disagreeable languor by the help of the imagination, and the mind is thrown into a state which, though accompanied with some painful emotions, rarely fails, upon the whole, to affect it with pleasure. But if the hearers are judicious, no practical effect is produced. They cannot by such declamation be influenced to a particular action, because not convinced that that action will conduce to the gratifying of the passion raised. Your eloquence hath fired my ambition, and makes me burn with public zeal. The consequence is, there is nothing which at present I would not attempt for the sake of fame and the interest of my country. You advise me to such a conduct; but you have not shown me how that can contribute to gratify either passion. Satisfy me in this, and I am instantly at your command. Indeed, when the hearers are rude and ignorant, nothing more is necessary in the speaker than to inflame their passions. They will not require that the connection between the conduct he urges and the end proposed be evinced to them; his word will satisfy; and therefore bold affirmations are made to supply the place of reasons. Hence it is that the rabble are ever the prey of quacks and impudent pretenders of every denomination.

On the contrary, when the other end alone is attained—the rational without the pathetic—the speaker is as far from his purpose as before. You have proved beyond contradiction, that acting thus is the sure way to procure such an object. I perceive that your reasoning is conclusive; but I am not affected by it. Why? I have no passion for the object. I am indifferent whether I procure it or not. You have demonstrated that such a step will mortify my enemy. I believe it; but I have no resentment, and will not trouble myself to give pain to another. Your arguments evince that it would gratify my vanity; but I prefer my ease. Thus passion is the mover to action, reason the guide. Good is the object of the will, truth is the object of the understanding. *Geo. Campbell.*

PERVERSENESS—Human.

All men will be Peters, in their bragging tongue; and most men will be Peters, in their base denial; but few men will be Peters, in their quick repentance. *Feltham.*

PHILOSOPHY—Divine.

Divine philosophy begins with the idea of God, and has been eloquently described as "capable of continual expansion, which transforms into its own likeness the mind that receives it, grows more refulgent by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness—attracting to itself as a centre whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness; which borrows splendour from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned in the riches of the universe." *Hall.*

PHILOSOPHY—Results in Faith.

To seek philosophy in Scripture is to seek the dead among the living; to seek religion in Nature, is to seek the dead among the living. It is therefore most wise soberly to render to faith the things that are faith's. *Bacon.*

PHILOSOPHY — On the Study of Natural.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken *in limine* by persons—well meaning, perhaps; certainly narrow-minded—against the study of natural philosophy: that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit; leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd, and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress. On the contrary, by cherishing, as a vital principle, an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature, which it is susceptible of receiving: guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation; but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state.

The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable, in physical and mathematical science, suddenly dispelled; and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try,—will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind: while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material, relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits—the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation—and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him,—must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character. *Sir John Herschel.*

PHYSIC—Housewifery.

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else like lie a fool.
Conserves of barberry, quinces, and such,
With sirops, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus*' counsel ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and than:
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail;
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail;

The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with His rod.
Thomas Tusser.

PHYSICIAN—God the Only True.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh;
Only thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again:
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.
John Donne.

PHYSIOGNOMIST—His Power.

Mr. Spon, in his *Récherches d'Antiquitié*, gives us a curious story of the celebrated physiognomist Campanella. This man, it seems, had not only made very accurate observations on human faces, but was very expert in mimicing such as were any way remarkable. When he had a mind to penetrate into the inclinations of those he had to deal with, he composed his face, his gesture, and his whole body, as nearly as he could into the exact similitude of the person he intended to examine; and then carefully observed what turn of mind he seemed to acquire by this change. So that, says my author, he was able to enter into the dispositions and thoughts of people as effectually as if he had been changed into the very men. I have often observed, that on mimicing the looks and gestures of angry, or placid, or frightened, or daring men, I have involuntarily found my mind turned to that passion, whose appearance I endeavoured to imitate; nay, I am convinced it is hard to avoid it, though one strove to separate the passion from its correspondent gestures. Our minds and bodies are so closely and intimately connected, that one is incapable of pain or pleasure without the other. Campanella, of whom we have been speaking, could so abstract his attention from any sufferings of his body, that he was able to endure the rack itself without much pain; and in lesser pains everybody must have observed, that when we can employ our attention on anything else, the pain has been for a time suspended. On the other hand, if by any means the body is indisposed to perform such gestures, or to be stimulated into such emotions as any passion usually produces in it, that passion itself never can arise, though its cause should be never so strongly in action; though it should be merely mental, and immediately affecting none of the senses,—as an opiate or spirituous liquors shall suspend the operation of grief, or fear, or anger, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary; and this by inducing in the body a disposition contrary to that which it receives from these passions. *Burke.*

PHYSIOGNOMY—The.

The physiognomy has a considerable share in beauty, especially in that of our own species. The manners give a certain determination to the countenance; which being observed to correspond pretty regularly with them, is capable of joining the effects of certain agreeable qualities of the mind to those of the body. So that to form a finished human beauty, and to give it its full influence, the face must be expressive of such gentle and amiable qualities, as correspond with the softness, smoothness, and delicacy of the outward form. *Burke.*

PIETY—Buildeth up Humanity.

On piety humanity is built;
And on humanity much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
Young.

PIETY—Real, Glorious in the Eyes of Man.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.
Addison.

PIETY—Assumed and Real.

There is nothing more easy than to say divinity by rote, and to discourse of spiritual matters from the tongue or pen of others; but to hear God speak it to the soul, and to feel the power of religion in ourselves, and to express it out of the truth of experience within, is both rare and hard. All that we feel not in the matters of God is but hypocri and, therefore, the more we profess, the more we sin. It will never be well with me till, in these greatest things, I be careless of others' censures, fearful only of God's and my own; till sound experience have really catechized my heart, and made me know God and my Saviour otherwise than by words. I will never be quiet till I can see, and feel, and taste my God: my hearing I will account as only serving to effect this, and my speech only to express it.

Bishop Hall.

PIETY—Amongst the Poor.

"I once found," says Gilpin, "in the New Forest in Hampshire, an ancient widow, whose little story pleased me. Her solitary dwelling stood sweetly in a dell, on the edge of the forest. Her husband had himself built it, and led her to it, as the habitation of her life. He had made a garden in the front, planted an orchard at one end, and a few trees at the other, which in forty years had now sheltered the cottage, and almost concealed it. In her early youth she had been left a widow, with two sons and a daughter, whose slender education (only what she herself could give them) was almost her whole employment; and the time of her youth, she said, was the pleasantest time of her life. As they grew up, and the cares of the world subsided, a settled piety took possession of her mind. Her age was oppressed with infirmity, sickness, and various afflictions in her family. In these distresses her Bible was her great comfort. I visited her frequently in her last illness, and found her very intelligent in Scripture, and well versed in all the gospel topics of consolation. For many years she every day read a portion of her Bible—seldom any other book—

> "Just knew, and knew no more, her Bible true;
> And in that charter read, with sparkling eyes,
> Her title to a treasure in the skies." *Cowper.*

When she met with passages she did not understand, at one time or other, she said she often heard them explained at church. This little story shows how very sufficient plain Scripture is, unassisted with any helps except such as are publicly provided, to administer both the knowledge, and the comforts of religion even to the most unlearned."

PIETY—Practical.

Look upon doing good as truly your business—as prayer, or hearing the word, or meditation, &c. And therefore never think your time mis-spent which is laid out in visiting the imprisoned or sick, relieving the necessitous, comforting the afflicted, and reducing those that err into the paths of sobriety and truth.

Lucas.

PIETY—Presence of, Restrains.

It is no unusual thing for men of the most abandoned character to be struck with profound awe, and restrained from their vile purposes, by the presence of an eminently pious person. There is a power in real godliness which commands the reverence of those who hate it; and this the proudest sinners often so far feel as to be unable to carry on their violent opposition against it, while yet no saving change is effected upon them.

Robinson.

PILGRIMS.

With hoary hair, and bowed by age,
He goes forth on his pilgrimage,
An old man, from his forest-cell,
With sandalled feet, and scallop-shell;
His sight is dim, his steps are slow,
And pain and hardship must he know—
An old wayfaring man, alone,—
And yet his spirit bears him on:
For what? The holy place to see,
To kneel upon mount Calvary;
Golgotha's dreary bound to trace;
To traverse every desert-place
In which the Saviour trode of yore;
For this he beareth travel sore,
Hunger, and weariness, and pain;
Nor longeth for his home again.

Now see another pilgrim, gay
And heartsome as a moon in May;
Young, beautiful, and brave, and strong,
Like a wild stag he bounds along;
Mountains his path may not impede,
The winds and waters serve his need:
He is a pilgrim bound to see
All the old lands of poetry;
He kneels at cross and altar stone,
And where dark pagan rites were done;
In groves, by springs, on mountains hoar,
In classic vale by classic shore:
Where wise men walk'd, where brave men fell,
Or tale of love hath left his spell,
It matters not;—he journeyeth there,
Joyful to breathe in classic air,
Joyful on classic forms to gaze,
And call back light from ancient days.
Oh! 'tis a fond and ardent quest,
Yet leaves its pilgrim ill at rest!

Behold once more—from youth to age
Man goeth on a pilgrimage;

Or rich or poor, unwise or wise,
Before each one this journey lies;
'Tis to a land remote, unknown,
Yet where the great of old are gone—
Poet and patriot, sage and seer:
All men we worship or revere
This awful pilgrimage have made,
Have gone to the dim land of shade;—
Youth, with his radiant locks, is there,
And old men with their silver hair,
And children summoned from their glee,—
A vast and various company.
Ne'er on that land gazed human eyes;
Man's science hath not traced its skies,
Nor mortal traveller e'er brought back
Chart of the journey's fearful track.

Thou art a pilgrim to that shore;
Like them, thou wilt return no more:
Up—gird thee! for thou needest strength,
For the way's perils as its length;
Up—faint not as thou goest—nor heed
Dangers nor lures—nor check thy speed:
So God be with thee, pilgrim blest,
Thou journey'st to the land of "Rest!"
Mary Howitt.

PITY—Attributes of.

I see soft pity drop the saving tear.
Philip Francis.

PITY—is Fellow-feeling.

Griefe for the calamity of another is pitty, and ariseth from the imagination that the like calamity may befall himselfe; and therefore it is called compassion, or in the phrase of the present time, a *fellow-feeling*. *Hobbes.*

PITY—Want of, Horrible.

Let every one that is struck with horror at the mention of a man void of pity, that feels resentment at the name of oppression, and melts with sorrow at the voice of misery, remember that those who have now lost all these sentiments were originally formed with passions and instincts, and reason like his own. Let him reflect that he who now stands most firmly may fall by negligence, and that negligence arises from security. Let him, therefore, observe by what gradations men sink into perdition, by what insensible deviations they wander from the ways of virtue, till they are at length scarce able to return.
Dr. Johnson.

PITY—A Touch of Nature.

The touch of nature
Hath stirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop
Of pity gush'd unbidden from thy eye.
Murphy.

PITY—Soft-eyed.

No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft eyed pity drops a melting tear.
Robert Glynn.

PINE.

So pines the turtle in the lonely grove,
Robb'd by the spoiler of her mated love;
In vain the doves of finest plume and voice
Court the poor mourner to another choice;
From spray to spray with drooping wings she flies,
Bemoans her fate, and solitary dies.
Sturmy.

PLAGIARIST.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.
Pope.

PLAIN—

As truth. *Beaumont and Fletcher, Marston.*
It is evident; plain as the light that shines.
Play, "Fond Lady."
As the sun. *Durfay, Parnell.*
The case seems plain as on your face your nose is. *Sir W. Davenant.*
Easy, and intelligible, as that two and two make four. *South.*
More plain than dull simplicity.
Dryden's "Troilus."
As way to parish church. *Shakespeare.*
As a pack-staff. *Greene's "Arcadia."*
As a pike-staff. *Gay, J. Sturmy, and others.*

PLAY—Definition of.

The words commonly used to signify play are these four: relaxation, diversion, amusement, and recreation. The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow, which must be unbent when it is not wanted, to keep up the spring. Diversion signifies a turning aside from the main purpose of a journey, to see something that is curious and out of the way. Amusement means an occasional forsaking of the Muses, when the student lays aside his books. Recreation is the refreshing of the spirits when they are exhausted by labour, so that they may be ready in due time to resume it again. From these considerations it follows that the idle man who has no work can have no play; for how can he be relaxed who never is bent? how can he turn out of the road who is never in it? how can he leave the Muses who is never with them?

how can play refresh him who is never exhausted with business? *Jones of Nayland.*

Now, roughly, not with vain subtility of definition, but for plain use of the words "Play," is an exertion of body or mind made to please ourselves, and with no determined end; and work is a thing done because it ought to be done, and with a determined end. You play, as you call it, at cricket, for instance. That is as hard work as anything else; but it amuses you, and it has no result but the amusement. If it were done as an ordered form of exercise, for health's sake, it would become work directly. So, in like manner, whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, not for an ultimate object, is "Play"—the pleasing thing, not the useful thing. Play may be useful, in a secondary sense (nothing is indeed more useful or necessary); but the use of it depends on its being spontaneous. *Ruskin.*

PLEASURE.

Pleasure can undo a man at any time, if yielded to. *Feltham.*

PLEASURE—from God.

All pleasure is with Thee, God! elsewhere none.
Not silver-ceiled hall, nor golden throne,
Set thick with priceless gems, as heaven with stars,
Or the high heart of youth with its bright hopes:
Nor marble gleaming like the white moonlight,
As 'twere an apparition of a palace:
Inlaid with light as is a waterfall;
Not rainbow pinions coloured like yon cloud,
The sun's broad banner o'er his evening tent,
Can match the bright imaginings of a child
Upon the glories of his coming years;
How equal, then, the full assured faith
Of him to whom the Saviour hath vouchsafed
The heaven of His bosom? What can tempt
In its performance equal to that promise?
My soul stands fast to heaven as doth a star;
And only God can move it who moves all.
There are who might have soared to what I spurned;
And like to heavenly orders human souls;
Some fitted most for contemplation, some
For action; those for thrones, and these for wheels. *Bailey.*

PLEASURE—in Excess without Principle.

Pleasure, admitted in undue degree,
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free;
'Tis not alone the grapes' enticing juice
Unnerves the moral powers, and mars their use:
Ambition, avarice, and lust of fame,
And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
The heart surrendered to the ruling power
Of some ungoverned passion, every hour
Finds by degrees the truths that once bore sway,
And all their deep impressions wear away;
So coin grows smooth, in traffic current passed,
Till Cæsar's image is effaced at last. *Cowper.*

PLEASURE—Tranquil.

True pleasure consists in clear thoughts, sedate affections, sweet reflections; a mind even and stayed, true to its God, and true to itself. *Hopkins.*

PLEASURES—and their Memories.

Remember that thy heart
Will shed its pleasures as thine eye its tears;
And both leave loathsome furrows. *Bailey.*

PLEASURES—of Memory.

Mental pleasures are within the reach of all persons who, free, tranquil, and affectionate, are contented with themselves and at peace with their fellow-creatures. The mind contemplates the pranks of school, the sprightly aberrations of our boyish days, the wanton stories of early youth, our plays and pastimes, and all the little hopes and fears of infancy with fond delight. *J. G. Zimmerman.*

PLEASURES—Unnumbered.

Wouldst thou first pause to thank thy God for every pleasure,
For mourning over griefs thou wouldst not find the leisure. *Ruckert.*

PLEASURES—End of Worldly.

As the rivers of fresh water, run their course with a hasty current to fall in the salt sea, so the posting sun of all worldly pleasures, after a short gleam and vain glistering, sets in the ocean of endless sorrow. *Bolton.*

PLEASANT—

As sleep after toil. *Spenser.*
As ease after war. *Ibid.*

PLEASANT—

As the light. *A. Cowley.*

As the morning dews that fall on Zion's hill. *Watts.*

As the calm dew of the morning. *Ossian.*

As the shower of the morning. *Ibid.*

As the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf rears its green head. *Ibid.*

As calm shower of spring, when the sun looks on the field, and the light cloud flies over the hills. *Ibid.*

As the shower which falls on the sunny field. *Ibid.*

As the spring. *Duchess of Newcastle.*

As the odorous month of May. *C. Cotton.*

As the breath of evening. *Poem, "Margaret of Anjou."*

As the gale of spring. *Ossian.*

As the gale of the hill. *Ibid.*

As a summer's evening. *Duchess of Newcastle.*

As Elysium. *E. Young.*

To me as Paradise was to Adam the first day of his creation. *Marlowe, W. Mountfort.*

And mournful like the memory of joys that are past. *Ossian.*

Speech more pleasant than sweet harmony. *Marlowe.*

As the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even as a morning without clouds. *Sacred Script.*

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. *Ibid.*

Fresh, and clear, as when the last of April offers to sweet May the pride and glory of the youthful spring. *J. Kirk.*

As the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour. *Shakespeare.*

As to escape the chain of hard constraint. *Potter's "Eschylus."*

Pleasanter to me than to behold the jocund month of May, in whose green head of youth the amorous Flora shows her various flowers. *J. Kirk.*

PLEASING—

As the day. *Poetical Recreations.*

As dawn of day. *Gildon.*

As light to the eyes. *Atterbury.*

As the rosy morn whose lovely cheeks look smiling all the day. *W. Hemings.*

And gay as the sweet smiling summer. *W. Hett.*

More pleasing than a summer's morn. *J. Clare.*

As sunshine to the bee. *Gay.*

As winter suns or summer shade. *Dryden.*

PLEASING—

To my sense as sleep after a tedious watching. *Glapthorne.*

As dreams of health to the diseased. *Jacob.*

As the pipe of Mercury, which charmed the hundred eyes of watchful Argus, and enforced him to sleep. *Play, "Leir."*

As hope to the despairing penitent. *Jacob.*

PLUNGING—Its Rapture.

There is a rapture in the headlong leap,
The wedgelike cleaving of the closing deep!
A feeling full of hardihood and power,
With which we court the waters that devour.
Oh! 'tis a feeling great, sublime, supreme,
Like the ecstatic influence of a dream,
To speed one's way thus o'er the sliding plain,
And make a kindred being with the main.
Bailey.

POEM—A Great.

All great lays, equals to the minds of men,
Deal more or less with the Divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man.
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's!
The wise man joins them here all in his power.
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots:
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God. So may they ever be!
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,
And the sublime humility of might. *Bailey.*

POESIE—Derived from God.

Is poesie inborn,
Or is it to be gained by art or toil?
It is underived, except from God; but where
Strongest, asks most of human care and aid.
As lauds attract the largesses of heaven,
As gifts God's bounties, purity His saints,
So genius inspiration; like to like.
As when, in planning some steel-rutted road,
The deep-eyed engineer his level lays
Inscrutable; and anon, the hills with men,
Brood of his brain, swarm; black unbottomed moss
And willowy dale with mattock gleam and axe;
Or rock-hills, cleft as with a giant's club,
Groan loud, but stealthily, and reach on reach,
The mighty work elongating itself,

Glides dragon-like, nor swerves, till o'er the sea,
Victor by hill and chasm, broad stream and plain,
Cloud-crested its head-towers;—so his primal plan
Conceived for others' good, the bard, made wise
By grief's infallible instinct, knew must grow
And grow, in gradual grandeur, till it ranked
With headworks of all nations; and received
The firm accost of manhood, calm but kind.
Great bards toil much and most; but most at first;
Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul
For hours upon a thought to carry it.
Bailey.

POET.

And what 's the poet, if the man be naught?
. . . . Genius and wit
May flourish for a day, and snatch the wreath
From awkward probity; but soon shall fade
The ready laurels of a vicious muse,
While amaranthine honours crown the brow
Of unpoetic virtue. *Hurdis.*

POET—His Attributes.

And here the poet, like that wall of fire
In ancient song, towers o'er the universe,
Lighting himself, where'er he soars or dives,
With his own bright brain—this is the poet's heaven.
Here he may realize each form or scene
He e'er on earth imagined; or bid dreams
Stand fast, and faery palaces appear.
Here he has heaven to hear him; to the which
He sings, with mainlike voice and song, the love
Which lent him his whole strength, as is the wont
Of all great spirits and good throughout the world.
Oh! happiest of the happy is the bard!
Bailey.

POET—His Catholicity.

To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction. *Dr. Johnson.*

POET—His Divinity.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling;
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosom;
And marks the variations of all mind,
As doth the needle an air-investing storm's.
Bailey.

POET—in Embryo.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy;
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad:-
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorned to wield:
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,—
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;

While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil:
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on a desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight:
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
E'en sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control. *Beattie.*

POET—His Appreciative Faculty.

We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us
Like grain in wood: the growth is of the skies,
Which are of nature—nature is of God.
The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear, and sweet, and harmless as spring water,
Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,
Illimitable faith, strong as a state's
In its own might, in God, no bard can be.
All things are signs of other and of nature.
It is at night we see heaven moveth, and
A darkness thick with suns. The thoughts we think
Subsist the same in God as stars in heaven.
And as these specks of light will prove great worlds,
When we approach them sometime free from flesh,
So, too, our thoughts will become magnified
To mind like things immortal. And as space
Is but a property of God wherein
Is laid all matter, other attributes
May be the infinite homes of mind and soul.
And thoughts rise from our souls, as from the sea
The clouds sublimed in heaven. The cloud is cold,
Although ablaze with lightning—though it shine
At all points like a constellation; so
We live not to ourselves, our work is life,
In bright and ceaseless labour, as a star
Which shineth unto all worlds but itself.
Bailey.

POET—His Chances of Immortality.

"Yes," resumed I, positively, "a poet; for of all writers he has the best chance for immortality. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him. He is the faithful portrayer of nature, whose features are always the same, and always interesting. Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy: their pages are crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet everything is terse, touching, or brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by everything that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma—if I may use the phrase—of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which enclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated, and require now and then to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dulness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! what bogs of theological speculations! what dreary wastes of metaphysics! Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illumined bards, elevated like beacons on their widely-separate heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age.

> 'Thorow earth and waters deepe,
> The pen by skill doth passe:
> And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
> And shoes us in a glasse,
> The vertu and the vice
> Of every wight alyve;
> The honeycomb that hee doth make
> Is not so sweet in hyve
> As are the golden leves
> That drop from poet's head!
> Which doth surmount our common talke
> As farre as dross doth lead.'" *W. Irving.*

POET—How Influenced.

From his lip,
Like balm, the psalmody of Israel's king
In Hebrew streaming, floods his soul with joy,
As though the solemn warbling bird of night
Sang peace, while every cadence of its song
Dropped manna-like its life's own nutriment.
And as the nightingale, of russet plumage, sings,
Alone in darkness sown with stars of God,
So sings, 'mid shadows deeper than the night,
Sown, like the night, with visions grand as stars,
The philomel of ages. Clothed in gray
(His robe a threadbare homely garb of serge),
He sits enraptured 'mid the choral clang;
Sits breathing music from his mouth and hands:
Hands outspread as if in benediction,
Mouth whose gentlest sighs search space through trembling,
As, thrilled with awe, emotion, grief, and years,
Love wafts them e'en beyond the porch of heaven!
Upturned towards the instrument thus made
The altar of thy worship, seer and bard!
With looks celestial as thy song, thy face
Reflects eve's sacred radiance. From calm brows
The hyacinthine ringlets parting—trailed,
Like Adam's, in thy bloom (brown-gilded coils,
Luxuriant)—scant'ly now, and silvering, droop
Dishevelled on thy shoulder; while those eyes,
Seraphic eyes, whence gazed thy soul serene—
Ah, quenched their mournful beauty now, and black
As sculptured orbs in monumental stone:
Of all their azure splendour quite bereft,
As—dead, yet living—light in darkness drowned. *W. Kent.*

POET—The, a Living Link.

Between the priestly and the laic powers
The poet stands, a bright and living link;
Now chanting odes divine and sacred spells,
Now with fine magic, holy and austere,
Inviting angels or evoking fiends;
And now, in festive guise arrayed, his brow
With golden fillet bounden round, alone
Earnest to charm the throng that celebrates
The games now—now the mysteries of life,
With truths ornate, and pleasure's choicest plea.
Thus he becomes the darling of mankind,
Armed with the instinct both of rule and right,
And the world's minion privileged to speak,
When all beside, the medley mass, are mute;
Distils his soul into a song, and dies.
Bailey.

POET—What Makes the?

First of all,
Care not about the name, but bind thyself,
Body and soul, to nature hiddenly.
Lo, the great match of stars from earth to earth,
Through heaven. The earth speaks inwardly alone.
Let no man know thy business, save some friend—
A man of mind, above the run of men;
For it is with all men and with all things.
The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
And natural chivalry to aid the weak.
He must believe the best of everything;
Love all below, and worship all above.
All animals are living hieroglyphs.
The dashing dog, and stealthy-stepping cat,
Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something more
To the true eye than their shapes show; for all
Were made in love, and made to be beloved.
Thus must he think as to earth's lower life,
Who seeks to win the world to thought and love,
As doth the bard, whose habit is all kindness
To everything. *Bailey.*

POET—His Comprehensive Mind.

So, in his mind
The broad conditions of the world are graven,
Throughly and grandly; in accord wherewith
His life is ruled to be and eke to bear.
Wisdom he wills not only for himself,

But undergoes the sacred rites whereby
The privilege he hath earned he may promulge,
And all men make the partners of his light.
Bailey.

POET—His Nature.

Some minds corrode and grow inactive under the loss of personal liberty; others grow morbid and irritable; but it is the nature of the poet to become tender and imaginative in the loneliness of confinement. He banquets upon the honey of his own thoughts, and, like the captive bird, pours forth his soul in melody.

> "Have you not seen the nightingale,
> A pilgrim coop'd into a cage,
> How doth she chant her wonted tale,
> In that her lonely hermitage!
> Even there her charming melody doth prove
> That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.

Indeed, it is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible, unconfinable; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon. Such was the world of pomp and pageant that lived round Tasso in his dismal cell at Ferrara, when he conceived the splendid scenes of his "Jerusalem;" and we may consider the "King's Quair," composed by James during his captivity at Windsor, as another of those beautiful breakings-forth of the soul from the restraint and gloom of the prison-house. *W. Irving.*

POET—His Reproductive Power.

It is no task for suns
To shine. He knew himself a bard ordained,
More than inspired, of God, inspirited:—
Making himself like an electric rod
A lure for lightning feelings; and his words
Felt like the things that fall in thunder, which
The mind, when in a dark, hot, cloudful state,
Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.
He spake to spirits with a spirit tongue,
Who came compelled by wizard word of truth,
And rayed them round him from the ends of heaven.
For as be all bards, he was born of beauty,
And with a natural fitness to draw down
All tones and shades of beauty to his soul;
Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies
Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all
Colours of skies, and flowers, and gems, and plumes;
And all by nature, which doth reproduce
Like loveliness in seeming opposites.
And nature loved him, for he was to her
Faithful and loyal, tending well the weal
Of every life, or blood, or sap, was hers;
And his own balancing with an insect's life,
Though but to help the beetle on his back,
Often and often. Pain to life is pain
To nature's soul, and any needless death
A deadly sin. Him, therefore, in august
Silence she edified in deeper things
Than the world's babble robs of; speaking him
In that instinctive paradisal tongue.
Known now to nature, poet-priests, and God,
Who out of clouds, flowers, fountains, dreams, and stars,
Weave a commutual language; and conveyed
Clear to his eyes her veiled blaze of light,
And led him by the hand, and made him trace,
'Neath time's disguising dust, the broad-based truth,
And iron impress, ineffaceable,
Of the eternal die. *Bailey.*

POET AND SAINT.

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven:
The hard and rarest union that can be
Next that of Godhead and Humanitie.
Cowley.

POETS—Their Attribute is Love.

Poets are all who love—who feel great truths—
And tell them: and the truth of truths is love.
There was a time—oh, I remember well!
When, like a sea-shell with its sea-born strain,
My soul aye rang with music of the lyre;
And my heart shed its lore as leaves their dew—
A honey dew, and throve on what it shed.
All things I loved; but song I loved in chief.
Bailey.

POETRY—not Strictly an Imitative Art.

Hence we may observe that poetry, taken in its most general sense, cannot with strict propriety be called an art of imitation. It is indeed an imitation so far as it describes the manners and passions of men which their words can express—where *animi motus effert interprete lingua.* There it is strictly imitation; and all merely dramatic poetry is of this sort. But descriptive poetry operates chiefly by substitution, by means of sounds, which by custom have the effect of realities. Nothing is an imitation further than as it resembles some other thing; and words undoubtedly have no sort of resemblance to the ideas for which they stand. *Burke.*

POETRY—Benefits Resulting from.

It is related of some good man (I forget who) that, upon his death-bed, he recommended his son to employ himself in cultivating a garden, and in composing verses, thinking these to be at once the happiest and the most harmless of all pursuits. Poetry may be, and too often has been, wickedly perverted to evil purposes,—what, indeed, is there that may not, when religion itself is not safe from such abuses! But the good which it does inestimably exceeds the evil. It is no trifling good to provide means of innocent and intellectual enjoyment for so many thousands, in a state like ours; an enjoyment, heightened, as in every instance it is within some little circle, by personal considerations, raising it to a degree which may deserve to be called happiness. It is no trifling good to win the ear of children with verses which foster in them the seeds of humanity, and tenderness, and piety; awaken their fancy, and exercise, pleasurably and wholesomely, their imaginative and meditative powers. It is no trifling benefit to provide a ready mirror for the young, in which they may see their own best feelings reflected, and wherein "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely," are presented to them in the most attractive form. It is no trifling benefit to send abroad strains which may assist in preparing the heart for its trials, and in supporting it under them. But there is a greater good than this,—a further benefit. Although it is in verse that the most consummate skill in composition is to be looked for, and all the artifice of language displayed, yet it is in verse only that we throw off the yoke of the world, and are, as it were, privileged to utter our deepest and holiest feelings. Poetry, in this respect, may be called the salt of the earth; we express in it, and receive in it sentiments for which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance. And who can tell, in our heart-chilling and heart-hardening society, how much more selfish, how much more debased, how much worse we should have been, in all moral and intellectual respects, had it not been for the unnoticed and unsuspected influence of this preservative? Even much of that poetry which is in its composition worthless, or absolutely bad, contributes to this good. Even those poets who contribute to the mere amusement of their readers, while that amusement is harmless, are to be regarded with complacency, if not respect. They are the butterflies of literature, who, during the short season of their summer, enliven the garden and the field. It were pity to touch them even with a tender hand, lest we should brush the down from their wings. *Southey.*

POETRY—The Common Notion of.

The common notion of the power of poetry and eloquence, as well as that of words in ordinary conversation, is, that they affect the mind by raising in it ideas of those things for which custom has appointed them to stand. To examine the truth of this notion, it may be requisite to observe that words may be divided into three sorts. The first are such as represent many simple ideas united by nature to form some one determinate composition—as man, horse, tree, castle, &c. These I call aggregate words. The second are they that stand for one simple idea of such compositions, and no more—as red, blue, round, square, and the like. These I call simple abstract words. The third are those which are formed by an union, an arbitrary union of both the others, and of the various relations between them in greater or lesser degrees of complexity—as virtue, honour, persuasion, magistrate, and the like. These I call compound abstract words. Words, I am sensible, are capable of being classed into more curious distinctions; but these seem to be natural, and enough for our purpose; and they are disposed in that order in which they are commonly taught, and in which the mind gets the ideas they are substituted for. I shall begin with the third sort of words—compound abstracts, such as virtue, honour, persuasion, docility. Of these I am convinced, that whatever power they may have on the passions, they do not derive it from any representation raised in the mind of the things for which they stand. As compositions, they are not real essences, and hardly cause, I think, any real ideas. Nobody, I believe, immediately on hearing the sounds, virtue, liberty, or honour, conceives any precise notions of the particular modes of action and thinking, together with the mixed and simple ideas, and the several relations of them, for which these words are substituted; neither has he any general idea, compounded of them; for if he had, then some of those particular ones, though indistinct, perhaps, and confused, might come soon to be perceived. But this, I take it, is hardly ever the case. For, put yourself upon analyzing one of these words, and you must reduce it from one set of general words to another, and then into the simple abstracts and aggregates, in a much longer series than may be at first imagined, before any real idea emerges to light—before you come to discover anything like the first principles of such composition; and when you have made such a discovery of the original ideas, the effect of the composition is utterly lost. A train of thinking of this sort is much too long to be pursued in the ordinary ways of conversation, nor is it at all necessary that it should. Such words are in reality but mere sounds; but they are sounds which, being used on particular occasions, wherein we receive some good, or suffer some evil; or see others affected with good or evil; or which we hear applied to other interesting things or events; and being applied in such a variety of cases, that we know readily by habit to what things they belong, they produce in the mind, whenever they are afterwards mentioned, effects similar to those of their occasions. The sounds being often used without reference to any particular occasion, and carrying still their first impressions, they at last utterly lose their connection with the particular occasions that gave rise to them; yet the sound, without any annexed notion, continues to operate as before. *Burke.*

POETRY—Its Engrossing Power.

Poetry only I confess is mine;
The only thing I think of now, or read:
Feeding my soul upon the soft, and sweet,
And delicate imaginings of song;
For as nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,
So poets live upon the living light
Of nature and of beauty; they love light.
Bailey.

POETRY—Everywhere.

The sensitive mind discovers poetry everywhere. As it is touched with whatever is affecting in the chances of life, so does it taste whatever is picturesque in the objects of nature. All that is majestic and lovely here is to it a source of delight, and helps it to form a more just conception of Him who is the author of so much beauty. It is thus that in the images of earth may be recognized the tokens of eternity,—in the canopy of heaven and the expanse of the ocean,—in the setting glories of the sun and the melting colours of the rainbow,—visions and emblems of a brighter world. *Mrs. John Sanford.*

POETRY—Exemplified in "Paradise Lost."

If ever any book was truly poetical—if ever any abounded with poetry—it is *Paradise Lost.* What an expansion of facts from a small seed of history! What worlds are invented,—what embellishments of nature upon what our senses present us with! Divine things are more nobly, more divinely represented to the imagination than by any other poem; a more beautiful idea is given of Nature than any poet has pretended to—Nature, as just come out of the hand of God in all its virgin loveliness, glory, and purity; and the human race is shown not, as Homer's, more gigantic, more robust, more valiant, but without comparison more truly amiable, more so than by the pictures and statues of the greatest masters. And all these sublime ideas are conveyed to us in the most effectual and engaging manner. The mind of the reader is tempered and prepared by pleasure; it is drawn and allured, it is awakened and invigorated, to receive such impressions as the poet intended to give it. The poem opens the fountains of knowledge, piety, and virtue, and pours along full streams of peace, comfort, and joy, to such as can penetrate the true sense of the writer, and obediently listen to his song. *Richardson.*

POETRY—Its Faculty.

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward, in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others,—the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause. *Shelley.*

POETRY—Doth Guest a God.

And I began the toil divine of verse,
Which, like a burning bush, doth guest a god.
But this was only wing-flapping—not flight;
The pawing of the courser ere he win;
Till by degrees, from wrestling with my soul,
I gathered strength to keep the fleet thoughts fast,
And made them bless me. *Bailey.*

POETRY—Love of, among the Arabs.

Through every part of the Arabian desert poetry is equally esteemed. Many persons are found who make verses of true measure, although they cannot either read or write; yet, as they employ on such occasions chosen terms only, and as the purity of their vernacular language is such as to preclude any grammatical errors, these verses, after passing from mouth to mouth, may at last be committed to paper, and will most commonly be found regular and correct. I presume that the greater part of the early poetry of the Arabs which has descended to us is derived from similar compositions. Ibn Saoud had assembled the best poets of the desert at Derayeh. He delighted in poetry, and very liberally rewarded those who excelled in it. According to Arab custom, if a reputable poet address some verses to a sheikh, or a distinguished warrior, he will receive a camel or some sheep as a present. The largesses, which in former times were bestowed on poets by Arabian chiefs, are still the subject of frequent conversation among the Bedouins.

Burckhardt.

POETRY—In Praise of.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learning the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings;—since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, no barbarous nation is without it;—since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making; and that, indeed, that name of making is fit for it, considering that whereas all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it—the poet only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit;—since, neither his description nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil;—since his effects be so good as to teach goodness and delight the learners of it;—since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving, leaveth him behind;—since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it;—since all its kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissections fully commendable: I think (and I think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph. *Sidney.*

POETRY—a Speaking Picture.

Poetry is a speaking picture, and picture a mute poesy. They both invent, feign, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two, the pen is more noble than the pencil; for that can speak to the understanding, the other but to the sense. *Jonson.*

POETRY—a Thing of God.

Poetry is in itself a thing of God;
He made His prophets poets: and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power—under-makers.
And song is of the supernatural
Natural utterance; and solely can
Speak the unbounded beauty of the world,
And the premortal concords of pure mind.
Bailey.

POETRY—Ubiquitous.

Poetry is not confined to books.
For the creative spirit which thou seekest
Is in thee, and about thee; yea, it hath
God's everywhereness. *Bailey.*

POLITENESS.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. *Lord Macaulay.*

POLITICS—Morality Indispensible to.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensible supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who would labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the destinies of men and citizens. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion; reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. *Washington.*

POOR—

As Job. *Shakespeare, Armin, and others.*
As Job, an alchemist, or a poet. *Marston.*
And loathsome as was leprous Job.
Play, "Three English Brothers."
As the begger Irus. *Massinger.*
As Cincinnatus. *Thomson.*
As a miser. *Byron.*
As winter. *Shakespeare.*
As a church mouse. *T. Durfey.*
As a starved herring. *M. P. Andrews.*
Poorer than naked poverty.
Beaumont's "Psyche."

POOR AND CONTENT.

Lordly gallants, tell me this:
Though my safe content you weigh not
In your greatness, what one bliss
Have you gain'd that I enjoy not?
You have honours, you have wealth;
I have peace and I have health;
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take. *Withers.*

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
Gray.

POOR—Their Claims.

It is time that something should be done for the poor.
The sole quality on earth is death. *Bailey.*

POOR—Be Favourable to.

Be favourable unto the poor, which may be little; if thou wilt be aided of God against them that be mighty. *Sir Thomas Smith.*

POPULAR GLORY—Its Coquetry.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure in the end of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. *Goldsmith.*

PORTRAIT—The.

This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart:—
And yet the earth is over her.

Alas! even such the thin-drawn ray
That makes the prison-depths more rude,—
The drip of water night and day
Giving a tongue to solitude.
Yet this of all love's perfect prize
Remains; save what in mournful guise
Takes counsel with my soul alone;
Save what is secret and unknown,
Below the earth, above the skies.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

POVERTY.

Turn now thine eye, and look on poverty—
Look on the lowest of her ragged sons;
We find him by the way sitting in the dust—
He has no bread to eat, no tongue to ask,
No limbs to walk, no home, no house, no friend;
Observe his goblin cheek, his wretched eye;
See how his hand, if any hand he has,
Involuntary opens, and trembles forth,
As comes the traveller's foot; and hear his groan—
His long and lamentable groan—announce
The want that gnaws within. Severely now
The sun scorches and burns his old bald head;
The frost now glues him to the chilly earth.
On him hail, rain, and tempest rudely beat;
And all the winds of heaven, in jocular mood,
Sport with his withered rags, that, tossed about,
Display his nakedness to passers by,
And grievously burlesque the human form.
Observe him yet more narrowly. His limbs,
With palsy shaken, about him blasted lie;
And all his flesh is full of putrid sores
And noisome wounds; his bones, of racking pains,
Strange vesture this for an immortal soul!
Strange retinue to wait a lord of earth!
It seems as nature in some surly mood,
After debate and musing long, had tried
How vile and miserable thing her hand
Could fabricate, then made this meagre man,
A sight so full of perfect misery,
That passengers their faces turned away,
And hasted to be gone. *Pollok.*

POVERTY—Blames Fortune.

It is the usual plea of poverty to blame misfortune, when the ill-finished cause of complaint is a work of their own forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or be content they are no worse. If they are not so good as I would they should have been, they are not so bad as I know they might have been. What though I am not so happy as I desire? 'tis well I am not so wretched as I deserve. *Warwick.*

POVERTY—when Blessed of God.

How rich is poverty's scant hoard,
When God hath blessed its lot;
How poor the heaps that wealth has stored,
If He hath blessed them not. *Barton.*

POVERTY—Fight with.

Those that with diligence fight against poverty, though neither conquer till death makes it a drawn battle, expect not, but prevent, their craving of thee: for God forbid the heavens should never rain till the earth first opens her mouth; seeing some grounds will sooner burn than chap. *Fuller.*

POVERTY—Varieties in.

Poverty has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost contriving for to-morrow. *Dr. Johnson.*

POWER—Desire of.

The desire of power may exist in many, but its gratification is limited to a few;—he who fails may become a discontented misanthrope; and he who succeeds may be a scourge to his species. The desire of superiority or of praise may be misdirected in the same manner, leading to insolent triumph on the one hand and envy on the other. Even the thirst for knowledge may be abused, and many are placed in circumstances in which it cannot be gratified. But the desire of moral improvement commends itself to every class of society, and its object is attainable by all. In proportion to its intensity and its steadiness, it tends to make the possessor both a happier and a better man, and to render him the instrument of diffusing happiness and usefulness to all who come within the reach of his influence. If he be in a superior station, these results will be felt more extensively; if he be in a humble sphere, they may be more limited, but their tendency is equally to elevate the character of man. *Abercrombie.*

POWER—gives Temptation.

Power gives temptation, which in turn
Sets aside honour, social duty, law,
And right; creates abuse, and abuse strife,
Confusion, retribution, bloodshed, sin.
Though for a season cloud and meteor
Usurp the heights of air, yet soon the stars
Their peaceful reign resume; and now at last,
Since earth hath wiser waxed, the people theirs. *Bailey.*

POWER—True.

There is no keeping back the power we have.
He hath no power who hath not power to use.
Bailey.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.
Colton.

PRAISE—its Disinterestedness.

Praise is the only employment in which self finds no part. In praise we go out of ourselves, and think only of Him to whom we offer it. It is the most purely disinterested of all services. It is gratitude without solicitation, acknowledgment without petition. Prayer is the overflowing expression of our wants, praise of our affection; prayer is the language of the destitute, praise of the redeemed sinner. If the angelic spirits offer their praise exempt from our mixture of infirmity and alloy, yet we have a motive for gratitude unknown even to the angels: they are unfallen and holy beings—they cannot say, as we can, "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!" Prayer is the child of faith, praise of love: prayer is prospective; praise takes in, in its wide range, enjoyment of present, remembrance of past, and anticipation of future blessings: prayer points the only way to heaven; praise is already there.
Hannah More.

Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but merit could extort. *Goldsmith.*

PRAISE—Genuine.

Genuine praise, like all other species of truth, is known by its bearing full investigation; it is what the giver is happy that he can justly bestow, and the receiver conscious that he may boldly accept; but adulation must ever be afraid of inquiry, and must to their degrees of moral sensibility—

"Be shame to him that gives and him that takes."

Crabbe.

PRAISE—its Lightness.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great period shall return to nought.
I know that all the muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than mere praise. *Drummond.*

PRAISE—The Most Perfect.

Men speak ill of thee; so they be ill men.
If they spake worse, 'twere better; for of such
To be dispraised is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censured vile before me. *Ben Jonson.*

PRAYER.

Very often we know not what to ask; and yet it is right to ask. It is right to pray for forgiveness, it is right to pray for grace, it is right to pray for glory. Pray for these things as you can, ignorantly if ignorantly, anyhow if only somehow. It is a good thing to be on your knees before Christ for any purpose, with any hope, with any prayer. If you only come to Him, He will do the rest; yes, and the very coming to Him is of Him. Yield yourselves to His call, to His influence, to His drawing: and what you are not now, and what you know not now, you shall be, *you shall know hereafter*. The condemnation, the misery, is, that "ye will not come to me that ye might have life." God is no hard taskmaster: if He says to any one, "ye know not what ye ask," it is not said to deter, it is not said to make him feel that prayer or effort is vain, or discipleship useless and impossible; it is said in all tenderness to those who are seeking, struggling, and praying on in spite of all. Christ does not meet you with formidable conditions; He does not daunt you with impracticable requirements; He does not present to you at once in open vision the whole of life, with all its difficulties, disappointments, temptations, and folly, its sorrows and its sadness, its foiled efforts and frustrated hopes, and bid you take it all or none; rather He says to each of us, even as He said of old to his first disciples,—"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now;" and until you can bear them I will not tell you them; and when you can bear them, I will tell you them, not all at once, but one by one,—making you feel, as you surmount one difficulty, that you are ready for another, and that you can trust Him who has supported you through one to uphold you through another; and so on, one by one, even to the very last of all.

Dr. C. J. Vaughan.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to thee,—that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name!

O all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal Power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of Thy bright essence in my dying hour!

W. Beckford.

The soul of a Christian is the house of God. "Ye are God's building," saith St. Paul: but the house of God is the house of prayer; and therefore prayer is the work of the soul, whose organs are intended for instruments of the Divine praises; and when every stop and pause of those instruments is but the conclusion of a collect, and every breathing is a prayer, then the body becomes a temple, and the soul is the sanctuary and more private recess and place of intercourse. Prayer is the great duty, and the greatest privilege of a Christian: it is his intercourse with God, his sanctuary in troubles, his remedy for sins, his cure of griefs; and those things which God intends for us, we bring to ourselves by the mediation of holy prayers. Prayer is the ascent of the mind to God, and the petitioning for such things as we need for our support and duty. It is an abstract and summary of Christian religion; prayer is an act of religion and Divine worship, confessing His power and His mercy; it celebrates His attributes, and confesses His glories, and reveres His person, and implores His aid, and gives thanks for His blessings; it is an act of humility, condescension, and dependence, expressed in the prostration of our bodies and humiliation of our spirits; it is an act of charity when we pray for others; it is an act of repentance, when it confesses and begs pardon for our sins, and exercises every grace according to the design of the man and the matter of the prayer. So that there will be less need to amass arguments to invite us to this duty: every part is an excellence, and every end of it is a blessing; and every design is a motive, and every need is an impulsive to this holy office. Let us but remember how many needs we have, at how cheap a rate we may obtain their remedies, and yet how honourable the employment is to go to God, and to fetch our supplies with easiness and joy; and then, without further preface, we may address ourselves to the understanding of that duty, by which we imitate the employment of angels and beatified spirits, by which we ascend to God in spirit, while we remain on earth, and God descends on earth while He yet resides in heaven, sitting there in the throne of His kingdom. *Bishop Taylor.*

Prayer sanctifies all our actions. When the mind in the morning opens to God, as the eye to the sun's clear light, by the radiance of the Divine beams we become enlightened inwardly all the day. He is listed in God's service and protection who makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer under the standard of the Almighty. To live well every day, is the greatest and most important business of man: and being unable for it of himself alone, he needs the more to gain Divine assistance. He carries an assistant angel for his help who begs His benediction from above; and without it he is lame and unarmed. *Feltham.*

All our prayers are but ciphers, till Christ's intercession be added. *C. Love.*

There is a sovereign balm in prayer.
Dr. Young.

Those trees flourish most, and bear sweetest fruit, which stand most in the sun. The praying Christian stands nigh to God, and hath God nigh to him in all that he calls upon Him for: and therefore you may expect his fruit to be sweet and ripe; when another that stands as it were in the shade, and at a distance from God (through neglect of, or infrequency in, this duty) will have little fruit found on his branches, and that but green and sour. *Gurnall.*

Praying frequently helps to praying fervently. Be assured, it is better to wander in prayer than to wander from it.
Bishop Wilson.

The richest saint must be, and is, a humble beggar at grace's door all his days: and Christ is the Lord of the house, and the dispenser of the alms: and as the alms is too good not to be patiently waited for, so the Lord is too good and too great to be quarrelled with; and never did a believer get any good by complaining of Him. Complain to Him, and pray and ask largely, but still with faith and patience. Knock at His door, but stay; and bless Him that ever He gave you any crumbs of His grace: mix your prayers for new wanted grace with praises for His old dispensed grace. Christ loveth you, and hath proved it. Believe it, and bless Him for it, and wait for His renewing His love to you; and in due time you will find that He will not only answer, but out-do your desires to Him, and all your expectations from Him.
Traill.

Seek God upon thy way,
And He will come to thee! *Schiller.*

There is no such thing in the long history of God's kingdom as an unanswered prayer. Every true desire from a child's heart finds some true answer in the heart of God. Most certain it is, that the prayer of the Church of God since creation has not been the cry of orphans in an empty home, without a father to hear or answer. Jesus Christ, did not pray in vain, or to an unknown God, nor has He spoken in ignorance of God or of His brethren, when He says, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full."
Norman Macleod.

Prayer draws all the Christian graces into its focus; it draws charity, followed by her lovely train, her forbearance with faults, her forgiveness of injuries, her pity for errors, her compassion for want. It draws repentance, with her holy sorrows, her pious resolutions, her self-distrust; it attracts faith, with her elevated eye—hope, with her grasped anchor—beneficence, with her own hand—zeal, looking far and wide to serve—humility, with introverted eye, looking at home. Prayer, by quickening these graces in the heart, warms them into life, fits them for service, and dismisses each to its appropriate practice. Cordial prayer is mental virtue: Christian virtue is spiritual action: the mould into which genuine prayer casts the soul is not effaced by the suspension of the act, but retains some touches of the impression till the act is repeated. *Mrs. Hannah More.*

PRAYER—Allurements to.

We are in the spirit of prayer when our hearts are lifted up to God, breathing out holy petitions and thanksgivings to the throne of grace; and we have this encouragement to be constant and fervent in it, that we are then joining with an intercession at the right hand of God, and doing that for ourselves on earth which our blessed Saviour is perpetually doing for us in heaven. This reason of prayer is perhaps not much considered, yet it certainly contains a most powerful motive to it; for who that considers his redemption as now carrying on by an intercession as in heaven, can think himself so agreeable to God, so like his Saviour, as when the constancy of his own prayers bears some resemblance to that never-ceasing intercession which is made above? For as our prayers are only acceptable to God through the merits of Jesus Christ, so we may be sure that we are praying to God in the most prevailing way when we thus pray in the name of Christ, and plead His merits in the highest manner we can. *Law.*

PRAYER—is being Alone with God.

Some things are pre-required of us to make us capable of the comfortable performance of so holy and heavenly a duty as this of our enlarged devotion, namely, that the heart be clean first, and then that it be clean from the defilement of any known sin, clear from all entanglements and distractions. The interest of our devotion is, to welcome God to our hearts. Now, where shall we entertain Him if the rooms be full, thronged with cares and turbulent passions? The Spirit of God will not endure to be crowded together with the world in our strait lodgings; a holy vacuity must make way for Him in our bosoms. The Divine pattern of devotion, in whom the Godhead dwelt bodily, retired into the mountain to pray. He that carried heaven with Him would even thus leave the world below Him. Alas! how can we hope to mount to heaven in our thoughts, if we have the cross of earthly thoughts hanging at our heels? *Bishop Hall.*

PRAYER—Amiss.

The few that pray at all pray oft amiss;
And, seeking grace to improve the prize they
hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.
Cowper.

PRAYER—Antagonist to Anger.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts: it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God; for so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man. *Jeremy Taylor.*

PRAYER—Cheerfulness in.

So is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass judgment upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer; and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Jeremy Taylor.

PRAYER—for a Little Child.

Soul, not yet from heaven beguiled,
Soul, not yet by earth defiled,
Dwelling in this little child,
Be, oh, to him be
All we would have thee!

Through this life of joy and care,
If that grief must be his share,
Make, oh, make him strong to bear
All God willeth, all
That to him must fall.

Oh, when passions stir his heart,
Tempting him from good to part,
Make him from the evil start,
That he walk aright,
Soilless in God's sight!

Taint him not with mortal sin,
That heaven's palms his hands may win,
That heaven's gates he enter in,
Of God's favour sure,—
Pure as he is pure!

If he wander from the right,
Oh, through error's darksome night
On to heaven's eternal light,
Guide, oh guide his way
To heaven's perfect day!

W. C. Bennett.

PRAYER—is Communion with God.

All grace comes from the God of grace; not only the first seed of grace, but its growth and increment: and God usually sheds forth His grace in a way of communion with His people. Now, by prayer the Christian is led into most intimate communion with God; and from communion follows communication.

Gurnall.

PRAYER—Consolation in.

Prayer is to the penitent heart a sweet source of consolation, long even before the answer come; because a generous mind rejoices in acknowledging the obligations it desires to receive, or has received, or the faults, errors, and offences which it has committed; and a candid mind delights in holy unburdenings, and an humble mind in the confession of its own incapacity for doing good: all which sentiments accompany penitential prayer. And, also, that the exercise itself is a drawing nigh unto one who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. God has no frowns for the penitent: He hears their cry, and will help them. *Rev. J. S. Knox.*

PRAYER—Its Effects.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make;
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;
What parched grounds refresht as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all—the distant and the near—
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel—how weak!—We rise—how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is *prayer*,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee! *Trench.*

PRAYER—Efficacy of.

There is something in the very act of prayer that for a time stills the violence of passion, and elevates and purifies the affections. When affliction presses hard, and the weakness of human nature looks around in vain for support, how natural is the impulse that throws us on our knees before Him who has laid his chastening hand upon us, and how encouraging the hope that accompanies our supplications for His pity. We believe that He who made us cannot be unmoved by the sufferings of His children; and in sincerely asking His compassion, we almost feel that we receive it. *Jeremy Taylor.*

PRAYER—Ejaculatory.

Ejaculations take not up any room in the soul. They give liberty of callings, so that at the same instant one may follow his proper vocation. The husbandman may dart forth an ejaculation, and not make a balk the more; the seaman nevertheless steers his ship right in the darkest night; yea, the soldier at the same time may shoot his prayer to God, and

aim his pistol at his enemy—the one better hitting the mark for the other.
Thomas Fuller.

Ejaculations are short prayers darted up to God on emergent occasions. They are the artillery of devotion, and their principal use is against the fiery darts of the devil. In barred havens, so choked up with the envious sands that great ships drawing many feet of water cannot come near, lighter and lesser pinnaces may freely and safely arrive. When we are time-bound, place-bound, or person-bound, so that we cannot compose ourselves to make a large solemn prayer, this is the right instant for ejaculations, whether orally uttered or only poured forth inwardly in the heart. Ejaculations bind not men to any bodily observance, only being the spiritual half, which maketh them consistent with the prosecution of any other employment. *Thomas Fuller.*

PRAYER—Continually Heard.

Heav'n 's never deaf but when man's heart is dumb. *Quarles.*

PRAYER—Must be from the Heart.

When the mouth prayeth, man heareth; when the heart, God heareth. Every good prayer knocketh at heaven for a blessing, but an importunate prayer pierceth it (though hard as brass), and makes a way for itself into the ears of the Almighty. And as it ascends lightly up, carried with the wings of faith, so it comes ever laden down again upon our heads. In my prayers, my thoughts shall not be guided by my words, but my words shall follow my thoughts. *Bishop Hall.*

In extemporary prayer, what men most admire God least regardeth—namely, the volubility of the tongue. Oh! it is the heart keeping time and tone with the voice which God listeneth unto. Otherwise the nimblest tongue tires, and loudest voice grows dumb, before it comes half-way up to heaven. Only the conformity of the words with the mind, mounted in heavenly thoughts, is acceptable to God. *Thomas Fuller.*

PRAYER—in the Household.

Every house ought to be a temple dedicated to God; and every master a priest, who should offer unto God the daily sacrifices of prayers and praises. *Hopkins.*

PRAYER INDEED.

Say, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.
The man is praying who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.
Trench.

PRAYER—Inspired of God.

It is God prompts, inspires, and answers prayer;
Not sin, nor yet repentance, which avails:
And none can truly worship but who have
The earnest of their glory from on high—
God's nature in them. The world cannot worship.
And whether the lip speak, or in inspired
Silence we clasp our hearts as a shut book
Of song unsung, the silence and the speech
Is each His; and as coming from and going
To Him, is worthy of Him and His love.
Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to Truth;
The expiration of the thing inspired.
Above the battling rock storm of this world
Lies heaven's great calm, through which, as through a bell
Tolleth the tongue of God, eternally
Calling to worship. Whoso hears that tongue
Worships. The Spirit enters with the sound,
Preaching the one and universal word,
The God-word, which is spirit, life, and light;
The written word to one race, the unwrit
Revealment to the thousand peopled world.
The ear which hears is pre-attuned in heaven,
The eye which sees prevision hath ere birth.
But the just future shall to many give
Gifts which the partial present doles to few;
To all the glory of obeying God. *Bailey.*

PRAYER—Intercessory.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach
By deed or token, gesture, or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less,—
Then, like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart, is prayer;
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.
Trench.

PRAYER—The Lord's.

The graces of the spirit are much more precious than worldly benefits; our ghostly evils of greater importance than any harm which the body feeleth. Therefore, our desires to heavenward should, both in measure and number, no less exceed than their glorious object doth every way excel in value. But yet it must withal be considered that the greatest part of the world are they which be furthest from perfection. He, therefore, who made us to live hath taught us also to pray, to the end that, speaking unto the Father in the Son's own prescript form, without show or gloss of ours, we may be sure that we utter nothing which God will either disallow or deny. Though men should speak with the tongues of angels, yet words so pleasing to the ears of God as those which the Son of God Himself hath composed, it were not possible for men to frame. *Hooker.*

PRAYER AND MEDITATION.

Among all Christian duties, prayer seems to claim the garland of honour—it being, as it were, the commander-in-chief, having all things, yea, God himself, in some respects, under its command, by His own consent; therefore says God by the prophet, "Concerning the works of my hands command ye me." Prayer is the favourite in the heavenly court to whom the King of kings can deny nothing. In prayer, we ought to employ our soul in meditation. Meditation is, as it were, the soul of prayer, and prayer the body and substance of meditation. In praying, we should seriously meditate on the majesty of God, from whence arises reverence; on the promises of God, from whence arises confidence to be heard; on our own vileness, from whence arises humility and self-abasement. We should meditate on our absolute need, from whence arises fervency and importuning; on our constant want, from whence arises frequency in prayer. *Ralph Erskine.*

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

The uses of these ordinances are of a twofold nature. A labourer in his garden has by his labour a double benefit. There are the health and strength gained immediately by the exercise, and the fruits of the earth in prospect. Thus in prayer and praise, in the adoring and rejoicing elevation of the mind to God, there is the good in the act, and the good from the act. The good in the act is present and palpable. By being enabled to fix the mind on God in the serious thoughtfulness of prayer, or in the pleasurable animation of praise, Divine truth and Divine love become more thoroughly mingled with the mind, as wine with the water of a vessel which is stirred or shaken. Thus are we at once purified, comforted, and strengthened. And being so, we observe how well adapted these means of grace are to the constitution of our minds and instincts. Well known, indeed, it is that men (much more easily befooled in religious than in secular affairs) have in many cases manufactured for themselves certain effects in the act of prayer, the mechanical cause of which has tended somewhat to discredit all effects whatever. Sad indeed it is that in the most elevated exercise of the mind men should act so foolishly; yet the remedy is to be found, under God, in greater scriptural light. *C. I. Yorke.*

Many favours which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them. *Fuller.*

PRAYER—How a Man is said "to Pray Continually."

Though in the old Jewish law the priest did not continually offer sacrifices unto the Lord, yet fire was continually burning upon the altar, and never went out. So, though we do not continually offer to God "the calves of our lips," yet the fire of devotion and spiritual fervency must be continually burning in our hearts, and never go out. And this is the true meaning of the apostle's exhortation—"Pray without ceasing;" not, pray continually with the tongue, as though that should never lie still; but pray without ceasing, meaning with that part which doth indeed never lie still, except we be still—and that is the heart. *Sir Richard Baker.*

PRAYER—Private.

The daily devotions of the Christian, as distinguished from his attendance upon social worship, are indeed performed to most advantage when they are performed in private. He is exhorted to enter into "his closet, and shut his door," with a promise that the God "who seeth in secret" will "reward him openly." The ancient dispensation having ceased, he is not called upon to direct his prayer towards any particular quarter of the earth. The God whom he worships is in heaven; and though His spiritual presence continues to be vouchsafed to "temples made with hands," He no longer appears in them by any visible and supernatural tokens of His power. Yet, notwithstanding this change of circumstances, the conduct of Daniel will be found proper for our imitation in some degree. We must make no studied secret of our more private exercises of piety; we must never be ashamed to have it known that we worship God daily in acts of private devotion. Strange, indeed, that any one should be ashamed of what constitutes his highest praise! Those especially who are called to stations of power and dignity, whose opinions enforce respect, and whose examples carry weight and influence, should learn, from the behaviour of Daniel, to make their piety as conspicuous as may be consistent with an adherence to the dictates of modesty and propriety. Though not situated, as he was, in the midst of an idolatrous people, they live in "a world" still "lying in wickedness." Let them therefore constantly endeavour to counteract the progress of vice and irreligion by a courageous testimony in behalf of truth and righteousness.

Rev. J. G. Foyster.

PRAYER—Its Sequence.

He who prays as he ought, will endeavour to live as he prays (Prov. xv. 8). He that can live in sin, and abide in the ordinary duties of prayer, never prays as he ought. A truly gracious praying frame is utterly inconsistent with the love of or reserve for any sin (Ps. lxvi. 18). *Owen.*

PRAYERS—Short.

I would rather make short prayers than extend them—though God can neither be surprised nor besieged; for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence and complacence in the work, and more of the devil by after distractions; for after, in the beginning, we have well entreated God to hearken, we speak no more to him.

Donne.

PRAYER—Sincere.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say,—"Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,—
Lord, teach us how to pray! *Montgomery.*

PRAYER—Sincerity in.

God looks not at the pomp of words and variety of expression, but at the sincerity and devotion of the heart. The key opens the door, not because it is gilt, but because it fits the lock. *A Divine of the 17th Century.*

PRAYER—Spirit of.

We must ask for the Spirit to pray with, and that not once or twice, but constantly, regularly, as for our daily bread; unceasingly, so as to take no denial. If we do this, God will from time to time pour down a fresh supply of that best gift of His, the spirit of grace and supplication. *A. W. Hare.*

PRAYER—is the Peace of our Spirit.

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example and a conformity to God; whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy: prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier-garrison to be wise in. *Jeremy Taylor.*

PRAYER—First Step in.

He that makes but one step up a stair, though he be not much nearer to the top of the house, yet he has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So, in this first step of prayer—O Lord, be merciful unto me—though a man be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from the world and the miserable comforters thereof. *Donne.*

PRAYER—a Supernatural Work.

Prayer is a supernatural work, and therefore the principle of it must be supernatural. He that hath nothing of the Spirit of God cannot pray at all: he may howl as a beast in his necessity or distress, or may speak words of prayer; but pray he cannot.

Leighton.

PRAYER—Time for.

When is the time for prayer—
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;—
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care,—
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noon-tide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares opprest,
Then unto God thy spirits'-sorrow pour,
And He will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach Him thro' the fields of air,—
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,—
Whilst yet eve's glowing colours deck the skies,—
When with the loved at home, again thou'st met,
Then let thy praise arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share,—
Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour that gives birth
To pure bright dreams of heaven,
Kneel to thy God—ask strength life's ills to bear,—
Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour, while life is spared to thee,
In crowds or solitude, in joy or care,
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home, at morn and eve, with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

PRAYER—True.

Prayer is the spirit's discourse with the Father of spirits, whereby she taketh high privilege to unburden her obligations, to unbosom her affections, to express her loyal fealty to her God and King; whereby she conveyeth up to heaven the finer senses of the soul, which hath no entertainment on the brute earth, but seeketh its home on the purified sphere of heaven on high. Prayer is the heart's offering towards God, the soul's sacrifice, the only effectual death of pride and selfishness, the source of humility, the breath of piety, and the life of religion. It maketh—and the want of it marreth—a saint. Prayer engendereth a distinct form of manhood, and the highest. As sympathy with self engendereth a distinct form of manhood, in all its fruits, from the meanest to the most heroical, so sympathy with others engendereth the social form of manhood. As there is a literature of which this heroic work is the chief and crowning work, so there is a literature of a spiritual form, of which *prayer* is the chief and crowning work.

Edward Irving.

If we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our life one long connected prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are;
If never leaving Thee, we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne,—this were to pray indeed.
But if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least speck, and leap into a blaze.
Trench.

PRAYER—Wandering Thoughts in.

Wandering thoughts in prayer are like vagrants; the best way to rid the country of the one, and the heart of the other, is to give them the law—the lash I mean.

A Divine of the 17th Century.

PREACHER—The.

The pulpit
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies. His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!

* * * *

To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

Cowper.

PREACHER—Not to be Criticised.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text and preaches patience.

Herbert.

PREACHER—His Solemn Duties.

Look upon every soul committed to you as instinct with this great life-mystery. Believe that every one has a conscience to speak to—a deep-seated want of something far higher and greater than any of his miserable substitutes, with which, in his ignorance of his true rest and peace, he has been striving to satisfy his soul. Lift up before him the cross; let all your ministry be the bringing him as a sinner to a Saviour's blood; let this be the very front of your address; let it fill your own soul when you deal with his, and, as the "rivers of the south," the hardened hearts shall of God's mercy "turn again." Settle it in your inmost conviction, that just as far as you are enabled to bring out before men this one central idea of Christianity, just so far do you, in God's name, command the homage of their souls; that in it is the strength of Moses' rod—of the prophet's voice; that when it strikes, the rocks must melt; when it speaks, the streams must distil; that it is the satisfaction of that after which men's hearts have all along been thirsting; that there is a deep wisdom in simply acting on this word of God. Keep ever in view, as you look out upon your flock, the true cause of man's wretchedness and its only cure—separation from God to be done away through the blood of Christ. Carry this out as you would have your ministry prosper. Resolve in God's strength that against the whispers of earthly wisdom you will ever close your ears; against the representations of false delicacy, you will ever harden your face; against all substitutes of man's invention for this pure and simple gospel, you will ever testify, as did the saints of old, against the calves of Bethel, that this, and this only, will you know amongst your people—"Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

Wilberforce.

PREACHER—Requisites of.

Give me the priest whose graces shall possess:
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage which the cross can bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

Thomas Kenn.

PREACHER—A Truly Reverend.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
(As God hath cloth'd His own ambassador);
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres):

For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
Chaucer.

PREACHERS—Different.

Those that are all in exhortation, no whit in doctrine, are like to them that snuff the candle, but pour not in oil. Again, those that are all in doctrine, nothing in exhortation, drown the wick in oil, but light it not; making it fit for use, if it had fire put to it; but, as it is, rather capable of good than profitable in present. Doctrine without exhortation makes men all brain, no heart: exhortation without doctrine makes the heart full, leaves the brain empty. Both together make a man. One makes a man wise; the other good: one serves, that we may know our duty; the other, that we may perform it. I will labour in both; but I know not in whether more. Men cannot practise, unless they know; and they know in vain, if they practise not. *Bishop Hall.*

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

The injustice of the vulgar tone of preaching is not less flagrant to Jesus than it is to the souls which it profanes. The preachers do not see that they make His gospel not glad, and shear Him of the locks of beauty and the attributes of heaven. When I see a majestic Epaminondas or Washington—when I see among my contemporaries a true orator, an upright judge, a dear friend—when I vibrate to the melody and fancy of a poem, I see beauty that is to be desired. And so lovely, and with yet more entire consent of my human being, sounds in my ear the severe music of the bards that have sung of the true God in all ages. Now, do not degrade the life and dialogues of Christ out of the circle of this charm—by insulation and peculiarity let them lie, as they befall, alive and warm, part of human life, and of the landscape, and of the cheerful day. Another defect of the traditionary and limited way of using the mind of Christ is, that the moral nature—that law of laws, whose revelations introduce greatness, yea, God Himself, into the open soul—is not explored as the fountain of the established teaching in society. Men have come to speak of the revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead. The injury to faith throttles the preacher, and the goodliest of institutions becomes an uncertain and inarticulate voice. It is very certain that it is the effect of conversation with the beauty of the soul to beget a desire and need to impart to others the same knowledge and love. If utterance is denied, the thought lies like a burden on the man. Always the seer is a sayer. Somehow his dream is told. Somehow he publishes it with solemn joy. Sometimes with pencil on canvas; sometimes with chisel on stone; sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, his soul's worship is builded; sometimes in anthems of indefinite music; but clearest and most permanent in words. The man enamoured of this excellency becomes its priest or poet. The office is coeval with the world. But observe the condition, the spiritual limitation of the office. The spirit only can teach. Not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach; but only He can give who has; He only can create who is. The man on whom the soul descends, through whom the soul speaks, alone can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can teach; and every man can open his door to these angels, and they shall bring him the gift of tongues. But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles. Let him hush.

To this holy office you propose to devote yourselves. I wish you may feel your call in throbs of desire and hope. The office is the first in the world. It is of that reality, that it cannot suffer the deduction of any falsehood. And it is my duty to say to you, that the need was never greater of new revelation than now. From the views I have already expressed, you will infer the sad conviction, which I share, I believe with numbers, of the universal dreary and now almost death of faith in society. The soul is not preached. The church seems to totter to its fall, almost all life extinct.

It is time that this ill-suppressed murmur of all thoughtful men against the famine of our churches—this moaning of the heart, because it is bereaved of the consolation, the hope, the grandeur that come alone out of the culture of the moral nature—should be heard through the sleep of indolence, and over the din of routine. This great and perpetual office of the preacher is not discharged. Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life. In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite soul —that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind—that he is drinking for ever the soul of God? Where now sounds the persuasion, that by its very melody imparadises my heart, and so affirms its own origin in heaven? Where shall I hear words such as in elder ages drew men to leave all and follow—

father and mother, house and land, wife and child? Where shall I hear those august laws of moral being so pronounced as to fill my ear, and I feel ennobled by the offer of my uttermost action and passion? The test of the true faith, certainly, should be its power to charm and command the soul, as the laws of nature control the activity of the hands—so commanding that we find pleasure and honour in obeying. The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting suns, with the flying cloud, the singing bird, and the breath of flowers. But now the priest's Sabbath has lost the splendour of nature—it is unlovely; we are glad when it is done; we can make, even sitting in our pews, a far better, holier, sweeter for ourselves. . . . The true preacher can always be known by this, that he deals out to the people his life—life passed through the fire of thought—he converts life into truth. . . . What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship —then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate, or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honour. Society lives to trifles; and when men die, we do not mention them. . . . It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God *is*, not was; that *He speaketh*, not spake. Yourself a new-born bard of the Holy Ghost,—cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity. Be to them a man. Look to it first and only, that you are such; that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money are nothing to you—are not bandages over your eyes, that you cannot see—but live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind; be to them a divine mind; be to them thought and virtue; let their timid aspirations find in you a friend; let their trampled instincts be genially tempted out in your atmosphere; let their doubts know that you have doubted, and their wonder feel, that you have wondered. By trusting your own soul, you shall gain a greater confidence in other men. For all our penny-wisdom, for all our soul-destroying slavery to habit, it is not to be doubted that all men have sublime thoughts, that all men do value the few real hours of life: they love to be heard; they love to be caught up into the vision of principles. We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had in the dreary hours of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser—that spoke what we thought —that told us what we knew—that gave us leave to be what we inly were. Discharge to men the priestly office, and, present or absent, you shall be followed with their love as by an angel. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

PREACHING.

I see no reason why so high a princess as Divinity should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue; nor that he who speaks from the Father of languages should deliver his embassage in an ill one. *Feltham.*

PREACHING—Fervency in.

Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win men's souls didst rive;
I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men! . . .
Though God be free, He works by instruments,
And wisely fitteth them to His intents.
A proud unhumbled preacher is unmeet
To lay proud sinners humbled at Christ's feet;
So are the blind to tell men what God saith,
And faithless men to propagate the faith:
The dead are unfit means to raise the dead,
And enemies to give the children's bread;
And utter strangers to the life to come,
Are not the best conductors to our home.
They that yet never learned to live and dye,
Will scarcely teach it others feelingly.
R. Baxter.

PREACHING—Deep Joy in.

I have passed through many places of honour and trust, both in church and state, more than any of my order in England these seventy years before. But were I but assured that by my preaching I had converted but one soul unto God, I should take therein more spiritual joy and comfort than in all the honours and offices which have been bestowed on me. *Archbishop Williams.*

PREACHING—of the Preacher.

When he preacheth, he procures attention by all possible art; both by earnestness of speech—it being natural for men to think, that where there is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing—and by a diligent and a busy cast of his eyes on his auditors, with letting them know that he marks who observes, and who not; and with particularizing of his speech, now to the younger sort, then to the elder—now to the poor, and now to the rich,—"This is for you, and this for you;" for particulars ever touch and awake more than generals. Herein, also, he serves himself of the judgments of God: as of those ancient times, so especially of late ones, and those most who are nearest to his parish; for people are very attentive to such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others, according as his text invites him. For them also men heed, and remember better than exhortations, which, though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, who are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them that sermons are dangerous things; that none goes out of church as he came in, but either better or worse; that none is careless before his judge; and that the word of God shall judge us.

By this and other means the parson procures attention; but the character of his sermons is holiness. He is not witty, nor learned, nor eloquent, but holy—a character that Hermogenes never dreamed of, and therefore he could give no precepts thereof. But it is gained, first, by choosing texts of devotion, not controversy; moving and ravishing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping and seasoning all our words and sentences in our hearts, before they come into our mouths; truly affecting and cordially expressing all that we say, so that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep. Thirdly, by turning often, and making many apostrophes to God: as, "O Lord! bless my people, and teach them this point!"—or, "Oh, my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do thou speak thyself; for thou art love, and when thou teachest, all are scholars." Some such irradiations scatteringly in the sermon, carry great holiness in them. The prophets were admirable in this. So Isa. lxiv. 1.—"Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down," etc. And Jer. x., 23, after he had complained of the desolation of Israel, turns to God suddenly, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself," etc. Fourthly, by frequent wishes of the people's good, and joying therein; though he himself were with St. Paul, "even sacrificed upon the service of their faith." For there is no greater sign of holiness than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good. *G. Herbert.*

PREACHING AND PRAYER.

The pious George Herbert built a new church at Layton Ecclesia, near Spalding, and by his order the reading pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, "They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation." *Life of Herbert.*

PRECIOUS—

As the dew the amorous bounty of the morn casts on the rose's cheek. *Glapthorne.*

And rare as Ophir's golden ore. *Blackmore.*

Than the plank thrown to the drowning wretch. *Dr. John Browne.*

As my soul. *Sir W. Davenant.*

As Eriphyle's bracelet. *T. Jordan.*

More precious than gold. *Lidgate.*

More precious to my heart than life or freedom. *W. Hayley.*

More precious than the vital founts that play within my heart. *Andrew Beckett.*

More precious than the Egyptian pearl. *M. R. Mitford.*

PREJUDICES.

If a man will look at most of his prejudices, he will find that they arise from his field of view being necessarily narrow like the eye of the fly. He can have but little better notions of the whole scheme of things, as has been well said, than a fly on the pavement of St. Paul's Cathedral can have of the whole structure. He is offended, therefore, by inequalities, which are lost in the great design. This persuasion will fortify him against many injurious and troublesome prejudices. *Cecil.*

PREJUDICES—National.

In estimating the worth of nations, justice requires that, while their vices are put into one scale, their virtues should as conscientiously be poised in the other. Individuals and nations are equally stung with a sense of wrong, when their crimes are acrimoniously recapitulated, and then great and good actions are all forgotten. This fatal forgetfulness is the origin of that rancour which has so long desolated the earth. It distracts private families, confounds public principles, and turns even patriotism itself into poison. Let those who have but the smallest love for the happiness of mankind, beware how they indulge this pernicious propensity. He, who in every man wishes to meet a brother, will very rarely encounter an enemy. *Holcroft.*

PRICE—The Real.

The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. What everything is really worth to the man who has acquired it, and who wants to dispose of it, or exchange it for something else, is the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose upon other people. What is bought with money, or with goods, is purchased by labour as much as what we acquire by the toil of our own body. That money, or those goods indeed, save us this toil. They contain the value of a certain quantity of labour, which we exchange for what is supposed at the time to contain the value of an equal quantity. Labour was the first price, the original purchase-money that was paid for all things. It was not by gold or by silver, but by labour, that all the wealth of the world was originally purchased, and its value to those who possess it, and who want to exchange it for some new productions, is precisely equal to the quantity of labour which it can enable them to purchase or command. *Smith's "Wealth of Nations."*

PRIDE.

As thou desirest the love of God and man, beware of pride. It is a tumour in the mind that breaks and poisons all thy actions; it is a worm in thy treasure, which eats and ruins thy estate; it loves no man—is beloved of no man; it disparages virtue in another by detraction; it disrewards goodness in itself by vain-glory; the friend of the flatterer, the mother of envy, the nurse of fury, the sin of devils, and the devil of mankind; it hates superiors, it scorns inferiors, it owns no equals; in short, till thou hate it, God hates thee.

Quarles.

If we pursue most of those contentions which afflict the world to their first principle, we shall find that they issue from pride, and pride from self-opinion, and a strange persuasion that men have of their knowledge of those things of which they are indeed ignorant.

South.

The foulest stain and highest absurdity in our nature is pride. And yet this base hedgehog so rolls himself up in his bristly coat we can seldom get a sight of his claws. It is the root of unbelief. Men cannot submit to the righteousness of Christ, and pride cleaves to them like a pitched shirt to the skin, or like leprosy to the wall. No sharp culture of ploughing and harrowing will clear the ground of it. The foul weed will be sure to spring up again with the next kindly rain. This diabolical sin has brought more scourges on my back than anything else; and it is of so insinuating a nature that I know not how to part with it. I hate it, and love it; I quarrel with it, and embrace it; I dread it, and yet suffer it to lie down in my bosom. It pleads a right, through the fall, to be a tenant for life; and has such a wonderful appetite, that it can feed kindly both on grease and garbage,—will be as warm and snug in a cloister as a palace, and be as much delighted with a fine prayer as a foul oath.

John Berridge.

PRIDE AND CHOLER.

Pride and choler are like the fox offering to go out when his belly was full, which enlarging him bigger than the passage, made him stay, and be taken with shame. They that would come to preferment by pride, are like those who would ascend stairs on horseback.

Other dispositions may have the benefits of a friendly monitor; but these by their vices do give a defiance to counsel. Since when men once know them, they will rather be silent, and let them rest in their folly, than by admonishing them, run into a certain brawl.

There is another thing shows them to be both base. They are both most awed by the abject passion of the mind—fear. We dare neither be proud to one that can punish us, nor choleric to one that is above us.

Every man flies from the burning house: and one of these hath a fire in his heart, and the other discovers it in his face.

I would not live like a beast, pushed at by all the world for loftiness; nor yet like a wasp, stinging upon every touch. And this moreover shall add to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of strife among them. *Feltham.*

PRIDE—its Fearful Price.

But the price one pays for pride is mountain-
high.
There is a curse beyond the rack of death;
A woe, wherein God hath put out his strength;
A pain past all the mad wretchedness we feel,
When the sacred secret hath flown out of us,
And the heart broken open by deep care;
The curse of a high spirit famishing,
Because all earth but sickens it. *Bailey.*

PRIDE—Supplies a Stimulus to Exertion.

In general pursuits, pride will often supply a stimulus to exertion. But there is much in its usual influence from which evil must result rather than good. It ever produces a dislike of obligation which, in reference to the discovery of truth, must ever be exceedingly detrimental. To be proudly negligent of the labour of others is, in such cases, to be busied with the alphabet of things when we might be acquiring a mastery of their language. The man, moreover, who has formed an extravagant estimate of his own capability will probably under-rate the effort necessary to success; and instead of profiting by the reproofs which his failures may call forth, will generally become indignant, warped in the future exercise of his judgment, and wedded to his mistakes, however preposterous. The history of every people is pregnant with the ill effects of systems and enterprises, which have owed their origin chiefly to this passion—either in its palmy state, when swollen by conceptions of superior power, or in its state of resentment, when wounded by opposition. In all matters of opinion it has been the parent of innumerable errors, and in social life it has produced all possible disorder and suffering. Whatever presumption has done, it has done as the first-born of pride; and whatever tyranny has done, it has done as the favoured offspring of the same parent.

Viewed in its influence on Christianity, it must be apparent that the tendency of pride will be to give plausibleness and efficiency to everything that may favour those elated conceptions, as to the present condition of human nature, which persons of this character are ever disposed to entertain. When a man of this class is also a man of some benevolence, the flattering judgment which he has formed of himself may be the effect, in part, of a similar misconception with regard to the intellectual or the moral power of the mind in general; and his persuasion will perhaps be, that his plea is not urged so much in his own behalf as in behalf of the species. *Vaughan.*

PRIDE—Hated of God.

Pride is in the front of those sins which God hates, and are an abomination to Him. . . . Pride is the most pernicious of all vices: for whereas any single vice is opposite to its contrary virtue—uncleanness expels chastity; covetousness, liberality—pride, like an infectious disease, taints the sound parts, corrupts the actions of every virtue, and deprives them of their true grace and glory.

Dr. Bates.

PRIDE—of Grace.

This is another way Satan assaults the Christians. It is true, grace cannot be proud, yet it is possible a saint may be proud of his grace. Then, a soul is proud of his grace when he trusts in his grace. Trust and confidence is an incommunicable flower of God's crown as Sovereign Lord; even among men it goes with royalty. Therefore, when a soul puts his trust in anything beside God he sets up a prince or king—an idol to which he gives God's glory away. Now it does not make the sin less that it is the grace of God we crown, than if it were a lust we crowned. It is idolatry to worship a holy angel, as well as a cursed devil; to make a grace our god, as well as our belly our god; nay, rather it adds to it, because that is now used to rob Him of His glory which should have brought Him in the greatest amount of glory.

A Divine of the 17th Century.

PRIDE—Pervading Influence of.

'Tis thus that pride triumphant rears her head,—
A little while, and all her power is fled.

Goldsmith.

Pride lives with all; strange names our rustics give
To helpless infants, that their own may live;
Pleased to be known, they'll some attention claim,
And find some by-way to the house of fame.

G. Crabbe.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell—
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel. *Pope.*

PRIDE—Intellectual.

How often do we find, even in the case of persons who are not vicious in their lives—nay, who perhaps preserve a respectable decorum of conduct—that the heart is prejudiced against a practical admission of divine truth, at least of its more peculiar and mysterious doctrines, on account of the Scriptures not making their appeal to mankind in such a manner as to gratify the pride of the intellect! They find themselves required to believe promptly and implicitly upon the strength of divine declaration; they are enjoined to admit, without hesitation or scruple, many things that they cannot fully understand; and they are invited, yea, commanded, on pain of eternal condemnation, to embrace exactly the same faith which has been professed by thousands of the most illiterate of mankind—in common, it is true, with men of the highest order of thought and the most extensive range of literature—but

still a faith which owns no submission to human intellect, and refuses to bow its lofty claims before the tribunal of any created mind, however wide its grasp or exalted its powers. A mind vain of its intellectual superiority, and unsubdued by the grace of God, will not be easily persuaded to submit to this: it will recoil from such an unreserved self-dedication; it will demand something more conciliating to the pride of the human heart; and will venture peremptorily to put down as false whatever cannot be inferred by the productions of uninspired reason, or at least which, when revealed, cannot be fathomed and fortified by human philosophy.
Rev. S. C. Wilks.

PRIDE AND OBSTINACY.

No wise man ever lost anything by cession; but he receives the hostility of violent persons into his embraces, like a stone into a lap of wool, it rests and sets down softly and innocently; but a stone falling upon a stone makes a collision, and extracts fire, and finds no rest: and just so are two proud persons, despised by each other, contemned by all, living in perpetual dissonances, always fighting against affronts, jealous of every person, disturbed by every accident, a perpetual storm within, and daily hissings from without.
Taylor.

PRIDE—of Privileges.

Pride of privileges takes place when God calls a person to some eminent place, or useth him to do some special piece of service. Indeed, it requireth a great measure of grace to keep the heart low when the man stands high. The apostle, speaking how a minister of the gospel should be qualified, saith, "He must not be a novice, lest he should be lifted up with pride, and fall into the condemnation of the devil." *A Divine of the 17th Century.*

PRIDE—a Great Enemy to Reason.

Pride is the greatest enemy to reason, and discretion the greatest opposite to pride; for while wisdom makes art the ape of nature, pride makes nature the ape of art. The wise man shapes his apparel to his body, the proud man shapes his body by his apparel. 'Tis no marvel then if he know not himself, when he is not to-day like him he was yesterday, and less marvel if good men will not know him, when he forgets himself and all goodness. I should fear, while I thus change my shape, lest my Maker should change His opinion, and finding me not like him He made me, reject me as none of His making. I would any day put off the old cause of my apparel, but not every day put on new-fashioned apparel. I see great reason to be ashamed of my pride, but no reason to be proud of my shame. *A. Warwick.*

PRIDE—is full of Self.

Pride discovers itself in dwelling upon the thoughts of our gifts, with a secret kind of content to see our own face, till at last we fall in love with it. A proud heart is full of himself: his own abilities cast their shadow before him; they are in his eye wherever he goes; the great subject and theme of his thoughts is what he is, and what he hath above all others. Run from such thoughts as from a bear.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

PRIDE—a Reigning Sin.

In the depraved nature of man, pride is the radical reigning sin that first lives and last dies. . . . A man may visibly despise the pomp and vanities of the world, and this may raise his esteem in the minds of real saints; and the outward practice of goodness will be productive of the praise of goodness in others: this will afford a strong temptation of pride. All the operations of virtues, even the exercise of humility, that are the matter and argument of praise, may be incentives of pride: and those diseases are extremely dangerous which are nourished by that food that is necessary to support life. *Dr. Bates.*

PRIEST—His Thraldom.

Priest is the staff of king;
And chains, and clouds one thing;
And fettered flesh with devastated mind.
Open thy soul to see,
Slave, and thy feet are free;
Thy bonds and thy beliefs are one in kind,
And of thy fears thine irons wrought,
Hang weights upon thee, fashioned out of thine own thought. *Swinburne.*

PRIESTS—Their Avarice.

O hidden face of man, wherever
The years have woven a viewless veil!
If thou wast verily man's lover,
What did thy love or blood avail?
Thy blood the priests make poison of,
And in gold shekels coin thy love.

So when our souls look back to thee
They sicken, seeing against thy side,

Too foul to speak of, or to see
The leprous likeness of a bride,
Whose kissing lips through his lips grown,
Leave their god rotten to the bone.

When we would see thee, man, and know
What heart thou had'st toward men indeed;
Lo, thy blood-blackened altars; lo,
The lips of priests that pray and feed,
While their own hell's worm curls and licks
The poison of the crucifix.

Thou had'st let children come to thee;
What children now but curses come?
What manhood in that god can be
Who sees their worship and is dumb?
No soul that lived, loved, wrought, and died;
Is this their carrion crucified?

Nay, if their god and thou be one,
If thou and this thing be the same,
Thou should'st not look upon the sun;
The sun grows haggard at thy name.
Come down, be done with, cease, give o'er;
Hide thyself, strive not, be no more.
Swinburne.

PRIESTCRAFT — Disregarded of the Soul.

The saintly soul,
Out of its high and bright vitality,
Rejects, in silent scorn, those worldly taints
And aims extraneous, which itself debar
From inmost commune, and most high with heaven;
Why, then, thy spirit degrade with greed of power,
Thankless, unblessed, as I have heard? To me
This were forbiddance. Aught that clogs the soul,
Or clouds its aspirations, I abhor. *Bailey.*

PRIESTHOOD—its Craft and Guilt.

Through the left hand a nail is driven,
Faith, and another through the right,
Forged in the fires of hell and heaven,
Fear that puts out the eye of light:
And the feet soiled, and scarred, and pale,
Are pierced with falsehood for a nail.

And priests against the mouth divine,
Push their sponge full of poison yet,
And bitter blood for myrrh and wine,
And on the same reed is it set
Wherewith before they buffeted
The people's disanointed head.

O sacred head! O desecrate!
O labour-wounded feet and hands!
O blood poured forth in pledge to fate
Of nameless lives in divers lands!
O slain, and spent, and sacrificed
People, the gray-grown speechless Christ!

Is there a gospel in the red
Old witness of thy wide-mouthed wounds?
From thy blind stricken tongueless head
What desolate evangel sounds
A hopeless note of hope deferred?
What word, if there be any word?

O Son of man, beneath man's feet
Cast down! O common face of man,
Whereon all blows and buffets meet!
O royal! O republican!
Face of the people bruised and dumb,
And longing till Thy kingdom come!
Swinburne.

PRINCES—Proper Conduct of.

I have had the honour to be admitted to much free conversation with five of our sovereigns—King Charles II., King James II., King William III., Queen Mary, and Queen Anne. King Charles's behaviour was a thing never enough to be commended. He was a perfectly well-bred man, easy of access, free in his discourse, and sweet in his whole deportment; this was managed with great art, and it covered bad designs; it was of such use to him, that it may teach all succeeding princes of what advantage an easiness of access and an obliging behaviour may be: this preserved him: it often disarmed those resentments which his ill conduct in every thing, both public and private, possessed all thinking people with very early, and all sorts of people at last; and yet none could go to him but they were in a great measure softened before they left him. It looked like a charm that could hardly be resisted; yet there was no good nature under that, nor was there any truth in him. King James had great application to business, though without a right understanding. That application gave him a reputation, till he took care to throw it off. If he had not come after King Charles, he would have passed for a prince of a sweet temper, and easy of access. King William was the reverse of all this. He was scarce accessible, and was always cold and silent; he minded affairs abroad so much, and was so set on the war, that he scarce thought of his government at home. This raised a general disgust, which was improved by men of no designs; so that it perplexed all his affairs, and he could scarcely support himself at home, whilst he was the admiration of all abroad. Queen Mary was affable, cheerful, and lively, spoke much, and yet under great reserves—minded business, and came to understand it well; she kept close to rules, chiefly to those set her by the king, and she charmed all that came near her. Queen Anne is easy of access, and hears everything very gently; but opens herself to so few, and is so cold and general in her answers that people soon find that the chief application is to be made to her ministers and favourites, who, in their turns, have an entire credit and full power with her. She has laid down the splendour of a court too much, and eats privately; so that, except on Sundays and a few hours twice or thrice a week at night in the drawing-room, she appears so little that her court is as it were abandoned. But of all these princes' conduct, and from their successes in their affairs, it is evident what ought to be the measures of a wise and good prince, who would govern the nation happily and gloriously.

The first, the most essential and most indispensable rule for a king, is, to study the interest of the nation, to be ever in it, and to be always pursuing it. This will lay in for him such a degree of confidence, that he will be ever safe with his people when they feel they are safe in him. No part of our story shows this more visibly than Queen Elizabeth's reign, in which the true interest of the nation was constantly pursued; and this was so well understood by all that everything else was forgiven her and her ministers both. Sir Simon d'Ewe's journal shows a treatment of parliament that could not have been borne at any other time or under any other administration. This was the constant support of King William's reign, and continues to support the present reign, as it will support all who adhere steadily to it.

A prince who would command the affections and purses of the nation must not study to stretch his prerogative, or be uneasy under the restraints of law. As soon as this humour shows itself he must expect that a jealousy of him, and an uneasy opposition to him, will follow through the whole course of his reign; whereas, if he governs well, parliaments will trust him as much as a wise prince would desire to be trusted, and will supply him in every war that is necessary, either for their own preservation or the preservation of those allies with whom mutual interests and leagues unite him. *Gilbert Burnet.*

PRISONS—of Two Kinds.

It was a shrewd saying of the old monk, that two kinds of prisons would serve for all offenders in the world—an Inquisition and a Bedlam. If any man should deny the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul, such a one should be put into the first of these—the Inquisition—as being a desperate heretic; but if any man should profess to believe these things, and yet allow himself in any known wickedness, such a one should be put into Bedlam. *Tillotson.*

PROBABILITY—the Guide of Life.

But, to us, probability is the very guide of life. *Butler.*

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
Young.

No outward joy is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And long from nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore the calm abode,
By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,
And therefore in the leaves the voice of God
Makes my heart sick afraid!

The night-flowers round that door,
Shall breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air;
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
To pass and rest thee there!

And must I turn away?
Hark, hark! it is my mother's voice I hear,
Sadder than once—it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!
Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother! now receive thy child,
Take back the lost and found! *Hemans.*

PRODIGAL'S—The, Return to Home.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! yet around,

Something amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods never marked before!

Is it the brooding night?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade.

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! my father's place was there
At evening-hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those grey locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear,
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod;
I tremble when I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless-hearted!
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The inborn gladdening light. *Anon.*

PROFESSION.

The nominal professions of religion with which many persons content themselves, seem to fit them for little else than to disgrace Christianity by their practice. *Milner.*

PROFESSION—Idle.

Some pretend very highly to faith, but they have no humility, no meekness, no self-denial. Why, their pretence carries along with it that which confutes itself; for the Holy Ghost is the author of no such imperfect births. . . . Men will pray, and read, and hear; go from sermom to sermon; take one opportunity after another of attending upon religious exercises, but in the mean time they will cheat and cozen, revile and reproach their neighbours, and those they have to do with. How unlike is such a production as this to the Spirit of God, when men are made Christians thus by halves! *Howe.*

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves a road
To bring us daily nearer God. *Keble.*

PROGRESS—Changes Ideas.

In our progress from infancy to manhood, how much do our sentiments of beauty change with our years! how often, in the course of this progress, do we look back with contempt, or at least with wonder, upon the tastes of our earlier days, and the objects that gratified them! and how uniformly, in all this progress, do our opinions of beauty coincide with the prevalent emotions of our hearts, and with that change of sensibility which the progress of life occasions! As soon as any class of objects loses its importance in our esteem, as soon as their presence ceases to bring us pleasure, or their absence to give us pain, the beauty in which our infant imagination arrayed them disappears, and begins to irradiate another class of objects, which we are willing to flatter ourselves are more deserving of such sentiments, but which have often no other value but their coincidence with those new emotions that begin to swell in our breasts. The little circle of infant beauty contains no other objects than those that can excite the affections of the child. The wider range which youth discovers is still limited by the same boundaries which nature has prescribed to the affections of youth. It is only when we arrive at manhood, and still more, when either the liberality of our education, or the original capacity of our minds, have led us to experience or to participate in all the affections of our nature, that we acquire that comprehensive taste which can enable us to discover and to relish every species of sublimity and beauty. *Alison.*

PROGRESS—in Grace.

Be always displeased at what thou art if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest; always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still; nor go back, nor deviate; he that standeth still proceedeth not; he goeth back that continueth not; he deviateth that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way than he that runneth out of his way. *Quarles.*

PROGRESS—of the Nation.

No one who is a careful observer of what has been, and is passing around him, will for a moment question that very great progress has been made by our country, during the present century, in all the various branches of human discovery and acquirements; but the precise amount, or the comparative value of that progress, cannot possibly be measured by the advances made in former periods, and which themselves are equally without a standard or measure of comparison. If, however, this difficulty could be surmounted, is it not probable that we should find—regard being had to the superior facilities afforded to each suceeding age through the labours of its precursors—that the efforts of the human mind, and the success attending those efforts, have been much the same at all periods; and that, consequently, if we have profited as well of our opportunities as our fathers did of those bequeathed to them, we must have made greater and more rapid strides than any who have gone before us, in the walks of science and all other branches of intellectual progress, whereby we shall have prepared the way for a still more rapid advance on the part of those who will succeed us. *Porter.*

PROGRESS—Spiritual.

There is an increase with the increase of God. They do not walk in the Spirit therefore who keep moving, but move in a circle, or in a round of empty, sapless duties—keep up the formalities of religion, and no more: but they walk in the Spirit who make a progress, who go forward, who draw nearer and nearer unto God, and become more like Him, and fit for His eternal converse, and for all the present service whereto He calls them. *Howe.*

PROGRESS—Success.

If the wild filly, "Progress," thou would'st ride,
Have young companions ever at thy side;
But, would'st thou stride the staunch old mare, "Success,"
Go with thine elders, though they please thee less. *O. W. Holmes.*

PROMISE—of God: Effectual.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech:—What a fool (quoth he) am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try. *Bunyan.*

PROMISE—Unperformed.

A large promise without performance is like a false fire to a great piece, which dischargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will forethink what I will promise, that I may promise but what I will do. Thus whilst my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions, I shall be careful in my promises, and just in their performance. I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do. *Warwick.*

PROPERTY—Ill-adjusted.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. *Dr. Paley.*

PROPERTY—Original Grant of.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man "dominion over all the earth, and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

Sir William Blackstone.

PROPHECY.

The sweet stream of the prophet's doctrine did, as the rivers, make its own banks fertile and pleasant, as it ran by and flowed still forward to after ages, and by the confluence of more such prophecies grew greater as it went, till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament both acted and preached by the great prophet himself, whom they foretold to come, and recorded by His apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river, clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scriptures hath still refreshed the city of God, His Church under the Gospel, and still shall do so, till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity.

Leighton.

PROPORTION—True.

Fine by degrees and beautifully less.

Prior.

PROTESTANTISM—No New Idea.

"Where did your Church lurk, in what cave of the earth slept she, for so many hundreds of years together, before the birth of Martin Luther?" The reply is, that she lurked beneath the folds of that garment of many colours, which the hands of superstition had woven and embellished for her, and wherewith she was fantastically encumbered and disguised. She slept in that cavern of enchantment where costly odours and intoxicating fumes were floating around, to overpower her sense, and to suspend her faculties; till at last a voice was heard to cry, "Sleep no more." And then she started up, like a strong man refreshed, and shook herself from the dust of ages. Then did she cast aside the gorgeous "leadings," which oppressed her, and stood before the world, a sacred form of brightness and of purity. *Le Bas.*

PROUD—

As Lucifer. *Chaucer.*
As prince in pall. *Ibid.*
As any great Mogul. *Somerville.*
As the Turkish Soldan. *Poetical Calendar.*
As a beauty. *C. Cibber.*
As the lady of a new made lord. *P. Pindar.*
As May. *Jonson.*
As a peacock. *Chaucer.*
Proud and pert as a pie. *Ibid.*
Pert and proud as any popinjay.
Sir W. Scott.

PROVIDENCE.

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," is the unvaried language of God in His providence. He will have credit at every step. He will not assign reasons, because He will exercise faith.

Cecil.

Let no man presume that he can see beforehand into the ways of Providence. His part is to contemplate them in the past, and trust in them for the future; but so trusting, to act always upon motives of human prudence, directed by religious principles. *Southey.*

We are too apt to misjudge the dispensations of Providence, when we wish them with our own wishes. *Skelton.*

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,—
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And should'st thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room for discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment.
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find,
That without which all goodness were a task
So slight, that virtue never could grow strong;
And wouldst thou do one duty to his mind,
The Imposer's—over burdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.
Trench.

PROVIDENCE—God's.

God hath a thousand handés to chastise;
A thousand dartés of punicïón,
A thousand bowés made in divers wise,
A thousand arlblasts bent in his dungéon.
Warton.

PROVIDENCE—a Guide.

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide. *Milton.*

PROVIDENCE—Method of Hidden.

It must be owned that we are not able to account for the method of Divine Providence in many instances; and whosoever is not abandoned of all modesty, must readily acknowledge that it is reasonable it should be so. *Bradford.*

PROVIDENCE — Wise, Ordering in Nature.

Divine Providence is remarkable in ordering that a fog and a tempest never did nor can meet together in nature. For as soon as a fog is fixed the tempest is allayed; and as soon as a tempest doth arise the fog is dispersed. This is a great mercy; for otherwise such small vessels as boats and barges, which want the conduct of the card and compass, would irrecoverably be lost.

Thomas Fuller.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail;
Poetic justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Pope.

Prudence and economy are practical parts of religion. By attending to these duties we may avoid the criminality and discredit of busybodies, and may the better exercise the duties of hospitality and liberality in the cause of the Saviour, and of His poor disciples.

Cobbin.

PRUDENCE—Christian.

There are certain matters of absolute necessity to me, such as if I am without, I am undone and lost, and such as if not attained here in this life, can never be attained; and therefore, as it concerns me in the highest degree to attain them, so it concerns me in the highest degree to attain them in this life, and to take all opportunities imaginable in order thereunto, and to redeem every minute of time for that purpose, lest I should be for ever disappointed, and not be like the foolish virgins to be getting of oil when the door is ready to be shut; and with the truant scholar, to trifle away my time allotted me for my lesson, and then to begin to learn it when my Master calls for me to repeat it.

Sir M. Hale.

PRUDENCE—sometimes Craft.

I know it is no part of prudence to speak slightly of those that others admire; only that prudence is but craft that commands an unfaithful silence. And I know not how an honest man can discharge his conscience in prudentially conniving at such falsities as he sees ensnare the minds of men, while they do not only abuse their intellectuals by foppish and ridiculous conceptions, but insinuate such dangerous and mischievous opinions, as supplace and destroy the very fundamentals of Christian religion.

H. More.

PSALMS—The.

The devotions of the royal Psalmist are a spring of gladness, whose streams have been the perennial refreshment of the universal Church, and the calm delight of every faithful Christian. Consecrated in the daily service of the sanctuary, cherished in the depth of every pious heart, these songs of Zion attract the young, invigorate the active, enliven the contemplative, and encircle with a peaceful glory the venerable brow of age. Happy is the man to whom these treasures are familiar, who has imbibed their spirit and made their sentiments his own. To such a man Omnipotence has no terror; the Almighty is his guardian; the most high God his protector and his shield. "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee. Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Because thou hast been my helper, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

Bishop Jebb.

PULPIT—a great Armoury to the People.

The pulpit, when faithfully used, is to the congregation as a great armoury, and the congregation themselves as soldiers attacked by the enemy. They resort to the armoury, and arm themselves; and they rejoice to find there weapons fit for every hand and all warfare. Yet many of them mistake their own strength and skill, and gird themselves amiss. Some misplace the armour; others are ignorant how to put it on; others wound themselves by the edge, when they should have laid hold on the handle; and some contentious spirits, like the host of old, turn their arms against each other. Let us divide the blame between the preacher and the preached to. If he had preached fully, his audience would have been instructed in what arms to take, and how to use them. If they had listened with a teachable spirit, even in his imperfection, they would have learned enough to guide them both in selection and exercise. Grant to me, thy servant, most blessed Lord, that on this day I may not have left the flock, to whom I was appointed to preach Thy gospel, in ignorance of their duty as soldiers; and may Thy grace have given them a hearty desire to do it.

J. S. Knox.

PUNCTUALITY.

If you desire to enjoy life avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them into a fever too. To prevent the tediousness of waiting for others, carry with you some means of occupation—books which can be read by snatches, and which afford ample materials for thinking. *Moir.*

PUNCTUALITY—Essential.

It might seem an easy thing to be punctual, but it is not an easy thing. It does not come to us naturally. No habits of order do, as may be observed in the utter disorder that characterizes savage life, and low and untutored forms of life among ourselves. Punctuality is something we have all to learn; and of every profession—of all work—it is one of the first lessons—a lesson not only indispensable to ourselves, but due to others. How much so, everyone knows who has to do with the unpunctual man. All is deranged by him; the time of others is wasted as well as his own. He becomes a nuisance in society; and men who have real work of their own would rather do anything than do business with him. *Dr. Tulloch.*

PUNCTUALITY—Superciliously so.

In truth, then, I despair of hearing it.
He keeps his word relentlessly. With not
More pride an Indian shows his foeman's scalp,
Than he his watch for punctuality. *Bailey.*

PUNISHMENT — Prevention rather than.

Lord Coke, in his epilogue to his *Third Institute*, which treats of the crown law, after observing that frequent punishment does not prevent crime, says—"What a lamentable case it is that so many Christian men and women should be strangled on that cursed tree, the gallows, insomuch as if in a large field a man might see together all the Christians that but in one year, throughout England, come to that untimely and ignominious end. If there were any spark of grace or charity in him, it would make his heart to bleed for pity and compassion." His lordship then proceeds to show that the method of preventing crime is,—1. By training up youth in the principles of religion and habits of industry. 2. In the execution of good laws. 3. In the granting pardon very rarely, and upon good reasons. He then concludes—"that the consideration of this prevention were worthy of the wisdom of Parliament; and, in the meantime, expert and wise men to make preparation for the same *ut benedicat eis dominus.* Blessed shall he be that layeth the first stone of the building; more blessed that proceeds in it; most of all that finisheth it, to the glory of God and the honour of our king and nation."

PURITY.

Not the young roses in the bud secured, nor breaking morn ungazed at by the sun, nor falling snow, has more of purity. *Behn.*

PURITY—Heart.

God is for that man, and that man is for God, who carries about with him a pure heart. Heart purity makes a man the darling of heaven. Many affect pure language, pure houses, pure habits, pure hands, pure air, pure meat, pure drink, pure gestures, &c., who yet, for want of purity of heart, shall never see the face of God in glory. Heart purity speaks a man eternally happy. Holiness is that noble principle which fits a man for the happiest sight of God; it makes a man a meet companion for God both here and hereafter. Without this principle, no man can have communion with God in this world; much less can he have communion with God in heaven, if this precious principle of holiness be not seated in his heart. It will not stand with the holiness of God, to have any thing to do with those that have no principles of holiness in them. It is a principle of holiness that fits a man for the service of God, that fits a man for fellowship with God, that fits a man for walking with God, that fits a man for correspondence with God, and that fits a man for the delight of God, and that fits a man for an everlasting fruition of God. And therefore certainly without holiness there is no happiness; without a principle of purity there can be no seeing of the face of God in glory. *Brook.*

PURSUIT—The Right.

In aspiring to the throne of power, the angels trangressed and fell; in presuming to come within the oracle of knowledge, man transgressed and fell; but in the pursuit towards the similitude of God's goodness or love, which is one thing (for love is nothing else but goodness put in motion or applied), neither man nor spirit ever hath transgressed or shall transgress. *Bacon.*

PURSUITS—Choice in.

We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We choose one at last doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme which we have chosen answer our expectations but indifferently—most worldly projects will. We therefore repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the path which we have declined; and this heightens our uneasiness. We might at least escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable that we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable that we had not been less so, had we made a different decision. *Shenstone.*

* * *

Q.

QUACK—A.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicensed gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand grenadoes flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they slew:
His name struck everywhere as great a damp,
As Archimedes' through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine stared him in the face.
Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail;
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.
Earl of Roscommon.

QUAKERS' MEETING—A.

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Secrecy's confident, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb.
Richard Fleckno.

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite?—come with me into a Quakers' meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?" go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements: nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses—retire with me into a Quakers' meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels. "Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud," do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' meeting. Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by —say, a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken—

"Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains—"

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt." The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions—

"sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings—"

but here is something which throws antiquity herself into the foreground—Silence—eldest of things—language of old night—primitive discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

"How reverend is the view of these hushed heads,
Looking tranquillity!"

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's *History of the Quakers*. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox and the Primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth), James Naylor: what dreadful sufferings, with what patience, he endured even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still!—so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, apostatize all, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies upon which the dove sat visibly brooding. Others again have I watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings. If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female, generally ancient, voice is heard—you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which "she thought might suit the condition of some present," with a quaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that anything of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty. The men, for what I have observed, speak seldomer. . . .

More frequently the meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the Tongue, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. Oh, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half-hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined present an uniformity tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—"forty feeding like one."

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil, and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones. *Charles Lamb.*

QUARRELS—Declining, Needless.

I commend his discretion and valour who, walking in London streets, met a gallant, who cried to him a pretty distance beforehand, "I will have the wall!" "Yea," answered he, "and take the house too, if you can but agree with the landlord." *Fuller.*

QUIETNESS—Undisturbed.

The humble Dr. Sanderson had so conquered all repining and ambitious thoughts, and with them all other unruly passions, that if the accidents of the day proved to his danger or damage, yet he both began and ended it with an even and undisturbed quietness; always praising God that He had not withdrawn food and raiment from him and his poor family; nor suffered him to violate his conscience for his safety, or to support himself or them in a more splendid or plentiful condition; and that he therefore resolved with David, "that His praise should be always in his mouth." *Izaak Walton.*

* * *

R.

RAGE—Essentially Vulgar.

Rage is essentially vulgar, and never vulgarer than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the vulgarest of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation vindicating its rights, or of a donkey sinking under its load.
Hartely Coleridge.

RAIN—Genial.

The clouds consign their treasures to the field,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
Thomson.

RAINBOW—The.

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air,
Rain gently spends his honey-drops and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.
Henry Vaughan.

Hail! beauteous meteor of the thousand dyes,
Emblazoned, like a trophy, on the skies.
Heaven's richest hues inlay thy lightsome span,
Kindled to glory—for a Sign to man.
Those vivid tints that through the welkin shine,
Proclaim thy matchless Architect divine.
Gemmed by the rain-drops was the tissue spun
With golden threads irradiate of the sun,
Like stars enwreathed; whose myriad spangles throw
The prism's gay lustre to the world below.
Weft of mute music thou, whose pictured tones
Blend in accord, and melt in kindred zones.
  Sweet solace ours, when lurid tempests frown,
To mark thy gradual braid th' horizon crown!
First, faint brief segments spring on either hand,
Whence lost abrupt, soon longer curves expand;
More massive, high upreared, the glowing form
In bolder contrast now bestrides the storm:
Fain its bright column would our arms embrace,
Yet at each step a fleeting beam we chase;
And whilst we fear lest ere the whole be viewed,
The subtle vision may our sight elude,
Mercy, fleet herald from the realms above,
Buoyed in the ambient air of heavenly love,
With steadfast key-link binds the quivering arch,
Then speeds thereon to earth her volant march.
  See! through the dark depths of th' unfathomed main
The mirrored brilliance softly gleams again;

Warning the surges that their ruthless might
No more shall revel on the mountain height,
Nor through the fertile fields and valleys rave,
Engulfing Nature in the whirling wave:
No! for when 'neath Armenia's summits hoar
The shrunken waters lashed their slimy shore,
And found whene'er they strove beyond to roam,
The rising cliffs rebuke their baffled foam;—
When the glad fathers of man's rescued race,
Exulting on the lone Ark's resting-place,
Had bent the knee, invoked the Almighty name,
Drawn votive blood, and fanned the sacred flame;—
When o'er fair Nature burst that sunny smile;
More lovely for her glistening tears the while;—
Then from the heavens was heard an awful voice
That bade the favoured patriarch rejoice:
Well pleased the Deity had seen arise
Prayer mingling with the smoke of sacrifice!
And now the solemn Covenant He swore,
That He would flood the new-born land no more;
Then rays from heaven with tears from earth He blent,
And wrote His promise on the firmament.
View it, vain man, whose dull unheeding soul
No cheering hopes, no startling fears control,
Nor the pale splendour of the moon absorbs,
Nor the deep rapture of the hymning orbs;
Whose sordid thought ne'er searched creation's laws,
For the vast goodness of th' Omniscient cause,
Ne'er felt ecstatic joy when laughing May
Wreathes with young flowers the verdant brow of day,
Nor owned with transport chastened, awed, refined,
Might on the mountain, wonder in the wind:
Behold! and though thou deignest naught to bless,
Yet inly scan thy very nothingness.
Such thou hast shone, bright rainbow! when the sky
Has clothed in clouds its blue serenity;
And such shalt shine; while grateful for the vow,
All nations of the earth to heaven shall bow,
Curbing the tempest on its thunder-path,
Chaining the boisterous billows in their wrath;
Majestic symbol of thy Maker's might!
Girdle of beauty! coronal of light!
God's own blest hand-mark, mystic, sure, sublime,
Graven in glory to the end of time!
Nor dost thou live for earth and time alone:
In Paradise, around th' eternal throne
Thine emerald lightnings play; thine every gem
Is treasured for the Conqueror's diadem.
When, with a shout that will earth's centre rend,
Christ with His saints and angels shall descend,
Careering kingly over sun and star,
The winds His coursers, and a cloud His car:—
No watery deluge then earth's funeral pall,
But sulphurous flames enwrap the reeling ball.
Thus thy triumphal banner floats unfurled
Above the wrecks of this self-ruined world;
From cloud, from throne, from crown, betokening mild
Jehovah to lost sinners reconciled!

Rev. T. A. Holland.

RANK—Diversity of, in the Church.

We cannot all shine as stars of the first magnitude in the wide firmament of the Church: those that cannot must give such light as they are able to dispense. I envy not our eagles in divinity, that they say far more than I, but thank God I see so much. While the greater sages offer gold, and myrrh, and frankincense, I am happy enough if I may be allowed to bring goats' hair and badgers' skins towards the accomplishment of the tabernacle. *Horneck.*

RANK—Its Value.

The rank is but the guinea stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that. *Burns.*

READING.

It is not much *reading* that builds up wisdom and life; a man may injure himself and cancel his true life by careless or ill-timed reading, as readily as he may hurt his body by unseasonable eating and unwholesome foods. It is through not properly discriminating between these two courses and their results that with many persons there is a kind of suspicion and distrust of the value of learning. But no culture, whether of body or soul, is injurious, save that which has no regard to time, and means, and measure. . . . What we have to do, in order to be healthy and strong, is not merely to eat, but to *assimilate* what we eat. To read merely for reading's sake is almost as unprofitable as not reading at all. Setting out in the first place with a clear idea of what we wish to learn, which is eminently important, we must afterwards, if we would realize what we have read, re-peruse it in thought. This only makes it truly your own. Better still is it to *write down* the central ideas, or modestly communicate them in conversation. . . . It does not follow, because we seem to ourselves to possess things, that we veritably possess them. Though a man may have collected a thousand facts in the *ologies* and the *graphics*, he may yet not possess one of them in reality;—though he may cover himself with feathers, it needs something else that he may fly; it is of no use merely to see what is true, unless, by assimilating it, we prove its efficacy, and feel it exerting upon us some salutary effect. Accordingly, it is not so much the reading of books and the manual part of science from which we are to expect spiritual aliment; we are nourished only as these things are incorporated into our inmost thought. Many, especially young persons, make it a matter of pride that they are "great readers." They literally *devour* books; yet what good does it do them? Life—real enjoyable life—is immensely dependent on intellectual and reading habits, but it never comes of mere gormandizing. We read to live, not live to read! Mere consumers of books not only desire no true nourishment from what they read, but are total strangers to the higher pleasures of literary taste. Like the lower animals, they *feed* only—they do not *eat*. . . . We are not to read books merely with a view to passages which have references to ourselves, or for the sake of the splendid ones, or of such as may support favourite theories. This is to refuse the greater part of their worth, often not to discover it at all, and is the secret of many books being thrown aside as dull and tiresome. Often when a man says "he does nothing" in a given book, the fact of the matter is simply that he does not see himself in it; which, as a clever writer remarks, "if it be not a comedy, or a satire, is likely enough." No book should ever be read without two distinct aims,—first, our own improvement; second, the just apprehension of the author, whom we have never properly read, and therefore not benefited by, till we have seen his subject as *he* saw it, whether right or wrong. To this end we must possess ourselves of all the spirit that lies underneath the words, mastering that internal character, sense, and design of the work, to which our regard from the first moment should be directed. Hence, too, the value as well as pleasantness of two persons reading together. Each perceives different beauties, and in each is awakened a train of differently-associated ideas, throwing light from opposite sides upon the arguments and illustrations; so that the author is more thoroughly understood, and as a consequence, more truly enjoyed.

Leo H. Grindon.

READING—Art of.

The practical rule to be adopted in order to secure good reading is, not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to withdraw the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the sense; trusting to nature to suggest spontaneously the proper emphases and tones.

Many persons are so far impressed with the truth of the doctrine here inculcated as to acknowledge that "it is a great fault for a reader to be too much occupied with thoughts respecting his own voice;" and thus they think to steer a middle course between opposite extremes. But it should be remembered that this middle course entirely nullifies the whole advantage proposed by the plan recommended. A reader is sure to pay too much attention to his voice, not only if he pays any at all, but if he does not strenuously labour to withdraw his attention from it altogether. He who not only understands fully what he is reading, but is earnestly occupying his mind with the matter of it, will be likely to read as if he understood it, and thus to make others understand it; and, in like manner, with a view to the impressiveness of the delivery, he who not only feels it, but is exclusively absorbed with that feeling, will be likely to read as if he felt it, and to communicate the impression to his hearers. But this cannot be the case if he is occupied with the thought of what their opinion will be of his reading, and how his voice ought to be regulated; if, in short, he is thinking of himself, and, of course, in the same degree, abstracting his attention from that which ought to occupy it exclusively.

It is not, indeed, desirable that in reading the Bible, for example, or any thing that is not intended to appear as his own composition, he should deliver what are avowedly another's sentiments in the same style as if they were such as arose in his own mind; but it is desirable that he should deliver them as if he were reporting another's sentiments, which were both fully understood and felt in all their force by the reporter; and the only way to do this effectually—with such modulations of voice, etc., as are suitable to each word and passage—is to fix his mind earnestly on the meaning, and leave nature and habit to suggest the utterance. *P. Whately.*

READING—Danger of, in the Sixteenth Century.

In the year 1532, Thomas Harding, about easter holidaies, when the other people went to the church, tooke his way into the woodes, there solitarily to worship the true living God in spirit and truth. It chanced that one came in great hast to the officer of the towne declaring hee had seen Harding in the woodes looking on a book, wereupon immediatelie ran desperately to his house to search for bookes, and in searching went so nigh that under the bords of his floor they found certain English bookes of Holy Scripture, whereupon this godly man with his bookes was burned as a relapsed heretic. Such as died in prison, we are told, were thrown out to dogs and birds as unworthy of a Christian burial; and yet all this mercilesse commandement notwithstanding, som good men there were which buried those who were thrown out, in take sort whom they were wont privily by night to cover, and many times the archers in the fields standing by and singing together psalmes at their buriall.

Fox Actes and Monuments.

READING—Desultory.

Desultory reading is indeed very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all sorts to float through, and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties needs most care, and is most improved by it. On the other hand, a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind than hard exercise will weaken the body, nor will a strong understanding be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than an oak is by its leaves, or than Samson was by his locks. He whose sinews are drained by his hair must already be a weakling. *Hare.*

READING—Directions for.

If the books which you read are your own, mark with a pen or pencil the most considerable things in them which you desire to remember. Thus you may read that book the second time over with half the trouble, by your eye running over the paragraphs which your pencil has noted. It is but a very weak objection against this practice to say, "I shall spoil my book;" for I persuade myself that you did not buy it as a bookseller, to sell it again for gain, but as a scholar, to improve your mind by it; and if the mind be improved, your advantage is abundant, though your book yields less money to your executors. *Watts.*

READING—Method in.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers, who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. *Edward Gibbon.*

READING AND REFLECTION.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. *Locke.*

REASON—Requires Culture.

Reason requires culture to expand it. It resembles the fire concealed in the flint, which only shows itself when struck with the steel. *Gerdil.*

REASON—to be Distinguished.

We must distinguish between those things that are above reason and incomprehensible, and things that are against reason and utterly inconceivable. Some things are above reason in regard of their transcendent excellency or distance from us. The Divine Essence, the eternal decrees, the hypostatical union, are such high and glorious objects, that it is an impossible enterprize to comprehend them; the intellectual eye is dazzled by their overpowering light. We can have but an imperfect knowledge of them: and there is no just cause of wonder that supernatural revelation should speak incomprehensible things of God. For He is a singular and admirable Being, infinitely above the ordinary course of nature. The maxims of philosophy are not to be extended to Him. We must adore what we cannot fully understand. But those things are against reason, and utterly inconceivable, that involve a contradiction, and have a natural repugnancy to our understandings, which cannot conceive anything that is formally impossible: and there is no such doctrine in the Christian religion. *Dr. Bates.*

REASON AND FAITH.

Reason, as contradistinguished from faith, I take to be the discovery of the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths which the mind arrives at by deductions made from such ideas as it has got by the use of its natural faculties, namely, by sensation or reflection. Faith, on the other side, is the assent to any proposition not thus made out by the deductions of reason, but upon the credit of the proposer, as coming from God, in some extraordinary way of communication. This way of discovering truths to men we call revelation. *Locke.*

Reason is our arbiter and guide, by the institution and law of nature, in civil and natural affairs: it is the beam and standard at which we weigh them: it is a home-born judge and king in the soul. Faith comes in as a stranger to nature, and so it is dealt with, even as an intruder into reason's province, which refuseth to be an underling to faith. Out of this arrogancy of carnal reason, as from Pandora's box, swarms of error are flown abroad into the world. *Flavel.*

REASON—The Feast of.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Pope.

REASON—Never Opposed to itself.

It seems to me that there are some things that reason by its own light cannot discover; and others that when proposed it cannot comprehend. . . . Of the first, there are divers truths in the Christian religion that reason, left to itself, would never have been able to find out, nor perhaps to have so much as dreamed of. . . . Of the second, there are truths delivered by revelation, that not only would they never have been found by mere natural reason, but they are so abstruse that when they are proposed as clearly as proper and unambiguous expressions can propose them in, they do nevertheless surpass our dim and bounded reason, on one or other of those three accounts that are mentioned in a dialogue about things transcending reason—namely, either as not clearly conceivable by our understanding, such as the infiniteness and perfections of the Divine nature; or as inexplicable by us, such as the manner how God can create a soul, or how this, being an immaterial substance, it can act upon a human body and be acted on by it; or as unsymmetrical or unsociable—that is, such as we see not how to reconcile with other things, which are manifestly true, or are by us acknowledged to be true; such are the divine prescience of future contingents, and the liberty that belongs to man's will, at least in divers cases. *Boyle.*

REASON—Prejudice Against.

Whoever is not persuaded by reason, will not be convinced by authority. *Feyjoo.*

REASON—Presumption of Human.

What surprises me, what stumbles me, what frightens me, is to see a diminutive creature, a little ray of light glimmering through a few feeble organs, controvert a point with the Supreme Being; oppose the intelligence that sitteth at the helm of the world; question what he affirms, dispute what he determines, appeal from his decisions, and, even after God has given evidence, reject all doctrines that are beyond his capacity! Enter into thy nothingness, mortal creature! What madness animates thee? How darest thou pretend, thou who art but a point, thou whose essence is but an atom, to measure thyself with the Supreme Being—with Him whom the heaven of heavens could not contain? *Saurin.*

REASON—Leads to Religion's Palace.

Even reason, which is nature, leads a man up to religion's palace, though it shows him not all the private rooms within it. It brings him into the presence, though not into the privy chamber. It ushers him to faith, which, rightly understood, is little more than ratified and pure celestial reason: for of faith, there is reason to be given; and though it be set in a height, beyond our human perception, it is rather super-elevated, than contradictory to our reason. When man comes to faith, he then runs out of himself, but not at all against himself. He but lifts up nature to a higher scale. *Feltham.*

REASON—Privilege of.

The privilege of reason, which renders man far more excellent than the inferior ranks of creatures, does also render him capable of giving an account of his actions; and as it is natural to conclude that he is the work of an All-wise Being, so it is reasonable to expect that he will be called to answer for the discharge or abuse of his great trust. *Newlin.*

REASON—a Rudder.

Without reason, as on a tempestuous sea, we are the sport of every wind and wave, and know not, till the event hath determined it, how the next billow will dispose of us—whether it will dash us against a rock or drive us into a quiet harbour. *Lucas.*

REASON—in Ruling.

They say that the goodliest cedars, which grow on the high mountains of Libanus, thrust their roots between the clifts of hard rocks, the better to bear themselves against the strong storms that blow there. As nature hath instructed those kings of trees, so hath reason taught the kings of men to root themselves in the hardy hearts of their faithful subjects. And as those kings of trees have large tops, so have the kings of men large crowns, whereof as the first would soon be broken from their bodies, were they not underborne by many branches, so would the other easily totter, were they not fastened on their heads with the strong chains of civil justice and martial discipline.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

REASON—Standard of.

If we lower all things to the standard of reason, our religion will retain nothing either mysterious or supernatural. If we outrage the principles of reason, our religion will be absurd and ridiculous. Nothing is so consistent with reason, as the disclaiming of reason in matters of faith; and nothing so repugnant to reason, as the disclaiming of reason in things which belong not to the province of faith. The two extremes are equally dangerous—wholly to exclude reason, and to admit nothing but reason. *Pascal.*

REASON—A Woman's.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Shakespeare.

REASONING — Impossible without Thought.

Legitimate reasoning is impossible without severe thinking, and thinking is neither an easy nor an amusing employment. The reader who would follow a close reasoner to the summit and absolute principle of any one important subject, has chosen a chamois-hunter for his guide. Our guide will indeed take us the shortest way, will save us many a wearisome and perilous wandering, and warn us of many a mock rock that had formerly led himself to the brink of chasms and precipices, or at least in an idle circle to the spot from whence he started. But he cannot carry us on his shoulders; we must strain our own sinews as he has strained his, and make firm footing on the naked rock for ourselves, by the blood of toil from our own feet. *Coleridge.*

REBELLION.

I had a vision: evening sat in gold
Upon the bosom of a boundless plain,
Cover'd with beauty;—garden, field, and fold,
Studding the billowy sweep of ripening grain,
Like islands in the purple summer main;—
And temples of pure marble met the sun,
That tinged their white shafts with a golden stain;
And sounds of rustic joy, and labour done,
Hallow'd the lovely hour, until her pomp was gone.

The plain was hush'd in twilight, as a child
Slumbers beneath its slow-drawn canopy;
But sudden tramplings came, and voices wild,
And tossings of rude weapons caught the eye;
And on the hills, like meteors in the sky,
Burst sanguine fires; and ever and anon
To the clash'd spears the horn gave fierce reply;
And round their beacons trooping thousands shone,
Then sank like evil things, and all was dark and lone.

'Twas midnight: there was wrath in that wild heaven;
Earth was sepulchral dark. At once a roar
Peal'd round the mountain-tops, like ocean driven
Before the thunders on the eternal shore:
Down rush'd, as if a sudden earthquake tore
The bowels of the hills, a flood of fire:
Like lava, mingled spears and torches pour—
The plain is deluged; higher still and higher
Swell blood and flame, till all is like one mighty pyre.

'Twas dawn: and still the black and bloody smoke
Roll'd o'er the champaign like a vault of stone;
But as the sun's slow wheels the barrier broke,
He lit the image of a fearful one,
Throned in the central massacre, alone—
An iron diadem upon his brow,
A naked lance beside him, that yet shone
Purple and warm with gore; and crouching low,
All men in one huge chain, alike the friend and foe.

The land around him, in that sickly light,
Show'd like th' upturning of a mighty grave;
Strewn with crush'd monuments and remnants white
Of man; all loneliness; but when some slave,
With faint, fond hand, the hurried burial gave,
Then died. The Despot sat upon his throne,
Scoffing to see the stubborn traitors wave
At his least breath. The good and brave were gone
To exile or the tomb. Their country's life was done!

George Croly.

REBELLION—Its Wickedness.

There can be no treaty of peace till we lay down these weapons of rebellion with which we fight against heaven; nor can we expect to have our distempers cured, if our daily food be poison. *Scougal.*

REBUKES.

Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice. Private rebukes are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind, and deaf, and dumb. *Feltham.*

RECKLESSNESS — As to Spiritual Safety.

Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house, and field to field,
When round our walls the battle lowers—
When mines are hid beneath our towers,
And watchful foes are stealing round
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams
Of love and home, by mazy streams—
For fancy with her shadowy toys,
Aërial hopes and pensive joys,
While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart
To act the martyr's sternest part—
To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,
Thy darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,
Have faded into twilight gray.

Yes—let them pass without a sigh
And if the world seem dull and dry—
If long and sad thy lonely hours,
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers—
Bethink thee what thou art, and where—
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall—
Thou know'st it—on this earthly ball:
Full many a soul, the price of blood
Mark'd by the Almighty's hand for good,
To utter death that hour shall sweep—
And will the saints in heaven dare weep?

Then in His wrath shall God uproot
The trees He set, for lack of fruit;
And drown in rude tempestuous blaze
The towers His hand had deign'd to raise.
In silence, ere that storm begin,
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart—
From visions vain content to part,
Strong for love's sake its woe to hide—
May cheerful wait the cross beside:
Too happy if, that dreadful day,
Thy life be given thee for a prey.

Snatch'd sudden from the avenging rod,
Safe in the bosom of thy God,
How wilt thou then look back, and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile,
And bless the pangs that made thee see
This was no world of rest for thee!

John Keble.

RECOGNITION—of each other by the Blessed.

That identity of persons, and recognition after death are indeed facts, may be clearly comprehended also from the *definite* and *distinctive* position of man in the sight of God. "Fear not, I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by *thy name*" (Isa. xliii. 1.) "I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before His angels" (Rev. iii. 5.) St. Paul speaks of those whose names are in the book of life; and St. James of those whose names are *not* in the book of life. And numerous other passages might be quoted to show that the Christian especially will stand before God in heaven as personally and as individually known and distinguishable from his fellow-beings as he now stands before God and man on earth. The deduction is obvious; where individuality exists, recognition is a necessary consequence. If, with our present limited faculties, men know each other after long absence, and change from youth to age, is it possible that redeemed man, with the enlarged perceptions of a higher existence, can fail to recognize the earthly friends who were the faithful solace of their life's pilgrimage? *W. Merry.*

RECONCILIATION—The.

As through the land at eve we went,
  And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
  And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
  We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
  We kiss'd again with tears.

Alfred Tennyson.

RECREATION—Allowable.

They who look with a severe and indignant eye upon all the recreations by which the cares of men are relieved, and the union of society is cemented, are, in two respects, injurious to religion. First, they exhibit it to others under a forbidding form, by clothing it with the garb of so much unnecessary austerity: and next, they deprive the world of the benefit which their example might afford, in drawing the line between innocent and dangerous pleasures. By a temperate participation of those which are innocent, they might successfully exact that authority which a virtuous and respectable character always possesses, in restraining undue excess. They would show the young and unwary at what point they ought to stop. They would have it in their power to regulate, in some degree, the public manners; to check extravagance, to humble presumption, and put vice to the blush. But, through injudicious severity, they fall short of the good they might perform. By an indiscriminate censure of all amusement, they detract from the weight of their reproof, when amusement becomes undoubtedly sinful. By totally withdrawing themselves from the circle of cheerful life, they deliver up the entertainments of society into the hands of the loose and the corrupted, and permit the blind power of fashion, uncontrolled, to establish its own standards, and to exercise its dangerous sway over the world. *Blair.*

RECREATION—Within Bounds.

Let not your recreations be lavish spenders of your time; but choose such which are healthful, short, transient, recreative, and apt to refresh you; but at no period dwell upon them, or make them your great employment; for he that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing but sauces; they are healthless, chargeable, and useless. And, therefore, avoid such games which require much time or long attendance, or which are apt to steal thy affections from more severe employments. For, to whatsoever thou hast given thy affections, thou wilt not grudge to give thy time. Natural necessity teaches us that it is lawful to relax and unbend our bow, but not to suffer it be unready or unstrung.

Jeremy Taylor.

RECREATION—Honest.

When travels grete in matters thick
Have dulled your wits and made them sick,
What medicine, then, your wits to quick,
If ye will know, the best physic
  Is to give place to honest recreation—
  Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

Where is that wit that we seek than?
Alas! he lyeth here pale and wan:
Help him at once, now, if we can.
O wit! how dost thou? Look up, man!
  O wit! give place to honest recreation—
  Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

After place given let ear obey:
Give an ear, O wit! now we thee pray,
Give ear to what we sing and say;
Give an ear and help will come straightway
  Give an ear to honest recreation;
  Give an ear now, for thy consolation.

After ear given, now give an eye:
Behold, thy friends about thee lie,
Recreation I, and comfort I,
Quickness am I and strength here bye.
  Give an eye to honest recreation;
  Give an eye now, for thy consolation.

After an eye given, an hand give ye:
Give an hand, O wit! feel that ye see;
Recreation feel, feel comfort free,
Feel quickness here, feel strength to thee.
  Give an hand to honest recreation;
  Give an hand now, for thy consolation.

Upon his feet, would God he were!
To raise him now we need not fear;
Stay you his hand, while we here bear:
Now all at once upright him rear.
  O wit! give place to honest recreation:
  Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

John Redford.

REDEMPTION—Clustering from the Cross.

Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise,
And strike where'er they roll; my soul is
  caught:

Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the Cross,
Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze! In his blest life
I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his great assent the proof supreme
Of immortality. *Young.*

REDEMPTION—the Consummation of Love.

Other gifts are only as "mites" from the Divine treasury; but redemption opens, I had almost said, exhausts, all the "stores" of indulgence and grace! *Hervey.*

REFLECTION—upon Life's Doings.

Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious night,
And contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse:
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions passed,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! Thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading-bliss!
Thomson.

REGENERATION—Proof of.

The only certain proof of regeneration is victory. He that is born of God overcometh the world. When we live by faith; when faith has subdued the will, hath wrought repentance not to be repented of; hath conquered our corruptions; then to him that overcometh will God give to eat of the tree of life. *Bishop Wilson.*

RELIGION—No Artifice in.

True religion is no piece of artifice; it is no boiling up of our imaginative powers, nor the glowing heats of passion; though these are too often mistaken for it, when in our jugglings in religion we cast a mist before our own eyes: but it is a new nature, informing the souls of men; it is a God-like frame of spirit, discovering itself most of all in serene and clear minds, in deep humility, meekness, self-denial, universal love of God and all true goodness, without partiality and without hypocrisy; whereby we are taught to know God, and knowing Him to love Him, and conform ourselves as much as may be to all that perfection which shines forth in Him.
John Smith.

RELIGION—Attributes of.

Religion is the perfection of wisdom,—practice the best instructor,—thanksgiving the sweetest recreation. *Horne.*

RELIGION—the Basis of Society.

We know, and what is better we feel, inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort. We know, and it is our pride to know, that man is by his constitution a religious animal; that atheism is against not only our reason, but our instincts, and that it cannot prevail long. But if in the moment of rest, and in a drunken delirium from the hot spirit drawn out of the alembic of hell, we should uncover our nakedness, by throwing off that Christian religion, which has hitherto been our boast and comfort, and one great source of civilization among us, and among many other nations, we are apprehensive (being well aware that the mind will not endure a veil) that some uncouth, pernicious, and degrading superstition might take place of it. *Burke.*

RELIGION—Opposed to the Carnal Mind.

All would reign with Christ, but would not suffer with Him. Many would only hear of Christ's dying for sin, of His being crucified for them; but to hear of their dying to sin and their own corrupt will, of their being crucified with Him, and suffering their wills to be resigned to the will of the Father as Christ's was; to hear of making an entire oblation of themselves to God; this is a hard saying, few will hear it: it is very unpleasing to flesh and blood; it is too spiritual a gospel for the carnal mind to relish.
Dr. Worthington.

RELIGION—should be our Chief Care.

Religion, on account of its intimate relation to a future state, is every man's proper business, and should be his chief care. Of knowledge in general, there are branches which it would be preposterous in the bulk of mankind to attempt to acquire, because they have no immediate connection with their duties, and demand talents which nature has denied, or opportunities which Providence has withheld. But with respect to the primary truths of religion the case is different; they are of such daily use and necessity, that they form not the materials of mental luxury, so properly, as the food of the mind.

Rev. Robert Hall.

RELIGION—Christian and Mediæval, Ill-used.

Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins; for which cause it happens, too often, in certain phases of Christianity, that sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a continual contemplation of sin and disease, and of imaginary states of purification from them; thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, which will bend itself to every one of our needs, and every one of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it of all; the noblest, when built by the noble. And now note that both these religions—Greek and Mediæval—perished by falsehood in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of wisdom perished in a false philosophy—"Oppositions of science, falsely so called." The Mediæval religion of consolation perished in false comfort; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Mediæval faith; and I can tell you more, it is the selling of absolution which to the end of time will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity gives her remission of sins only by ending them; but false Christianity gets her remission of sins by compounding for them. And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low church or high, far more cunning than any of Telzel's trading.

Ruskin.

RELIGION—Coldness in.

I agree with Mrs. Chapone, that coldness in religion is a far more dangerous extreme than over much heat. The one may consist with real goodness; nay, may be the consequence of real goodness, commixing with a perturbed imagination, or an ill-formed judgment. But coldness can be resolved only into an absolute want of feeling. Enthusiasm is excess, but coldness is want of vitality. The enthusiast, in a moral view, is insane; which implies the possibility of recovery, and, perhaps, a partial or occasional recurrence of reason. The cold person is like the idiot in whom reason never shows itself, and where convalescence is desperate. But, let it ever be remembered, that he who has really found the mean between the two extremes, will, and must be reckoned enthusiastic, by those who are in the extreme of coldness. You can easily conceive that when any one stands on a middle point, between two others who are, with respect to him, strictly equidistant, he must, from the inevitable laws of perspective, appear to both to be, not in the middle, but comparatively near the opposite party. He therefore must make up his mind to be censured on both sides; by the enthusiast as cold; by those who are cold as an enthusiast.

Alexander Knox.

RELIGION—Treated with Contumely.

Religion has been sometimes decried as the passion of weak men, women, and children. Woman may blush for the association which the ridicule involves, but she has no reason to be ashamed of her propensity. May it ever be her distinction! It is the heart which adorns as well as enriches.

Mrs. John Sanford.

RELIGION—Teaches how to Die.

Let no study prevent the thoughts of death; and though we visit Athens, let us dwell at Jerusalem and Mount Calvary rather than Parnassus: let us never busy ourselves about many things, and neglect that good part which shall not be taken away from us.

Hon. R. Boyle.

RELIGION—Be Diligent in Promoting.

Give your utmost diligence to promote religion, and the power of godliness, in your respective families. Oh, shine as lights there; lay out your talents as many ways as they may possibly be improvable for the good of all about you. By this, the power of godliness must be discovered in you, and begotten and kept alive in them. . . . Oh, then let us labour to prepare and make them ready for the Lord; and that not only by instructing them in the principles of religion, but by endeavouring to the utmost, by counsels, persuasions, prayers for and with them, to have the power of godliness wrought in their hearts, to travail with them again in pain, till Christ be formed in them.

Flavel.

RELIGION—deserves Examination.

Religion deserves a candid examination, and it demands nothing more. The fulfilment of prophecy forms a part of the evidence of Christianity. And are the prophecies false, or are they true? Is their fallacy exposed, or their truth ratified by the event? And whether are they thus proved to be the delusions of impostors, or the dictates of inspiration? To the solution of these questions a patient and impartial inquiry alone is requisite: reason alone is appealed to, and no other faith is here necessary but that which arises as the natural and spontaneous fruit of rational conviction. The man who withholds this inquiry, and who will not be impartially guided by its result, is not only reckless of his fate, but devoid of that of which he prides himself the most, even of all true liberality of sentiment. He is the bigot of infidelity, who will not believe the truth because it is the truth. *Keith.*

RELIGION—Taught by Example.

Religion is not so much taught by lessons, as it is by our examples and habits of speaking, acting, and thinking. It should not be a garment reserved for Sunday wear. We should always be in the habit of referring everything to our Father in heaven. If a child is reminded of God at a moment of peculiar happiness, and is then told to be grateful to him for all his enjoyments, it will do him more good than any words he can learn. To see the cherry-stone he has planted becoming a tree, and to be told that God made it grow, will make a more lively impression on his mind, than would be produced by any lesson from a book. *Mrs. Child.*

RELIGION—Family.

Every master is to be both a priest and a prophet within his own family, as well as a king. He is to instruct them in the will and laws of God; to inform their ignorance, resolve their doubts, excite and quicken them to the service of God; to rectify their errors and mistakes; to pray with them and for them; to direct them in the way that leads to heaven and happiness; and, above all, to walk before them in it by his holy and pious example. *Hopkins.*

RELIGION—a Source of Happiness.

The things of God are so transcendently excellent and glorious, that the more lively our apprehension of them, the more happy we shall necessarily be. The more we see of God in Christ, the more we shall be conscious of a surpassing beauty in those objects, which will eclipse the whole world in our view. The all-sufficiency and unchangeableness, the goodness, holiness, and truth of the great Eternal, viewed by faith, will fill the mind with the most exalted satisfaction. The glory of the visible heavens and of the earth is nothing more than the reflection or rather the shadow of this glory. If the contemplation of created truth and goodness, developed in the actions of man, affords so high a satisfaction; if it is sufficient in its brightest display to excite rapture, how much more will the mind be fixed in meditating by faith on the original, unchanging, and eternal truth and goodness! If to trace the counsels of princes, to observe the masterly strokes of wisdom and address evinced in the management of the concerns of earthly kingdoms, gives pleasure, how much more ravishing to have laid open to our view the counsels of the King of kings, to be allowed to behold the deep things of God, the contrivance of that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure, the thoughts of his heart which endure to all generations! How delightful to see the footsteps of Divine grace in ancient times, the gradual preparations for the coming of Christ, the types and shadows of the law preparing the way for preaching the cross, and the preaching of the cross succeeded by the vision of eternal glory! If to contemplate some stupendous work of God fills the mind with admiration and delight, how much more to dwell by faith on the mediation of Him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person;" assuming our nature, carrying our sins up with Him to the cross, and making expiation for them by the sacrifice of Himself, rising from the dead, sitting at the right hand of God, ever living to make intercession, diffusing His Spirit, and scattering His graces among the children of men? Who that knows anything of such an object can be content without wishing to know more of Him? Who will not be disposed to look on all things else as dross and dung when compared to such an object?

Robert Hall.

RELIGION—Real, Commands Homage.

Though religion, in its ordinary mode of exhibition commands but little respect, when it rises to the sublime, and is perceived to tincture and pervade the whole character, it seldom fails to draw forth the homage of mankind. The most hardened impiety and daring profligacy will find it difficult to despise the man who manifestly appears to walk with God, whose whole system of life is evidently influenced and directed by the power of the world to come. The ridicule cast on religious characters is not always directed towards their religion, but more often, perhaps, to the little it performs, contrasted with the loftiness of its pretensions; a ridicule which derives its force from the very sublimity of the principles which the profession of piety assumes. *Robert Hall.*

RELIGION—Influence of.

The Spirit which is from heaven is always, out of an inbred nobleness which bears it up, carried upwards again towards heaven from whence it came, powerfully resisting all things that would deprive it of God, or hinder it from returning to its original. It is always moving upwards in an even and steady way towards God from whence it came, leaving the dark regions of death and hell under it. It resists hell and darkness by assimilating and conforming itself to God: it resists darkness in the armour of light: it resists death and destruction by the power of divine love. *John Smith.*

RELIGION—Jesting in.

To leave all reverent and religious compassion towards evils, or indignation towards faults, and to turn religion into a comedy or satire—to search and rip up wounds with a laughing countenance, to intermix Scripture and scurrility sometimes in one sentence, is a thing far from the devout reverence of a Christian, and scant beseeming the honest regard of a sober man. There is no greater confusion than the confounding of jest and earnest. The majesty of religion, and the contempt and deformity of things ridiculous, are things as distant as things may be. Two principal causes have I ever known of atheism; curious controversies, and profane scoffing: now that these two are joined in one, no doubt that sect will make no small progression. *Bacon.*

RELIGION—is Love.

Religion is the feeling and exercise of such love, and the primary purpose of all true religious culture is to induce, or rather to *renew* it; for the spiritual declension which was the loss of Eden was no other than the estrangement of the affections from their affianced partner; and until these become reconciled, the heavenly garden cannot be re-entered. The end of religious culture is threefold—namely, to reconcile man to God, to reconcile him to nature, to reconcile him to *himself.* The first-named is the final and crowning object; but the last-named is the indispensable groundwork. The practical beginning must always be made in man's own bosom, and the sign and certificate of the truthfulness and efficacy of a given system of religious culture is the degree in which this lovely harmony is re-established. There is no religion which can be referred exclusively to the heart, and none which comes solely from the head. There is none which is only Faith, and none which is only Works. However grand and profound the perceptions of the understanding, if the heart be indisposed to carry them out, still there is no religion. Neither is there any if the intellect have nothing to proffer to the affections, or only what is unworthy. For, in the one case, instead of love, there is variance; and in the other, though there is a bride, there is no husband; or, if the ideas be selfish and sensual, a husband with whom true love cannot grow up. Man cannot be virtuous in his heart, if he do not know in his head what virtue *is;* we cannot love that which we are ignorant of. This takes us to another great truth—namely, that as there is no virtue unconnected with God, or underived from Him, or intelligible except by reference to Him, a right intellectual conception of God is the very foundation of true religion, and thence of all genuine life. How grateful should we be that no conception is more readily accessible! We have but to think of the examples set by Him "in whom dwelleth *all the fulness* of the Godhead, bodily." Striving to imitate those examples, makes the difference between religion rightly so called, and mere mental acquiescence in a particular scheme of religious doctrine. Religion is to *live* a doctrine, not simply to *believe* in one; and the best doctrine a man can live is the life of Christ. He who most practises this is the most truly religious. It does not follow that defective knowledge of God, or a *wrong* intellectual conception of Him, is a man's destruction. Men are not saved or lost by what they *think*, but by what they *do.* The essence of religion is a God-fearing and devotional spirit; and no man is rejected who acts faithfully and sincerely up to that which he has been taught to believe true. He who can pray honestly and silently, and feel his prayers answered, is no stranger to the heavenly fold, however imperfect and erroneous may be his ideas. The peculiar characteristic of the intelligent religious man is, that he is continually aspiring after a larger knowledge of his God: a true Christian is never satisfied until he knows his Maker and Saviour more accurately than any object of his senses. Unpossessed of religious life, man only half lives. No matter what intelligence, and learning, and love of nature there may be—no matter what health of body, what aptitude for pleasures of sense, what money and opportunity wherewith to procure them,—wanting the true, high life of the soul, existence is but sapless and inanimate, and all things no more than what the poet calls the suppositious wife of the bachelor—"a cold armful." With it, science, literature, love of nature, as we have seen, make our experience long and beautiful; but there are hours when all are vanity, and wretched is he who then has no higher solace to take refuge in. Looking on how much some men possess—some in the material world, some in the intellectual—we are often inclined to envy them. Could we look into their hearts, and see how little of their property they *enjoy* for want of this life, when the sorrows of our mortal pilgrimage come thick and heavy, we should be more disposed to pity them. All wisdom and philosophy resolve into this one simple principle,—that the happiness of intelligent creatures depends upon the development of their moral and religious nature. *Leo H. Grindon.*

RELIGION—Its Great Object.

The great end of religion is to make us like God, and conduct us to the enjoyment of Him. . . . Whatever is called religious knowledge, if it does not direct us in the way to this end, is not religious knowledge; but something else falsely so called. *J. Mason.*

RELIGION—Its Peacefulness.

As God's kingdom is set up, so the devil's kingdom may be pulled down, without the noise of axes and hammers. We may then attain to the greatest achievements against the gates of hell and death, when we most of all possess our own souls in patience, and collect our minds into the most peaceful, composed, and united temper. The motions of true practical religion are most like that of the heavens, which though most swift is yet most silent. As grace and true religion is no lazy or sluggish thing, but in perpetual motion, so all the motions of it are soft and gentle: while it acts most powerfully within, it also acts most peacefully. *John Smith.*

RELIGION—of Pleasure.

The religion of pleasure in which all Europe gave itself to luxury, ending in death. First, *bals masqués* in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worships issue in vast temple building. Your Greek worshipped wisdom, and built you the Parthenon—the virgin's temple. The mediæval worshipped consolation, and built you virgin's temple also,—but to our lady of salvation. Then the revivalist worshipped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles and the Vatican. *Ruskin.*

RELIGION—Influence of Poetry on.

It has been remarked by an American writer, whose opinions are sometimes not less admirable than his eloquence, that religion surpasses every other principle in giving freedom and variety to the human intellect; recognizing in every faculty the workmanship of God, and assigning to each its appropriate sphere of agency. Religion he justly regards, as of all principles, the most fruitful, multiform, and unlimited; possessing both the fertility and the munificence of nature. Genius rises in renewed radiance from the hallowing waters of Jordan.

"But," says Johnson, "the topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more—they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression." But the fountains of human feeling are not so soon exhausted; and every one who is familiar with the treasures of English theology will be enabled to refute the assertion of Johnson. Our topics of devotion may be numbered by our necessities; and he, at least, who, through various obstacles, and many sufferings, and griping penury, had climbed into public notice by the energy of his character and the favour of Providence, ought surely to have reflected upon his own obligations, and to have acknowledged that his own topics of devotion could never be few. Gratitude for mercies, resignation under chastisement, supplication for forgiveness, are only variations of the same great duty. To the fancy of the poet, above all, nothing can be entirely exhausted of its beauty and life: by the rays of his own invention he draws forth new colours and lustre. Homer beheld the moonshine upon the shield of Achilles, and Sydney watched her going astray through the sky, and Virgil lighted up with her beams the face of the little Iulus in the tumultuous streets of Troy; and Landor beheld her reflection upon the wet sand of the sea-shore, like the shadow from "jasper column half upreared;" yet Wordsworth, in one of his latest poems, has presented her under a different aspect, and shown us that the springs of poetry can only be dried up with the heart of man.

The most beautiful refutation of Johnson's theory, however, has been afforded by the *Christian Year* of Mr. Keble, in which every day of the Christian's life furnishes a theme to the poet. The hymns of Heber, if enlarged to the original outline, might have been united with a volume which breathes the ardour of Ken, without his conceits, and the meekness of Herbert, without his harshness; which illustrates the saying of Crashaw, that the wounded is the wounding heart, and makes the reader feel, because the author has felt before him. *Wilmott.*

RELIGION—Private and Public.

Let meditation and prayer administer to our good actions, and, like oil to a lamp, give our charity fresh spirits and flame; for as private religion is deficient without public charity, so charity, unless often refreshed by retirement, devotion, and heavenly reflections, will cool and languish. *Lucas.*

RELIGION—Reality of.

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniform, no stable mystery,
No inward nature, but an outward seeming;
No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more or less.

And, from these springs, strange inundations flow,
To drown the sea-marks of humanity,
With massacres, conspiracy, treason, woe,
By sects and schisms profaning Deity:
Besides, with furies, fiends, earth, air, and hell,
They fit, and teach confusion to rebel.

But, as there lives a true God in the heaven,
So is there true religion here on earth:
By nature? No, by grace; not got, but given;
Inspired, not taught; from God a second birth;
God dwelleth near about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin,

Such as we are to Him, to us is He,
Without God there was no man ever good;
Divine the author and the matter be,
Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and blood:
Religion stands not in corrupted things,
But virtues that descend have heavenly wings. *Fulk Greville.*

RELIGION—Its Refinement.

Nothing gives so high a polish as truly religious feelings: they shrink into nothingness all those minor objects which create asperities between man and man: they give, from the habit of self-examination, an insight into the heart, a quickness of perception that knows every tender point, and avoids touching it, except to heal, whether its delicacy spring from the virtues, the infirmities, or even the vices of our nature. The Christian cannot be proud, vain, or negligent, except in the inverse of his religion: as the sun of righteousness shines out in his heart, these clouds melt away.

The courtesy of Christianity is equally visible in health and sickness, in retirement as in a crowd, in a cottage as in a palace. Those sudden gusts of adverse or prosperous fortune, so fatal to artificial pretensions, do not throw it off its guard. Like the finest porcelain of the East, when broken in a thousand pieces, every fracture displays new smoothness and polish; and, in its shivered state, it best shows the superiority of its beautiful structure, over those coarser kinds which are "of the earth, earthy."

The courtesy of Christianity is equally solicitous to avoid offending the poor and low, as the rich and great; recollecting that to the poor the Gospel was first preached, and that the Saviour of the world ennobled their situation, by choosing it for his own. *Mrs. Trench.*

RELIGION—a Perfect Rule of Life.

It is a peculiar advantage of our religion that as it delivereth us so excellent and perfect a rule of life, so it delivereth it to us free from any alloy embasing, free of any clog encumbering it; for that it chiefly, and in a manner only, requireth of us a rational and a spiritual service, consisting in the performance of substantial duties, plainly necessary or profitable; not withdrawing us from the practice of solid piety and virtue by obligation, to a tedious observance of many external rites; not spending the vigour of our minds upon superficial formalities, such as serve only to amuse childish fancies, or to depress slavish spirits. It supposeth us men—men of good understanding and ingenious dispositions—and dealeth with us as such; and much more such it rendereth us, if we comply therewith. *Barrow.*

RELIGION—Simplicity of.

He that means to meditate on the best order to the productions of piety must not be inquisitive for the highest mysteries, but the plainest propositions are to him of the greatest use and evidence. For meditation is the duty of all; and therefore God hath fitted such matter for it, which is proportioned to every understanding; and the greatest mysteries of Christianity are plainest, and yet most fruitful of meditation, and most useful to the production of piety. High speculations are as barren as the tops of cedars; but the fundamentals of Christianity are fruitful as the valleys or the creeping vine. For know, that it is no meditation, but it may be an illusion, when you consider mysteries to become more learned without thoughts of improving piety. Let your affections be as high as they can climb towards God, so your considerations be humble, fruitful and practically mysterious. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest"—said David. The wings of an eagle would have carried him higher; but yet the innocent dove did furnish him with a better emblem to represent his humble design; and lower meditations might sooner bring him to rest in God. "An old and simple woman," said Ægidius, "if she loves Jesus, may be greater than was brother Bonaventure." Want of learning and disability to consider great secrets of theology do not at all retard our progress to spiritual perfections. Love to Jesus may be better promoted by the plainer understandings of honest and unlettered people, than by the finer and more exalted speculations of great clerks, that have less devotion. *Taylor.*

RELIGION—an Inward and Spiritual Holiness.

Religion is in its essence an inward and spiritual holiness. Outward actions can be considered but two ways: either as the means and instruments, or else as the fruits and effects of holiness. *Lucas.*

RELIGION—Substantials of.

The main substantials of religion lie in a little room, and should be delivered briefly, in an easy and evident way; not clogged with obscure and intricate notions, with unnecessary and doubtful opinions. *Dr. Worthington.*

RELIGION—Includes all Things.

Religion 's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next. . . .
Religion, Providence, an after-state—
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
Young.

RELIGION—Beautiful in Trial.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion: but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. *W. Wilberforce.*

RELIGION—Weakness in.

There is no greater argument in the world of our spiritual weakness, and the falseness of our hearts in matters of religion, than the backwardness most men have always, and all men sometimes, to say their prayers; so weary of their length, so glad when they are done, so ready to find an excuse, so apt to lose an opportunity. Yet it is no labour, no trouble, they are thus anxious to avoid, but the begging a blessing and receiving it: honouring our God, and by so doing, honouring ourselves too. *Jeremy Taylor.*

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES — Paramount.

Intellectual attainments and habits are no security for good conduct, unless they are supported by religious principles. Without religion, the highest endowments of intellect can only render the possessor more dangerous, if he be ill-disposed; if well-disposed, only more unhappy. *Southey.*

REMEMBRANCE.

When we are parted, let me lie
In some far corner of thy heart;
Silent, and from the world apart;
Like a forgotten melody;—
Forgotten of the world beside;
Cherish'd by one—and one alone:
For some loved memory of its own,
So let me in thy heart abide
When we are parted.

When we are parted—keep for me
The sacred stillness of the night;
That hour, sweet love, is mine by right;
Let others claim thy day of thee;
The cold world sleeping at our feet,
My spirit shall discourse with thine,
When stars upon thy pillow shine,
At thy heart's door, I stand and beat,
Though we are parted.

Hamilton Aide.

REMEMBRANCE—A.

Methinks I can remember, when a shade
All soft and flow'ry was my couch, and I
A little naked child, with fair white flesh,
And wings all gold bedropt; and o'er my head
Bright fruits were hanging, and tall, balmy shrubs
Shed odorous gums around me, and I lay
Sleeping and waking in that wondrous air,
Which seem'd infused with glory—and each breeze
Bore, as it wander'd by, sweet melodies,
But whence I knew not: one delight was there,
Whether of feeling, or of sight, or touch,
I know not how—which is not on this earth,
Something all-glorious and all beautiful,
Of which our language speaketh not, and which
Flies from the eager graspings of my thought,
As doth the shade of a forgotten dream.
All knowledge had I, but I cared not then
To search into my soul, and draw it thence:
The blessed creatures that around me play'd,
I knew them all, and where their resting was,
And all their hidden symmetries I knew,
And how the form is link'd unto the soul;
I knew it all; but thought not on it then;
I was so happy.
And upon a time,
I saw an army of bright, beamy shapes,
Fair-faced, and rosy-cinctured, and gold-wing'd,
Approach upon the air; they came to me;
And from a crystal chalice, silver-brimm'd,
Put sparkling potion to my lips, and stood
All around me, in the many blooming shade,
Shedding into the centre where I lay
A mingling of soft light; and then they sung
Songs of the land they dwelt in; and the last
Lingereth even till now upon mine ear.
Holy and blest
Be the calm of thy rest,
For thy chamber of sleep
Shall be dark and deep:
They will dig thee a tomb
In the dark, deep womb,
In the warm, dark womb.
Spread ye, spread the dewy mist around him;
Spread ye, spread, till the thick, dark night surround him—
Till the dark, long night has bound him,
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first cloud is beamy and bright,
The next cloud is mellow'd in light,
The third cloud is dim to the sight,
And it stretcheth away into gloomy night:
Twine ye, twine the mystic threads around him;
Twine ye, twine, till the fast, firm fate surround him—
Till the firm, cold fate hath bound him,
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first thread is beamy and bright,
The next thread is mellow'd in light,
The third thread is dim to the sight,
And it stretcheth away into gloomy night.
Sing ye, sing the spirit song around him;
Sing ye, sing, till the dull, warm sleep surround him—
Till the warm, damp sleep hath bound him,
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first dream is beamy and bright,
The next dream is mellow'd in light,
The third dream is dim to the sight,
And it stretcheth away into gloomy night.
Holy and blest
Is the calm of thy rest,
For thy chamber of sleep
Is dark and deep;
They have dug thee a tomb
In the dark, deep womb,
The warm, dark womb.
Then dimness pass'd upon me; and that song
Was sounding o'er me when I woke again
To be a pilgrim on the nether earth.
Twine ye, twine the mystic threads around him;
Twine ye, twine, till the fast, firm fate surround him—
Till the firm, cold fate hath bound him,
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.

Dean Alford.

REMEMBRANCE—Proper Use of.

What man should learn is, to reject all that is useless in remembrance, and to retain with cheerfulness, all that can profit and amend. Forget not thy sins, that thou mayest sorrow and repent; remember death, that thou mayest sin no more; remember the judgment of God, that thou mayest justly fear; and never forget His mercy, that thou mayest never be led to despair. *Petrarch.*

REMORSE.

Good men have said
That sometimes God leaves sinners to their sin.
He has left me to mine, and I am changed;
My worst part is insurgent, and my will
Is weak and powerless as a trembling king
When millions rise up hungry. Woe is me!
My soul breeds sins as a dead body worms!
They swarm and feed upon me. Hear me, God!
Sin met me and embraced me on my way:
Methought her cheeks were red, her lips had bloom;
I kiss'd her bold lips, dallied with her hair:
She sang me into slumber. I awoke—
It was a putrid corse that clung to me,—
That clings to me like memory to the damn'd,
That rots into my being. Father! God!
I cannot shake it off! It clings, it clings!—
I soon will grow as corrupt as itself.
God sends me back my prayers, as a father
Returns unoped the letters of a son.
Who has dishonour'd him.
Have mercy, fiend!
Thou devil, thou wilt drag me down to hell!
Oh, if she had proclivity to sin
Who did appear so beauteous and so pure,—
Nature may leer behind a gracious mask
And God himself may be——I'm giddy, blind;
The world reels from beneath me.
[*Catches hold of the parapet.*
(*An Outcast approaches.*) Wilt pray for me?
GIRL (*shuddering*). 'Tis a dreadful thing to pray.
WALTER. Why is it so?
Hast thou, like me, a spot upon thy soul,
That neither tears can cleanse nor fires eterne?
GIRL. But few request my prayers.
WALTER. I request them.
For ne'er did a dishevell'd woman cling
So earnest-pale to a stern conqueror's knees,
Pleading for a dear life, as did my prayer
Cling to the knees of God. He shook it off,
And went upon His way. Wilt pray for me?
GIRL. Sin crusts me o'er as limpets crust the rocks.
I would be thrust from every human door;
I dare not knock at heaven's.
WALTER. Poor homeless one!
There is a door stands wide for thee and me—
The door of hell. Methinks we are well met.
I saw a little girl three years ago,
With eyes of azure and with cheeks of red—
A crowd of sunbeams hanging down her face;
Sweet laughter round her; dancing like a breeze.—
I'd rather lair me with a fiend in fire
Than look on such a face as hers to-night.
But I can look on thee, and such as thee!
I'll call thee "Sister;" do thou call me "Brother."
A thousand years hence, when we both are damn'd,
We'll sit like ghosts upon the wailing shore,
And read our lives by the red light of hell.
Will we not, sister?
GIRL. O thou strange, wild man,
Let me alone: what would you seek with me?
WALTER. Your ear, my sister. I have that within
Which urges me to utterance. I could accost
A pensive angel, singing to himself
Upon a hill in heaven, and leave his mind
As dark and turbid as a trampled pool,
To purify at leisure. I have none
To listen to me, save a sinful woman
Upon a midnight bridge.—She was so fair,—
God's eye could rest with pleasure on her face.
O God, she was so happy! Her short life
As full of music as the crowded June
Of an unfallen orb. What is it now?
She gave me her young heart, full, full of love;
My return—was to break it. Worse, far worse;
I crept into the chambers of her soul,
Like a foul toad, polluting as I went.
A. Smith.

REPENTANCE—Acceptable to God.

From the sun's searching power can vagrant planets rove?
How then can wandering man fall wholly from God's love!
Still from each circle's point to the centre lies a track;
And there's a way to God from furthest error back.
Ruckert.

REPENTANCE—Changeth Doom.

This is ever God's manner, when men change their deeds, to change His doom; when they renounce their sins, to recall His sentence; when they repent of the evil they have done against Him, to repent of the evil He had said He would do against them. . . . Never was a man truly and inwardly humbled but God, in the riches of His special mercy (in Christ), truly pardoned him. *Bishop Sanderson.*

REPENTANCE—is Condemnation of Self.

To repent is to accuse and condemn ourselves, to charge upon ourselves the desert of hell; to take part with God against ourselves, and to justify Him in all that He does against us; to be ashamed and confounded for our sins; to have them ever in our eyes, and at all times upon our hearts, that we may be in daily sorrow for them; to part with our right hands and eyes, that is, with those pleasurable sins which have been as dear to us as our lives, so as never to have to do with them more, and to hate them, so as to destroy them as things which by nature we are wholly disinclined to. For we naturally love and think well of ourselves, hide our deformities, lessen and excuse our faults, indulge ourselves in the things that please us, are mad upon our lusts, and follow them, though to our own destruction.

Francis Fuller.

REPENTANCE—Death-bed.

What hope is there to that man who hath fulfilled all iniquity, and hath not fulfilled righteousness? Can a man live to the devil and die to God? sow to the flesh and reap to the spirit? hope God will in mercy reward him who hath served His enemy? Sure it is, the doctrine of the avail of a death-bed repentance cannot be reconciled with God's purposes and intentions to have us live a good life; for it would reconcile us to the hopes of heaven for a few thoughts, or words, or single actions, when our life is done. It takes away the benefit of many graces, and the use of more, and the necessity of all.

Taylor.

REPENTANCE—why Delayed.

Some reject repentance as a legal and needless thing; some counterfeit and dissemble it; some mistake it; but most neglect and delay it. Mistakes and delays are two great impediments to it, yet more persons delay than refuse it. Our passage to heaven is dangerous; we either split on the rock of presumption, or fall into the gulf of despair; and all delays are grounded either in despair or presumption. The former arises, either from a sense of the greatness of sin, as unpardonable; or a fear of the loss of time, as irrevocable: the latter is grounded either on the length of God's patience, the greatness of his mercy, the hope of long life, the power of repenting at pleasure, or the examples of those that found mercy upon a late repentance.

Francis Fuller.

REPENTANCE—Devil's Policy Against.

The great policy of the devil is either to enlarge God's mercy above the bounds of the law, or His justice above the bounds of the Gospel; he either presents God's mercy in a false glass, to make sinners presume, or His justice to bring them to despair. Before sin is committed, he tells them it is a trifle, and will easily be pardoned; but when committed, then it is great, too great for pardon: and though he is the father of lies, they give credit to him, and conclude that their sins, their many and great sins, will never be pardoned: whereas mercy is revealed as the sanctuary of the distressed, the balm of the wounded, the refuge of the burdened, the cordial of fainting, the hope of living, the joy and reviving of dying sinners.

Francis Fuller.

REPENTANCE—Known by its Fruits.

Repentance, when genuine, is the sorrow, not of a slave, but of a child, more out of love than fear; more because God is offended than hell deserved. The Gospel is a call to repentance; it comes with quickening motives to it; for it gives clear and strong convictions of sin, clearer and stronger than those under nature and the law. It produces strong arguments for, and inducements to it; for it reveals Christ crucified for sin, and those hearts must be hard indeed that will not be softened by His blood shed for it. It works repentance; for it is not only a light to discover it, but a covenant will to give it, and teaches it as a worker as well as a tutor—by efficacy, as well as by doctrine. It pronounces a curse upon the neglect of it. The Gospel has a terrible voice, as well as the law—a curse for our sins (except ye repent, ye shall perish)—a curse more terrible than that of the law; there is no condemnation like unto that in the court of mercy.

Many find a reason for presumption in the case of the dying malefactor, who lived a thief but died a saint, and when crucified on mount Calvary, ascended from a cross to a crown: but let us look a little closely into his case, and examine the nature of his repentance. He rebuked his fellow thief and companion in sin and suffering. "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" He owned his own guilt, became his own judge, condemned himself, made good the evidence, justified and approved the sentence passed against him: "We are justly condemned," said he, "for we receive the due reward of our deeds." He called Christ "Lord," and this when suffering as a slave. He owned him as God, for he prayed to Him, "Remember me," and this when the scribes and Pharisees mocked at his prayers, "Let us see whether Elias will come to save him." He believed in Him for salvation, and this when the scribes and Pharisees said He could not save Himself; "He saved others, himself he cannot save." He honoured Him as King of heaven; "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." He proclaimed his innocency, "This man hath done nothing amiss;" and this when he was accused of blasphemy, and suffering the death of a malefactor, numbered among transgressors, and crucified between them, as if he were the chief of them! Such was this man's faith, and it was crowned with assurance of heaven, ratified and confirmed by the promise, "Verily, I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Francis Fuller.

REPENTANCE—Return to our Heavenly Father.

At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious God,
And lashed from sins to sighs; and by degrees
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true pensive breast;
From thence to torments not to be expressed;
Returns, and (from his sinful self exiled,)
Finds a glad Father, he a welcome child:—
Oh, then it lives; oh, then it lives involved
In secret raptures; pants to be dissolved;
The royal offspring of a second birth.

Quarles.

REPENTANCE—Neglect of.

He that will not repent brings himself to ruin. Nor is he truly penitent that is not progressive in the motion of aspiring goodness. A man should well be aware of the step which he has already stumbled on.

Feltham.

REPENTANCE—Must be Now.

Upon our removal hence, there will be no place for repentance, nor any possibility of returning unto God by penitence. In this life, or nowhere, must be laid the hope of eternal life; here, or nowhere, must our adoration of the true God, and the fruits of our faith, secure to us an interest in the kingdom of heaven.

Tertullian.

REPENTANCE—Now.

Delay no time; go quickly—get thee alone—wear thy knees, wring thy hands, beat thy breast, know as little measure in thy sorrow as thou didst in thy sins. The Lord will not despise a "contrite heart;" and though He let thee kneel long, He will have mercy at the last. Learn of Jacob to wrestle with God, and cry with a fervent spirit,—"I will not let thee go unless thou bless me."

E. Joceline.

REPENTANCE—Real.

What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where He judged us, prostrate fall
Before Him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek?

Milton.

REPENTANCE — True, is Sin Forsaken.

In vain is that washing where the next sin defileth: he hath ill-repented whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the worse for vomiting that licketh up his vomit.

Quarles.

REPENTANCE—a Vital Grace.

Repentance is a vital grace, active and operative; no still quiet quality and habit of the mind, but stirring and working. . . . It longs to be fruitful. . . . "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well," that, being "dead unto sin," ye may "live unto righteousness."

Bishop Brownrig.

REPORT—False.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame.

Milton.

REPROOF.

When the Rev. Mr. Newton heard an infidel jestingly say,—"I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that venerable minister turned round and said, in an accent of deep solemnity,—"You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

REPROOF—the Hardest Part of Friendship.

To reprehend well is the most necessary and the hardest part of friendship. Who is there that does not sometimes merit a check? and yet how few will endure one. *Feltham.*

RESIGNATION.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.
Know—His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou can'st not
Understand;
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still!

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou can'st stand,
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength does feebleness appear;—
In His love, if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth
Night or day,
Know—His love for thee provideth,
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length;—
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender shepherd's care;
Ask Him not then, "when" or "how"—
Only bow. *From the German.*

Long have I viewed, long have I thought,
And held with trembling hand this bitter draught;
'Twas now just to my lips applied,
Nature shrank in, and all my courage died.
But now resolved, and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and reached out by Thee.

I'll trust my great Physician's skill,
I know what He prescribes can ne'er be ill;
To each disease He knows what's fit,
I own Him wise and good, and do submit.
I'll now no longer grieve or pine,
Since 'tis Thy pleasure, Lord, it shall be mine.

Thy med'cine puts me to great smart,
Thou'st wounded me in my most tender part;
But 'tis with a design to cure;
I must and will Thy Sovereign touch endure.
All that I prized below is gone,
But yet I still will pray—Thy will be done.

Since 'tis Thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign:
My heart itself, as its delight, is Thine;
My little All I give to Thee;
Thou gav'st a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

He left true bliss and joys above,
Himself He emptied of all good but love:
For me He freely did forsake
More good than He from me can ever take.
A mortal life for a divine
He took, and did at last e'en that resign.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give.
I hear Thy voice, Thou bid'st me quit
My paradise—I bless, and do submit.
I will not murmur at Thy word,
Nor beg Thy angel to sheathe up his sword.
Norris.

RESIGNATION—in Death.

Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, author of *Telemachus*, when his illustrious pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, lay dead in his coffin, on coming into the room where the nobles of his court stood weeping around the corpse—fixing his eyes upon it, broke out, at length, in terms to this effect—"There lies my beloved prince, for whom my affection was equal to the tenderest parent. Nor was my affection lost; he loved me in return with the ardour of a son. There he lies, and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him. But if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not, for ten thousand worlds, be the turner of that straw, in opposition to the will of God."

RESIGNATION—to God's Will.

Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's works, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.
Milton.

RESIGNATION—Christian, under Reproach.

Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine! . . .
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
Oh, sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise!
And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize;
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice;—
'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years;
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may be years thou hast to live;
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum. *Dryden.*

RESISTANCE—Effectual.

If a man were to apply all his strength directly to a rock or to a box of merchandise which he wishes to elevate to some point, he might not be able to move it at all, or at least he might not be able to raise it to the required height. But with a lever, or with a wheel and axle, or a pulley, he effects his object with ease. Here he does not actually gain power: he gains the means of acting upon the resistance by degrees. It is like taking this rock to pieces, and carrying up the parts separately; and a little reflection must convince us, that when we employ a machine, we exert not only all the force that would be requisite in such a case, if we did not use the machine, but also as much more as is necessary to overcome the friction and weight of that machine. It is a great error to suppose that, by any mechanical device, force can be generated, or even augmented. Misled by such a notion, projectors have imagined that they could adjust levers, pendulums, &c., that would act with a power greater than that which they derived from any external source. It is obvious, and should ever be kept in mind, that the inertia of matter, in virtue of which no particle of it ever moves except in obedience to some force impressed upon it, and in proportion to that force renders all such projects entirely impracticable. Universally, to overcome a resistance, a force must be exerted equal to that resistance; and, as we have already said, if it be exerted through a machine, the force must be absolutely greater than that resistance. But, on the other hand, force is made up of velocity and the quantity of matter; and hence, if the mass to be moved, or the resistance to be overcome be much heavier than the moving power, we equalize them, if we can, by giving to the resistance a much slower motion than that which the power has; thus making the greater velocity of the power compensate for its inferior weight or mass. In all these cases, however, time must be lost; and it must be remembered, as a general principle, that whatever advantage is gained in respect to power is lost in respect to time. A man with a machine does no more than in the same time he would have done without a machine, provided he could have divided the resistance into separate parts. In many cases, however, this is impossible; and hence we are enabled, by the aid of machines, to effect what, without them, would have been altogether beyond our power.

Science and the Arts of Industry.

RESOLUTIONS—Sudden.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate nothing but the changeableness of the weather.

Phelps.

RESPIRATION—in Agreement with the Vigour of Life.

Not only is life, as a whole, inseparable from respiration, but every variety in the *manifestation* of life. Where respiration is vigorous, as in the feathered tribe, life is energetic; where it is feeble, as in the reptile, life is slow. Similar phenomena pertain to the various epochs of life. The restlessness of the child and the activity of the boy correspond with the vigour of their breathing: the calmness and power of the man are combined with a usually tranquil respiration, capable of being increased to the utmost as occasion calls for the higher energies of life: deliberate in his movements—in the old man, respiration is limited and usually slow.

Breathing varies even with the condition of the body and its employments. We breathe differently in sickness and in health; differently asleep and awake; differently in the performance of every action of our animal organs. We breathe in one mode when we walk, in another when we run. Breathing, accordingly, is not only a physiological but a *representative* phenomenon. In the respiratory breast dwell, along with its health, magnanimity and heroic courage; where the breathing is languid, we look but for timorousness and debility. In our own species, the face itself, the silent echo of the heart, is not a more faithful index to our states, either of body or of mind, than is our breathing. As the emotions manifest themselves in the play of the muscles and the light of the eyes —as they are shown, too, in the tone of voice, in the harshness, the tremor, the asperity, or the sweetness of the uttered sound, and are interpreted thereby—so is it with the attendant breathing. Let us but hear how a person is breathing, and though he may be out of sight we may infer, to a certain extent, how he is employed, and judge of his general tranquillity or the reverse. See what testimony to it there is in language! To be "animated," to be "spirited," or "full of spirits," is to have breath in plenty. To be "out of spirits," "spiritless," or "dispirited," is to be destitute of breath—*literally* in every case; for all agreeable, lively, or "life-like" emotions tend to raise and quicken the breath, while depressing ones tend to lower and deaden it. Eagerness pants, despondency sighs, weariness yawns, extreme fear makes us breathless or aghast.

Leo. H. Grindon.

RESPONSIBILITY.

As ever in my great taskmaster's eye.

Milton.

RESPONSIBILITY—Actual.

No man is born unto himself alone.
Who lives unto himself, he lives to none:
The world 's a body, each man a member is
To add some measure to the public bliss:
Where much is given, there much shall be required;
Where little, less.

Quarles.

RESPONSIBILITY—of an Agent.

Whoever undertakes another man's business, makes it his own; that is, promises to employ upon it the same care, attention, and diligence that he would do if it were actually his own; for he knows that the business was committed to him with that expectation. And he promises nothing more than this. Therefore an agent is not obliged to wait, inquire, solicit, ride about the country, toil, or study, whilst there remains a possibility of benefiting his employer. If he exert as much activity, and use such caution, as the value of the business in his judgment deserves —that is, as he would have thought sufficient if the same interest of his own had been at stake—he has discharged his duty, although it should afterwards turn out that, by more activity and longer perseverance, he might have concluded the business with greater advantage.

Mr. Macculloch remarks that there seems to be a great deal of laxity in this statement. It is necessary to distinguish between those who, in executing a commission, render their services for a particular occasion only, without hire, and those who undertake it in the course of business, making a regular charge for their trouble. If the former bestow on it that ordinary degree of care and attention which the generality of mankind bestow on similar affairs of their own, it is all, perhaps, that can be expected; but the latter will be justly censurable if they do not execute their engagements on account of others with that care and diligence which a "provident and attentive father of a family" uses in his own private concerns. It is their duty to exert themselves proportionally to the exigency of the affair in hand; and neither to do anything, how minute soever, by which their employers may sustain damage, nor omit anything, however inconsiderable, which the nature of the act requires. Perhaps the best general rule on the subject is to suppose a factor or agent bound to exert that degree of care and vigilance that may be reasonably expected of him by others. At all events, it is clear he is not to be regulated by his own notions of the value of the business. A man may neglect business of his own, or not think it worth attending to; but he is not therefore to be excused for neglecting any similar business he has undertaken to transact for others.

Paley and Macculloch.

RESURRECTION.

The wheat, although it lies awhile in earth,
And seemeth lost, consumes not quite away;
But from that womb receives another birth,
And with additions riseth from the clay.

Much more shall man revive, whose worth is more;
For Death, who from our dross will us refine,
Unto that other life becomes the door,
Where we in immortality shall shine.

Wither.

RESURRECTION—Assured.

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection.

Dr. John Pearson.

RETIREMENT—Its True Repose.

Sweet solitary life, thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright;
In thee no dread of war or worldly foes;
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight;
In thee no wanton ears, to win with words,
Nor lurking toys, which city-life affords.

Thomas Lodge.

RETRIBUTION.

The Emperor Charlemagne was desirous to have a magnificent bell cast for the church which he had built at Aix-la-Chapelle. The artist Tancho, who had cast one very much admired for the church of St. Gall, was employed by the emperor, and furnished at his own request with a great quantity of copper, and a hundred pounds weight of silver, for the purpose. Tancho, being of a covetous disposition, kept the silver for his own use, and substituted in its room a sufficient quantity of highly purified tin, with which he furnished a most admirable bell, and presented it to the emperor. The historian adds, however, that it being suspended in the tower, the people were unable to ring it. Tancho himself being called in, pulled so hard that the iron tongue fell on him and killed him.

Ranken.

RETROSPECT.

Hoary pilgrim, full of years,
Bent and wither'd, dim, and gray,
Tell me how to thee appears
Life's departing, closing day?

Weak and feeble though I bend,
Faith is firm and hope is bright,
All is goodness to the end,
At the eventide 'tis light.

Oft I turn me back to view
All the journey of my days:
Ah! how many hitherto
Are the pleasant hills of praise!

When my feet, in infant hours,
Idly round the cradle play'd;
When, in dear parental bowers,
Helpless children found a shade:

Like to Jacob, who was sent
To a world of strife and care,
Having nothing, when I went,
Save inheritance of prayer.

As I feel my sun descend,
As my winter shuts the year,
Mercy makes it to the end
Cold, indeed, but brightly clear!

Often think I, when I gaze
On such mercy and such truth,
Age has beams, in wintry days,
Brighter than the spring of youth.

I have seen, at shady eve,
When the vale is dark beneath,
Yonder sun its brilliance leave
On the mountain's icy wreath.

So, methinks, as years decay,
Graces shed a brighter glow,
Beaming heaven's eternal ray
On the Christian's head of snow.

Edmeston.

RETROSPECT—The Present and the Time to Come.

The time when I play'd with the king-cup
flowers—
Those golden gifts of summer hours;
The time when I danced o'er the purple heath,
And scarcely felt the earth beneath;
And smilingly look'd to the sky above,
That spread o'er me in cloudless love;
When my step was as light as the roving wind,
That kiss'd the flowers in my tresses twined;
When my eyes, undimmed by a dark tear,
shone:—
That blessed time is gone,—is gone.

The time when I loved to sit at noon,
And hearken to the woodbird's tune:
When the flowers, and leaves upon each tree
Were more than flowers and leaves to me;
When my spirit in fancy floated along,
And around my heart was a dream of song;
The time when I lay by the river's side,
That had words for me in its murmuring tide;
When my life, like the waves of that stream,
went on,
Bright, pure, and sparkling,—is gone,—is
gone.

And the hours of darkness and days of gloom,
That shadow and shut out joy, are come:
And there's a mist on the laughing sea,
And the flowers and leaves are nought to me;
And on my brow are furrows left,
And my lip of rose and smile is reft,
And the time of gray hairs and trembling
limbs,
And the time when sorrow the bright eye dims,
And the time when death seems nought to
fear;
So sad a life—is here,—is here.

But the time when the quiet grave shall be
A haven, a resting-place for me,
When the strong ties of earth are wrenched,
And the burning fever of life is quenched,
When the spirit shall leave its mortal mould,
And face to face its God behold,
When around it joy and gladness shall flow,
Purer than ever it felt below,
When heaven shall be for ever its home,—
Oh! this holiest time is still to come!

Miss M. A. Browne.

REVELATION—Claim of.

Whatsoever is divine revelation ought to over-rule all our opinions, prejudices, and interests, and hath a right to be received with full assent. Such a submission as this of our reason to faith takes not away the land-marks of knowledge: this shakes not the foundations of reason, but leaves us that use of our faculties for which they were given us. *Locke.*

Every man must allow, I think, that it is possible for the Almighty to reveal His will to the world, if He thinks proper so to do. It will be further granted, I suppose, that some revelation seems desirable to allay the fears and confirm the hopes of men. If, then, it ever should be made, what stronger evidence could be produced of its coming from God than that with which the present sacred writings are attended? *Simpson.*

REVELATION—Value of.

Without inspired truths, which are God's statements of facts, either future or invisible, we can make no discoveries in religion. *Douglas.*

REVENGE—Cruelty of.

Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,
Makes us covet that which hurts us most.

Massinger.

REVENGE—A Good.

If thou must needs have thy revenge of thine enemy, with a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire on his head, forgive him and enjoy it. *Sir T. Browne.*

REVENGE—Malignancy of.

Revenge from some hateful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter, thy character which led the way to them shall bleed on every side of it, thy faith questioned, thy works belied, thy wit forgotten, thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of the tragedy, cruelty and cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us lie open there; and trust me, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with. *Sterne.*

REVENGE—Our Proneness to.

A spirit of revenge is one of those evil passions to which our nature is most prone, and with respect to which we should therefore most anxiously guard against the influences of example and of habit. *Mrs. Child.*

REVOLUTION—The First French.

Account of the victims of the French Revolution, from the statements of the republican, Prudhomme:—

Nobles,		1,278
Noble women,		750
Wives of labourers and of artizans,		1,467
Religieuses,		350
Priests,		1,135
Common persons (not noble),		13,623
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal,		18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In child-birth from grief,		348
Women killed in La Vendée,		15,000
Children killed in La Vendée,		22,000
Men killed in La Vendée,		900,000
Victims under Carrière at Nantes,		32,000
Of whom were Children shot,	500	
Children drowned,	1,500	
Women shot,	264	
Women drowned,	500	
Priests shot,	300	
Priests drowned,	460	
Nobles drowned,	1,400	
Artizans drowned,	5,300	
Victims at Lyons,		31,000
Total,		1,022,351

It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal catalogue how large a proportion of the victims of the revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2,413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2,160, while the infants drowned and shot are 2,000, the women 764, and the artizans 5,300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so wide spread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. *Alison.*

REWARDS—Future.

We shall reap as plentifully as we sow; and at the great day of retribution we shall find, that besides the general collation of happiness, peculiar coronets of glory are prepared for eminent saints. *J. Norris.*

RICH AND POOR—Their Distinctive Bases.

The distinction between rich and poor rests on two bases. Within its proper limits on a basis which is lawful and everlastingly necessary; beyond them, on a basis unlawful, and everlastingly corrupting the frame-work of society. The lawful basis of wealth is, that a man who works should be paid the fair value of his work; and that if he does not choose to spend it to-day, he should have free leave to keep it, and spend it to-morrow. Thus, an industrious man working daily, and laying by daily, attains at last the possession of an accumulated sum of wealth, to which he has absolute right. The idle person who will not work, and the wasteful person who lays nothing by, at the end of the same time will be doubly poor—poor in possession and dissolute in moral habit; and he will then naturally covet the money which the other has saved. And if he is then allowed to attack the other and rob him of his well-earned wealth, there is no more any motive for saving, or any reward for good-conduct: and all society is thereupon dissolved, or exists only in systems of rapine. Therefore the first necessity of social life is the clearness of national conscience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has *justly earned.* *Ruskin.*

RICH—Danger of Hasting to be.

Who hastens to be rich, resembles him
Who is resolved that he will quickly swim,
And trusts to full-blown bladders! He, indeed,
With these supported, moves along with speed;
He laughs at those whom untried depths alarm,
By caution led, and moved by strength of arm;
Till in midway, the way his folly chose,
His full-blown bladder bursts, and down he goes!
Or, if preserved, 'tis by their friendly aid,
Whom he despised, as cautious and afraid.
Crabbe.

RICH—Truly so.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.
Shakespeare.

RICHES—the Baggage of Virtue.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue: the Roman word is better, "impedimenta;" for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory: of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. *Bacon.*

RICHES—not to be Basely Sought.

Take heed that thou seek not riches basely, nor attain them by evil means; destroy no man for his wealth, nor take anything from the poor: for the cry and complaint thereof will pierce the heavens. And it is most detestable before God, and most dishonourable before worthy men, to wrest anything from the needy and labouring soul. God will never prosper thee in aught if thou offend therein: but use thy poor neighbours and tenants well; pine not them and their children to add superfluity and needless expenses to thyself. He that hath pity on another man's sorrow shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in, and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or other fall into it himself. Remember this precept—"He that hath mercy on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and the Lord will recompense him what he hath given." I do not understand those for poor which are vagabonds and beggars, but those that labour to live, such as are old and cannot travel, such poor widows and fatherless children as are ordered to be relieved, and the poor tenants that travail to pay their assets, and are driven to poverty by mischance, and not by riot and careless expenses: on such have thou compassion, and God will bless thee for it. Make not the hungry soul sorrowful, defer not thy gift to the needy; for if he curse thee in the bitterness of his soul, his prayer shall be heard of Him that made him. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

RICHES—Consist in the Welfare of Society.

The utility of riches consists not in the welfare of the individual, but in the general good of society. Whatever tends to loss of health or comfort, or deterioration of morals, in the main body of the nation, is not wealth but poverty, notwithstanding any superficial splendour of things wherewith it may be combined. *Quarterly Review.*

RICHES—Safe Growth of.

If men were content to grow rich somewhat more slowly, they would grow rich much more surely. If they would use their capital within reasonable limits, and transact with it only so much business as it could fairly control, they would be far less liable to lose it. Excessive profits always involve the liability of great risks—as in a lottery, in which there are high prizes, there must be a great proportion of blanks. *Wayland.*

RICHES—The Idol of.

You wish your workmen well—that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to it safely. I know that many of you have done, and are every day doing, whatever you feel to be in your power; and that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty—each of you striving to do his best, without noticing that this best is essentially and centrally the best for himself, not for others. And all this has come of the spreading of that thrice accursed, thrice impious doctrine of the modern economist, that, "to do the best for yourself, is finally to do the best for others." Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato—if not the last actually written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words, in which, endeavouring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts, and to speak the sum of them by the imagined sentence of the great Spirit, his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off for ever. It is the close of the dialogue called *Critias*, in which he describes, partly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens,—in which he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God, and to have corrupted themselves, until their spot was not the spot of His children. And this, he says, was the end; that indeed through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them was yet full, they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great, so that in all meekness of wisdom they dealt with each other, and took all the chances of life; and, despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and *bore lightly the burden* of gold and of possessions; for they saw that if only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they all gained this greatness of which we have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality, and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune, and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of Him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honour, while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon the God of gods, whose Kinghood is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into His dwelling-place, which from heaven's centre overlooks whatever has part in creation, and having assembled them, he said—"The rest is silence." So ended are the last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of riches. *Ruskin.*

RICHES—Make to Themselves Wings.

Our riches and our honours, our sensual pleasures and delights, will all take their leave of us when we leave this world; nay, many times they do not accompany us so far as the grave, but leave us very unkindly and unseasonably when we have the greatest need and use of them. There is one way, indeed, whereby we may secure our riches and make sure friends to ourselves of them —by laying them out in charity. By this means we may send them before us, and consign them over to another world, to make way for our reception there. So our Lord assures us, that "by giving alms we provide ourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens which faileth not" (Luke xii. 33). *Archbishop Tillotson.*

RICHES—Sweetness of.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special bless'd,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph; being lack'd to hope.
Shakespeare.

RICHES—Uneasiness of.

Let me tell you, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "the diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed, but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy. It was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them;" and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience. *Izaak Walton.*

RIDICULE—Begot of Pride.

Ridicule which chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, is at best but a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined. *Lord Kaimes.*

RIGHTEOUS—Their ultimate Reward.

To the righteous at the last great day, the Judge will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

When the trial is ended, and the final allotments of angels and men are determined, flaming fire from the presence of the Judge will kindle this great world with a universal conflagration. All the works of man—his palaces, towers, and temples; his villages, towns, and cities; his wonderful displays of art, his haughty piles of grandeur, and his vast labours of defence and dominion, will be lighted up in a single blaze, and vanish from the creation. Nor will the desolation be limited to the works of man. The earth on which we stand, the hills and mountains, the valleys and plains, the lakes, the rivers, shall all pass away; "And like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."
Dwight.

RIGHTEOUSNESS—Danger of Self.

There is no man's case so dangerous as his whom Satan hath persuaded that his own righteousness shall present him pure and blameless in the sight of God. . . . The best things we do have somewhat in them to be pardoned. How then can we do anything meritorious, and worthy to be rewarded?
Hooker.

RING—To a Lost.

Oh, for thy history now! Hadst thou a tongue
To whisper of thy secrets, I could lay
Upon thy jewell'd tracery mine ear
And dream myself in heaven. Thou hast been worn
In that fair creature's side, and thou hast felt
The bounding of the haughtiest blood that e'er
Sprang from the heart of woman; and thy gold
Has lain upon her forehead in the hour
Of sadness, when the weary thoughts came fast;—
And life was but a bitterness with all
Its vividness and beauty. She has gazed
In her fair girlhood on thy snowy pearls,
And mused away the hours; and she has bent
On thee the downcast radiance of her eye
When a deep tone was eloquent in her ear.
And thou hast lain upon her cheek, and prest
Back on her heart its beatings, and put by
From her veil'd temples the luxuriant curls;
And, in her peaceful sleep, when she has lain
In her unconscious beauty, and the dreams
Of her high heart came goldenly and soft,
Thou hast been there unchidden, and hast felt
The swelling of the clear transparent veins
As the rich blood rush'd through them, warm and fast.
I am impatient as I gaze on thee,
Thou inarticulate jewel! Thou hast heard
With thy dull ear such music!—the low tone
Of a young sister's tenderness, when night
Hath folded them together like one flower—
The sudden snatch of a remember'd song
Warbled capriciously—the careless word
Lightly betraying the inaudible thought
Working within the heart; and, more than all,
Thou hast been lifted, when the fervent prayer
For a loved mother, or the sleeping one
Lying beside her, trembled on her lip,
And the warm tear that from her eye stole out,
As the soft flash fell over it, has lain
Amid thy shining jewels like a star.
N. P. Willis.

RITUAL—Sacredness of the English.

Nor would I leave unsung
The lofty ritual of our sister land:
In vestment white, the minister of God
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues—
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising, sing, With harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms; harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a mellowed stop controls,
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud rolling, meets
The halleluiahs of the choir: sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheered;
He smiles on death; but, ah! a wish will rise,—
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!"
James Grahame.

RIVULET—Wanton and Wild.

The rivulet,
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony,
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones

It danced, like childhood, laughing as it went:
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ROBIN—Invitation to the.

Come, sweetest of the feathered throng,
And soothe me with thy plaintive song:
Come to my cot, devoid of fear,
No danger shall await thee here:
No prowling cat with whiskered face
Approaches this sequestered place:
No schoolboy with his willow-bow
Shall aim at thee a murderous blow:
No wily limed twig ere molest
Thy olive wing or crimson breast.
Thy cup, sweet bird! I'll daily fill
At yonder cressy, bubbling rill;
Thy board shall plenteously be spread
With crumblets of the nicest bread;
And when rude winter comes and shows
His icicles and shivering snows,
Hop o'er my cheerful hearth, and be
One of my peaceful family:
Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
Thou sweetest of the feathered throng!

Dr. Jenner.

ROCK—of Ages.

We must never lay that weight on an arm of flesh which the Rock of Ages only can bear. *Henry.*

It is no marvel that man hath lost his rule over the creature, when he would not be ruled by the will of the Creator. Why should they fear man, when man would not obey God? I could wish no creature had power to hurt me, I am glad so many creatures are ordained to help me. If God allow enough to serve me, I will not expect that all should fear me. *A. Warwick.*

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

It is not probable that any plans for diffusing education among the mass of the people will be admitted into Italy so long as the priests retain their ascendancy; for they are well aware that an increase of knowledge—I ought rather to say a diminution of their present ignorance—would render the lower classes less superstitious and submissive. In Roman Catholic countries religion seems to be entirely the affair of the clergy and the vulgar. The educated classes, or, at least, such among them as are educated to think, are, with few exceptions, totally indifferent to religion, unless it be as far as it is their policy to impress their inferiors with its importance. Nor is this at all astonishing; since it is hardly possible that a thinking man should not be staggered at the palpable absurdities of Romanism, even in its mildest form, and secretly despise what it may not be always safe or prudent openly to impugn. The extravagances of that system have been too frequently and too ably exposed to render it necessary more than to hint at them: saint-worship, relic-worship, priest-worship, the spells of paternosters, genuflexions, tapers, processions, the imputed authority of childish legends and ridiculous tales; and to all those, though in themselves but a part, may be added the forced and unnatural celibacy of the professed religious of both sexes, with the consequent violation of their vows. That the Romish Church appears no longer the arrogant despot it formerly was, cannot be denied; but the change has been wrought from without, pressed upon it by circumstances it could not resist. Had the reformation been extinguished in its birth, the Vatican of the nineteenth century would not have been a whit more tolerant than when in the zenith of its power; and perhaps at this very instant another Borgia or another Medici might have been seated in the papal chair.

Rae Wilson.

⁂

S.

SABBATH—Consolation in.

Ah! quiet day, I oft recall the time,
When I did chase my childish sluggishness
(The rear of darkness lingering still) to dress
In due sort for thy coming: the first chime
Of blithesome bells, that ushered in the morn,
Caroll'd to me of rest and simplest mirth:
'Twas then all happiness to me on the wide earth
To gaze! I little dream'd, that man was born
For aught but wholesome toil and holiest praise,
Thanking that God who made him to rejoice!
But I am changed now! nor could I raise
My sunken spirit, at Thy well-known voice;
But that Thou seemest soothingly to say,
"Look up, poor mourner, to a better day!"

C. Lloyd.

SABBATH EVENING.

Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon
Have thy sacred moments pass'd!
Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,
Ere the evening brings thy last;
And another Sabbath flies,—
Solemn witness!—to the skies.

What is the report it bears
To the secret place of God?
Does it speak of worldly cares,
Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod?
Or has sweet communion shone
Through its hours from God alone?

Could we hope the day was spent
Holily, with constant heart,
We might yield it up content,—
Knowing, though so soon it part,
We should see a better day,
Which could never pass away.

God of Sabbaths! Oh forgive,
That we use thy gifts so ill;
Teach us daily how to live,
That we ever may fulfil
All Thy gracious love designed,
Giving Sabbaths to mankind.

Edmiston.

SABBATH—Blessed Influence of.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend and with His blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:—
The week were dark, but for Thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

G. Herbert.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour; hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.

Grahame.

SABBATH—a High Necessity.

If there be any person in a country enlightened with the Gospel, who would banish the blessing of the Sabbath from the world, he must be a stranger to all the feelings of humanity, as well as to all the principles of religion and piety. *Jones.*

SABBATH—to be Observed.

Sundays observe. Think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music: therefore come not late:
God then deals blessings: if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay, give, to see the show? *Herbert.*

SABBATH—it Passeth Away.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die!

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die!

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade—
Thou, too, alas! must die!

Be wise, then, Christian, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless man may laugh to-day,
To-morrow may be dying! *Horne.*

SABBATH—a Preparation for Heaven.

He that would prepare for heaven must honour the Sabbath on earth. He that would hope for the spiritual joys there, must acquire a taste and aptitude for them here. . . . They who complain of weariness and satiety in the services of Christ, have an evidence in their own breasts of their unfitness for a heavenly world,—they are condemned out of their own mouths. The louder they exclaim against our Lord's day and its duties, the more decidedly do they exclude themselves from the Christian character and the Christian hope.

Bishop D. Wilson.

SABBATH—Rainbow of the.

How beautiful to Noah, when escaped from the waters of the deluge—how beautiful to his posterity, how beautiful to us—the bow of the covenant, blushing on the bosom of the impending cloud, and telling that God has not forgotten the world, and will no more overwhelm it with the waters of a flood! How beautiful—yea, how unspeakably more beautiful—is the "rainbow of the Sabbath," round about the throne of a nation—encircling its constitution, its laws, and its liberties!—the sign that God hath a covenant with that people,—the national sign that the people have a covenant with their God! *Stowell.*

SABBATH—Seemingly Affects Nature.

Bright Sabbath morning, on the moor,
Where all is still, save praise; and where, hard by,
The ripe grain shakes its bright beard in the sun;
The wild bee hums more solemnly; the deep sky,
The fresh green grass, the sun, and sunny brook. *Bailey.*

SABBATH—Well-kept, a Token of our Sincerity.

What are the statutes and judgments of God, which He showed us; what are His Sabbaths, and all the holy seasons of public worship and praise, but the terms and limits of our duty, and the signs and tokens of our sincerity? He that walks in the laws of God, is in the way of life; because he obeys, "He shall live in them;" he that observes His "Sabbaths," is sure he is in the right way, and that he loves God, because he uses the means. Where works and love concur together, we cannot but be safe, we cannot but be holy. Such men alone shall know that it is the Lord that "sanctifies them;" yea, shall know and feel that the Holy Ghost who "sanctifieth them," "and all the elect people of God," is Jehovah the Lord. This is a sure and infallible "sign between Him and them," of the union there is between God and the soul of every true believer. *Wogan.*

SABBATH—the Summer of the Soul.

Sunday is to the rest of the week in spirituals, what summer is to the rest of the year in temporals. It is the chief time for gathering knowledge to last you through the following week, just as summer is the chief season for gathering food to last you through the following twelvemonth. Do you make the most of this weekly summer? Do you, like wise sons, gather instruction by listening to the reader and the preacher? Do you gather fresh stores of grace and strength by diligent and humble attendance on the ordinances of God? Or, do you sleep? *A. W. Hare.*

SACRED—

As truth. *Dr. Johnson.*
As the tear shed for others' pain. *Byron.*
As the shrines of saints. *L. Theobald.*
As the pious saint that attends the altar. *Dilke.*
As the vestal fire. *W. Broome.*
And lasting as the fire of the Roman vestals. *Play, "Gentleman Cully."*
To me as are oracles. *Play, "Bastard."*
As message from an angel's tongue. *Thomas Trotter.*

SACRED LITERATURE.

By continual meditation in the sacred writings a man as naturally improves and advances in holiness as a tree thrives and flourishes in a kindly and well-watered soil. All the fruits of righteousness show themselves at their proper season as opportunity calls for them; and his words, which are to his actions what the leaves are to the fruit, fall not to the ground, but are profitable as well as ornamental. Everything in him and about him serves the purpose for which it was intended; his brethren are benefited by him, and his Maker is glorified. How eminently is this the case with that tree of life which Jehovah planted in the midst of His new paradise, by the waters of comfort; a tree which sprung out of the earth, but its height reached to heaven, and its breadth to the ends of the world! its shadow is for the protection, its fruit for the support, and its leaves for the healing of the nations. It flourishes in immortal youth, and blooms for ever in unfading beauty. *Bishop Horne.*

Divinity and ethics are the centre round which the national literature of a great, a thoughtful, and enduring people, must ever revolve. The subject-matter of these sciences alone possesses an interest sufficiently steady and intense to give birth and impart active purpose to great ideas. The literature which rests on taste and manners is dependent for its charm on those peculiarities which gave it existence. The literature of mere sentiment springs up and perishes annually before the sated eye, like other sickly productions of the hot-bed. The literature of classical research is intelligible to few; and being deficient in applicability to the practical realities of life, is almost limited in value to the charm of an exquisite amusement. The pursuits of natural science, though in the highest degree useful and pleasant to man, as inhabiting the world of sense, regard merely his external accommodation, and, with their results, will disappear when "all these things shall be dissolved."

But the literature of divinity and ethics is liable to none of these objections. Rooted, not alone in the truth of things (which is the essential ground of all literature worth the name), but in Deity itself, its pure themes are fit to be adorned, and never can they be exhausted by the loftiest inspiration of genius. Not concerned in the external welfare only and present interests of mankind, but with men's inmost and immortal well-being, it has a practical value which cannot be over-estimated. Making no severe demands upon intellect, no rarer qualification is needed for enjoying it than ordinary sobriety of mind. Dependent on nothing fluctuating, it possesses equal charms for the wise and good of every period, age and condition. Whatever is sublime in thought, may be met with in the pages of our sacred writers. Whatever is rich, powerful, noble, in elocution, their high majestic themes demand, and have received from them. Whatever is strict in logic and cogent in argument finds here a place and application. Minds of the most various altitude and construction here expatiate in an apt and ample field. The abysmal simplicity of St. John, and the fervent ratiocinative energy of St. Paul,—the eloquence of Chrysostom, and the warmth of Augustine,—the affectionate sweetness of a Leighton, and the exhaustive vigour of a Barrow,—find here more than commensurate employment.

So attractive and absorbing, so high and central are the subjects which this department of literature presents, that all great writers, in proportion as they approach those altitudes of conception and expression, their being able to reach which marks them great, rush into it, and become, at least for a time, moral and theological teachers. Shakespeare in his most earnest moments was a divine and moralist; Addison and Johnson were often professedly such; to the same sphere the genius of Wordsworth, and even sometimes of Scott,

Repairing, in their golden urns drew light.

Anon.

SACRIFICE—Essentially Fire.

All look as if they knew the day, the hour;
And felt with man the need and joy of thanks.
Well I ween,
Where sacrifice is not is never fire. *Bailey.*

SACRIFICES—Vain.

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me saith the Lord? . . Bring no more vain oblations." Isa. i. 11-13.

We charge the Romanists with those reasons for separation which the Scripture allows; such as idolatry, perverting the gospel and institutions of Christ, and tyranny over the consciences of men, in making those things necessary to salvation which Christ never made so. But none of them can, with any appearance of reason, be charged upon the church of England, since we profess to give religious worship only to God: we worship no images, we invocate no saints, we adore no host, we creep to no crucifix, we kiss no relics. We equal no traditions with the gospel, we lock it not up from the people in an unknown tongue. We preach no other terms of salvation than Christ and His apostles did. We set up no monarchy in the church to undermine Christ's, and to dispense with His laws and institutions. We mangle no sacraments, nor pretend to know what makes more for the honour of His blood than He did Himself. We pretend to no skill in expiating men's sins when they are dead, nor in turning the bottomless pit into the pains of purgatory and a quick motion of the hand. We do not cheat men's minds with false bills of exchange, called indulgences; nor give out that we have the treasure of the church in our keeping, which we can apply as we see fit. We use no pious frauds to delude the people, nor pretend to be infallible, as they do when they have a mind to deceive.

Stillingfleet.

SAD—

As night. *B. Thompson.*
A face as sad as grief could paint. *Quarles.*
As tears. *Poetical Album.*
As death. *Blackmore.*
And speechless as a ghost.
Paradise of Coquettes.

Like the sun in the day of mist, when his face is watery and dim. *Ossian.*

As the nightingale's melodious woe in gentle even-tide, when west winds shake the new-blown roses from their balmy wings: all night she sings the absence of her mate.
W. Thompson.

She comes like silver Cynthia sullied o'er with clouds, majestically sad. *James Ralph.*

And mourning like a virgin at her lover's tomb. *Sir W. Davenant.*

As the childless Rachel. "*Rome,*" *a Poem.*

SADNESS—Its Characteristic.

The ground of all great thoughts is sadness.
Bailey.

SADNESS—Sweetness of.

'Tis done! The phantoms of my soul have fled
Into the night, and I am left alone
With that sweet sadness which doth ever dwell
On the brink of tears: I stare i' th' crumbling fire
Which from my brooding eye takes strangest shapes.
The past is with me, and I scarcely hear
Outside the weeping of the homeless rain.
Alexander Smith.

SAINTS.

Christ left His Mother with John, but His Saints with His Spirit, to tutor and keep them, that they should not lose themselves in their journey to heaven.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

SALVATION—Whence?

Many who read the Word of Life much doubt
Whether salvation be of grace, or faith,
Election, or repentance, or good works,
Or God's high will: reconcile all of them.
Each of the persons of the Triune God
Hath had His dispensation, hath it now;
The Father by His prophets, and the Son
In His own days, by His own deeds: and now
The Spirit, by the ministry of Christ;
And thus by law, by gospel, and by grace,
The scheme of God's salvation is complete.
Salvation, then, is God-like, threefold; so
That under one or other all may come:
By will of God alone, by faith in Christ,
And by repentance, and good works, and grace.
So there is one salvation of the Father,
One of the Son, another of the Spirit;
Each, the salvation of the Three in One.
The mortal in this lay is saved of will,
In manner as this hymn unfolds, which hath
Just warranty for every word from God's.

O God! Thou wondrous One in Three,
As mortals must Thee deem;
Thou only canst be said to be,
We but at best to seem.
For Thou dost save, and Thou may'st slay,
Canst make a mortal soul
In Thee eternal; in a day
Wilt bring to naught the whole.
Thou hardenest, and Thou openest hearts,
As in Thy Word is shown;
Thou savest and destroyest parts,
By Thy right will alone.
Let down Thy grace then, Lord! on all
Whom Thou wilt save to live;
Oh! if they stumble, stop their fall!
Oh! if they fall, forgive!

They are forgiven from the first,
They are predestined Thine;
And though in sin they were the worst,
In Thee they are divine.
They are, and were, and will be, Lord!
In one, in Heaven, in Thee;
Yea with the Spirit and the Word,
One God in Trinity.
Bailey.

SANCTIFICATION — Begins in the Understanding.

The light of sanctification must begin in the understanding, and from thence be transfused to the affections, the inferior parts of the soul, and from thence break forth and shine into action.
Leighton.

SATAN—His Comparative Power.

I am a mighty spirit, and yet I
Am but to God what lightning is to light:
Lightning slays one thing—light makes all things live.
Bailey.

SATAN—His Doom.

It was by him—
Yon angel, only not almighty, there!
As with a chain of mountains, I was bound,
And hurled into this unformed nebulous life;
Stripped of all might when mightiest, struck down
While triumphing the loftiest,—enslaved,
When most a monarch o'er both earth and hell,
And made a shadow among shadows here.
It recks not. Let the impenetrable soul
Be ground as through a mill, I only know
In action or inaction equal woe—
Suffering, doing, being, one extreme;
Pass on! we meet again.
Bailey.

SATAN—His Immortality.

Look at me!
Am I not more than mortal in my form?
Millions of years have circled round my brow,
Like worlds upon their centres;—still I live;
And age but presses with a halo's weight.

This single arm hath dashed the light of Heaven;
This one hand dragged the angels from their thrones. *Bailey.*

SATAN—the Imperfection of all.

I am the imperfection of the whole;
The great negation of the universe;
The pitch profoundest of the fallible.
Myself the all of evil which exists;
The ocean heaped into a single surge. *Bailey.*

SATAN—the Prince of the World.

The prince of darkness hath set up his usurped power, and is become the prince of the world, and sets up strongholds in our hearts, and mans them with principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness: but Thou hast infinite power, even by a poor despised Gospel to pull down these strongholds, and to set up Thy throne and Thy kingdom, even where Satan's seat is. *Sir M. Hale.*

SATAN—His Temptations.

Satan knows what orders thou keepest in thy house and closet; and though he hath not a key to thy heart, yet he can stand in the next room to it and lightly hear what is whispered there. He hunts the Christian by the scent of his own feet, and if once he doth smell which way thy heart inclines, he knows how to take the hint. *A Divine of the 17th Century.*

SATAN—the Tempter of Life.

The unconditioned vision dims; and thou,
Tempter of life, to me art throughly known.
I know thee as the evil spirit of time.
But mystery is there in thine origin,
Thy ministry, thy fall, which, none create,
Not even thou thyself canst fathom. God
Only can read what He hath written there
In hieroglyphic darkness, and He will;
That His great works may know themselves and Him,
Ere all the ages end. From God I own
Power to foretell what only he foreknows;
And ye are both predestined beings. Such
His pleasurable will, that they who serve
Rule with Him—who obey not, serve Him still. *Bailey.*

SATAN—His Work.

Son of God!
Go on redeeming;—I will go on damning.
God! go on making; I will go on marring.
Go on believing, man! I go on tempting.
Saint! angel! cherub! seraph! and archangel!
Go ye on blessing;—I will go on cursing.
I now retrack my course to earth; therein
To work out what remaineth of the fate
Of this man, and await his world's destruction.
What next may hap I care not. *Bailey.*

SATIRE—Prudence in.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck and tilt at all I meet. *Pope.*

SATIRIST—A.

I'm one whose whip of steel can with a lash
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
Ev'n in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
That not eternity shall wear it out. *Randolph.*

SAVIOUR—The All in All.

Thou mid-God! my Saviour, and my Judge!
Sun of the soul, whose day is now all noon—
Who makest of the universe one heaven—
I praise Thee. Heaven doth praise Thee. God doth praise Thee.
The Holy Ghost doth praise Thee. *Bailey.*

SCANDAL.

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language. *John Selden.*

SCATTER—

Them as northern winds disperse the leaves in Autumn. *J. Tatham.*

Like the lofty cedar-trees struck with the voice of thundering Jupiter. *Marlowe.*

Them as wolves a flock of sheep. *Sir W. Lower.*

Them abroad like a storm. *T. Heywood.*

Like the storm of the desert. *Ossian.*

Like the Libyan sands before the wind. *Glover.*

Them as whirlwinds strew the dust. *J. Tobin.*

His army like the wind-driven sands. *A. Hill.*

Like the golden-footed morn, scatter abroad the cheering beam of light. *C. Emily.*

SCENERY—Beauty of.

Dark-green valley depths, and mountains zoned
With pine woods, singing in the infinite wind.
Ollier.

SECTARIANISM—Baseless.

There is less real difference among things
Than men imagine. They overlook the mass,
But fasten each on some particular crumb,
Because they feel that they can equal that,
Of doctrine, or belief, or party cause.
Bailey.

SCEPTIC—is not a Subject for Argument.

He who can imagine the universe fortuitous or self-created, is not a subject for argument, provided he has the power of thinking, or even the faculty of seeing. He who sees no design, cannot claim the character of a philosopher: for philosophy traces means and ends. He who traces no causes must not assume to be a metaphysician; and if he does trace them, he must arrive at a first cause. And he who perceives no final causes, is equally deficient in metaphysics and in natural philosophy; since, without this, he cannot generalize,—can discover no plan, where there is no purpose. But if he who can see a creation, without seeing a Creator, has made small advances in knowledge, so he who can philosophize on it, and not feel the eternal presence of its Great Author, is little to be envied, even as a mere philosopher; since he deprives the universe of all its grandeur, and himself of the pleasures springing from those exalted views which soar beyond the details of tangible forms and common events. And if, with that presence around him, he can be evil, he is an object of compassion, for he will be rejected by Him whom he opposes or rejects. *Macculloch.*

SCEPTICAL—Tendencies of the Day Rebuked.

I mean what I say, and express it as a deliberate conviction, founded on an extensive observation of young men, that no book in the world was ever so generally possessed, and so little comprehended, as an English Bible in the present day. I do not say *English* Bible, with any reference to faults of translation, for whatever errors may cling to the authorized version of the Scriptures, I do not believe that *these* affect, in any appreciable degree, the question of its intelligent perusal. The evil lies much deeper. *Everything* in English society is unfavourable to the profitable study of the Bible; the ceaseless activities of the good, and the restless insinuations of the bad;—textual preaching, and tormenting criticism,—the multiplication of books, and the mingling of things sacred and profane, *all* tend to keep men from feeding in green pastures, or reposing by the side of still waters. The result is—for that which affects the people affects the priest—that while public worship was never (?) so well attended as at present, the pulpit was never so powerless; conduct in the counting-house never so independent of attention in the pew; scepticism never so rampant; and *happy* Christians never so rare.
"*Spirit of Truth,*" *by Delta.*

SCEPTICS.

It often happens that men who arraign religion have often been arraigned by it; and their defence of truth is only a refusal upon conscience. *Bishop Warburton.*

SCEPTICS—How Men become.

Men extending their inquiries beyond their capacities, and letting their thoughts wander into those depths where they can find no sure footing, it is no wonder that they raise questions and multiply disputes: which, never coming to any clear resolution, are proper only to continue and increase their doubts, and *to confirm them at last in perfect scepticism.* Whereas, were the capacities of our understandings well considered, the extent of our knowledge once discovered, and the horizon found which sets the bounds between the enlightened and dark parts of things: between what is, and what is not, comprehensible by us, men would perhaps, with less scruple, acquiesce in the avowed ignorance of the one, and employ their thoughts and discourse with more advantage and satisfaction in the other. *Locke.*

SCHOLAR—The.

The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the attributes of the intellect. The resources of the scholar are co-extensive with nature and truth, yet can never be his, unless claimed by him with an equal greatness of mind. He cannot know them until he has beheld with awe the infinitude and impersonality of the intellectual power, and worshipped that great light. When he has seen that it is not his, nor any man's, but that it is the soul which made the world, and that it is all accessible to him, he will then see, that he, as its minister, may rightfully hold all things subordinate and answerable to it. When he stands in the world, he feels himself its native king. A divine pilgrim is nature, all things attend his steps. Over him stream the flying constellations; over him streams time; and they scarcely divided into months and years. He inhales the year as a vapour: its fragrant midsummer breath, its sparkling January heaven. And so pass into his mind, in bright transfiguration, the grand events of history, to take a new order and scale from him. He is the world; and the epochs and heroes of chronology are pictorial images, in which his thoughts are told. There is no event but sprung somewhere from the soul of man; and therefore there is none but the soul of man can interpret. Every presentiment of the mind is executed somewhere in some gigantic fact. . . . A scholar is the favourite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men. His duties lead him directly into the holy ground where other men's aspirations only point—his successes are occasions of the purest joy to all men. Eyes is he to the blind;—feet is he to the lame; his failures, if he is worthy, are inlets to higher advantages. And because the scholar, he thinks, extends his dominion into the general mind of men, he is not one, but many. *R. W. Emerson.*

SCHOOL—The, of God and of Nature.

The school of God and of nature require two contrary manners of proceeding. In the school of nature, we must conceive, and then believe: in the school of God we must first believe, and then we shall conceive. He that believes no more than he conceives can never be a Christian: nor is he a philosopher that assents without reason. In nature's school we are taught to bolt out the truth by logical discourse. God cannot endure a logician. In His school he is the best scholar that reasons least and assents most. In divine things, what I may I will conceive: the rest I will believe and admire. Not a curious head, but a credulous and plain heart, is accepted with God. *Bishop Hall.*

SCHOOLMASTER.

Fuller says that some impute the bald and threadbare style of the schoolmen to a design, that no vermin of equivocation should be hid under the nap of their words.

SCHOOLMASTER—A Gentle.

One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. *Roger Ascham.*

SCIENCE—Material Benefits of.

Science has scattered her material benefits so lavishly wherever she has been in presence, that no small number of her followers—and all the multitude—have left off gazing on the resplendency of her countenance in their eager scramble for her gifts. From those who frequent her courts with such views, she veils her brightness and withdraws her spirit, leaving them to grovel, poring like Mammon on the golden pavements of her mansion, while their ears are deaf to its celestial harmonies, and their mouths closed to its breathings of paradise.

Quarterly Review.

SCIENCES—Natural, lead to a Higher Region.

The real philosopher, who knows that all the kinds of truth are intimately connected, and that all the best hopes and encouragements which are granted to our nature must be consistent with truth, will be satisfied and confirmed, rather than surprised and disturbed, to find the natural sciences leading him to the borders of a higher region. To him it will appear natural and reasonable that, after journeying so long among the beautiful and orderly laws by which the universe is governed, we find ourselves at last approaching to a source of order and law, and intellectual beauty; that, after venturing into the region of life, and feeling, and will, we are led to believe the fountain of life and will not to be itself unintelligent and dead, but to be a living mind, a power which aims as well as acts. To us this doctrine appears like the natural cadence of the tones to which we have so long been listening; and without such a final strain our ears would have been left craving and unsatisfied. We have been lingering long amid the harmonies of law and symmetry, constancy and development; and these notes, though their music was sweet and deep, must too often have sounded to the ear of our moral nature as vague and unmeaning melodies, floating in the air around us, but conveying no definite thought, moulded into no intelligible announcement. But one passage which we have again and again caught by snatches, though sometimes interrupted and lost, at last swells in our ears, full, clear, and decided; and the religious "Hymn in honour of the Creator," to which Galen so gladly lent his voice, and in which the best physiologists of succeeding times have ever joined, is filled into a richer and deeper harmony by the greatest philosophers of these later days, and will roll on hereafter, the "perpetual song" of the temple of science.

Rev. William Whewell.

SCIENCE AND INDUCTION.

The only hope of science is in genuine induction. *Bacon.*

SCIENCE—Infancy of.

In the infancy of a science there is no speculation so absurd as not to merit examination. The most remote and fanciful explanations of facts have often been found the true ones; and opinions, which have in one century been objects of ridicule, have in the next been admitted among the elements of our knowledge. The physical world teems with wonders, and the various forms of matter exhibit to us properties and relations far more extraordinary than the wildest fancy could have conceived. Human reason stands appalled before this magnificent display of creative power; and they who have drunk deepest of its wisdom will be the least disposed to limit the excursions of physical speculation.

The influence of the imagination as an instrument of research has, we think, been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy. This faculty is of the greatest value in physical inquiries. If we use it as a guide, and confide in its indications, it will infallibly deceive us; but if we employ it as an auxiliary, it will afford us the most invaluable aid. Its operation is like that of the light troops which are sent out to ascertain the strength and position of an enemy. When the struggle commences their services terminate; and it is by the solid phalanx of the judgment that the battle must be fought and won.

Sir David Brewster.

SCIENCES—Their Legitimate End.

The real and legitimate goal of the sciences is the endowment of human life with new commodities. *Bacon.*

SCREEN—of Trees.

Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate,
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns; and in their shaded walks
And long-protracted bowers, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
Thanks to Benevolus,—he spares me yet
These chestnuts, ranged in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
Their obsolete prolixity of shade. *Cowper.*

SCRIPTURE—the only Certainty.

I cannot find any rock for the sole of my feet, but this rock only. I see plainly, and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age, the church of one age against the church of another age. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of Scripture only.

Chillingworth.

SCRIPTURE—Fruitfulness of.

How fruitful are the seeming barren places of Scripture: bad ploughmen, which make balks of such ground. Wheresoever the surface of God's Word doth not laugh and sing with corn, there the heart thereof within is merry, with mines affording, where not plain matter, hidden mysteries. *Thomas Fuller.*

SCRIPTURE—the Light of the World.

The Scripture is the sun, the church is the clock, whose hand points us to, and whose sound tells us the hours of the day. The sun we know to be sure, and regularly constant in his motion: the clock, as it may fall out, may go too fast or too slow. We are wont to look at and listen to the clock, to know the time of the day; but where we find the variation sensible, we believe the sun against the clock, not the clock against the sun. As, then, we would condemn him of much folly that should profess to trust the clock rather than the sun, so we cannot but justly tax the credulity of those who will rather trust to the church than to the Scripture. *Bishop Hall.*

SCRIPTURE—Ignorantly Objected to.

It is, indeed, a matter of great patience to reasonable men to find people objecting against the credibility of particular things revealed in Scripture, that they do not see the necessity or expediency of them. For, though it is highly right, and the most pious exercise of our understanding, to inquire with due reverence into the ends and reasons of God's dispensations, yet, when those reasons are concealed, to argue from our ignorance that such dispensations cannot be from God, is infinitely absurd. The presumption of this kind of objections seems almost lost in the folly of them. And the folly of them is yet greater when they are urged, as usually they are, against things in Christianity, analogous, or like to those natural dispensations of Providence which are matters of experience. Let reason be kept to, and if any part of the Scripture account of the redemption of the world by Christ can be shown to be really contrary to it, let the Scripture, in the name of God, be given up; but let not such poor creatures as we are go on objecting against an infinite scheme, that we do not see the necessity or usefulness of all its parts—and call this reasoning; and which still further heightens the absurdity, parts which we are not actively concerned in. *Bishop Butler.*

SCRIPTURE — The Self-evidencing Power of.

There are two things to be considered in the doctrine of Scripture, which to me seem not only to persuade but to convince the understanding of unprejudiced men of its Divine original.

Its universal suitableness, upon its first clear discovery, to all the entanglements and perplexities of the souls of men, in reference to their relation to and dependence on God. Now, there are three things that every one of mankind, not naturally brutish, are perplexed with in relation to God — How they may worship Him as they ought: How they may be reconciled and at peace with Him, or have an atonement for that guilt of which they are naturally sensible: What is the nature of true blessedness, and how they may attain to it.

That all mankind is perplexed and entangled about these considerations—that all men ever were so, without exception, more or less, and continue so to be to this day—that of themselves they miserably grope in the dark, and are never able to come to any satisfaction, neither as to what is present nor as to what is to come, I would manifest from the state, office, and condition of conscience, and the indelible innate ideas and presumptions about them, that are in the hearts of all by nature. The whole history of all religion which hath been in the world, with the design of all ancient and present philosophy, do manifest this truth.

That surely, then, which shall administer to every one of them universally, satisfaction as to all these things, to quiet their spirits, to cut off all necessity of further inquiries, give them that wherewith they will be satisfied, unless they will cast off that relation and dependence on God which they seek to settle—surely, I say, this must be from the all-seeing, all-satisfying truth, and from none else. Now, this is done by the doctrine of the Scripture, with such a glorious uncontrollable conviction that every one to whom it is revealed, the eyes of whose understanding are not blinded by the god of this world, must needs cry out, I found that which in vain I sought elsewhere in my foolish imagination.

Take an instance in the business of the atonement, reconciliation, and acceptance with God. What strange, horrible fruits have men's contrivances produced on this occasion? What have they not invented? What have they not suffered, and yet continued in dread and bondage all their days? Now, with what a glorious soul-appeasing light doth the doctrine of satisfaction and atonement by the blood of Christ, the Son of God, come in upon such men! This first astonisheth, then conquereth, then ravisheth, and satiateth the soul. This is what they looked for, were sick for, and knew it not. This is the design of the Apostle's discourse in the first three chapters of the Romans. Let any man read that discourse from ch. i. *v.* 18 and onward, and he will see what glory and beauty, what ample satisfaction this doctrine breaks out.

It is no otherwise as to present worship or future blessedness. This meets with men in all their wanderings, stops them in their disquisitions, convinces them of their darkness, uncertainty, falseness of all their reasonings about these things, and that with such an evidence and light as at once subdues them, captivates their understanding, and quiets their souls. . . .

Another consideration of like efficacy may be taken from a brief view of the whole Scripture, with the design of it. The consent of parts, or harmony of Scripture in itself, and every part of it with each other, and with the whole, is commonly pleaded as an evidence of its Divine original. Thus much certainly it doth evince, beyond all possible contradiction, that the whole proceedeth from one and the same principle—hath the same Author, and He wise, discerning, able to comprehend the whole compass of what He intended to deliver and reveal. Otherwise, that oneness of spirit, design, and aim, in unspeakable diversity of means of its delivery, that absolute correspondency of it to itself and unlikeness to anything else could not have been attained. Now, it is certain that this principle must be chief in its kind—either good or evil. If the Scripture be what it declares itself to be, it is then unquestionably the "Word of the living God," truth itself; for that it professeth to be from beginning to end; to which profession all that it reveals has an unquestionable tendency to His glory alone. If it be not so, it must be acknowledged that the author of it had a blasphemous design to hold forth himself to be God when he is not so; a malicious design to deceive the sons of men and to make them believe that they worship and honour God and obey Him when they do not; and thus draw them into everlasting destruction—and that to compass those ends of blasphemy, atheism, and malice, he hath laid out, in a long course of time, all the industry and wisdom that a creature could be made partaker of. Now, he that should do this must be the devil, and none else; no other creature can possibly arrive at that height of obstinacy of evil. Now, certainly, whilst God is pleased to continue to us anything by which we are distinguished from the brutes that perish; whilst there is a sense of the difference between good and evil abiding amongst men, it cannot fall upon the understanding of any man, that that doctrine which is so holy and pure, so absolutely leading to the utmost improvement of whatever is good, just, commendable, and praiseworthy, so suitable to all the light of God, of good and evil that remains in us, could proceed from any one everlastingly hardened in evil, and that in the pursuit of the most wicked design that that wicked one could possibly be engaged in—namely, to enthrone himself and maliciously to cheat and ruin the souls of men; so that upon necessity, the Scripture can own no author but Him whose it is, even the living God.

John Owen.

SCRIPTURE—How Understood.

The meaning which any generation puts upon the phrases of Scripture depends, more than is at first sight supposed, upon the received philosophy of the time. Hence, while men imagine that they are contending for revelation, they are, in fact, contending for their own interpretation of revelation unconsciously adapted to what they believe to be rationally probable. And the new interpretation which the new philosophy requires, and which appears to the older school to be a fatal violence done to the authority of religion, is accepted by their successors without any of the dangerous results which were apprehended. When the language of Scripture, invested with its new meaning, has become familiar to men, it is found that the ideas which it calls up are quite as reconcilable as the former ones were with the soundest religious views. And the world then looks back with surprise at the error of those who thought that the essence of religion was involved in their own arbitrary version of some collateral circumstance. *Whewell.*

SCRIPTURES — Consequence of Disbelief in.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of evil which mankind would experience in their civil capacity, were the Scriptures no longer considered of Divine origin, nor constituted the ultimate standard of all moral and political obligation. All reverence for the laws would cease, for the lawgiver would have only his own authority, or the mere glimmerings of the law of nature, to enforce his commands; while those who had to obey the laws would soon have every just and equitable principle banished from their minds, and every sacred feeling obliterated from their bosoms. The whole fabric of society would soon go to pieces, if men were removed beyond the sphere of the public and private sanctions of scriptural morality. *Blakey.*

SCRIPTURES—Interpretation and Application of.

There is a wide distinction between the interpretation and the application of Scripture. The latter is of much wider extent than the former. Interpretation is the province of few; it requires a finer perception of language, and a higher degree of cultivation, than is attained by the majority of mankind. But applications are made by all from the philosopher reading *God in History* to the poor woman who finds in them a response to her prayers, and the solace of her daily life. In the hour of death we do not want critical explanations; in most cases those to whom they would be offered are incapable of understanding them. A few words breathing the whole sense of the Christian world, such as, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me"—touch a chord which would never be reached by the most skilful exposition of the argument of one of St. Paul's Epistles. *Professor Jowett.*

SCRIPTURES—our Light.

The Word of God is called light, because it does distinguish good and evil, right and wrong; and like a lamp does manifest the path which we are to choose, and disperses that mist and darkness with which the lust of man and the subtlety of hell has covered it. For this reason it is that the good have such a value, and the wicked such an aversion for the Book of God (St. John, iii. 20, 21). Nor can he that studies the Word of God be a stranger to himself any more than to his duty. For this light ransacks all the recesses of the soul: it traces all its affections back to their first springs and sources; it lays open all its, defects and projects, and strips its most secret purposes of all their disguise (Heb. iv. 12). If we would preserve the conscience quick and sensible, we must be daily conversant in the Book of God. For this commands with authority, instructs with that clearness, persuades with that force, reproves with that purity, prudence, and charity, that we shall not easily be able to resist it: it describes righteousness and sin in such true and lively colours, proclaims rewards and punishments in such powerful and moving language, that it rouses even the dead in sin; penetrates and wounds the stupid and obdurate. *Lucas.*

SCPIPTURES—Properties of the Holy.

The Scripture is suited to every capacity. It is a ford wherein a lamb may wade and an elephant swim. And herein is the infinite wisdom of God seen, in wreathing together plain truths with obscure, that He might gain the more credit to His Word, by the one instructing the ignorance of the weakest; by the other puzzling and confounding the understanding of the wisest. This also adds a beauty and ornament to the Scripture. As the beauty of the world is set off by a graceful variety of hills and valleys, so is it in the Scripture. There are sublime truths that the most aspiring reason of man cannot overtop, and there are more plain and easy truths, in which the weakest capacity may converse with delight and satisfaction. No man is offended with his garden for having a shady thicket in it: no more should we be offended with the Word of God, that, among so many fair and open walks, we here and there meet with a thicket that the eye of human reason cannot look through. *Bishop Hopkins.*

SCRIPTURES—The, a Spiritual Telescope.

The Word is a telescope to discover the great luminaries of the world, the truths of the highest concernment to the souls of men; and it is such a microscope as discovers to us the smallest atom of our thoughts, and discerns the most secret intent of the heart. And, as far as this light reacheth, it comes with power and authority, as it comes armed with the majesty of that God who reveals it, whose authority extends over the soul and conscience of man in its most secret and hidden recesses. *Bishop Stillingfleet.*

SCRIPTURES—Truth of its own Witness.

The Scriptures carry in themselves independent and convincing evidence of the truth, validity, and sufficiency of all the narratives, doctrines, promises, and threatenings they contain. Truth is its own witness, and exacts our assent. I recognize the handwriting of a friend, without needing to be told who has written to me. We want not the stars, much less a torch, to show us the sun—it is only the blind that cannot see it. *Bengel.*

SCRIPTURES—Value of the.

The antiquarian and the naturalist, the politician and the legislator, the poet and the philosopher, the moralist and the divine, the man of retirement and the man of the world, the man of reason and the man of fancy—all find in Scripture a helper toward the discovery of truth and the attainment of happiness; a guide to the understanding, a corrector and supporter of the imagination, a comforter of the heart, a teacher of wisdom, a rule of faith, a source of joy. *Hunter.*

SEA—The.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

B. W. Procter.

SEA—Appearance of the.

Few Englishmen, who have not extended their nautical excursions to more than a hundred miles beyond the mouth of the British Channel, can form any correct idea of the appearance the sea presents throughout the greatest portion of the globe; or how little applicable is the term "sea-green," when the shallow and troubled waters of our own coast are exchanged for the clear and deep blue bosom of fathomless ocean. In the latter the vast expanse of fluid presents one uninterrupted field of a lapis lazuli tint, the ultra marine of painters; and its lifting waves, crested with foam, bear a close resemblance to robes of the richest purple, edged with swansdown or fine lace.

This intense blueness of the ocean has been ascribed to the salts of iodine contained in sea water; but it is more probable that the blue of our atmosphere, or sky, and that of the deep sea, have both the same origin, namely, the clearness and vast accumulation of their respective elements. *Bennett.*

SEA—The, in Calm.

Look what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us—Mark! how still (as though in dreams
Bound) the once wild and terrible ocean seems!
How silent are the winds! no billow roars;
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores.
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound;
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors!
What! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatch'd beneath the sun?
No: he reposes! Now his toils are done;
More quiet than the babbling brook is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

B. W. Procter.

SEASONS—Succession of.

As is the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of Nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood, and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when Nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been vanity, its latter end can be no other than vexation of spirit. *Blair.*

SECURITY—(Soul's) In what it Consists.

God's purpose shall stand, but our liability to fall and perish is precisely the same as ever it was: our security, as far as it relates to Him, consists in *faith*, and as far as it relates to ourselves, it consists in *fear*.

Rev. Charles Simeon.

SECURITY—False.

The saint's sleeping-time is Satan's tempting time; every fly dares venture to creep on a sleeping lion. No temptation so weak, but is strong enough to foil a Christian that is napping in security. Samson asleep, and Delilah cut his locks. Saul asleep, and the spear is taken away from his very side, and he never the wiser. Noah asleep, and his graceless son has a fit time to discover his father's nakedness. Eutychus asleep, nods and falls from the third loft, and is taken up dead. Thus the Christian asleep in security may soon be surprised, so as to lose much of his spiritual strength.

A Divine of the 17*th Century.*

SECURITY—Unthinking.

When everything appears to go on regularly and smoothly, the wisest and best of poor inconsiderate mortals are too apt to slumber in unthinking security, till some open instance of extraordinary preservation awakens them to a quick and lively sense of dependence on Him whose ever-watchful providence protects them in the innumerable unseen dangers to which they are exposed in every instant of their existence. Such thoughts must arise in every thinking mind, and always accompanied with an increase of grateful feelings to that beneficent and gracious God to whom we owe all we have and all we are. *Mrs. Carter.*

SECRET—

As death.	*A. Hill.*
As the grave.	*Otway.*
As the centre.	*Cumberland.*
As darkness.	*T. Scott.*
As the night.	*Jonson.*
As thought.	*Play*, "*Mock Duellist.*"
As your soul.	*J. Webster.*
As lonely shades.	*Behn.*
As men would keep their sins from the world's eye.	*Play*, "*Valiant Welshman.*"
As miser's hidden treasures.	*A. Portal.*
As a dumb man.	*Shakespeare.*
As a fish.	*O'Keeffe.*

SELF-ABASEMENT.

Others wore iron spikes around their waists,
Burned fire in their bosoms, with their bread
Mixed dust and filth, ate grass, and naked lived,
Or crawled for leagues, like serpents, in the dust,
In sign of self-abasement. Base indeed
Such writhings to propitiate our God,
In whom was perfected all sacrifice,
All penalty, all humblement, all death.
Bailey.

SELF—All of All.

Feeling himself, his own low self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self. Self, that no alien knows!
Self, far diffused as fancy's wing can travel!
Self, spreading still! oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing. *Coleridge.*

SELF-CONCEIT.

Self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults; and it is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty. *Sharp.*

SELF-CONFIDENCE—the Badge of Ignorance.

Presuming self-confidence is the badge of ignorance and the curse of fools. It is the humble privilege of the wise alone to doubt: and they who know the most are always the most sensible how little the most enlightened know. *Burnet.*

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree. *Herbert.*

SELF-EXAMINATION—Thoroughness of.

View over these six trials. Have your eyes been opened to see sin in its vileness? Christ in His beauty and necessity? Have your hearts been pricked and wounded with compunction and sorrow for sin? Are the loves and delights of sin gone out of your souls? Have you no exceptions either to the cross or yoke of Christ? Have you given up all your own righteousness, whether gross or refined, for dung and dross, and received Christ for ever? Then thy heart is savingly opened to Him. *Flavel.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

No man truly knows himself, but he groweth daily more contemptible in his own eyes. *Taylor.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us!
An' foolish notion. *Burns.*

Take pains with thine own heart; be continually sounding and guaging the depth of it, and spying out the secret and hidden corruption of it; and to that end, bring thy heart to the rule, even to the law of God and the light of His word; and often call on the Lord, that He would more and more discover to thee the hidden corruptions of thy own heart. *Elton.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND APPRECIATION.

That is always best which gives me to myself. The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine, Obey thyself. That which shows God in me, fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen. There is no longer a necessary reason for my being. Already the long shadows of untimely oblivion creep over me, and I shall decease for ever. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SELF—Never Known.

Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than man. *E. B. Lytton.*

The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan. *Thomas Carlyle.*

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues. *Goethe.*

SELF-MISTRUST.

Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.
W. Wordsworth.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

The passions which belong to self-preservation turn on pain and danger; they are simply painful when their causes immediately affect us; they are delightful when we have an idea of pain and danger without being actually in such circumstances; this delight I have not called pleasure, because it turns on pain, and because it is different enough from any idea of positive pleasure. Whatever excites this delight I call sublime. The passions belonging to self-preservation are the strongest of all the passions. *Burke.*

SELF-PRESERVATION—The Passions which belong to.

Most of the ideas which are capable of making a powerful impression on the mind, whether simply of pain or pleasure, or of the modifications of those, may be reduced very nearly to these two heads, self-preservation and society; to the ends of one or the other of which all our passions are calculated to answer. The passions which concern self-preservation turn mostly on pain or danger. The ideas of pain, sickness, and death fill the mind with strong emotions of horror; but life and health, though they put us in a capacity of being affected with pleasure, they make no such impression by the simple enjoyment. The passions, therefore, which are conversant about the preservation of the individual, turn chiefly on pain and danger, and they are the most powerful of all the passions. *Burke.*

SENSE—Plain.

Great ill is an achievement of great powers;
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Young.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

We are to resign all human succours, that we may obtain divine support, and divest ourselves of mortal arms, if we desire to become invincible. *Raikes.*

SELF-SUSTAINING.

I am for myself. I measure everything
By, what is it to me? from which I find
I have but little in common with the mass,
Except my meals and so forth; dress and sleep.
I have that within me I can live upon:
Spider-like, spin my place out anywhere.
Bailey.

SENSE—of Things.

Well, say no more.
We may pursue the sense of things too far.
True travellers they through all the lands of life,
Moral, emotional, or love's sunny zone;
The palm-graced pilgrims of truth's holy land,
Who taking pleasure in all reason, find
The science of supremest ultimates,
And self-suggestive wisdom in themselves,
So through all moral schools, the cold, stern porch,
Divine, impassive; garden gay, where still
Dwelled pleasure scarce than virtue less severe;
And stately grove of lofty lore select;
The truth sought soul progresses, till we find
Our home is where she leads; and we are guests,
But of our guide; the shrine she shews, herself.
The golden side of heaven's great shield is faith;
The silver, reason. I see this, you that;
The junction is invisible to both. *Bailey.*

SENSES—Gratification of.

As we ought not to make the gratification of our external senses the main end of life, so neither ought we to indulge our taste for the more refined pleasures, those called the pleasures of imagination, without some bounds. The cultivation of a taste for propriety, beauty, and sublimity, in objects natural or artificial, particularly for the pleasures of music, painting, and poetry, is very proper in younger life; as it serves to draw off the attention from gross animal gratifications, and to bring us a step further into intellectual life, so as to lay a foundation for higher attainments. But if we stop here and devote our whole time and all our faculties to these objects, we shall certainly fall short of the proper end of life. *Priestley.*

SENTIMENT, MORAL—Intuition of.

The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled himself. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity, thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then, in so far, is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice. If a man dissemble, deceive, he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being. A man in the view of absolute goodness adores with total humility. Every step so downward is a step upward. The man who renounces himself comes to himself by so doing. See how this rapid intrinsic energy worketh everywhere! righting wrongs, correcting appearances, and bringing up facts to a harmony with thoughts. Its operation in life, though slow to the senses, is, at last, as sure as in the soul. By it a man is made the Providence to himself, dispensing good to his goodness, and evil to his sin. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SEPARATION—Bitterness of.

Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend, and who my guide?
Years have not seen—time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee. *Byron.*

SEPARATION—from Worldly Men.

As much as lies in thy power, shun the resorts of worldly men; for much conversation on secular business, however innocently managed, greatly retards the progress of the spiritual life. *Kempis.*

SERENE—

As peace. *Hill, and Howard.*
As innocence, or peace. *Jane Wiseman.*
As hope. *Mallet.*
As the good man's breast. *Hoole.*
As heaven's unsullied light. *Ogilvie.*
As cloudless skies. *Ibid.*
As heaven above the clouds. *Dryden.*
As spring-tide morn. *Hall Hartson.*
As when fresh morning smiles upon the world. *Milton.*
And modest as the morn. *C. Cotton.*
As a calm summer's day. *Sturm.*
As airs that fan the summer. *Akenside.*
And calm as the still air, when scarce a breeze is found to spread its wings. *A. Bushe.*
As night. *J. Wilson.*
As summer skies. *William Ashburnham.*
Heart, serene as a sky untinged with cloud.
Like placid summer's eve serene. *Ogilvie.*
As Cynthia through the fields of air,
Queen of the night, extends her cloudless ray,
When all the forests tremble to the gleam,
And the transparent seas reflect the silver beam. *Dodsley's Collection.*

SERIOUSNESS—Reasons for.

While we laugh, my friends, all things are serious around us. God is serious who exercises such patience towards us; Christ is serious, who shed His blood for us; the Holy Ghost is serious, who strives against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Scriptures are serious in all they say. All that are in heaven and hell are serious. May man then trifle, whose doom is settling every moment?
Sir Francis Walsingham.

SERMON—The Best.

He is the best artist that can most lively and powerfully display Jesus Christ before the people, evidently setting Him forth as crucified among them; and that is the best sermon that is most full of Christ, not of art and language. I know that a holy dialect well becometh Christ's ministers: they should not be rude and careless in language or method: but surely the excellency of a sermon lies not in that, but in the plainest discoveries and liveliest applications of Jesus Christ. *Flavel.*

SERMONS—Truthful.

As a man will not judge of the goodness of a glass by the fineness of its frame, but by its representing his face, and will not think the worse of it for showing his blemishes, so a wise Christian will not judge of a sermon by the language, but the divinity; and will not think worse of it for showing him his errors.
Hon. R. Boyle.

SERMONS—Should be Preached in our Lives.

The minister cannot be always preaching: two or three hours maybe in a week he spends among his people in the pulpit, holding the glass of the gospel before their faces; but the lives of professors, these preach all the week long: if they were but holy and exemplary, they would be as a repetition of the preacher's sermon to their families and neighbours among whom they converse, and keep the sound of his doctrine continually ringing in their ears. This would give Christians an amiable advantage in doing good to their carnal neighbours by counsel and reproof, which now is seldom done, and when done it proves to little purpose, because not backed with their own exemplary walking.
A Divine of the 17th Century.

SERVANT—The Way to have a Good.

If thou wouldst have a good servant, let the servant find a good master. Be not angry with him too long, lest he think thee malicious; nor too soon, lest he conceive thee rash; nor too often, lest he count thee humorous. *Quarles.*

SERVANTS—to be Guided.

Servants are good for nothing unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them. *Addison.*

SERVICE—Disinterested.

Well fare their hearts who will not only wear out their shoes but also their feet in God's service, and yet gain not a shoe latchet thereby. *Thomas Fuller.*

SERVICE—Disinterested and Obedient.

The homeliest services that we do in an honest calling, though it be but to plough, or dig, if done in obedience, and conscious of God's commandment, is crowned with an ample reward; whereas the best works for their kind, if without respect of God's injunction and glory, are loaded with curses.
Bishop Hall.

SERVITUDE.

Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
Dryden.

SHAKE—

Like an aspen leaf. *Lidgate.*
Like a reed when ruffled by the storm.
J. Bira.
Like a field of beaten corn. *Shakespeare.*
Like leaves of corn when tempests blow.
Dryden.
The air like thunder.
Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.
Like a felon before the bench. *Quarles.*
Like a spied spy. *Donne.*
Thee from me like a serpent. *Shakespeare.*
Like an earthquake. *Dryden and Hill.*

SHAKESPEARE—On.

He was not of an age but for all time.
Ben Jonson.

SHAME—a Feeling of Profanation.

Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love, and piety ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence, to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought,—many more to be spoken.
Novalis.

SHARP—

As fire. *Chaucer.*
As light. *Burns.*
As thin air. *"Caledonia," a Poem.*
As Lynceus' sight. *Gascoigne.*
As a viper's tooth. *Play, "Riches."*
As pointed steel. *Owen M'Swiney.*
As boars' tushes. *Play, "Royal Flight."*
As a winter morning. *Dryden's Miscellany.*
As the looks of a hawk. *E. Ward.*
As spear, or lance. *Lidgate.*
A stomach as sharp as a shark's. *Foote.*
She hath a wit sharp as her needle. *T. Heywood.*
Eyes, sharp as eagles'. *Dryden.*
He is as sharp as a frosty morning. *Durfey.*
Sharper than a serpent's tooth. *Shakespeare.*
Sharper than the stings of death. *Reynolds.*
Sharper than sun-beams. *J. Webster.*

That word is to me sharper than a razor's blade. *Play, "Jacob and Esau."*

Its edge is sharper than the sword. *Shakespeare.*

Sharp-sighted, as the eagle's eye can outstare the broad beamed day's meridian. *R. Crashaw.*

SHED—

Silently as a gentle dew. *T. K. Hervey.*
Her eyes shed lustre like the morning star. *John Bartholomew.*

Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads,
As the mild heav'n on roses sheds,
When at their cheeks like pearls they wear
The clouds that court them in a tear.
H. Vaughan.

SHOE—The Little.

I found it here—a worn-out shoe,
All mildewed with time, and wet with dew,
'Tis a little thing;—ye would pass it bye
With never a thought, or word, or sigh;
Yet it stirs in my bosom a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little fairy child,
That bound my heart with a magic wild,
Of bright blue eyes, and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there—
Of a prattling voice, so sweet and clear,
And the tiny feet that ever were near.

It tells of hope that with her had birth,
Deep buried now in the silent earth;
Of a heart that had met an answering tone,
That again is left alone;—alone!
Of days of watching and anxious prayer—
Of a night of sorrow, and dark despair.
It tells of a form that is cold and still;—
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,
That is dearer far to a mother's heart,
Than the classic "statues of Grecian art"—
Ah! strangers may pass with a careless air,
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there!

Oh! ye, who have never o'er loved ones wept—
Whose brightest hopes have ne'er been swept
Like the pure white cloud from the summer sky—
Like the wreath of mist from the mountain high,
Like the rainbow, beaming a moment here,
Then melting away to its native sphere;

Like rose-leaves loosed by the zephyr's sigh—
Like that zephyr wafting its perfume bye—
Like the wave, that kisses some graceful spot,
Then passes away, but is ne'er forgot;—
If, like these, your life hopes have never fled,
Ye cannot know of the tears I shed,

Ye cannot know what a little thing
From memory's silent fount can bring,
The voice, and form, that were once so dear;
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
That could feel with me, when all wet with dew;—
I found it this morning—*this little shoe.*
Blackwood's Magazine.

SHOES—Baby's.

Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet—
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hush'd, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore,
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That 's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, oh, wonder not that her heart,
From all else would rather part,
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!
W. C. Bennett.

SHORT—

As momentary breath. *Armin.*
As a dream. *Shakespeare.*
And vain as joys but dreamed of, or as sick men's slumbers. *Otway.*
As a gleam of transient sunshine. *Hervey.*
Shorter than a span. *Ibid.*
As a summer's night. *Hughes.*

SHUN—

Thee as the pestilence. *T. Heywood.*
Like a plague. *C. Churchill.*
Me as she would infection. *Pix.*
Him as a sailor shuns the rocks. *Dryden.*
Him as they will shun a basilisk. *Taylor.*
Me as a serpent's sting. *Play, "King John."*
Me worse than fire. *Banks.*
The light like bats. *Edward Burt.*
Shunned like a pestilence. *Middleton and Gay.*
Shunned and dreaded like a walking pest. *South.*

SICKNESS—An Early Old Age.

Sickness is a sort of Early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret.

When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers will smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul." *Pope.*

SICKNESS—Uses of.

Sickness is the mother of modesty, putting us in mind of our mortality; and, when we are in the full care of our worldly pomp and jollity, she pulleth us by the ear and maketh us know ourselves. Pliny calls it the sum of philosophy, if we could but perform that in our health which we promise in our sickness; for what sick man (as Secundus expostulates with Rufus) was ever lascivious, covetous, or ambitious? He envies no man, admires no man, flatters no man, despiseth no man, listens not after lies and tales, &c. And, were it not for such gentle remembrances, men would have no moderation of themselves; they would be worse than tigers, wolves, and lions: who should keep them in awe? Princes, masters, parents, magistrates, judges, friends, enemies, fair or foul means cannot contain us; but a little sickness (as Chrysostom observes) will correct and amend us. And, therefore, with good discretion, Jovianus Pontanus caused this short sentence to be engraven on his tomb in Naples:—"Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, to serve proud masters, bear that superstitious yoke, and bury your dearest friends, &c., are the sauces of our life." If thy disease be continuate and painful to thee, it will not surely last; and a light affliction, which is but for a moment, causeth unto us a far more excellent and eternal weight of glory (2 Cor. iv. 17): be courageous; there is as much valour to be showed in thy bed as in an army or at a sea-fight: thou shalt be rid at last. In the meantime, let it take its course; thy mind is not any way disabled. Bilibaldus Pirkimerus, senator to Charles V., ruled all Germany, lying most part of his days sick of the gout upon his bed. The more violent thy torture is, the less it will continue; and, though it be severe and hideous for the time, comfort thyself, as martyrs do, with honour and immortality. That famous philosopher Epicurus, being in as miserable pain of stone and colic as a man might endure, solaced himself with a conceit of immortality: the joy of his soul for his rare inventions repelled the pain of his bodily torments. *Burton.*

SIGHT—of the Mind.

He that cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as disperse and dilate it, wanteth a great faculty. *Bacon.*

SIGHT AND SOUND.

Sight is the most spiritual of the senses. Through sight the structure of the world is revealed. Through it the perception of identity, growths, processes, vistas. Hence the breadth of the significance of this sense in the nomenclature of science. If sight carries with it the architecture of the world, sound brings the universal solvent which whirls matter back to primal æther. In melody nature whispers to man the secret confessions of her plan. Oken asserts that melody is the voice of the universe, whereby it proclaims its scheme or its innermost essence. They at least know this who have felt the mystical o'ermastering of music. Music is a passionate yearning after more primeval natures. *W. Swinton.*

SIGNS—of Coming Woe.

When any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken, or weakened, which are Religion, Justice, Counsel, and Treasure, men had need to pray for fair weather. *Bacon.*

SILENCE.

Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods: no warbling tongue
Talked to the echo: satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the green leaf swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisperings stirred,
As loth to waken any singing bird.
Browne.

SILENCE AND DARKNESS—Twins.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man).
Edward Young.

SILENCE—The Hush of Nature.

Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the raised ear,
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise! *Mrs. Barbauld.*

SILENCE—The Voice of God.

Where dwelleth silence?—in the cloister'd cell?—
The moonlit-grove, when e'en the song is o'er
Of night's sweet choristers, and the faint swell
Of ev'ning's latest breeze is heard no more?
Where dwelleth silence?—on the desert shore,
Where, from creation's birth, no human voice
Hath yet been heard to sorrow or rejoice,
Nor human foot hath dar'd its wilds explore?—
Are these thy homes, oh! silence?—no; e'en there
A void comes awful as the solitude,
That humbles nature in her sternest mood,
And quells the fiercest savage in his lair:
In peopled cities, as in waste untrod,
Its tones are mighty,—'tis the voice of God.
Brownlie.

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth—
He who doth rest on his couch of down—
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town:
Liar, betrayer, false as cruel—
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers they scorn? high dames they shun him?—
Unbar yon palace, and gaze within.

There—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded—
There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.

Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
Men of high honour salute him "friend,"—
Skies! oh, where are your cleansing waters!
World! oh, where do thy wonders end?
B. Cornwall.

SILENT—

As thought. *Sir W. Davenant.*
As the foot of time. *A. L. Barbauld.*
As the motion of the air. *Behn.*
As death. *Play, "The Counterfeits."*
And motionless as death. *J. H. Stevenson.*
Silence deep as death. *Campbell.*
As the grave. *R. Mead.*
As the sepulchre. *R. Shiel.*
Silently as a dream. *W. Cowper.*
As a healthy sleep. *Behn.*
And slow like ghosts they glide. *Sir W. Scott.*
As deep streams. *Montgomery.*
As a standing pool. *W. Wordsworth.*
As growth of flowers. *Behn.*
As the moon when she deserts the night, hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Milton.*
And sad as a bird newly caught. *Poetical Calendar.*
As your shade. *Cibber.*
In shade as chaos lay before the winds were made. *Sir W. Davenant.*
As the night. *Carew.*
As the midnight hour. *Play, "Alfred."*
And viewless as the midnight air. *C. A. Elton.*
As the noon of night. *Smollett.*
And hushed as midnight shade. *Blackmore.*
Night nor sleep is not more silent. *Green's "Tu quoque."*
As nature when locked fast in sleep. *S. Boyse.*
As silent as the day gives way to night. *Banks.*
Bedewed and silent as a summer's night. *W. Penkethman.*
As falling dews. *Akenside.*
Went abroad with foot as silent as the starry dews. *Pollok.*
Fall as silently as dew. *J. Leanerd.*
Fall silently like dew on roses. *Dryden.*
Tears falling from her eyes as silently as dew in dead of night. *Ibid.*
As snow falls on the earth. *Byron.*
And motionless as a statue. *Play, "Insignificants."*
As a dormouse. *Sir W. Davenant.*
Awhile he stood, as the dead calm before the thunder rolls. *W. Whitehead.*
I stood, as I were thunderstruck. *Dryden.*
I will sit as silent as the god of sleep. *Sir W. Killigrew.*

SIN—Confession of.

I entreat, and beseech, and pray you that you would continually make your confession to God. For I do not bring thee before thy fellow-servants, neither do I constrain thee to confess thy sins unto man; unclasp thy conscience before God, and show thy wounds unto Him, and of Him ask a medicine. Show them to Him that will not reproach thee, but heal thee. For although thou hold thy peace, He knoweth all.
St. Chrysostom.

SIN—Contrary to God.

Sin is the only thing in the world that is contrary to God. God is light, and that is darkness; God is beauty, and that is ugliness and deformity. All sin is direct rebellion against God; and with what notions soever we sugar it and sweeten it, yet God can never smile upon it. He will never make a truce with it. God and sin will never agree together. He that committeth sin is of the devil. *Cudworth.*

SIN—The Deceitfulness of.

The wages that sin bargains with the sinner are life, pleasure, and profit; but the wages it pays him with are death, torment, and destruction: he that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin, must compare its promises and payments together.
South.

SIN—Death its Due.

The punishment due to sin was death, which being paid by Christ, Divine justice could not any longer detain Him in the grave. . . . But can we imagine that the second person in the Trinity would concern Himself to take upon Him our flesh, and at length rise again, only to render us more secure and confident in our sins? Would He neither see nor endure any corruption in His dead body, that we should harbour all the filth and corruption imaginable in our immortal souls.
South.

SIN—Death unto.

Sin and grace cannot more stand together in their strength than life and death. . . . How are they dead to their sins that walk in their sins? How are their sins dead in them in whom they stir, reign, and flourish? . . . Beloved, let us not think it safe for us to rest in this miserable and deadly condition. As ye love your souls, give no sleep to your eyes nor peace to your hearts, till ye find the sensible effects of the death and passion of Christ your Saviour within you, mortifying all your corrupt affections and sinful actions, that ye may truly say with St. Paul, "I am crucified with Christ." *Bishop Hall.*

SIN—Effects of.

Harbour not any known sin in thy bosom. Sin hath two contrary effects on the conscience; either it fills the conscience with horror, or benumbs and stupefies it; the latter is the more common. Suffer the devil to anoint thy temples with this opinion, and thou art in danger to fall into the sleeping disease of a stupid conscience, and thou wilt have little inclination to pray. Or if it have the other effect upon thee, thou wilt be as much afraid as now thou hast little desire to pray. *A Divine of the 17th Century.*

SIN—Error at the Root of.

Men want not so much means of knowing what they ought to do, as will to do what they know. Reason may rightly discern the thing which is good, and yet the will of man not incline itself thereto, as oft as sensual passions, prejudice, or affected ignorance prevail. So that some practic error, or inconsideration lies at the root of every sin: either because men do not practically consider all circumstances; or, if they do consider them, yet they do not practically determine "this or that act to be evil;" but instead thereof, they foist in another false conclusion "that this or that sinful act is sweet or profitable." A corrupt conscience may assent to good premises and yet dissent from the conclusion, yea, consent to a bad conclusion. Lusts pervert conscience, and fill it with partiality and prejudice in its inquiries. The light of a carnal mind is easily reconciled with lust: for a secure conscience takes up such a religion as will not distaste its lusts, nor yet its lusts molest it. There is a peace between the lust and light of a carnal heart. It is easy for a secure conscience to cast light into prison, and detain the truth of God in unrighteousness; to believe as it list, not as it ought. A corrupt conscience hath many turnings and windings, various coverts and hiding-places for lust. Sometimes the veil of hypocrisy, yea of religion, is made use of to cover sin; sometimes a good name is put on a bad thing, or a bad design is justified by a good end; or a good cause is made use of to justify a bad action; or when men's lusts will not comply with the rule, men bring down the rule to their lusts. Again, sometimes new lights are pleaded to maintain old errors. Men's lusts make many controversies about sin: they make great sins little, and little none at all. Thus, practic error and ignorance is the cause of all sin. *Gale.*

SIN—Fear of.

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it, and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it (Rom. vi. 1, 2; 2 Cor. v. 14). *Charnock.*

SIN—Forgiveness of.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin and made my sins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore,
And having done that, thou hast done;
I fear no more! *Donne.*

SIN—Tends to Hell.

Little sins are the natural stream of a man's life; that do of themselves tend hell-ward, and are of themselves enough to carry the soul down silently and calmly to destruction; but when greater and grosser sins join with them, they make a violent tide that hurries the soul away with a more swift and rampant motion down to hell, than little sins would or could do of themselves. *Hopkins.*

SIN—Tends Hell-ward.

All sin and wickedness in man's spirit hath the central force and energy of hell in it, and is perpetually pressing down towards it as towards its own place. . . . Christ's burden, which is nothing else but true godliness, is a winged thing, and bravely bears itself upwards upon its own wings, soaring aloft towards God; so the devilish nature is always within the central attractions of hell, and its own weight instigates and accelerates its motion thither. *John Smith.*

SIN—Indulged in.

It is the greatest of all sins always to continue in sin. For where the custom of sinning waxeth greater, the conscience for sin grows the less: it is easier to quench a spark than a fire; I had rather break the cockatrice's egg than kill the serpent. *Warwick.*

SIN—Inherent.

The old man, in this life, never loseth one limb, though he be weakened and consuming away in his whole body. *Hopkins.*

SIN—not Weakened by Old Age.

I know scarce anything that calls for a more serious consideration from men than this: for still they are apt to persuade themselves that old age shall do that for them which in their present fulness of strength and youth they have not the reason nor the heart to do for themselves. Whereas the case is directly the reverse; for nothing will grow weak with age, but that which will at length die with age; which sin never does. The longer the blot continues, the deeper it sinks. Vice, in retreating from the practice of men, retires into their fancy. *South.*

SIN—Its Origin Ignorance.

The cause and origin of all sin is ignorance, folly, and inadvertence. There is a false proposition in the understanding before there is any misapplication in the will; and 'tis through the swimming of the head that the feet slip and lose their station. And yet the sinner is no way excusable for this his deception, because 'tis the ignorance of that which he habitually knows, and he might have attended better, and 'twas his fault that he did not. *Norris.*

SIN—Presumptuous.

We must ever remember that sin is the abominable thing which God hates, and against which the whole of His Word is directed; and though penitent sinners are so gladly received by Him, that there is joy in heaven over their conversion, presumptuous sin is a great gulf, out of which few who fall into it are restored. *Bishop of Chester.*

SIN—Progress of.

No man can be stark naught at once. Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage; for the farther it goes the faster it will increase. *Thomas Fuller.*

SIN—a Subtle Poison.

Sinful corruption is a poison so subtle, that it pierces into all the powers of the soul; so contagious, that it infects all the actions; so obstinate, that only Omnipotent grace can heal it. *Dr. Bates.*

SIN—Secret, Unmans.

How oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
  A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wise speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
  Before their meanest slave. *Scott.*

SIN AND SHAME—Inseparable.

Sin and shame are ever tied together
With Gordian knots, of such a strong thread spun,
They cannot without violence be undone.
Webster.

SIN—Its Strength.

Try thy strength but with one sin, one work of the devil; thou wilt find it beyond thy strength to cast him out and destroy him. As the father in the Gospel that had his child possessed of a devil, confessed to Christ, "Lord, I brought him to Thy disciples, but they could not do it;" well, what saith our Saviour. "Bring him to me." He cast him out with power and authority. The least touch of His strength destroys Satan. "I know who Thou art, the Holy One of Israel." . . . And who is so fit to deface the image of Satan, and to repair the blessed Image of God upon our souls, as the Son of God, who is the "lively, express image of God the Father?" *Bishop Brownrig.*

SIN—not Temporary.

Pardon me.
Sin is not temporary. Nothing is,
Of spiritual nature, but hath cause
Premortal and immortal end in all,
As spirits. Therefore till the soul shall be

By grace re-deified, as is the soul,
So is the sin, for ever before God. *Bailey.*

SINS—We cannot Cleanse away.

No saint or martyr can cleanse himself of his own sins. Did ever any man, by his death, deliver another man from death, except only the Son of God? He indeed was able to safe-conduct a thief from the cross to Paradise; for to this end He came, that, being Himself pure from sin, He might obey for sinners. *Hooker.*

SINS—to be Deeply Felt.

Persuade and drive yourselves to a sense and feeling of your sins; those sins which thus plucked God out of heaven, and for a while deprived Him of His majesty; which laid an engagement upon God, either to leave His infinite justice unsatisfied, or else to subject His infinite Deity to the servile mortality of flesh; or else to leave an infinite world in a common damnation. Oh! let us strain all the expressions of our hearts to the highest note of gratitude which is possible, in answer to the mystery and treasure of this "God with us." *Hammond.*

SINS AND REPENTANCE.

The mariners at sea count it the sweetest perfume when the water in the keel of their ship doth stink. For hence they conclude that it is but little and long since leaked in; but it is woeful to them when the water is felt before it is smelt, as fresh flowing in upon them in abundance. It is the best sorrow in a Christian soul when his sins are loathsome and offensive unto him. A happy token that there hath not been of late in him any insensible supply of heinous offences, because his stale sins are still his new and daily sorrow. *Thomas Fuller.*

SINS—Small.

Let us be watchful against small sins, if we desire to be preserved from greater; for we are trained by sins of weaker evidence to sins of greater guilt. *Dr. Bates.*

SINCERE—

As truth. *Mallet.*
As a saint's dying prayer. *R. Burns.*
As holy hermit's vows. *Sir W. Davenant.*
As the chaste vows of holy vestals. *Otway.*

Vows, sincere and lasting as the bonds which make our souls, our bodies, and our interests one. *Oldmixon.*

SINCERITY—a Test of Spirituality.

The sincerity of a true religious principle cannot be better known than by the readiness with which the thoughts advert to God, and the pleasure with which they are employed in devout exercises. And though a person may not always be so well pleased with hearing religious things talked of by others, whose different tastes, sentiments, or manner of expression may have something disagreeable, yet if he have no inclination to think of them himself, or to converse with himself about them, he hath great reason to suspect that his heart is not right with God. But if he frequently and delightfully exercise his mind in divine contemplations, it will not only be a good mark of his sincerity, but will habitually dispose it for the reception of the best and most useful thoughts, and fit it for the noblest entertainments. *J. Mason.*

SING—

Like a nightingale.
Play, "Wit of Woman."

Now thou singest sweetly in a far more mellifluous tone than quires of nightingales.
Play, "Charles the First."

As sweet as evening Philomel. *Pope.*
Like Philomela. *Earl of Orrery.*
Like a lark. *Jonson.*
Delightfully like a sky-lark.
Farce, "Who is Afraid?"

The lark, when blest with liberty and ease,
Soars to the orient sky on morning's breeze,
In dew ambrosial bathes his speckled wings,
And, poised in azure heaven, melodious sings.
"Rome," A Poem.

SINK—

Like the murmurs of a falling wind. *Rowe.*
Under it like the vine under the hail-storm.
Scott.
Like lead. *Parnell.*

SINNER—Accursed.

The curse of God is ever terrifying thunder in a sinner's ears. He turns away from it. He would soften the tone of vengeance. He would make a new Deity, all mercy, to overlook the dishonour cast upon His holy law, and out of complaisance to Him, sullying the beauty of His holiness, and falsifying His truth. But "Let God be true and every man a liar." "He hath spoken, and who shall disannul it? He is in one mind, and who shall turn him back?" Better, far better, is it for us to bow at present before His unchangeable law, and, trembling at the sanction, fly to the only door of help, than, leaning on lying vanities, be covered with confusion, "when the devouring storm shall come and sweep away every refuge of lies."

Haweis.

SINNER—The.

Lord! how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasured in my memory!
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to Thee.
I find there quarries of piled vanities;
But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
To show their face; since, cross to Thy decrees,
There the circumference earth is—heav'n the centre.
In so much dregs the quintessence is small;
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundreth part;
Yet, Lord, restore Thine image,—hear my call.
And, though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone.

Herbert.

SINNING—Natural Consequence of.

What a fine moral does Milton inculcate throughout his *Paradise Lost*, by showing that all the weakness and pain of the rebel angels was the natural consequence of their sinning. And it may in general be observed of Milton, that he is scarcely ever so far hurried on by the fire of his muse as to forget the main end of all good writing, the recommendation of virtue and religion.

Thyer.

SKY—Varieties in.

ANT. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
EROS. Ay, my lord.
ANT. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Shakespeare.

SLANDERER—His Banefulness.

The slanderer does harm to three persons at once: to him of whom he says the ill, to him to whom he says it, and, most of all, to himself in saying it.

St. Basil.

SLANDER—a Rough Brake.

If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

Shakespeare.

SLAVE — On Power's Statue of the Greek.

They say ideal beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien image with the shackled hands,
Call'd the Greek Slave: as if the artist meant her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadow'd, not darken'd, where the sill expands)
To so confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
Art's fiery finger!—and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world! Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty, 'gainst man's wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face not alone
East griefs but West,—and strike and shame the strong
By thunders of white silence overthrown.

Browning.

SLEEP.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

Young.

SLEEP—Balm of the Weary.

Balm that tames
All anguish, saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven.

Wordsworth.

SLEEP—the Child of Silence.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things

Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, oh come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath;
I long to kiss the image of my death.
Drummond.

SLEEP—Its Sacredness.

Oh, sweet and soft salute of sacred sleep—
The starry eyes, and lightning lids of earth,
And evening; slowly sealing, and the cheek
Of angel painting with a pearlier calm.
Bailey.

SLEEP—the Twinkling of Oblivion.

O gentle sleep! do they belong to thee,
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love
To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,
A captive never wishing to be free.
Wordsworth.

SLOWLY—

As on summer eves violets fold their dusky leaves. *Scott.*

SLOW THINGS—have Best Perfection.

They say slow things have best perfection;
The gentle shower wets to fertility,
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty;
The baser beasts take strength even from the womb,
But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long.
Ford.

SLUMBER—

Like an unweaned child. *Byron.*

Slumbers, soft and gentle as infants' dreams. *Dryden.*

SMILE—

Like an infant in an angel's bosom. *Settle.*

Like the blooming May. *P. Pindar.*

Like a May morning, when Phœbus starts from Thetis's lap. *Ramsay.*

Like Eden in its summer dress. *Scott.*

SMILE—

So rises the blushing morn as thou wert wont to smile. *Play, "Fatal Union."*

Smiling smoothly like to summer's day. *Spenser.*

Smiling as May. *Richard Cœur de Lion.*

Smiling like the new-born morning. *Play, "Gonzanga."*

Smiling like infant innocence. *J. Wilson.*

SMILE—A Babe's.

Shall those smiles be called
Feelers of love—put forth as if to explore
This untried world, and to prepare thy way
Through a straight passage intricate and dim?
Wordsworth.

SMILE—as a Cover.

As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while. *Moore.*

SMILE—Its Influence.

My Helen! let us rest awhile,
For most I love thy calmer smile;
We'll not be missed from this gay throng,
They dance so eagerly and long;
And were one half to go away,
I'll bet the rest would scarce perceive it.
Bailey.

SMOOTH—

As calmest seas. *Settle.*

As summer seas, when kissed by southern winds, just ready to expire. *R. Blair.*

As a peaceful sea which never rolls. *Dryden.*

As the green ocean in a silent calm. *L. Machin.*

As waters be when no breath troubles them. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

As waters be when in a calm. *Duchess of Newcastle.*

As calmest waters. *Doyne's "Tasso."*

As the calmed waves. *Fanshaw.*

As waves, when the halcyon builds her nest. *Browne.*

As the unwrinkled deep when all the winds are in their caves asleep. *Ramsay.*

As the face of waters first appeared, ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard. *Sir W. Davenant.*

SMOOTH—

As gliding streams in summer brooks. *J. Leanerd.*
As Meander's crystal mirrors flow. *Madan on Pope.*
As a mill-pond. *Cumberland.*
As gently breathing gales. *A. Philips.*
And placid as the spring. *W. Woty.*
As heaven's face. *H. Vaughan.*
As looking-glass. *Sir P. Sidney.*
And clear as crystal. *Carew.*
As Parian marble. *Somerville.*
As monumental alabaster. *Shakespeare.*
As polished ivory. *Harington.*
As the elephant's new polished tooth. *E. Sherburne.*
As cupid's ivory bow. *Durfey.*
As Pelop's shoulder. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
As polished ebony. *Behn.*
As the surface of well polished brass. *Poetical Calendar.*
As oil. *Sacred Script.*
And soft as ermine. *J. Shirley.*
As Hebe's lip. *Milton.*
As flattery. *A. Hill.*
As Love's brow. *Sir W. Davenant.*
As the brow of Pallas. *R. Shiel.*
As Venus's dove. *F. Beaumont.*
As the down on the dove. *J. G. Cooper.*
As the shining down on the fledged cygnet's glossy chest. *Jane West.*
As the raven's feather. *Randolph.*
Smoother than lilies. *Duffett.*

SOCIETY—in Error.

There 's much that has no merit but its truth,
And no excuse but nature. Nature does
Never wrong: it is society which sins.
Look at the bee upon the wing among flowers;
How brave, how bright his life. Then mark him hived,
Cramped, cringing in his self-built social cell.
Thus is it in the world-hive; most where men
Lie deep in cities as in drifts—death drifts;
Nosing each other like a flock of sheep;
Not knowing and not caring whence nor whither
They come or go, so that they fool together.
Bailey.

SOILS—Rich: Intellectually Speaking.

Rich soils are often to be weeded. *Bacon.*

SOLDIER-BOY—The.

I give my soldier-boy a blade
In fair Damascus fashion'd well:
Who first the glittering falchion sway'd,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not: but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood,
In which the tempering work was done;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun!
For country's claim, at honour's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid;
At mercy's voice, to bid it fall,—
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weigh'd its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and noise,
And still the gleaming sword remains;
So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by those heartfelt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.
W. Maginn.

SOLDIER—His Vow.

A soldier's vow to his country is, that he will die for the guardianship of her domestic virtue, of her righteous laws, and of her any way challenged or endangered honour. A state without virtue, without laws, and without honour, he is bound *not* to defend; nay, bound to redress by his own right hand that which he sees to be base in her. So sternly is this the law of nature and life, that a nation once utterly corrupt can only be redeemed by a military despotism—never by talking, nor by its free effort. And the health of any state consists simply in this—that in it, those that are wisest shall also be strongest; its rulers should be also its soldiers, or, rather, by force of intellect more than of sword, its soldiers also its rulers. Whatever the hold which the aristocracy of England has on the heart of England, in that they are still always in front of her battles, this hold will not be enough, unless they are also in front of her thoughts. And truly her thoughts need good captains leading now, if ever! *Ruskin.*

SOLDIERS—Should be Men of Honour.

By industry you must fulfil your vow to your country; but all industry and earnestness will be useless unless they are consecrated by your resolution to be in all things men of honour; not honour in the common sense only, but in the highest. Rest on the force of the two main words in the great verse, "*integer vitæ*," "*scelerisque purus.*" You have vowed your life to England: give it her wholly—a bright, stainless, perfect life—a knightly life. Because you have to fight with machines instead of lances, there may be a necessity for more ghastly danger; but there is none for less worthiness of character than in olden time. You may be true knights yet, though perhaps not *equites;* you may have to call yourselves "cannonry," instead of "chivalry:" but that is no reason why you should not call yourselves true men. So the first thing you have to see to in becoming soldiers is, that you make yourselves wholly true. Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths; but neither truth nor greatness is matter of course. You must bind them like shields about your necks; you must write them on the tables of your hearts. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves, this vow of stainless truth. Your hearts are, if you leave them unstirred, as tombs in which a god lies buried. Vow yourselves crusaders, to redeem that sacred sepulchre. And remember, before all things—for no other memory will be so protective of you—that the highest law of this knightly truth is that under which it is vowed to women. Whomsoever else you deceive, whomsoever you injure, whomsoever you leave unaided, you must not deceive, nor injure, nor leave unaided, according to your power, any woman of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this: in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood. *Ruskin.*

SOLEMN—

As night. *Jesuit.*
As ravens. *Young.*
As dying saint's farewell,
The old man's parting blessing fell.
Poem, "Ellen Fitzarthur."
Voice, solemn as the tone of the last trump.
G. Croly.

SOLITARY—

Like the flower of the rock that lifts its fair head unseen. *Ossian.*

SOLITUDE—Love of.

The love of solitude, when cultivated in the morn of life, elevates the mind to a noble independence; but, to acquire the advantages which solitude is capable of affording, the mind must not be impelled to it by melancholy and discontent, but by a real distaste to the idle pleasures of the world, a rational contempt for the deceitful joys of life, and just apprehensions of being corrupted and seduced by its insinuating and destructive gaieties.
J. G. Zimmerman.

SOLITUDE—Sacred.

O sacred solitude, divine retreat;
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great;
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her loved embrace,
Strangers on earth, are innocence and peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unperplexed,
This life we relish, and ensure the next.
Young.

SOLITUDE—Sins of.

More and greater sins are committed when men are alone than when they keep themselves in fellowship. When Eve in paradise walked alone, then came the evil one and deceived her. Whoever is amongst honest men and in honest company is ashamed to sin; or, at least, he has no place or opportunity to do so. When king David was alone and idle, and went not out into the wars, he fell into adultery and murder; and I have myself found, that I have never fallen into more sin than when I was alone. Solitariness inviteth to melancholy; and a person alone hath often some heavy and evil thoughts; so hath he strange thoughts, and construeth every thing in the worst sense. Melancholy is an instrument of the devil, by which he accomplishes his wicked purposes. The deeper a person is plunged into that state, the more power the devil hath over him. To live in an open, public state, is the safest. Openly, and amongst other persons, a man must live civilly and honestly—must appear to fear God, and do his duty towards men. *Luther.*

SON—Admonition to a.

Endeavour to be innocent as a dove, but as wise as a serpent; and let this lesson direct you most in the greatest extremes of fortune. Hate idleness, and curb all passions; be true in all words and actions; unnecessarily deliver not your opinion; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered, and plain. Be charitable in all thought, word, and deed, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself, and be more pleased to do good than to receive good. *Lady Fanshawe.*

SONS—The Three.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears—
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair—
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond—I know he loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, doats not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex'd
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee—she teacheth him to pray,—
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be!
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee;
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart 's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy—he looks so mild and sweet.
A play-fellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given;
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be—

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again. *John Moultrie.*

SONG—Mother and Son of.

Experience and imagination are
Mother and sire of song—the harp and hand.
The poet in his work reflects his soul,
As some lone nymph, beside a woodland well,
Whose clear white limbs, like animated light,
Make glad the heart and sanctify the sight,
The soft and shadowy miracle of her form.
The bard's aim is to give us thoughts: his art
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.
And even when their looks are earthy, still,
If opened, like geoids, they may be found
Full of all sparkling, sparry loveliness.
They should be wrought, not cast, like tempered steel—
Burned and cooled, burned again, and cooled again. *Bailey.*

SONGS—Old.

Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart!
Wordsworth.

SOOTHE—

Like the breeze upon the fevered brow.
Landon.

As verdure to the eye, roseate sweets to the smell, or music's melting strains to the ear.
W. Mason.

Voice more soothing than the lover's lute,
Or the soft warbling of the pastoral flute.
"*Patriot Vision,*" *a Poem.*

As the music soft, of distant bells.
Scott of Amwell.

As the voice of zephyr whispering 'midst the rustling leaves. *Ibid.*

As the sound of water murmuring through the sedge. *Ibid.*

As the mountain stream.
Dodsley's Collection.

As the turtle's plaintive call.
Scott of Amwell.

SORROW—The Deepest.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss. *Byron.*

SORROW AND HEART.

He who hath most of heart
Knows most of sorrow: not a thing he saw
Nor did, but was to him at times a woe;
At times indifferent, at times a joy.
Folly and sin and memory make a curse
Wherewith the future fires may vie in vain.
The sorrows of the soul are graver still.
Bailey.

SORROW—A Mighty.

The day goeth down red darkling,
The moaning waves dash out the light,
And there is not a star of hope sparkling,
On the threshold of my night.

The wild winds of autumn go wailing
Up the valley and over the hill,
Like yearning ghosts round the world sailing
In search of the old love still.

A fathomless sea is rolling
O'er the wreck of the bravest barque;
And my pain-muffled heart is tolling
Its dumb-peal down in the dark.

The waves of a mighty sorrow
Have whelmed the pearl of my life:
And there cometh to me no morrow
Shall solace this desolate strife.

Gone are the last faint flashes,
Set is the sun of my years;
And over a few poor ashes
I sit in my darkness and tears.
Gerald Massey.

SORROW—An Old Man's.

Careful, sorrowing,
He seeth in his son's bower
The wine-hall deserted,
The resort of the wind noiseless.
The knight sleepeth;
The warrior, in darkness.
There is not there
Noise of the harp,
Joy in the dwellings,
As there was before.
Then departeth he into songs,
Singeth a lay of sorrow,
One after one;—
All seemed to him too wide,
The plains and the dwelling-place.
John M. Kemble.

SORROW—Lets in Light.

My tree was thick with shade: Oh, blast! thine office do,
And strip the foliage off, to let the heavens shine through. *Ruckert.*

SORROWS—Effects of.

Sorrows like showers descend; and as the heart
For them prepares, they good or ill impart;
Some on the mind, as on the ocean rain,
Fall and disturb, but soon are lost again;
Some, as to fertile lands, a boon bestow,
And seeds, that else had perished, live and grow;
Some fall on barren soil, and thence proceed
The idle blossom and the useless weed.
Crabbe.

SOUL—The.

Gold can no more fill the spirit of a man than grace his purse. Between heaven and earth, spirits and bodies, souls and silver, there is no proportion: and therefore no earthly excellencies, no carnal pleasures, no worldly treasures are fit matter, or a full object, for such an immaterial, immortal, and heavenly-born being to feed upon with any proper delight, true comfort, or sound contentment. *Bolton.*

SOUL—The, a Building of God.

The soul of man is a building of God: He hath laid out the treasures of His wisdom, power, and goodness in this noble structure: He built it for a habitation for Himself to dwell in: and indeed such noble rooms as the understanding, will, and affections, are too good for any other to inhabit. But sin hath set open the gates of this hallowed temple, and let in the abomination which maketh desolate. All the doors of the soul are barred and chained up against Christ, by ignorance and infidelity: He seeks admission into the soul which He made, but findeth none. A forcible entrance He will not make; but expects when the Will shall bring Him the keys of the soul, as to its rightful owner. Rev. iii. 20. *Flavel.*

SOUL—Its Capacity.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. *Hartely Coleridge.*

SOUL—Its Commerce with the Sky.

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Milton.*

SOUL—Vastness of its Desires.

The kingdoms of the world, with all their treasures, if actually possessed, cannot satisfy the eye, much less the heart. There is no suitableness between a spiritual substance, and earthly things. The capacity of the soul is as vast as its desires, which can only be satisfied with good truly infinite. But carnal men, in a delusive dream, mistake shadows for substance, and thin appearances for realities. Besides, the fashion of this world passes away. Riches take wings, and like the eagle, fly to heaven, or the possessors of them fall to the earth. The soul can only be satisfied in the fruition of a Good as everlasting as its own duration. In short, the favour of God, the renewed image of God in the soul, and communion with Him, are the felicity of reasonable beings. *Dr. Yates.*

SOUL—Developed of God.

The finite soul
Can never learn the Infinite, nor be
Informed by it, unaided. *Bailey.*

SOUL—Enjoyments of the.

The soul being the nobler and more sublime part, our chief care should be laid out in pleasing it, as a wise subject should take more care in pleasing the king than his ministers, and the master than his servants. The true and allowable luxury of the soul consists in contemplation and thinking, or else in the practice of virtue, whereby we may employ our time in being useful to others; albeit, when our senses and other inferior faculties have served the soul in these great enjoyments, they ought to be gratified as good servants, but not so as to make them wild masters, as luxury does, when it rather oppresses than refreshes them.
Sir G. Mackenzie.

SOUL—all Eye and Ear.

Even so the soul in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate:
At this hole hears, the sight may ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she 's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about hath perfect cognizance
Whatever in the horizon doth appear,
She is one orb of sense: all eye, all touch, all ear. *H. More.*

SOUL—Every Man's, his own.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. *Shakespeare.*

SOUL AND GOD.

And of the soul,
The other tome I spake of, believe thou,
Body surrounds the human soul as in
Divine nature, which is its contrary,
God's infinite spirit bounds the universe.
For Thy creation, although infinite,
Is infinitely less than Thee, O God!
Thine is the spirit, and the soul is Thine,
And all the thousand instincts of the heart.
The universe is simple; God and I,
Cause and effect, are all that in it is;
And more; for cause containeth its effect.
Cause, operation, and effect, are God,
Nature, and man: which both partake of one.
Through error human souls accept the truth,
As through distorting air, the light whereby
They live, of sun or star; and thus through time,
And ceaseless as the pulsings of the blood,
The inspiration of the spirit acts
In one or other's bosom. Through the world
The soul receives God, but from God, the soul
Receives the spirit; thus the chosen, thus the world;
The cloud-led many, the star-guided wise;
For spirit makes all time and nature clear,
As of old, water purified by fire.
Methought I answered, as it might be, thus.
Life, like a floating island, comes and goes,
We know not, mean not how. From heaven to earth
A star falls, and we track a cold dark mass
Of trembling half-transparent somethingness,
Which is, in our conception, as unlike
All astral issue and celestial birth,
As wind is unlike wisdom; thunder snow.
We know not that we are, nor how, nor why.
The distance between finite, howsoe'er
Great, and the infinite is infinite.
Our life is incomplete and sectional;
And the large unity of all we seek
In vain to realize; yet much we strive;
And every ideal of union,
Which youth makes to itself, is beautiful,
Or blissful, mostly. Still through every sign,
From morn all musical till blank starred night,
Death's wolf-like shadow haunts the vital orb
With spectral darkness and eclipse of life,
Freezing the fiery marrow of the world.
Bailey.

SOUL—Its Tendency to God.

And earth heap ashes on her head; but who
Shall keep the sun back, when he thinks to rise?
Where is the chain shall bind him? Where the cell
Shall hold him? Hell he would burn down to embers,
And would lift up the world with a lever of light,
Out of his way; yet, know ye, 'twere thrice less
To do thrice this, than keep the soul from God.
O'er earth, and cloud, and sky, and star, and heaven,
It dwells with God, uprisen as a prayer.
Bailey.

SOUL—Its Grandeur.

A single soul is richer than all worlds—
Its acts are only shadows of itself,
And oft its wondrous wealth is all unknown.
'Tis like a mountain-range, whose rugged sides
Feed starveling flocks of sheep: pierce the bare sides,
And they ooze plenteous gold. We must go down
And work our souls like mines, make books our lamps,
Not shrines to worship at, nor heed the world—
Let it go roaring past. You sigh for fame;
Would serve as long as Jacob for his love,
So you might win her. Spirits calm and still
Are high above your order, as the stars
Sit large and tranquil o'er the restless clouds
That weep and lighten, pelt the earth with hail,
And fret themselves away. The truly great
Rest in the knowledge of their own deserts,
Nor seek the confirmation of the world.
Would'st thou be calm and still?
Alexander Smith.

SOUL—Health of Present.

Consider what two petitions Christ couples together in His prayer: when my body, which every day is hungry, can live without God's giving it daily bread, then and no sooner shall I believe that my soul, which daily sinneth, can spiritually live, without God's forgiving it its trespasses. *Thomas Fuller.*

SOUL—Hungering of.

Ah then, my hungry soule! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,

And with false beautie's flattering bait misled
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies brief;
Ah cease to gaze on matter of thy grief.

And looke at last up to that soveraine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs.
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest
Thy straying henceforth for ever rest.

Spenser.

SOUL—Felt to be Immortal.

Surely the stars must feel that they are bright
In beauty, number, nature, infinite;
And the strong sense we have of God in us
Makes me believe my soul can never cease.
The temples perish, but the God still lives.

Bailey.

SOUL—the Inspiration of God.

Now spirit is the expiration, soul
The inspiration of the breath of God,
The infinite centre, whose like infinite
Circumference consists of angels, man,
And elemental nature. *Bailey.*

SOUL—Translated at Last.

The soul
Breathed into time. He aye at last translates
Into celestial bliss the life divine,
The primal, final, total state of heaven,
And normal perfectness in Deity. *Bailey.*

SOULS—Losers of.

All they who wrong others to enrich themselves; all that rob upon the highway, pick pockets, or break open houses; all that forge deeds, forswear themselves, or suborn others to do so in law suits; all that willingly cheat, defraud, or overreach their neighbours, in buying or selling their goods; all that pilfer and steal, or so much as withhold and conceal what they know belongs to another; all that are able, yet will not pay what they owe, but lie in prison, or hide themselves, or at least pretend they cannot do it; all that smuggle the king's customs, or corrupt his officers, and by that means keep to themselves what the law hath made due to him; all that refuse or neglect to relieve those of their relations or others, which are really in need, and so withhold from them the maintenance which God hath appointed for them; all that oppress and gripe poor workmen in their prices, or servants in the wages which are due to them; all that work upon people's necessities, and extort from them more than the laws of the land allow of; all that follow such unlawful trades as tend to the corrupting of youth, and to the nourishing of vice and wickedness in the world; all that by false weights or measures, by lying, over reckoning, or by any trick, impose on those they deal with; and all that are conscious to themselves that, by these and such like unlawful ways, they have got other men's money, goods, or estates in their hands, and yet will not restore them again to their right owners as far as they are able,—these all as plainly lose their souls for this world as if they should make a solemn contract or bargain with the devil that, upon condition they may have such and such things at present, he shall have their souls for ever; for so he will, and leave them in the lurch too: he will serve them in their own kind; as they cheated others, he will cheat them, and put them off with nothing but dreams and fancies, instead of the great profit and advantage they expected. *Bishop Beveridge.*

SOUL OF MAN.

Because man's soul is man's God still,
What wind soever waft his will
  Across the waves of day and night
  To port or shipwreck, left or right,
By shores and shoals of good and ill;
  And still its flame at mainmast height
Through the rent air that foam-flakes fill
  Sustains the indomitable light
Whence only man hath strength to steer
Or helm to handle without fear.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The soul of man is a great light reflected upon itself—"the candle of the Lord, searching all the innermost parts." It is a beam from the sun,—a candle lighted from the Light of heaven. And the light of this candle is ever streaming out and reflowing upon itself; like a diamond always playing with and in its own light. It may be covered with the thickness and grossness of earthly vapours from the body; but it is inseparable from its nature to be light. It cannot but in some degree shine, and send out itself, though its beams be but pale and wan; but when it hath any greater freedom and resolutely moves itself, there is a circle of rays about it, which have broken out from itself. In its creation, in its native splendour, it was of angelic brightness, near to God, and Divine glories and all the excellencies of understanding were its proper lustre; and in eternity it will again rend all its clouds, and shine without interruption—and for ever! *Beverley.*

SOUL—O'er-roofing Infinity.

Oh, mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art in low or high!
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity. *Lowell.*

SOUL — The: Its Omnipotence of Thought.

What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit, or from place or time,
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
The Almighty fiat, and the trumpets' sound!
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creation new in fancy's field to rise!
Souls that can grasp whate'er the Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impossible!
What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
In quenchless passions violent to crave,
In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
And in duration, (how the riches rise!)
Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!
Young.

SOUL—The Poet's.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth. *Lowell.*

SOUL—Prophet of.

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains on pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature roll'd
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame.
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast;
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell;
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opens with haste her lids
To gaze upon the pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For, out of thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er Him plann'd,
And the same power that rear'd the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting quires,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The Word unto the prophet spoken,
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The Word by seers or sibyls told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the Fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,—
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;

His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowled portrait dear,
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be. *Emerson.*

SOUL—The Queenly: Its Longings.

Here
There is nor ground nor light enough to live.
Could I, I would be everywhere at once,
Like the sea; for I feel as if I could
Spread out my spirit o'er the endless world,
And act at all points: I am bound to one.
I must be here and there and everywhere,
Or I am nowhere. Sense, flesh, feeling, fail
Before the feet of the imperious mind,
To which they are but as the dust she treads,—
Windlike treads o'er, uplifts and leaves behind.
How mind will act with body glorified
And spiritualized, and senses fined,
And pointed brilliant-wise, we know not. Here,
Even, it may be wrong in us to deem
The senses degradations, otherwise
Than as fine steps, whereby the queenly soul
Comes down from her bright throne to view the mass
She hath dominion over, and the things
Of her inheritance; and re-ascends,
With an indignant fiery purity,
Not to be touched, her seat. *Bailey.*

SOUL—The Regenerated.

As a seed
Buried in earth doth multiply itself
Full fifty fold, so will thy nature when
Changed—it lifts head in the air divine of heaven. *Bailey.*

SOUL—a Slave to Sin.

My soul by nature is not only a servant, but a slave unto sin. Pride calls me to the window, gluttony to the table, wantonness to the bed, laziness to the chimney, ambition commands me to go up stairs, and covetousness to come down. Vices, I see, are as well contrary to themselves as to virtue.

Thomas Fuller.

SOUL—Storehouse of.

The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding; namely, that storehouse of the soul in which are treasured up the rules of action and the seeds of morality. . . .

It was the privilege of Adam, innocent, to have these notions firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart, and to have such a conscience as might be its own casuist. And certainly those actions must needs be regular, where there was an identity between the rule and the faculty. . . . Reason was his tutor and first principles his *magna moralia*. . . . Justice then was neither blind to discern nor lame to execute. It was not subject to be imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite. It was not then as it is now where the conscience has only power to disapprove, and to protest against the exorbitances of passions; and rather to wish than make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions as old Eli did his lustful domineering sons: "Not so, my sons, not so." But the voice of conscience then, was not—This *should* or this *ought* to be done; but this *must*, this *shall* be done. It spoke like a legislator; the thing spoke was a law: and the manner of speaking it a new obligation. *South.*

SOUL—Sublimity of its Salvation.

What theme sublimer than soul being saved?
'Tis the bard's aim to show the mind-made world
Without, within; how the soul stands with God,
And the unseen realities about us.
It is a view of life spiritual
And earthly. *Bailey.*

SOUL—Its Tendency.

The soul can be appeased, not by a deed, but by a tendency. It is in a hope that she feels her wings. You shall love rectitude, and not the disuse of money or the avoidance of trade; an unimpeded mind, and not a monkish diet; sympathy and usefulness, and hoeing or coopering. Tell me not how great your project is, or how pure,—the civil liberation of the world, its conversion into a Christian church, the establishment of public education, cleaner diet, a new division of labour, and of land, laws of love for laws of property. I say to you plainly, there is no end to which your practical faculty can aim, so sacred or so large, that, if pursued for itself, will not at last become carrion and an offence to the nostril. The imaginative faculty of the soul must be fed with objects immense and eternal. Your end should be one inapprehensible to the senses; then will it be a god always approached—never touched; always giving health. A man adorns himself with prayer and love as an aim adorns an action. What is strong but goodness, and what is energetic but the presence of a brave man. *Emerson.*

SOUL—The Unholy.

The unholy soul, like the mystical Babylon, makes itself a cage of unclean birds, and a habitation of filthy spirits: and if it continues to be such, it must, when it dislodges, take up its habitation with cursed spirits for ever in utter darkness. *Leighton.*

SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
  What 's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentate's they live
  Acting by other's actions,
Not loved unless they give,
  Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
  That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
  Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
  Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
  Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
  Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it 's fled the city;
  Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
  Tell virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing.
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill. *Raleigh.*

SOULS—Must Serve.

All finite souls must serve: their widest sway
Is but the rule of service. This fair earth
Which thou dost boast so much of, why, thou see'st
It is but the parti-coloured, scummy dross
Of the original element wherefrom
The fiery worlds were framed. *Bailey.*

SOUND—

Sweet as the music of the spheres. *T. Middleton.*

More sweetly than choirs of syrens' sense-bereaving notes. *Glapthorne.*

More sweet than prayers offered by cloistered virgins. *Ibid.*

Sounds, as dire as when at general doom the dreadful trump shall wake the guilty dead. *Dr. John Browne.*

As is a bell. *Harington's Epigrams.*

My heart is as sound as a bell. *Play, "Trial of Chivalry."*

As a roach. *T. Shadwell.*

And now far off removed
The dying voice of tumult faintly sounds,
Like the hoarse thunder in a distant sky—
As hollow roarings of subsiding waves
After their conflict with a furious storm. *W. Shirley.*

SOUND AND LOUDNESS.

The eye is not the only organ of sensation, by which a sublime passion may be produced. Sounds have a great power in these as in most other passions. I do not mean words, because words do not affect simply by their sounds, but by means altogether different. Excessive loudness alone is sufficient to overpower the soul, to suspend its action, and to fill it with terror. The noise of vast cataracts, raging storms, thunder, or artillery, awake a great and awful sensation in the mind, though we can observe no nicety or artifice in those sorts of music. The shouting of multitudes has a similar effect; and, by the sole strength of the sound, so amazes and confounds the imagination, that in this staggering and hurry of the mind the best established tempers can scarcely forbear being borne down, and joining in the common cry, and common resolution of the crowd. *Burke.*

SOUNDS—The Beautiful in.

In this sense we find an equal aptitude to be affected in a soft and delicate manner; and how far sweet or beautiful sounds agree with our descriptions of beauty in other senses, the experience of every one must decide. Milton has described this species of music in one of his juvenile poems. (L'Allegro). I need not say that Milton was perfectly well versed in that art; and that no man had a finer ear with a happier manner of expressing the affections of one sense by metaphors taken from another. The description is as follows:—

"And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton head and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Let us parallel this with the softness, the winding surface, the unbroken continuance, the easy gradation of the beautiful in other things; and all the diversities of their several senses, with all their several affections, will rather help to throw light from one another to finish one clear consistent idea of the whole, than to obscure it by their intricacy and variety.

To the above-mentioned description I shall add one or two remarks. The first is; that the beautiful in music will not bear that loudness and strength of sounds which may be used to raise other passions; nor notes which are shrill, or harsh, or deep; it agrees best with such as are clear, even, smooth, and weak. The second is, that great variety and quick transitions from one measure or tone to another are contrary to the genius of the beautiful in music. Such transitions often excite mirth, or other sudden and tumultuous passions; but not that sinking, that melting, that languor, which is the characteristical effect of the beautiful as it regards every sense. The passion excited by beauty is in fact nearer to a species of melancholy than to jollity and mirth. I do not here mean to confine music to any one species of notes or tones, neither is it an art in which I can say I have any great skill. My sole design in this remark is to settle a consistent idea of beauty. The infinite variety of the affections of the soul will suggest to a good head and skilful ear a variety of such sounds as are fitted to raise them. It can be no prejudice to this to clear and distinguish some few particulars that belong to the same class, and are consistent with each other, from the immense crowd of different, and sometimes contradictory ideas, that rank vulgarly under the standard of beauty. And of these it is my intention to mark such only of the leading points as show the conformity of the sense of hearing, with all the other senses in the article of their pleasures.

"I ne'er am merry, when I hear sweet music."

Burke.

SOUNDS—Simple.

The murmuring of waters, the tinkling rill, the whispering winds, the sound of the forest in the blast, the rush of the cascade, the roaring of the ocean, and the voice of the thunder, are scarcely more than the effects of simple sounds. The harmony of the groves, as it is termed, is often also little else. Even the little musical sounds of other animals produce similar effects; as the union of sounds, so unrelated and so unmusical as the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the cawing of rooks, the cooing of pigeons, and even the woodman's axe or the smith's hammer, with the sheep bell, the cuckoo, the evening song of the thrush, and the distant bells of the village, often produce a rural concert, which few can feel without emotion, though even a refined musician might be extremely troubled to point out either harmonies or melodies. These are the rural sounds which the poet has celebrated. That their effects have been sought in associations is true, or that they imply pleasing associations, enhancing their charm, no one will question: but there is no musician who cannot distinguish the primary beauty as it is he also who will feel the effects in the most lively manner. *Macculloch.*

SPACE—the Compass of Life.

The commendation of a bad thing is its shortness of a good thing, its continuance: it were happy for the damned if their torments knew end, it is happier for the saints that their joys are eternal. If man, that is born of a woman, be full of misery, it is well that he hath but a short time to live: if his life be a walk of pain, it is a blessing that his days are but a span long. Happy miseries that end in joy; happy joys that know no end; happy end that dissolves the eternity. *Warwick.*

SPACE—Full of God.

Festus. Why earth is in the very midst of heaven!
And space, though void of things, feels full of God.
Hath space no limit?
Lucifer. None to thee. Yet, if
Infinite, it would equal God; and that
To think of it is most vain.
Festus. And yet, if not
Infinite, how can God exist therein?
Lucifer. I say not.
Festus. No. So soon when placed beside
The infinite the poor immortal fails.
Lucifer. It is God contains the Infinite, not that God.
Space is God's space: eternity is His
Eternity; His, heaven. He only holds
Perfections, which are but the impossible
To other beings. *Bailey.*

SPANGLED—

Like leaves that laden are with trembling dew. *Herrick.*

SPARKLE—

Like a star. *J. G. Cooper.*
Like the sky when myriad stars, all gaily bright,
Gem the pale robe of dusky night.
"*Lay of the Scottish Fiddle,*" *a Poem.*
Like the sun. *Duchess of Newcastle.*
Like approaching morn. *Cornwall.*
Like the morning dew. *C. Dibdin.*
Like a diamond. *Middleton and Rowley.*
As polished gems. *Judith Cowper.*
Like the beaten flint. *N. Lee.*
Like burnished brass. *Sacred Script.*
Like the lucid tear on the cheek of a happy bride. *Jane Porter.*

SPARKLE—

The diamond sparkled like the star of day. *Sir W. Jones.*
Sparling as stars in frosty winter's night. *Lidgate.*
Sparkling in glory brighter than the sun. *J. Crown.*
All the shrubs with sparkling spangles show,
Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew. *Herrick.*
Sparkling as a goddess. *Dryden.*

SPEAKING CLEARLY.

Once more; speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't, let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs.* *O. W. Holmes.*

SPEAKING—Roundabout Mode of.

You must not talk to him,
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him.
For example,—if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
And so forth. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

SPECULATION—Away with.

What have redeemed souls to do with the distinctions and subtleties of logic? He whom the Eternal Word condescendeth to teach is disengaged at once from the labyrinth of human opinions. *Kempis.*

SPECULATION—Modestly put Forth.

The results of deep research or extravagant speculation seldom provoke hostility, when meekly announced as the deductions of reason, or the convictions of conscience.

As the dreams of a recluse or an enthusiast, they may excite pity or call forth contempt; but, like seeds quietly cast into the earth, they will rot and germinate according to the vitality with which they are endowed. But, if new and startling opinions are thrown in the face of the community—if they are uttered in triumph or in insult—in contempt of public opinion, or in derision of cherished errors they lose the comeliness of truth in the rancour of their propagation; and they are like the seed scattered in a hurricane, which only irritates and blinds the husbandman. *Sir David Brewster.*

SPECULATIONS—Abstruse.

Abstruse speculations, whatever they may have at the bottom of solidity and truth, suit not the capacities of the many, and influence the hearts of none. *Horsley.*

SPECULATIONS—Vain.

What are all our most sublime speculations of the Deity, that are not impregnated with true goodness, but insipid things that have no taste nor life in them, that do but swell like empty froth in the souls of men? They do not feed men's souls, but only puff them up, and fill them with pride, arrogance, and contempt, and tyranny towards those that cannot well ken their subtle curiosities. They may, with Pharaoh's lean kine, eat up and devour all tongues and sciences, and yet when they have done, still remain lean and ill-favoured as they were at first. *Smith.*

SPEECH—Definition of.

Speech is the perfect expression of the senses. Words are but the representations of the disintegrated body of man. *Oken.*

SPEECH OF THE HEART.

The speech of the tongue is best known to men; God best understands the language of the heart. The heart without the tongue may pierce the ears of heaven, the tongue without heart speaks an unknown language. No marvel then, if the desires of the poor are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather speak three words in a speech that God knows than pray three hours in a language that He understands not. *Warwick.*

SPEECH—Its Object.

The object of speech is to convey truth; and, if it is ever used to deceive, it is a wicked abuse of one of the best blessings, and most distinguishing faculties allotted to man. It is a crime which does not merely consist in a wilful falsehood; it extends to all those little prevarications and mental reservations which mislead the judgment of others. *Mrs. King.*

SPEECH—Serenity in.

Spake with a soft bright utterance, like the voice
Of very silence musing;—so serene
His parlance. *Bailey.*

SPEECH AND SILENCE—Contrasted.

Speech is divine, but silence Deity.
As sleep in life, and dreams in sleep, is truth
In dreams to man. *Bailey.*

SPEEDY—

As the flight of birds. *Doyne's "Tasso."*
More speedy than the hound-pursued hind. *G. Sandys.*

SPHERES—Music of the.

In heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamour'd moon
Blushes with love,
While to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where love 's a grown-up god—
Where the houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest

An unimpassion'd song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!
The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!
Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.
Edgar A. Poe.

SPIRIT OF GOD.

Therefore, this one Spirit is the only way to God and salvation. . . . None are, or can be sons of God, but they who give up themselves entirely to the leading and guidance of the Spirit of God. *Law.*

SPIRIT—The Holy.

The constant supplies of the Spirit of Jesus Christ are the food and fuel of all our graces. The best men will show themselves but men if God leave them. He who hath set them up, must also keep them. It is safer to be humble with one talent, than proud with ten: yea, better be an humble worm than a proud angel. *Flavel.*

When the Holy Spirit holds in its beams, frail man needs must languish. *Feltham.*

SPIRIT—Power in.

Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea,
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
E'en till his sail-yards tremble, his mast cracks,
And his wrapt ship run on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there 's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law:
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational. *Chapman.*

SPIRIT—The Sense-compelling.

The sense-compelling spirit; the depths glow,
The heights flash, and the roots and summits shake
Of earth in all her mountains,
And the inner foamless fountains
And well-springs of her fast-bound forces quake;
Yea, the whole air of life
Is set on fire of strife,
Till change unmake things made and love remake;
Reason and love, whose names are one,
Seeing reason is the sunlight shed from love the sun. *Swinburne.*

SPIRITS—their Non-interference.

WALTER. Do you believe that spirits interfere
With men, events, or actions anywhere?
CHARLES. Let gold bagged priests, from Ganges to Bermudas,
The Gospel preach, according to St. Judas;
It is my opinion, if the truth were known,
That earth pertains to man and beast alone;
And neither saint, nor fiend, nor bright nor dark angel,
Between the south Pole and the port of Archangel,
Have any call, or leave, or will, or power
To meddle with a mortal for an hour. *Bailey.*

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL—Blessings.

God generally gives spiritual blessings and deliverances as he does temporal; that is, by the mediation of an active and vigorous industry. The fruits of the earth are the gift of God, and we pray for them as such; but yet we plant, and we sow, and we plough, for all that; and the hands which are sometimes lift up in prayer must at other times be put to the plough, or the husbandman must expect no crop. Everything must be effected in the way proper to its nature, with the concurrent influence of the Divine grace, not to supersede the means, but to prosper and make them effectual. *South.*

SPIRITUAL MINDEDNESS.

You should be heavenly when about your earthly business, but especially when you are attending upon the God of heaven: and the more experimentally you understand Christ risen, the less will things on earth be minded, and the higher will your hearts rise and ascend after Him. *Vincent.*

SPIRITUAL NATURES.

It is the law of Divine wisdom that no spirit carries with it into another state and being any habit or mental qualities except those which may be connected with its new wants and enjoyments; and knowledge relating to the earth would be no more useful to these glorified beings than their earthly system of organized dust, which would be instantly resolved into its ultimate atoms, at such a temperature: even on the earth the butterfly does not transport with it into the air the organs or the appetites of the crawling worm from which it sprung.

There is, however, one sentiment or passion which the moral or spiritual essence carries with it into all its stages of being, and which in these happy and elevated creatures, is continually exalted; the love of knowledge or of intellectual power, which is, in fact, in its most ultimate and perfect development, the love of infinite wisdom and unbounded power, or the love of God. Even in the imperfect life that belongs to the earth, this passion exists in a considerable degree; increases even with age; outlives the perfection of the corporeal faculties; and at the moment of death, is felt by the conscious being; and its future destinies depend upon the manner in which it has been exercised and exalted.

Sir Humphry Davy.

SPIRITUAL RECLAMATION.

The progress of souls from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge, is among the more beautiful spectacles of our spiritual life. And, soon or late, this is a consummation which awaits us all. Yet, spiritual reclamation, whether on the large scale or the small, demands concentration of purpose, energy, and intelligence. Would we realize heaven, let us begin now. The paradise of our aspirations has its foundations here, and the capacities of the future are grounded on those of the present life,—

> "A twofold cosmos, natural things and spiritual,
> Must go to a perfect world.
> For whoso separates these two,
> For arts in morals, or the social drift,
> Tears up the bond of nature and brings death."

As we love here, we shall love in a degree hereafter; as we feel and think now, so must we in somewise think and feel for ever. The unseen world, with all its momentous transactions, let us be assured, is simple and natural as that in which we dwell. Ascetic horrors and ascetic gloom, travestying and deforming with frightful, yet vain imaginings, the beautiful city of God, are sorry preparations for heaven. How, indeed, should sourness and formality, convictions on which no ray of imagination or feeling seems to shine, consort with the angelic amenities, the transporting assurances of the life to come. For this, let us be well-assured, is not as some inquisition torture-chamber, reformatory hulk, or condemned cell. In the celestial life, as here, so surely as God is light, and truth, and love, goal shall succeed goal, and guest follow guest, for ever. A new iris shall spring up, not to foil past efforts, but to allure us on to new, a constant becoming of which the perfect realization is never. There, indeed, the great-souled patriot shall freedom find at last; there, each self-denying saint the sanctities which lie folded within the inner life, and of which the perfect home is heaven.

Dr. M'Cormack.

SPLENDID—

As the mid-day sun. *Duchess of Newcastle.*

A brilliant beam, splendid as morn. *B. Hoole.*

Like the lightning's blaze. *Tasso.*

SPORT—Should not be a Pastime.

True, 'twas of old by God decreed
That birds for man's support may bleed,
His words to Noah: not so plain
The licence which those words contain,
Nor know I well what records hold
The licence in what court enrolled,
To cut their lives for pastime short,
Or of their sufferings make our sport.
But most accordant to His word
I deem it, that the needful bird
Or beast should fall by those who smite
For business, rather than delight.
And surely most it bears the sign
And likeness of the stamp divine;
And sure 'tis most from semblance free
And blame of wanton cruelty;
And most accordant to the part
Which suits the meek and feeling heart;
Whom duty leads not on, that they
Should turn from deeds of blood away,
Nor on their victims' sufferings pour,
Nor bathe unbid their hands in gore.
Him, who is merciful and kind
To all his works, the thoughtful mind
Most seeks by kindness to express:
And "gentle heart loves gentleness."

Mant.

SPOTLESS—

As the sun, warm as its heat, and as its light diffusive. *G. E. Howard.*

As the eye of day. *W. Thompson.*

SPOTLESS—

As the light. *Schiller.*

More spotless than that living light that gilds the crest of heaven's sublimity. *J. Beaumont.*

As pure from spot as elemental fire. *Matthew Coppinger.*

As the moon. *Heywood.*

As the vestal flame. *"Rome," a Poem.*

Her soul is spotless as the vestal beam that falls in summer midnights from the moon upon the brooks. *G. Soane.*

As the brow of clearest heaven. *Marston.*

As mountain snow. *Mrs. Cowley.*

Untrodden snow is not so spotless. *Marston and Arnold.*

As lilies. *Marston.*

As the blooming flower. *Anstey.*

As an alabaster rock. *Glapthorne.*

And free as virtue's self from blemish. *G. E. Howard.*

Not sanctity more spotless. *Middelton.*

And white as naked innocence. *J. Smith.*

As first-created angels were. *C. Davenant.*

As white-robed angels are. *Hawkins.*

As seraph's robes of new-spun light. *Thompson.*

More spotless than are the thoughts of babes. *Glapthorne.*

I am as spotless from offence as the soft sleep of cradled infancy. *Jephson.*

As a vestal. *J. Maine.*

A soul as spotless as the hand of heaven e'er enshrined in woman's angel form. *Massinger and Hayley.*

As Innocence itself. *James Drake.*

As the dove. *John Clare*

SPRING—

Forth like the bounding roe. *J. Hervey.*

Like grass. *Watts.*

Up like mushrooms. *R. Hamilton.*

Back more strongly than a Scythian bow. *Dryden.*

SPRING—Approach of.

The night is broken northward; the pale plains
And footless fields of sun-forgotten snow
Feel through their creviced lips and iron veins
Such quick breath labour and such clean blood flow
As summer-stricken spring feels in her pains
When dying May bears June, too young to know
The fruit that waxes from the flower that wanes. *Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

SPRING—The Coming.

These naked shoots
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost. *Cowper.*

SPRING—Description of.

When Danäe earth bares all her charms,
And gives the God her perfect flower,
Who, in the sunshine's golden shower,
Leaps warm into her amorous arms!

When buds are bursting on the brier,
And all the kindled greenery glows,
And life hath richest overflows,
And morning fields are fringed with fire:

When young maids feel love stir i' the blood,
And wanton with the kissing leaves
And branches, and the quick sap heaves,
And dances to a ripened flood;

Till, blown to its hidden heart with sighs,
Love's red rose burns i' the cheek so dear,
And, as sea-jewels upward peer,
Love-thoughts melt through their swimming eyes:

When beauty walks in bravest dress,
And, fed with April's mellow showers,
The earth laughs out with sweet May flowers,
That flush for very happiness:

And spider-puck such wonder weaves
O' nights, and nooks of greening gloom
Are rich with violets that bloom
In the cool dark of dewy leaves:

When rose-buds drink the fiery wine
Of dawn with crimson stains i' the mouth,
All thirstily as yearning youth
From love's hand drinks the draught divine;

And honey'd plots are drowsed with bees:
And larks rain music by the shower,
While singing, singing by the hour,
Song like a spirit sits i' the trees!

When fainting hearts forget their fears,
And in the poorest life's salt cup
Some rare wine runs, and hope builds up
Her rainbow over memory's tear!
Gerald Massey.

SPRING—Returns not to Man.

The Spring is come again! the breath of May
Creeps whisperingly where brightest flowers have birth,
And the young sun beams forth with redder ray
On the broad bosom of the teeming earth.
The spring is come! how gladly Nature wakes
From the dark slumber of the vanish'd year;
How gladly every gushing streamlet breaks
The summer stillness with its music clear!

But thou art old, my heart! The breath of spring
No longer swells thee with a rapturous glow;
The wild bird carols blithely on the wing,
But wakes no smile upon my wither'd brow.
Thou art grown old! no more the generous thought
Sends the warm blood more swiftly through the veins—
Selfish and cold thou shrinkest—spring hath nought
For thee but memory of vanish'd pains.

Mock us not, Nature, with that symbol vain
Of hope succeeding hope, through endless years—
Earth's buds may burst—earth's groves be green again;
But man—can man forget youth's bitter tears?
I thirst—I thirst! but duller day by day
Grow the clogg'd soarings of my spirit's wing:
Faintly the sap of life slow ebbs away,
And the worn heart denies a second spring.
Hon. Mrs. Norton.

SPRING—Opening of.

Already now the snowdrop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of the unripened year;
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower,
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins.
Barbauld.

SPRING—Compared to Youth.

The soft green grass is growing,
O'er meadow and o'er dale;
The silvery founts are flowing
Upon the verdant vale;
The pale snowdrop is springing,
To greet the glowing sun;
The primrose sweet is flinging
Perfume the fields among;

The trees are in the blossom,
The birds are in their song,
As spring upon the bosom
Of Nature 's born along.

So the dawn of human life doth green and verdant spring;
It doth little ween the strife that after years will bring;
Like the snowdrop it is fair, and like the primrose sweet;
But its innocence can't scare the blight from its retreat.
Ouseley.

SPRINGS—Pollution of.

Twenty years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandle, and including the lower moors of Addington, and the villages of Biddington and Carshalton, with all their pools and streams. No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which "giveth rain from heaven;" no pastures ever lightened in spring-time with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness—fair hidden, yet full-confessed. The place remains, or, until a few months ago, remained, nearly unchanged in its larger features; but with deliberate mind I say, that I have never seen anything so ghostly in its inner tragic meaning,—not in Pisan Maremma,—not by Campasna tomb,—not by the sand-isles of the Torcellan shore,—as the slow stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene: nor is any blasphemy or impiety—any frantic saying or godless thought—more appalling to me, using the best power of judgment I have to discern its sense and scope, than the insolent defiling of those springs by the human herds that drink of them. Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate starred here and there with the white grenonillette; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness; heaps of dust and shine, and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes; they having neither energy to cart it away, nor decency enough to dig it into the ground, thus shed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt, far away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy and health. And, in a little pool, behind some houses farther in the village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the well, and of the little fritted channel which was long ago built and traced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, under a rugged bank of mortar and scorria; and bricklayers' refuse, on one side, which the clear water nevertheless chastises to purity; but it cannot conquer the dead earth beyond; and there, circled and coiled under fostering scum, the stagnant edge of the pool effaces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent years. Half a dozen men, with one day's work, could cleanse those pools, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every breath of summer air above them rich with cool balm; and every glittering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled of angels from the porch of Bethesda. But that day's work is never given, nor will be; nor will any joy be possible to heart of man, for evermore, about those wells of English waters. *Ruskin.*

STAND—

Firm as a rock. *T. Middleton.*

Like a rock that breaks the dashing waves, and baffles every storm. *Decius and Paulina.*

Impregnable as a tower. *Doyne's "Tasso."*

As intrepid, as firm, and unmoved as the statue of a Roman gladiator. *Dryden.*

On end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. *Shakespeare.*

STAR—Address to the.

Bright one! who dwellest in the happy skies,
Rejoicing in thy light as does the brave
In his keen flashing sword, and his strong arm's
Swift swoop, canst thou, from among the sons of men,
Single out those who love thee as do I
Thee from thy fellow-glories? If so, star,
Turn hither thy bright front; I love thee, friend.
Thou hast no deeds of darkness. All thou dost
Is to us light and beauty: yea, thou art
A globe all glory; thou who at the first
Didst answer to the angels which in heaven
Sang the bright birth of earth, and even now,
As star by star is born, dost sing the same
With countless hosts in infinite delight,
Be unto me a moment! Write thy bright
Light on my heart before the sun shall rise
And vanquish sight. Thou art the prophecy
Of light which he fulfils. Speak, shining star,
Drop from thy golden lips the truths of heaven.
First of all stars and favourite of the skies,
Apostle of the sun—thou upon whom
His mantle resteth—speak, prophetic beauty!
Speak, shining star out of the heights of heaven,
Beautiful being, speak to God for man!
Is it because of beauty thou wast chosen
To be the sign of sin? For surely sin
Must be surpassing lovely when for her
Men forfeit God's reward of deathless bliss,
And life divine; or, is it that such beauty,
Sometimes before the truth, and sometimes after,
As is a moral or a prophecy,
Is ever warning? Why wert thou accorded
To the great evil? Is it because thou art
Of all the sun's bright servants nearest earth?
And shall we then forget that Christ hath said
He is thyself, the light-bringer of heaven?
Star of the morning! unto us thou art
The presage of a day of power. Like thee
Let us rejoice in life, then, and proclaim
A glory coming greater than our own.
All ages are but stars to that which comes,
Sunlike. Oh, speak, star! Lift thou up thy voice
Out of yon radiant ranks, and I on earth,
As thou in heaven, will bless the Lord God ever. *Bailey.*

STAR OF THE EAST.

See the morning star breaks from the east to tell the world her great eye is awaked. *Lewis Machin.*

STAR OF THE EVENING.

But see the sun has set, and now to bliss
With quietness and beauty, softer far
Than that of day, with pensive tenderness
As best befits the scene, the evening star
Lights up its trembling lamp, to greet pale Cynthia's car. *Barton.*

STAR—in its Loneliness and Loveliness.

See,
The moon is up, it is the dawn of night.
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady star—
Star of her heart, and heir to all her light,
Whereon she looks so proudly mild and calm,

As though she were the mother of that star,
And knew he was a chief sun in his sphere;
But by her side, in the great strife of lights
To shine to God he had filially failed,
And hid his arrows and his bow of beams.
Mother of stars! the heavens look up to thee.
They shine the brighter, but to hide thy waning;
They wait and wane for thee to enlarge thy beauty;
They give thee all their glory night by night;
Their number makes not less thy loneliness
Nor loveliness. *Bailey.*

STAR—The, Named Lucifer.

Just one year ago,
I watched that large bright star where it is now:
Time hath not touched its everlasting lightning,
Nor dimmed the glorious glances of its eye—
Nor passion clouded it—nor any star
Eclipsed—it is the leader still of heaven.
And I who loved it then can love it now;
But am not what I was, in one degree.
Calm star! who was it named thee Lucifer,
From him who drew the third of heaven down with him?
Oh, it was but the tradition of thy beauty!
For if the sun hath one part, and the moon one,
Thou hast the third part of the host of heaven—
Which is its power—which power is its beauty! *Bailey.*

STAR—The Pole.

The master of a ship when he is on the main sea, casts his eye always upon the pole star; and so directs and guides his ways. Even so must we, who are passengers and strangers in this world, ever settle our eyes to behold the Word of God; so shall no tempest over-blow us; so shall we be guided without danger; so shall we safely arrive in the haven of our rest. *Bishop Jewel.*

STARS—The.

Oh! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
When the last gleam fades in the distant skies,
When the silver chime of the minster-bell,
And the warbling fount in the woodland dell,
And the viewless sounds in the upper air
Proclaim the hour of prayer!

Then ye shine in beauty above the sea,
Bright wanderers over the blue sky free!
Catching the tone of each sighing breeze,
And the whispering sound of the forest-trees,
Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim,
Of some hamlet's hymn!

And the midnight, too, all still and lone!
Ye guard in beauty from many a throne!
In your silver silence throughout the hour,
Watching the rest of each folded flower,
Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
Through the night-hour deep!

Yes, ye look over nature's hush'd repose,
By the forest still where the streamlet flows,
By the breezeless hush of many a plain,
And the pearly flow of the silver main,
Or sweetly far o'er some chapel shrine
Of the olden time!

Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll,
Bright realms of beauty, from pole to pole!
'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie,
In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land—to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam!
F. Muller.

STARS—To the.

Ye brightly-beaming stars!
Have ye no music as ye roll along?
Or is it, that to us earth's discord mars
Your heavenly song?

The music of the spheres!
Was it a fiction of the olden time?
Or are there not who hear with wakeful ears
That strain sublime?

Let thought still hear you raise
The joyful anthem which ye sang of yore;
And as the sons of God then joined your praise,
Let man adore. *Bernard Barton.*

STARS—Their Beauty.

Could we but deem the stars had hearts, and loved,
They would seem happier, holier, even than now;
And, ah! why not? they are so beautiful.
And love is part and union in itself
Of all that is in nature brilliant, pure—
Of all in feeling sacred and sublime.
Surely the stars are images of love:
The sunbeam and the starbeam doth bring love.
The sky, the sea, the rainbow, and the stream
And dark blue hill, where all the loveliness

Of earth and heaven, in sweet extatic strife,
Seem mingling hues which might immortal be,
If length of life by height of beauty went:
All seem but made for love—love made for all:
We do become all heart with those we love:
It is nature's self—it is everywhere—it is here. *Bailey.*

STARS—Their Beauty Begetteth Sadness.

Sweet stars!
I cannot look upon your loveliness
Without sadness, for ye are too beautiful;
And beauty makes unhappy: so men say.
Ye stars! it is true—we read our fate in ye.
Bright through all ages, are ye not happy there?
With years, many as your light-rays are ye not
Immortal? Space-pervading, oh! ye must be,
Spirit-like, infinite. *Bailey.*

STARS—the Stepping-stones to Heaven.

All stars are steps in the great scale of heaven,
Up to God's throne, from Time's last orb, which eyes
The inner and the utter infinite,
Round to that highest, deepest, midmost site,
Where heaven's star-music ends, for ever quelled
In the supremest silence of the sun. *Bailey.*

STARS—Their Number.

To count their numbers, were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwinds the parched Lybian air. *Armstrong.*

The great Sovereign sends ten thousand worlds
To tell us He resides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable recess. *Young.*

STARS—Ancient Teachers.

The stars above,
Those ancient teachers with their looks of love;
The self-same stars, that o'er man's troubled years
So long have shone from their eternal spheres:
Ages beneath have perished—they abide,
And night by night their stillness seems to chide
This changeful life—the ceaseless ebb and flow,
The weary turmoil of the world below;
Yea, these enduring heavens and this green earth,
That, day by day, since young creation's birth,
With all their loving language never cease
To plead with man and call him back to peace.
Oh, teach they not that wars and tempests lie
Encompased with a dread tranquillity?
That man's unquiet years of storm and strife
Are but as moments in the deeper life
Of the eternal silence, on whose breast
All earthly discord sinks in perfect rest?
J. C. Sharpe.

START—

Like a war-horse at the trumpet's sound. *Byron.*

As at lightning-gleam. *Landon.*

Like a steed who sees a lion under a bush beside the pathway. *Scott.*

Back like Balaams' frightened ass. *Crown.*

Back as a child at a shadow. *Young.*

Like murderers when ghosts appear and draw their curtains in the dead of night. *Dryden.*

Started as he had seen a basilisk. *Lewis.*

STARTLE.

'Tis those on whom prosperity her sweet perfume breathes, on whom each morning sun with rays of cheering hope and gladness beams; such startle at the sound of death,—it wakes them from a dream of pleasure.
Author of "The Times," a Poem.

STATE—Learn to be Content therewith.

And if God
Gave us a Star, What could we do with it
But that we could without it? Wish it not!
Bailey.

STATESMAN—His Principles.

The true statesman is inviolably constant to his principles of virtue and religious prudence. His ends are noble, and the means he uses innocent. He hath a single eye on the public good; and, if the ship of the state miscarry, he had rather perish in the wreck than preserve himself upon the plank of an inglorious subterfuge. His worth hath led him to the helm: the rudder he uses is an honest and vigorous wisdom, the star he looks to for direction is in heaven, and the port he aims at is the joint welfare of prince and people. *Bancroft.*

STEADFAST—

As the sun. *Heywood.*
As a rock. *Durfey.*
As a rock of diamond. *Spenser.*
Truth, steadfast as earth's solid base. *W. Richardson.*

STEADFASTNESS IN GOD.

Were we verily persuaded that all the precepts of our religion are the express laws of God, and that all the promises and threatenings of the Gospel will one day be verified and made good, "what manner of persons should we be in all holy conversation and godliness?" How would the lively thoughts of another world raise us above the vanities of this present life, and set us out of the reach of the most powerful temptations that this world can assault us withal; and make us to do all things with regard to eternity, and to that solemn and dreadful account which we must one day render to God, the Judge of all? *Tillotson.*

STEADFASTNESS—the Characteristic of the Wise.

A wise man is one and steadfast as the sun. He builds his house upon a rock, and that rock is Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Therefore his house is never shaken down. Be the storm or tempest ever so rough, yet it shall stand fast like mount Zion, because his trust is in the name of the Lord. He knows that his name is written in the Book of Life; he knows that he belongs to the Lord's sheepfold, and that no man can take him away out of the Lord's hand. In this boldness David saith, "Though I should walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." *Bishop Jewel.*

STEADY—

As the pole. *Watts.*
As the polar star. *Sir W. Scott.*
As is the centre to this glorious world. *Marston.*
As a rock. *R. Griffith.*
Her truth more steady than the mountain's base. *Merry.*

STEAL—

Upon his sorrows like a slumber. *Thompson.*

STEAL—

Gently on you like a soft sleep. *Play, "Siege of Constantinople."*
Death steals o'er me like a gentle sleep, soft, mild, oblivious. *Play, "Pætus and Arria."*
Along like music o'er the waters. *Landon.*
On the ear like dew upon the rose. *Ibid.*
Upon him like a thief. *J. Webster.*
Like kindly dew I'll steal upon this lovely drooping flower, and wake it into smiles. *Thompson.*

Soft and sweet like some refreshing breeze,
That in the summer's heat doth gently kiss
the trees. *Rodd.*

STEAM—Its Effects on England.

The advantageous situation of the country for commerce, and the nature of its climate, have also powerfully contributed to the perfection of manufacturing industry. Owing to the facilities afforded by our insular situation for maintaining an intercourse with all parts of the world, our manufacturers have been able to obtain supplies of foreign raw materials on the easiest terms, and to forward their own products wherever there was a demand for them. Had we occupied a central internal situation in any quarter of the world, our facilities for dealing with foreigners being so much the less, our progress would have been comparatively slow. But, being surrounded on all sides by the sea, that is, by the great highway of nations, we have been able to deal with the most distant as well as with the nearest people, and to profit by all the peculiar capacities of production enjoyed by each. With such advantages on our side, it would have been singular had we not shot ahead of most of our competitors in the race of improvement.

Our climate is peculiarly favourable for all sorts of exertion and enterprise: without being too severe, it is sufficiently so to render comfortable clothing and lodging indispensable; and, consequently, gives rise to wants that are either unknown, or less sensibly felt, in more genial regions. Its inequality, too, by requiring incessant care and attention on the part of the husbandmen, makes them vigilant and active, as well as industrious; and the qualities that are thus naturally impressed on this great class are, through their example, universally diffused.

Mr. Stevenson, in his valuable article on English statistics in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, when enumerating the causes of our extraordinary success in manufactures, lays the greatest stress on the superiority of our machinery, the vast magnitude of our capital, and the extent to which the division of labour is carried amongst us. But this is to mistake effects for causes. The circumstances specified by Mr. Stevenson are, in fact, the means and instruments by which manufacturing industry is immediately carried on; and the real inquiry is, What are the circumstances that have rendered us so abundantly supplied with them? We have endeavoured briefly to answer this inquiry, by stating what we believe to have been the most prominent causes of that extraordinary accumulation of capital, and of that employment of improved and powerful machinery, and subdivided labour, which mark our eminence as a manufacturing people. Still, however, we are inclined to think that a good deal must in these matters be ascribed to chance, or to some lucky accident. Had Hargraves, Arkwright, Watt, or Wedgewood not existed, or been born abroad, it is impossible to say how much it might have affected the state of industry here; but there seem to be sufficient grounds for thinking that it would have been, at this moment, materially different from what it actually is. A good deal, too, depends on priority. A country, town, or district that has already established and made a considerable progress in a manufacture, acquires, in consequence, an advantage that may enable it successfully to contend with competitors placed under what are naturally more favourable circumstances: its merchants are already in possession of the markets; its inhabitants, being trained to the business, have acquired that peculiar sleight of hand that is necessary to form expert workmen; and they are in this way frequently able to preserve their ascendancy for a lengthened period, and sometimes even to drive those from the field who have a preponderance of natural advantages on their side.

It seems to be the peculiar good fortune of England that, as respects all the great branches of manufacture, she has at once the advantages of priority and of acquired skill and dexterity on her side, as well as the natural advantages already noticed of abundant supplies of the raw material, of inexhaustible beds of coal, and of situation. Cotton is not an exception; for, though the raw material be the product of other countries, the freight upon it is not very considerable, and is but a trifling deduction from the other circumstances that seem to insure our superiority in this department.

To excel in machine-making is to excel in what is certainly the most important branch of manufacturing industry. Superiority in any single branch, except this, may exist simultaneously with great inferiority in many others; but eminence in the manufacture of machinery is almost sure to lead to eminence in every other department.

Mr. Stevenson has laid considerable, though not, as it appears to us, too much, stress on the practice generally adopted in Great Britain, of paying workmen, wherever it is practicable, by the piece, or by the work done, and not by the day. This system gives the workmen an interest in being industrious; and makes them exert themselves to execute the greatest quantity of work in the least space of time. And, in consequence of its prevalence, this practice materially influences even the day-labourers, who, to avoid invidious comparisons, make exertions unknown in other countries. Hence, a given number of hands in Great Britain perform much more work than is executed by the same number of hands almost anywhere else: in fact, if we regard wages in their proper light, that is, if we look upon them as a compensation for the quantity of work done, and not for the time spent in doing it, they will, we believe, be found to be cheaper in Great Britain than in most other countries. *M'Culloch.*

STEAM—Its Powers.

If the wild tribes of lake Huron were even at this moment to be told that the white man's recipe for conquering the waves of the great lake before them was to take up a very small portion of it and boil it—if, sixty years ago, Dr. Johnson had been (as exhausted by a hard day's literary labour, he sat ruminating at his fire-side, waiting for his favourite beverage) told that the tiny volume of white smoke he was listlessly gazing at, as it issued from the spout of his block-iron tea-kettle, was a power competent to rebuke the waves and set even the hurricane at defiance—the red children of nature would listen to the intelligence with no greater astonishment than our venerable lexicographer would have received it. . . . On salt water as well as on fresh—reeking and fuming under the line, as well as freezing in Canada—on crowded rivers, as well as on those whose shores are desolate—on large streams as well as on small ones—in bays, harbours, friths, estuaries, and channels—on the small lakes of Ireland, Scotland, and Switzerland—on the large ones in America—on the Red sea—on the Black sea—on the Mediterranean—on the Baltic—in fair weather, in foul weather—in a calm as well as in a hurricane—with the current or against it—this power when tested has most successfully answered the great purpose for which it was beneficently created; and it is impossible to reflect on the thousands of human beings who at this moment are being transported by it—it is impossible to summon before the imagination the various steamers, large and small, which in all directions, in spite of wind and weather, are going straight as arrows to their targets, without feeling most deeply that after all there is nothing new in the discovery that "the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters."

Quarterly Review.

STEAM-ENGINES.

Steam-engines furnish the means not only of their support, but of their multiplication. They create a vast demand for fuel; and while they lend their powerful arms to drain the pits and to raise the coals, they call into employment multitudes of miners, engineers, shipbuilders, and sailors, and cause the construction of canals and railways: and while they enable these rich fields of industry to be cultivated to the utmost, they leave thousands of fine arable fields free for the production of food to man, which must have been otherwise allotted to the food of horses. Steam-engines, morever, by the cheapness and steadiness of their action, fabricate cheap goods, and procure in their exchange a liberal supply of the necessaries and comforts of life, produced in foreign lands. *Andrew Ure.*

STEAM-ENGINES—Summary of.

In its present perfect state the steam-engine appears a thing almost endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, and counts and records them, moreover, to tell how much work it has done, as a clock records the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work, the briskness of the fire, the supply of water to the boiler, the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with absolute precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air that may accidentally enter any part that should be vacuous; and when anything goes wrong, which it cannot of itself rectify, it warns its attendants by ringing a bell;—yet, with all these talents, and even when possessing the power of a hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child:—it never tires, and wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady, when originally well made; and only refuses to work when worn out with age; it is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind;—it is a water-pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller, &c.; and a small engine, in the character of a steam pony, may be seen dragging after it on a railroad a hundred tons of merchandise, or a regiment of soldiers, with greater speed than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the genii of eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man. *Arnott.*

STERN—

As death. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast. *Shakespeare.*
As the kindred forms of hell. *Day.*
As the surly lion o'er his prey. *Pope.*
As the wild dashing sea. *M. A. Browne.*

STILL—

As death. *N. Lee.*
And dark as death. *J. Wilson.*
And silent as the shades of death. *Behn.*
As the grave. *Shakespeare.*
As the caverns of the silent tomb. *Hogg.*
As the night. *Quarles.*
As night, or summer's noon-tide air. *Milton.*
And mournful as the evening light. *J. Wilson.*
And majestic as the silent moon. *Specimens of the German Lyric Poets.*
As at the noon of night. *Congreve.*
As the bosom of the desert night. *N. Lee.*
As the night, when not a zephyr stirs the trembling leaves. *C. Lennox.*
As the dead of midnight. *Play, "Damon and Pythias."*
As sleep. *R. Montgomery.*
As slumbering infant. *J. Wilson.*
As the foot of time. *Thompson.*
As pale midnight when she throws on heaven and earth a deep repose. *J. Cawthorn.*
As a calm. *Sackville.*
As at noon, a southern forest's shade. *Mrs. Hemans.*

As the sea ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow. *Pope.*

As old chaos before motion's birth. *A. Cowley.*
As the gentle calm when the hushed wave no longer foams before the rapid storm. *Smollett.*

STILL—

As a summer sea. *Mrs. Hemans.*
As when the halcyon sits. *Cartwright.*
As standing lakes. *J. Tracy.*
As a frozen torrent. *Mrs. Hemans.*
As falling dew. *E. Ecclestone.*
And slow like falling dew.
Play, "King Saul."

And sullen as the awful pause that precedes nature's convulsion. *Sheridan.*

As the breathless interval between the flash and thunder. *Byron.*

As the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.
Campbell.

As a rock. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
As a stone. *Sacred Script.*
As a tombstone never to be moved. *Pope.*

How calm!—how silent!—not a sound is heard,
The soothing song of night's sequester'd bird
Dies on the ear—the zephyr's wing is still.
James Bird.

As fatal planets. *N. Lee.*
As lambs. *Ibid.*
As a mouse. *Thomas Brerewood.*
Sit as still as stones in the street.
Play, "Gammer Gurton's Needle."
Stand still as statues.
Play, "Royal Voyage."

STORM—

Like a whirlwind. *A. Murphy.*
More stormy than the winds.
Duchess of Newcastle.

His temper stormy as the troubled ocean,
When warring winds with high wrought billows rage,
O'erturn the deep and tempest all the main.
Thompson.

STORM—Its Murky Confusion.

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds, tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and was frightened. . . . Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel. . . . Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of flat country; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. *Dickens.*

STORM—Passing Away.

I am feeble, pale, and weary,
  And my wings are nearly furl'd!
I have caused a scene so dreary,
  I am glad to quit the world!
With bitterness I 'm thinking
  Of the evil I have done,
And to my caverns sinking,
  From the coming of the sun.

The heart of man will sicken
  In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken
  With an everlasting blight;
For wildly in my madness
  Have I pour'd abroad my wrath,
And, changing joy to sadness,
  Scatter'd ruin on my path.

Earth shudder'd at my motion,
  And my power in silence owns,
But the deep and troubled ocean
  O'er my deeds of horror moans;
I have sunk the brightest treasure,
  I've destroy'd the fairest form,
I have sadly fill'd my measure,
  And am now a dying storm. *Gould.*

STORM—in Winter.

The mist, the fog,
The blinding clouds, the rain, the hail, the snow,
The nor'-wind shrieking from the far-off hills,
Wet with the breath of lonely waterfalls,
Are sent to chase me from my rightful throne,
And o'er my kingdom throw a funeral-pall!

* * * * *

Atween the trees,
And all across the plains they wailed low.
Through the dim mountain-clifts, around the crags,
Drear moanings went that swoon'd adown the vales;
And the sheer cataract leaping lost in spray,
Gave answer mournfully, "Our joy is fled!"
Shrill blew the wind, and smote the haggard woods,
Till every naked bough rock'd to and fro,
And rattled serely, as the bones of one
Long wasted by disease who nears his death.
A gloomy shadow fell; the air grew dense;
The distant hills loom'd high, and strangely near;

Then, from the north vast shapes of boiling mist
Came surging o'er the sky; and straight the scene
Lost in a moment all familiar look.
Now high, now low, the eddying masses roll'd,
Pile heap'd on pile, in wild confusion blent,
Filling with dim dismay the vault of heaven.
Down whirl'd with giddy round the flakes of snow;
Then sounded loud and shrill the sleety wind;
For they were herald ministers of him
Before whose coming fled that glorious form.
And now he came, the dreaded one,—all hoar,
In mantle, black with thunder-clouds, arrayed;
A thousand storms deep scarr'd upon his brow;
His frozen locks, fierce shaking through the air,
And in his eyes the gleam of frost-night stars,
That wheresoe'er it fell brought deadly chill.
The swiftest fountain stood a shaft of ice;
The fleetest brook flow'd still and silently;
The earth grew rigid as a seven days' corse!
Household Words.

STRONG—

As truth. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
As demonstration. *Young.*
As proofs of holy writ. *Shakespeare.*
As religious bonds. *Southey.*
As the prayer of dying penitent. *J. Wilson.*
As necessity. *Savage.*
As nature. *South.*
As beauty. *Play, "General Cashiered."*
As youth. *Pope.*
As heaven itself. *Shakespeare.*
As death. *Sacred Script.*
More strong than are the gates of death or hell. *Marlowe.*
As Pluto's gates. *Shakespeare.*
As destiny. *T. Durfey.*
Stronger than virtue, honour, or love. *Play, "Vanella."*
As thunder. *A. Cowley.*
As a storm. *Ossian.*
As the tempest of the evening air. *Chatterton.*

As Boreas on the main,
Or as a whirlwind sweeping o'er the plain.
"Fragments of Fingal," a Poem.

As a whirlwind on the hill. *Fragments of Ancient Poetry.*
As a whirlwind on its stormy way. *J. Bird.*
As the winds. *Blackmore.*
Light, strong as the sun's refulgent power. *Hoole.*

STRONG—

As heaven's heat, and as its brightness clear. *Hill.*
As a deluge. *Watts.*
As floods whose raging inundation tears away houses and trees. *Doyne's "Tasso."*
As a stream of many tides. *Ossian.*
As a river in its course. *Ibid.*
As mountain cataract. *Campbell.*
As the rock of the ocean that stems a thousand wild waves on the shore. *Ibid.*
As a tower. *Shakespeare.*
As a brazen tower. *Pope.*
Bonds, strong as the linked adamant. *H. Boyd.*
As steel. *Lidgate.*
As the cedar of the mountain. *Dr. Johnson.*
As Atlas. *J. Harris.*
As Hercules. *Shakespeare.*
As a Samson. *E. Ward.*
Voice, stronger than Stentor's. *Sir J. H. Moore.*
As a giant. *Blackmore.*
As a lion. *Sacred Script.*
And beautiful as a young tiger. *Byron.*
Stronger than triple-bodied Geryon. *Swift.*
Stronger than revenge. *G. Sewell.*
Stronger than adamant. *Play, "Virgin Martyr."*

STRUGGLE—

With adversity, like a vessel combating the waves. *Landon.*
Like the sun in clouds. *Dryden.*

STUDENT—a Modest Title.

FESTUS. You are a student, sir.
STUDENT. I profess little. But it is a title
A man may claim perhaps with modesty.
Bailey.

STUDENTS—Their Place.

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss;—
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheek'd maniacs of the tongue and pen!
O. W. Holmes.

STUDIES—Make Amends.

But when deserted by ungrateful friends,
Delightful studies make some small amends;
At least, the mind from troubles disengage,
And smooth the harsh severities of age,

Enrich our souls for greater joys above,
Where all is glory, ecstasy, and love. *Geist.*

STUDY—of the Scriptures.

Though the study of the Bible must be for the present and for some time the centre of all studies, there is meanwhile no study of whatever kind which will not have its share in the general effect. At this time in the maturity of mankind, as with man in the maturity of his powers, the great lever which moves the world is knowledge, the great force is the intellect. St. Paul has told us that "though in malice we must be children, in understanding we ought to be men." And this saying of his has the widest range. Not only in the understanding of religious truth, but in all the exercise of the intellectual powers, we have no right to stop short of any limit but that which nature—that is, the decree of the Creator—has imposed on us. In fact, no knowledge can be without its effect on religious convictions; for if not capable of throwing direct light on some spiritual questions, yet in its acquisition knowledge invariably throws light on the process by which it is to be, or has been acquired, and thus affects all other knowledge of every kind. If we have made mistakes, careful study may teach us better. If we have quarrelled about words, the enlightenment of the understanding is the best means to show us our folly. If we have vainly puzzled our intellects with subjects beyond human cognizance, better knowledge of ourselves will help us to be humbler. Life, indeed, is higher than all else; and no service that man can render to his fellows is to be compared with the heavenly power of a life of holiness. But next to that must be ranked whatever tends to make men think clearly and judge correctly. So valuable, even above all things (excepting only godliness), is clear thought, that the labours of the statesman are far below those of the philosopher in duration, in power, and in beneficial results. Thought is now higher than action, unless action be inspired with the very breath of heaven. For we are now men governed by principles, if governed at all, and cannot rely any longer on the impulses of youth or the discipline of childhood. *Dr. Temple.*

STUDY—Time for.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study: when heaven's
light
Pours itself on the page, like prophecy
On time, unglooming all its mighty meanings;
It is then we feel the sweet strength of the
stars,
And magic of the moon. *Bailey.*

STYLE—Ancient.

Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of gracelike newness. But the eldest of the present and the newest of the past language is the best. *Jonson.*

SUBLIME—Of the.

Whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion, which the mind is capable of feeling. I say the strongest emotion, because I am satisfied the ideas of pain are much more powerful than those which enter on the part of pleasure. Without all doubt, the torments which we may be made to suffer are much greater in their effect on the body and mind than any pleasures which the most learned voluptuary could suggest, or than the liveliest imagination, and the most sound and exquisitely sensible body could enjoy. Nay, I am in great doubt whether any man could be found who would earn a life of the most perfect satisfaction at the price of ending it in the torments which justice inflicted in a few hours on the late unfortunate regicide in France. But as pain is stronger in its operation than pleasure, so death is in general a much more affecting idea than pain; because there are very few pains, however exquisite, which are not preferred to death: nay, what generally makes pain itself, if I may say so, more painful, is that it is considered as an emissary of this king of terrors. When danger or pain press too nearly, they are incapable of giving any delight, and are simply terrible; but at certain distances, and with certain modifications, they may be, and they are delightful, as we every day experience. The cause of this I shall endeavour to investigate hereafter. *Burke.*

SUBMISSION TO GOD.

Let us at all times, and on all occasions, with all patience, meekness, contentedness, and resignation of spirit, be passively as well as actively conformable to the Divine will, and demean ourselves as becomes children under the chastisement of so wise and so good a Father: let us not only with calmness endure, but with content and satisfaction approve and justify all His dispensations. *Norris.*

SUDDENNESS—Power of.

A sudden beginning, or sudden cessation of sound of any considerable force, has the same power. The attention is roused by this; and the faculties driven forward, as it were, on their guard. Whatever either in sights or sounds makes the transition from one extreme to the other easy, causes no terror, and consequently can be no cause of greatness. In everything sudden and unexpected, we are apt to start; that is, we have a perception of danger, and our nature rouses us to guard against it. It may be observed that a single sound of some strength, though but of short duration, if repeated after intervals, has a grand effect. Few things are more awful than the striking of a great clock, when the silence of the night prevents the attention from being too much dissipated. The same may be said of a single stroke on a drum, repeated with pauses; and of the successive firing of cannon at a distance. All the effects mentioned in this section have causes very nearly alike. *Burke.*

SUFFERING—On.

Acquaint your thoughts and hearts with sufferings, that when they come, thou and they may agree and comply the better. Do not afflict yourselves with vain fears beforehand of troubles to come, and so make uncertain evils a certain vexation; but thus forethink the hardest trial you are likely to be put to for the name and cause of Christ, and labour for a holy stability of mind, for encountering it if it should come upon you. Things certainly fall the lighter on us, when they fall first upon our thoughts. In this way, indeed, of an imagined suffering, the conquest beforehand may be but imaginary, and thou mayest fail in the trial. Therefore, be still humbled and dependent on the strength of Christ, and seek to be previously furnished with much distrust of thyself, and much trust in Him, with much denial of thyself, and much love to Him; and this preparing and training of the heart may prove useful, and make it more dexterous when brought to a real conflict. In all, both beforehand, and in the time of the trial, make the Lord Jesus all thy strength. That is our only way in all to be conquerors, "to be more than conquerors, through Him that loved us" (Rom. viii. 37.) *Leighton.*

SUFFERING—Reward in.

Because she bears the pearl,—that makes the oyster sore;—
Be thankful for the pain that but exalts thee more. *Ruckert.*

SUMMER—Approach of.

Now winter's bleak and gloomy reign is o'er,
Vanish'd its clouds—hush'd its tempestuous roar;
Now summer in soft whisp'ring zephyrs woos,
And nature wakes refresh'd with moistening dews;
Reveals the beauties she conceal'd from sight,
And from beneath her veil bursts into light.
Glad contemplation owns the genial pow'r,
And sees a deity in ev'ry flow'r.
"The Times," a Poem.

SUMMER MOON.

'Tis a bright summer moon: along the shore
Float the white sea-mews rapturously; the grove,
Responsive to the small birds' song of love,
Is murmurous with sweet sound. But, ah! no more
Come bright skies to me, as they came of yore,
When youth's Elysian cestus girdled all
The visible world, and every object bore
The trace of what earth was before man's fall.
Yet pleasant is the green-sward; bright the day;
And musical hoar ocean, as he raves
With a majestic voice among his caves.
But memory heedeth not; and far away
Turns to calm sunshine sleeping on the graves
Of joys that perish'd in life's morning ray.
Moir.

SUMMER MORNING.

All the night
I had not slept. The casement, open'd wide,
Let in the pleasant night-air; and the sound
Of softest waves that linger'd on the beach,
Washing the sands so gently 'twas more like
The slow and quiet breath of one who slumbers
Than the strong voice of the great deep.
And still,
As I look'd out upon the night, the sea

Was flat and motionless as glass; and throng'd
With bright stars, as it were another sky.
A ship lay on the dark and smooth expanse,
Still as a rock. There was no ripple seen,
No gentlest swell;—yet, ever and anon,
The slow, soft pulse of ocean heavily
Threw on the beach a sleepy wave;—then sank
To rest again. The dark, dim, lofty cliffs
Hung o'er the deep like drowsy sentinels.
All nature was in gentle sleep;—but I
Wish'd not to sleep. The air was fresh and pure,
Yet of luxurious warmth; and luscious scents
From the new hay, and fields of flowering beans,
Borne on the slow wings of the unfelt wind;
And woodbines from the cottage porch beneath,
And wall-flowers, whose dark heads were bent with dew,
Floated with sweetest interchange.
It seem'd
Ingratitude to all-beneficent nature
To shut out such delicious sights, and sounds,
And smells, and wrap my senses in dull sleep;—
So at my window I had sat all night,
Silently revelling in that pure bliss.

When the sounds of daybreak came, I rose
To climb the loftiest cliff, and watch from thence
The glorious God of light and heat spring up
From the blue deep to ride his highest course
Along the heavens; resolved this joyful day
To track him from his rising to his fall.
This day, said I, I will forget the world,
Its cares, and guilt, and passions, and will live
In sunshine and in beauty. So I went
Through fields and green-bank'd lanes, where the spring flowers
Live on till summer; now enveloped quite
With hedges over-arching, whose low roof
And sides, as with a thousand tiny fingers,
Had from the passing hay cart pluck'd away
Its fragrant burthen: catching now through gap
Or uncouth gate a glimpse of some far vale,
Steep'd in the gray mist;—now of some bold cliff
Standing alone, with nought but the blue sky
Behind it: now of the dim quiet sea.

Soon I began with eager foot to climb
The high cliff, from whose top I might behold
The glorious spectacle. The short soft grass
Had caught a plenteous dew: the mountain herbs
Repaid my rude tread with sweet fragrance: long
The ascent and steep; and often did I pause
To breathe and look around on the rich vales
And swelling hills, each moment brightening.
Thus with alternate toil and rest I climb'd
To the high summit, then walk'd gently on,
Till by the cliff's precipitous hedge I stood.
Oh, then what glories burst upon my sight!
The interminable ocean lay beneath
At depth immense; not quiet as before,
For a faint breath of air, even at the height
On which I stood, I scarce felt, play'd over it,
Waking innumerous dimples on its face,
As though 'twere conscious of the splendid guest
That e'en then touch'd the threshold of heaven's gates,
And smiled to bid him welcome. Far away
To either hand the broad curved beach stretch'd on;
And I could see the slow-paced waves advance
One after one, and spread upon the sands,
Making a slender edge of pearly foam
Just as they broke;—then softly falling back,
Noiseless to me on that tall head of rock,
As it had been a picture, or descried
Through optic tubes leagues off. *Atherstone.*

SUMMER RAIN—Invocation to.

O gentle, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kiss'd,
And earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain. *Bennett.*

SUMMER—The Season of.

The full ripe corn is bending
In waves of golden light;
The new-mown hay is sending
Its sweets upon the night;

The breeze is softly sighing,
  To cool the parched flowers;
The rain, to see them dying,
  Weeps forth its gentle showers;
The merry fish are playing,
  Adown yon crystal stream;
And night from day is straying,
  As twilight gives its gleam.

And thus manhood, in its prime, is full and ripe and strong;
And it scarcely deems that time can do its beauty wrong.
Like the merry fish we play adown the stream of life;
And we reck not of the day that gathers what is rife.
Ousley.

SUN—His Beneficence.

Oft at the break of morn the north wind pours
Its rage, announcing tempest as it roars;
The dreadful blast that congregates the clouds,
With threat'ning gloom the broad horizon shrouds:
The wary pilot, seiz'd with inward fright,
Wide o'er the sea extends his watchful sight,
That dreads the storm: when lo! the orb of day
Bursts on the firmament with sudden ray,
Dissolves the vapours, fires the ethereal plain,
And calms the tumults of the billowy main.
Lucien Bonaparte's Charlemagne translated.

SUN—Creation of.

Let there be light!
Bursting to being rose the golden ray,
And instant, streaming through the admiring fields
Of nature, brighter and more bright appear'd
All-glorious, till resistless splendour beam'd
In mild repose within the dark blue vault.
George Townsend.

SUN—God's Crest.

See the sun!
God's crest, upon His azure shield the Heavens.
Canst thou, a spirit, look upon him?
Ay.
I led him from the void, where he was wrought,
By this right hand, up to the glorious seat
His brightness overshadows; built his throne
On piles of gold, and laid his chambers on
Beams of gold; wrapped a veil of fire around
His face, and bade him reign and burn like me.
There, ever since, sat warming into life
These worlds as in a nest, he has and is.
Bailey.

SUN—the World's Bright Eye.

Hear, parent sun! bright eye and monarch of the world.
Peter Motteux.

SUN—His Floods of Light.

Now fades the night, and in the horizon low
The first bright streaks that tint the morning, glow.
—The sun now rises as Aurora flies,
And paints with thousand hues the golden skies;
Drinks the moist vapours with his flaming ray,
And pours from heav'n the blazing floods of day.
Lucien Bonaparte's Charlemagne translated.

SUN—Its Light and Heat.

The sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face: the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom: and spread out beneath his eye,
Earth smiled.
Pollok.

SUN—Lord of Light.

Glory of air, and Lord of light, O sun!
Great wonder-worker, seer of all the skies;
The gates of whose house are the east and the west;
Whom God begat on light which first He loved
Encircling in Himself, but who in shades
Of primal night wast nursed; whom all the hours
Of time attend, whose travel round the world
Makes one eternal triumph! unto whom
All earth is sacred; yes! O sun, to thee
The death dispeller, life elicitor,
Shepherd of worlds, and harmonist of heaven,
The music of whose golden lyre is light;
One vast and living garden of the Lord,
Watered by light streams, where the vine divine
And bright flock numberer in spiritual
Perfectness, flourish alike in multitude of days
Immortal as thy years, oh nightslayer!
The elements thy car draw; and all signs
And natural miracles from thee proceed,
The ever coming light; bright mystery;

Sense binding, mind attracting, passion taming,
Light born, light generating, light all life!
Thine eloquent fire lights aye their starry heads
Who in celestial conclave rule with thee,
And pour upon the crown of darkness light.
The seasons are thy gospels, and thy twelve
In spheral order and a starry chain
Through gods, kings, signs, toils, tribes, gems, miracles,
Heroes and peers, unite the universe
In love to thee, thy being's boundless law,
Creator's symbol, and creation's seal.
The ages are thy offspring; and the years,
Links of the everlasting chain of change,
Thou bind'st us with, progenitor of spheres!
To thee the azure serpent golden scaled
And noiseless creeping time, that sloughs its years
And lays its world-eggs in thy brightness is
Hallowed, and them inspirest thou with life.
World-navelled oracle, whose very light
Blindeth the strongest eye, whose beam of life,
Death darting, thou reclaimest through the aye
Revolving and evolving universe;
Who to thyself, earth's twin chief boons of life
Dost sanctify for sustenance and joy—
Symbols of soul and body—that all might
Know both in Him thou symbollest, in God.
All signs, all seasons records are of Thee,
And thy divinest dignities and deeds. *Bailey.*

SUN—the Imperial Lord of Light.

O beauteous regent of the night!
  In haste withdraw thy silver beam;
For see, with gleams of crimson light
  The dawn has ting'd yon eastern stream.

Son of the morn! cerulean fire!
  Celestial gem of purest ray!
Oh, bid yon rear of night retire,
  And usher in the golden day.

And swiftly through the yielding air
  On silent plumes, ye young hours, glide,
And to Aurora's bow'r repair,
  To dress her up in purple pride.

See, where she springs from Tithon's bed,
  Her op'ning eyelids joy diffuse,
Sweet rosy smiles her cheeks o'erspread,
  Her tresses drop with tepid dews.

See jocund morn her gates unfold,
  And nature gratulates the sight,
And now, too gorgeous to behold,
  Proceeds the imperial lord of light.

Thomas Pearson.

SUN—Morning.

Dame Aurora beautiful and bright,
Began her face out of the east to show,
And cast on herbs and flowers her silver dew.

Lidgate.

SUN—Mild, yet Majestic.

The sun through fleecy clouds a silver train
Shoots o'er the shining level of the main,
Mild yet majestic; and through earth renown'd,
He reigns, diffusing radiant bliss around;
Such boundless good his beams disperse abroad,
No wonder heathens take him for a God.

W. Churchey.

SUN—How Named.

The sun is called by Gower, the world's eye; by P. Massinger, the glorious eye of heaven; by John Kirk, the golden eye of day; by Francis Quarles, the refulgent eye of heaven; by Robert Green, the eye of day; by William Hamilton, the world's bright radiant eye.

SUN—Welcomed of Nature.

The lyric larks practise their sweetest strain,
Aurora's early blush to entertain.

Poole's "Parnassus."

SUN—The Officer of Day.

The illustrious officer of day
First worshipp'd in the east, 'gins to display
The glory of his beams; then buds unfold
Their chary leaves, each dew-drown'd marigold
Insensibly doth stir itself and spread;
Each violet lifts up his pensive head. *Poole.*

SUN—His Regal Power.

The sun doth rise, and shuts the lids of all heaven's lesser eyes. *Poole's "Parnassus."*

SUN—Vital Power of.

Fair Aurora with her silver showers,
The fragrant roses had begun to wet,
And all bedewed the blooming silver flowers,
As lilies, cowslips, and sweet margaret;
And made them spread their leaves both fresh and bright,
Which had been closed up by glooming night.

Lidgate.

SUN—Rising.

When Phœbus 'gan his glist'ring beams to show,
And Dame Aurora with most joyful cheere
The herbs and flowers did moisten with her dew,
And hung her silver drops like pearles fine
On every bush which 'gainst the sun did shine,
And shew themselves so orient and cleare
On every valley, hill, and pleasant green,
In morning when the crimson clouds appear,
And in the skies most beautiful are seen,
Until the heat of Pœbus' glist'ring beams
Dries up their moisture with his fiery streames.
Lidgate.

Lo! when thy orient beams arise,
And dissipate the gloom of night,
Thy milder glories spreading through the skies,
Shoot from the east thy morning light
O'er all the dew-bespangled plain,
And the sheen level of the expanded main:
But when thy fervent fulgency declines,
And thy broad beam with warming lustre shines,
Less bright tho' not less glorious, sinks away
Into the western main thy crimson ray,
Fringing first with streaks of gold
The edges of yon fleecy cloud,
As if thy skirts we did behold
Blazing down the western road.
W. Churchey.

The early lark mounts from the sullen earth,
And sings her hymns to welcome in the light.
Poole.

See Aurora puts on her crimson blush,
And with resplendent rays gilds o'er the top
Of yon aspiring hill!—the pearly dew
Hangs on the rose-bud's cheek, and knowing it
Must be anon exhaled, for sorrow shrinks
Itself into a tear, *Lewis Sharp.*

SUN—His Sole Dominion.

Oh, thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads! *Milton.*

SUN—Source of Day.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
Soul of surrounding worlds!—
'Tis by thy secret, strong attractive force,
As with a chain indissolubly bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
'Of utmost "Herschel" wheeling wide his round
Of "eighty" years; to Mercury, whose disc
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Thomson.

SUN—Symbol of Youth.

In wonder risest thou, material orb!
And youthfulness—a symbol and a sign:
Change, revolution, age, decay absorb
All other essences, but harm not thine:
In thy most awful face reflected shine
Thy mother's attributes, Celestial Child!
When shapelessness ruled chaos, the Divine
Looked on the void tumultuous mass and smiled—
Then startedst thou to birth, and trod'st the pathless wild. *Wiffen.*

SUNBEAM—The.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee!

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay,
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.
Hemans.

SUNBEAM—Its Mission.

Where youth, forestalling and foreshortening age—
Weak with the work of thought, a boyish bard
Sate suing night and stars for his reward:
The emerald crownlets which to bards belong,
And bloom perennial in their silver song.
The sunbeam swerved and grew, a breathing dim,
For the first time, as it lit and looked on him:
Wherefore, with all this brightness am I given
From sun to earth? Am I not fit for Heaven?
From God I came once; and, though worlds have passed,
Ages, and dooms, yet I am light to the last.
Whatever God hath once bent to his will
Is sacred; so the world 's to be loved still.
What of this swift, this bright, but downward being,
Too burning to be borne—too brief for seeing?
What is mine aim—mine end? I would not die
In dust, or water, or an idiot's eye:
I would not cease in blood, nor end in fire,
Nor light the loveless to their low desire:
No; let me perish on the poet's page,
Where he kisses from his beauty's brow all age;
Spelling it fair for age, and wrinkle scorning,
As when first that brow brake on him like a morning.
But yet I cannot quit this line I tread,
Though it lead and leave me to the eyeless dead:
It is mine errand: 'tis for this I come,
And live, and die, and go down to my doom.
This is my fate—right and bright to speed on.
God is his own God: fate and fall are one.
Straight from the sun I go, like life from God,
Which hits now on a heaven, now on a clod.
But, spite of all, the world's air warps our way,
And crops the roses off the cheek of day;
As some false friend, who holds our fall in trust,
Oils our decline, and hands us to the dust.
Where are the sunbeams gone of the young green earth?
Search dust and night; our death makes clear our birth.
It said—and saw earth; and one moment more
Fell bright beside a vine-shadowed cottage door.
Bailey.

SUNFLOWER—The.

The breeze that wakens with the orient dawn
Scarce from thy bosom shakes the quiv'ring dew,
Scarce is the dusky veil of night withdrawn,
Ere thy fond eye expanding to the view,
With kindling rapture meets the golden gleam
That now ascends the sky, now floats along the stream.

And when the burning blaze of summer noon
Darts from the midway heav'n's ethereal height,
Thy daring eye, broad as the rising moon,
With transport gazes on the King of Light,
Tho' all around thee droop the languid head,
And all the energies of life are fled.
Charles Fox.

SUNRISE—Glories of.

My eye look'd round upon the vast expanse
Of glorious nature—and my raptured vision,
Revelling in the early day-beams' waken'd glance,
Saw rocks, and streams, and woods—like scenes elysian,
Uncurtain'd slowly from the realms of sleep:
There the sun drove his golden chariot proudly,
And the sonorous ocean thundered loudly,
What time the waters rushing down the steep
Lifted their voice harmonious—everywhere
The spirit of love was brooding—and the smile
Of vernal freshness and of beauty rare:
There was a gentle music in the air,
That hung around the mist-robed mountains, while
A calm and quiet influence seemed to breathe
In fragrance o'er the vales and on the hills:
The dews had hung up many a diamond wreath
On herbs and budding flowers—and the meek rills
Trembled at morning's first salute, and thrilled
And murmured joy. Slowly and silently
The vapours which the bosom of earth had filled,
Melted away in light!—the all-present eye
Of heaven beamed brightly: and methought the day
Looked beautiful as when an infant wakes
From its soft slumbers—and in every ray
I traced the visible presence—dark and dim—
But still the presence visible of HIM
At whose first call the early morning breaks

Thro' twilight's curtain. Higher yet and higher
Rose the great central orb above our globe,
Till heaven was girded with one azure robe,
And none could look upon that throne of fire,
On which perchance some spirit sits, and keeps
An awful reckoning with our earthly sphere:
For the great eye that sees us never sleeps;
It has its ministering angels wheresoe'er
Existence is—beneath us, and above,
Around us and within us, HE has there
His delegates. *Byron.*

SUNRISE—on Mount Etna.

The gradual manner in which the curtain of the night is drawn up, and the enormous landscape exposed to view, from such an elevated station as Etna, is what no imagination can pretend to conceive—no experience in the smallest degree prepare us for. We have the authority of Captain Smyth, the great surveyor, for saying that the radius of vision from that spot is about one hundred and fifty miles—or, in other words, that the eye takes in, at one view, a range of the earth's surface three hundred miles in width! It will be easily understood that certain parts of this gigantic panorama enjoy the touches of the coming day long before others. The highest and the most eastern, of course, are the first lighted up; but owing to the shaded sides of all objects situated in that direction being turned to the spectator, very curious modifications take place, and give to those elevated spots which lie to the westward a priority of distinctness in their details which we should not have anticipated. As the fields and towns, and the various indentations of the coast become visible, and the colours of the foliage begin to show themselves, we are apt to fancy the sun must be close at hand; but it is generally long after this period that he actually appears—such is the surpassing splendour of his rays. This effect is perhaps increased by the clearness of the air at great altitudes. *Basil Hall.*

SUNSET.

Young Summer sheds upon the flowers
Her tenderest tints of fair array,
As bright and beautiful the hours
Of evening radiance melt away:
How gloriously the cloudless sun
Forsakes the world he shines upon!

As if to say, though ebon Night
Must take the reins and rule awhile,
Soon shall the streaks of rosy light
Above the orient mountains smile,
And Day's red pennant be unfurled,
Resplendent, o'er a happy world.

Above the sea—athwart the sea—
He sheds abroad his crimson beams:
Bloom on, thou dark green alder tree—
Glide by, ye waveless azure streams—
Sing on, ye little birds—the hour
Is Beauty's reign, and Feeling's dower.

Life's circling hours have few like this—
'Twere almost crime to think of grief;
Give up the bosom to its bliss,
Although its visions may be brief;
Nor let one human care alloy,
This trance of unpolluted joy! *Moir.*

SUNSET—Its Glories.

A sun-set! what a host of shapes and hues
In cloudy lustre multiplied and flashed,
And flung their beauty in reflected tints
On dimpling waters, musically calm;
And then concentred in one pomp of light,
Like that which girdles an Almighty throne!
But ere the sun behind yon sea withdrew,
A thunder-gloom with silent threat advanced,
And the loud hiss of the exulting rain
Was heard, till universal freshness beamed;
The meadow sparkled, and the sun retired
On waves of glory, like an ocean god;
From out the billows beamed a rainbow form
That died in azure o'er the distant hills;
The sea-gull fluttered on his foam-like wing,
And, like some fairy of the minute born,
A wind exulted over trees and flowers.
Robert Montgomery.

SUNSET—Glory of.

Poets and travellers speak with enthusiasm of the sunset of Italy, Switzerland, and Greece. I have seen the sun go down in each of those countries, but never with half the splendour which on this day accompanied his disapearance; and could I succeed in reflecting upon the reader's imagination half the grandeur of this gorgeous show, he would unquestionably concur with me in thinking that, but for its evanescent nature, it was far more worth a voyage to Egypt even than the pyramids. No sooner had the sun's disk disappeared behind the Libyan desert, than the whole western sky along the edge of the horizon assumed a colour which, for want of a better term, I shall call golden: but it was a mingling of orange, saffron, straw-colour, dashed with red. A little higher, these bold tints melted into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring leaf prematurely faded; over this, extended an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora borealis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet colour, which formed the ground-work of the sky, on the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semicircles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascended as from a furnace vast pyradimal irradiations of crimson light, most dictinctly divided from each other, and terminating in a point; and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various strata of colours which they traversed, was so extraordinary that, I am persuaded, no combination of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect.

St. John.

SUPERNATURAL—Thought of the.

The thought of the supernatural abides with man, do what he will. It visits the most callous; it interests the most sceptical. For a time—even for a long time—it may lie asleep in the breast, either amidst the sordid despairs, or the proud, rich, and young enjoyments of life; but it wakens up in curious inquiry, or dreadful anxiety. In any case, it is a thought of which no man can be reasonably independent. In so far as he retains his reasonable being, and preserves the consciousness of moral susceptibilities and relations, in so far will his thought of a higher world—of a life enclosing and influencing his present life—be a powerful and practical thought with him. *Dr. Tulloch.*

SUPERSTITION—Remedy Against.

Natural philosophy is, after the Word of God, the surest remedy against superstition and the most approved support of faith.

Bacon.

SUPERSTITION—is the Reproach of God.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. *Bacon.*

SUPERSTITION—Various Forms of.

Others dug out the earth and worshipped fumes,
And paid respect to vapours which inhaled
Bred holy inspiration. Some in warm
And reeking entrails read the signs of God,
Or deemed they did, prophetic. Others sun,
And moon, and stars, or fixed or wandering,
Adored, in the belief that through them came
Vast spiritual inflow: earth-born fire
Or sun-born rivers, mountains, seas, stones, herbs,
Brute, insect, fish, bird, earth, and air, and man;
All these were sworn by, prayed to, in the wild,
Sad faith, that man's humanity by them
Could gain some earnest of divinity.

Bailey.

SUPPER—The Lord's.

This sacrament consists of a whole constellation of graces, Repentance, Faith, Hope, Charity. It is a nearer approach into the presence of God, and more solemn exercise of the graces of the Gospel. *Lucas.*

SUPPER—The Lord's, a Holy Rite.

The Lord's Supper is a holy rite wonderfully adapted to raise excellent passions. Here Christ is, as it were, "set forth crucified among us:" we see His body broken, and His blood poured forth: here with a devout joy we receive and embrace Him by faith and love in those symbols of His body and blood, and pledges of His love. The soul must be very ill-prepared; it must have very imperfect notions of sin and damnation, the Cross of Christ, grace and salvation; which is not sensible of a crowd of holy passions springing up in it at this Sacrament. *Lucas.*

SUPPER—The Lord's, a Means of Grace.

Among all the means of grace, there is no one does so much corroborate and nourish the soul of man as the Holy Eucharist. How many wise and impartial reflections does the preparation for it occasion! What unfeigned humility, and what a profound awe of the Divine Majesty, does a previous self-examination beget in us! What a tender sense of the Divine love does the contemplation of the whole mystery enkindle! What firmness and resolution do we derive from fresh vows and repeated engagements; and these offered up with so much solemnity! And how much, finally, is the habit of holiness improved by that spiritual pleasure which the sensible assurances of grace and salvation work in us, by that awe and holy fear which the whole action leaves behind on our minds, and the zeal, vigilance, and circumspection it obliges us to for the time following! Not to mention here how the participation of this holy Sacrament obliges us to a most solemn exercise of repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus, of brotherly love and charity, and the hope of immortality and glory. Here, in a word, we prepare to meet God, as we would do in death and judgment: here we make an open profession of our holy faith, renounce the world and flesh, all our sinful or vain desires; devote ourselves to the service of Jesus; and learn to expect happiness from nothing else, but the merits and the imitation of His cross. So profound is the wisdom of this institution, that it evidently speaks God the author of it, and proclaims the too common neglect of it, in most parts of this nation, an inexcusable sin and folly. *Lucas.*

SURE—

As that there is a God. *Pomfret.*
As God is true. *Tillotson.*
As fate. *Marston.*
As death. *Play, "Wit of a Woman."*
As right sits in heaven's throne. *E. Young.*
As truth. *Otway.*
As reservedness implies aversion. *N. Lee.*
As wedlock. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*
As cold engenders hail. *Pope.*
As lightning. *Congreve.*
As the day comes. *Lacy.*
As the sun tracts his bright path in heaven. *M. R. Mitford.*
As night follows day. *E. Young.*
As steel. *Play, "A Woman will have her Will."*
As steel obeys the magnet's laws. *M. R. Mitford.*
As the shaft that leaves the Parthian bow. *N. Rowe.*

SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Where religion is the ruling principle, lively and susceptible feelings are the source of great delight. They give wings to devotion, and animation to a sense of duty. They at once excite and reward us. It is true they are inlets to sorrow likewise; but religion extracts the bitter, or rather converts it into a healing balm. *Philip Melville.*

SWEARING—

He that makes no conscience of swearing vainly will soon make but little of swearing falsely; for he that in a lower degree so voluntarily breaks God's commandment for nothing, may soon be drawn to break it in a little higher degree for his profit. *Boyle.*

SYCOPHANT.

Immortal rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of peas;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm. *Pope.*

SYMPATHY.

It is by the first of these passions that we enter into the concerns of others—that we are moved, as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected: so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure; and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here. It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects which in the reality would shock, are in tragical and such like representations the source of a very species of pleasure. This taken as a fact has been the cause of much reasoning. The satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils which we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in inquiries of this nature to attribute the cause of feelings, which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I should imagine that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as it is commonly believed. *Burke.*

SYMPATHY—Awakened by Love.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said—
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Alfred Tennyson.

SYMPATHY—at Times a Bitter Sweet.

MARLOWE. May I came?
CECILIA. Ah, no! I'll go alone.
MARLOWE. 'Tis dark and dismal—
Nor do I deem it safe!
CECILIA. What can harm me?
If not above, at least I am beyond
All common dangers. No; you shall not come.
I have some questions I would ask myself;
And in the sullen, melancholy flow
O' the unromantic Thames, that has been witness
Of many tragical realities,
Bare of adornment as its cold stone stairs,
I may find sympathy, if not response.
MARLOWE. You find both here. I know thy real life;
We do not see the truth — or, oh, how little!
Pure light sometimes through painted windows streams;
And, when all 's dark around thee, thou art fair!
Thou bear'st within an ever-burning lamp
To me more sacred than a vestal's shrine;
For she may be of heartless chastity,
False in all else, and proud of her poor ice,
As though 'twere fire suppressed; but thou art good
For goodness' sake;—true-hearted, lovable,
For truth and honour's sake; and such a woman
That man who wins, the gods themselves may envy.
CECILIA (going). Considering all things, this is bitter sweet.

R. H. Horne.

SYMPATHY—Craving for.

A craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.

Phelp.

SYMPATHY—a Wondrous Dower.

For human hearts are harps divinely strung,
And framed diversely; waiting for the power
Of kindred soul, and on each chord is hung
A wondrous dower
Of song and glory! which, if touch'd aright,
Would fill the world with light!

T. Fowell.

SYMPATHY—The Effects of.

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearence, if it does not make us shun such objects—if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them—if it makes us dwell upon them—in this case, I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure of some species or other in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight, in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight, when it does not press too close; and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject-matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united by the bond of sympathy, he has strengthened that bond by a proportionable delight; and there most where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we would shun with the greatest care all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any stronger impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity: so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight. This is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes without our concurrence. *Burke.*

SYMPATHY—Its Nature.

The nature of this passion is, to put us in the place of another in whatever circumstance he is in, and to affect us in like manner; so that this passion may, as the occasion requires, turn either on pain or pleasure. *Burke.*

SYMPATHY—Symbolized.

LUCIFER. Look up! we lack not stars;
And every star thou seest 's alive:
A little globe of life—light—love,
Whose every atom is a living being;
Each the other's bosom seeing,
Each enlightening the other.
FESTUS. Oh! how unlike the world above,
Where each doth mainly, vainly strive
To dim or to outshine his brother! *Bailey.*

SYMPATHY—Want of.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouch'd by care:
What, then, do we ask from thee.

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?

Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy),
Tears—amid thy laughter seen,
Pity mingled with thy joy.
This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione! *Procter.*

SYMPATHY—Woven into us.

What though in scaly armour dressed,
Indifference may repel
The shafts of woe, in such a breast
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fixed by Heaven's decree,
That all the true delights of man
Should spring from sympathy.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws
Of nature we retain,
Our self-approving bosom draws
A pleasure from its pain.

Thus grief itself has comforts dear,
The sordid never know;
And ecstacy attends the tear,
When virtue bids it flow.

For when it streams from that pure source,
No bribes the heart can win,
To check, or alter from its course
The luxury within. *Cowper.*

SYSTEM—Celestial.

The beautiful system of sun, planets, and comets could have its origin in no other way than by the purpose and command of an intelligent and powerful Being. He governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the Lord of the universe. He is not only God, but Lord or Governor: we know Him only by His properties and attributes, by the wise and admirable structure of things around us, and by their final causes; we admire Him on account of His perfections, we venerate and worship Him on account of His government. *Sir Isaac Newton.*

SYSTEM—Essential.

Every profession implies system. There can be no efficiency and no advance without it. The meanest trade demands it, and would run to waste without something of it. The perfection of the most complicated business is the perfection of the system with which it is conducted. It is this that binds its complications together, and gives a unity to all its energies. It is like a hidden sense pervading it, responsive at every point, and fitly meeting every demand. The marvellous achievements of modern commerce, stretching its relations over distant seas and many lands, and gathering the materials of every civilization within its ample bosom, are, more than anything, the result of an expanding and victorious system, which shrinks at no obstacles, and adapts itself to every emergency. *Dr. Tulloch.*

T.

TALENTS—Abused.

Tell me not what parts a man hath, but what grace:
Honest sottishness is better than profane eminence. *Bishop Hall.*

TALENTS—Distribution of.

The Mountain and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,—
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I 'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TALENTS—Perverted, Ruinous.

Let the man of genius, who has perverted his talents, be never so repentant for the abuse of his powers, and never so certain of having his pardon sealed to him through the blood of Jesus, still he will feel, and feel wretched when he thinks that he has been guilty of a crime beyond his abilities to repair. That is a worm which can never die. For the invention of printing has given such strength, and swiftness, and stability, to the thoughts and words of mankind, that when once our opinions have been subjected to the operations of the press, they are withdrawn for ever from our grasp, and will work the work for which they were originally sent forth, in defiance of all our efforts to blot them out. Nay, our very efforts to recall the writings we have condemned will but, in many instances, have a tendency to increase their circulation, by more effectually stimulating the passions of the corrupt, the interests of trade, and the curiosity of the inquisitive, to preserve and study what the author seems so anxious to destroy.

Whatever, then, may be the views with which these unbelieving and ungodly writers have promulgated their rebukes and blasphemies against the religion of the Son of God, whether they be deceiving or only deceived, they have done an evil which no subsequent exertions of their pen or their penitence can ever obliterate. Their souls, it is possible, may yet, if they repent and turn to the Lord in faith, be saved; but it is impossible, even if their souls be saved, that their consciences should not through life be irremediably grieved by the melancholy reflection that they have been preparing a mental poison for which their feebleness can administer no certain antidote, and mingling a cup of bitterness for generations yet unborn. In that conviction they must die. By the anguish of that reflection must their last hours be imbittered, and they must quit the earth and its inhabitants, conscious that they have sown the seeds of infidelity and eternal death in many an unwary and unstable soul.

Benson.

TALENTS—The True Use of.

There can be no doubt that the great primary end to which every man of talent should consider his powers, in whatever line of intellect or attainment they may predominantly lie, as solemnly and sacredly pledged, is the promotion of the glory of the great Author of his being. This was the very object for which such an order of mind was bestowed upon him, and proportioned to the superior energy and capability of that mind is unquestionably the force of the obligation by which he is bound to give its exertions a sound and salutary direction. This is the central point, to which every ray throughout the whole circle of human endowments should steadily and uniformly converge. It is true, indeed, that the object may be promoted in various ways—that it may be advanced by different habits and modifications of intellectual exercise. In establishing the glory of the Deity as the great standard to which all the efforts of the mind should be ultimately referred, there is no necessity that the faculties should be cramped in their exercises—that they should be confined in their attainments, partial in their application, and timid in their researches. With this object, on the contrary, their most unfettered development—their most extensive and loftiest excursions, so far from being incompatible, are in the highest degree congenial. In the grand system of the moral universe, while the glory of its Author, as the sun, occupies the centre, there is range enough both for the flaming comet, which wheels through its distant round—still, however, paying the homage of a strict and undeviating gravitation—and for the milder planet, which appears to pursue a more regular and uniform course. Whatever may be the amount of the talents which any individual has received, there is abundant scope for their exercise, and for carrying on such a profitable negotiation in the varied intercourse of human society, as may enable him, on the great day of account while he feels himself to be at best an unprofitable servant, to return them, in the language of the parable, with usury to Him that gave them. As the scenes of nature are infinitely diversified—as its laws require to be investigated and its beauties to be displayed, by the exercise of appropriate powers of mind, and as the attributes of Deity admit of various modes of illustration, there is obviously opportunity afforded for the development of every order of talent, and for the indulgence of every pure and well-regulated taste, while the end is still uniform and the same. Science, history, philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts may be cultivated in all their departments with all the enthusiasm which the most devoted adherent of these pursuits may desire, without any necessary dereliction of that primary design to which they must all be subordinate. The intellect may prosecute its researches and delight itself with the discoveries of truth; the judgment may arrange her materials and form them into trains of reasoning; the memory may accumulate her treasures and make still fresh additions to her stores; the imagination may embody her visions, and fancy may weave her garlands; while the eye of the mind is still firmly fixed upon that which gives a character of sacredness to every effort. All that is really wanted is simplicity of purpose and a sublime rectitude of aim. The spirit of man was never designed to be stretched upon a Procrustean bed, to the form and dimensions of which the elastic powers of the soul are to be rigidly adapted and measured. But while the mind may justly assert its native liberty of action—while it may refuse to have its kindling energies smothered beneath the choking layers of antiquated notions and predilections, and to shape its conceptions into a servile conformity to the model of prevailing and ordinary sentiment—while it is privileged to expatiate with freedom over the varied field of thought, there must still be a point with which it will be found to move in harmony. Though it may rise above the influences of earth, there must still be a luminary in the heavens—there must be a fixed, a never-varying regard to the glory, the majesty, the will, and the purposes of its beneficent Creator, whose sway it must unreservedly own; and until it has been brought under this legitimate and salutary control, it is as incapable of guiding itself aright as the fabled Phaeton of directing the chariot of the sun. *Davies.*

TALKER—A

His measure of talk is till his wind is spent, and then he is not silenced, but becalmed. His ears have catched the itch of his tongue; and though he scratch them, like a beast with his hoof, he finds a pleasure in it. He shakes a man by the ear as a dog does a pig, and never loosens his hold till he has tired himself as well as his patient. He is a walking pillory, and punishes more ears than a dozen standing ones. He will hold any argument rather than his tongue, and maintain both sides at his own charge; for he will tell you what you will say, though perhaps he does not intend to give you leave. His tongue is always in motion, though very seldom to the purpose; like a barbour's scissors, which are kept snipping as well when they do not cut, as when they do. He is so full of words that they run over, and are thrown away to no purpose; and so empty of things, or sense, that his dryness has made his leaks so wide, whatsoever is put in him runs out immediately. He is so long delivering himself, that those that hear him desire to be delivered too, or despatched out of their pain. *Butler.*

TASTE.

What then is taste, but those internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a descerning sense
Of descent and sublime, with quick disgust
For things deformed or disarranged or gross
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven.
Reveals the charms of nature. *Akenside.*

TASTE AND GENIUS—Analogous.

Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic: but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator. *Hugh Blair.*

TASTE—Its Happy Result.

The cultivation of taste is recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. *Hugh Blair.*

TASTE—Is Morality.

Taste is not only a part and an index of morality;—it is the *only* morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their "taste" is; and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. "You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like? A pipe, and a quartern of gin." I know you. "You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?" "A swept hearth and a clean tea-table; and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast." Good, I know you also. "You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?" "My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths." "You, little boy, with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?" "A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch-farthing." Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask? "Nay," perhaps you answer, "We need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they do wrong it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday School." Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thirsting for the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morn, and wine in the even; each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice. *Ruskin.*

TASTE—A Refined.

It is acknowledged to be the perfection of every sense or faculty to perceive with exactness its most minute objects, and allow nothing to escape its notice and observation. The smaller the objects are which become sensible to the eye, the finer is that organ, and the more elaborate its make and composition. A good palate is not tried by strong flavours; but by a mixture of small ingredients, where we are still sensible of each part, notwithstanding its minuteness and its confusion with the rest. In like manner, a quick and acute perception of beauty and deformity must be the perfection of our mental taste; nor can a man be satisfied with himself while he suspects that any excellence or blemish in a discourse has passed him unobserved. In this case, the perfection of the man and the perfection of the sense of feeling are found to be united. A very delicate palate, on many occasions, may be great inconvenience both to a man himself and his friend. But a delicate taste of wit or beauty must always be a desirable quality; because it is the source of all the finest and most innocent enjoyments of which human nature is susceptible. In this decision the sentiments of all mankind are agreed. Wherever you can ascertain a delicacy of taste, it is sure to meet with approbation; and the best way of ascertaining it is to appeal to those models and principles which have been established by the uniform consent and experience of nations and ages. *Hume.*

TASTE AND SMELL.

This general agreement of the senses is yet more evident on minutely considering those of taste and smell. We metaphorically apply the idea of sweetness to sights and sounds; but as the qualities of bodies by which they are fitted to excite either pleasure or pain in these senses are not so obvious as they are in others, we shall refer an explanation of their analogy, which is a very close one, to that part wherein we come to consider the common efficient cause of beauty, as it regards all the senses. I do not think anything better fitted to establish a clear and settled idea of visual beauty than this way of examining the similar pleasures of other senses; for one part is sometimes clear in one of the senses, that is more obscure in another; and where there is a clear concurrence of all, we may with more certainty speak of any one of them. By this means, they bear witness to each other; nature is, as it were, scrutinized; and we report nothing of her but what we receive from her own information. *Burke.*

TAXES—Self-imposed.

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says." *Dr. Franklin.*

TASTE—A Worldly.

There are no greater objects of pity in the world than those persons who are admired by all around for their nice discernment, and fine taste in every thing of a worldly nature, but have no taste for the riches that endure for ever; no love for God or His Word; no love for Christ or their souls. In such a state, however respected or admired, they cannot see the kingdom of God. *Cecil.*

TEAR—On a.

Oh, that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
Samuel Rogers.

TEAR OF ANGUISH.

On each pallid cheek a single tear hung quivering like early dew-drops on the sickening lily. *Hugh Kelly.*

TEAR OF HUMANITY.

Whose hearts are ready at humanity's soft call to drop the tear. *W. Mason.*

TEAR OF LOVE.

Ay; strange and startling is the first hot tear
That we have shed for years; and which hath
lain
Like to a water-fairy in the eye's
Blue depths—spell-bound in the socket of the
soul.
Death brought it not—pain brought it not—
nor shame;
Nor penitence—nor pity— nor despair:
Nothing but love could. For a fearful time
We can keep down the floodgates of the heart,
But we must draw them sometime; or it will
burst
Like sand this brave embankment of the
breast,

And drain itself to dry death. When pride thaws—
Look for floods. *Bailey.*

TEAR OF PITY.

Shed a tear of pity on their woes, which as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears, transformed to pearl, and in her bosom wears. *Sir W. Jones.*

TEAR OF SENSIBILITY.

The tear of sensibility on the cheek of a beautiful woman, like the dew-drop of heaven on its favourite rose, sheds new sweetness where all was sweet before. *Edward Morris.*

TEAR OF SORROW.

Robb'd of the parent, o'er his funeral bier
We shed what nature prompts—the tender tear. *John Ogilvie.*

TEAR—Sympathetic.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor vernal suns that gild the rising morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe down virtue's manly cheeks.
Darwin.

TEARS—for the Beauteous Dead.

They are the tears humanity lets fall
When soft-eyed Beauty dies—untimely slain.
Murphy.

TEARS—Enhance Beauty.

Believe me, fair one, these same falling tears
Adorn thee more than beauty's brightest bloom. *W. Hawkins.*

At first she wept;—and as we see the sun
Shine through a shower, so look'd her beauteous eyes,
Casting forth light and tears together.
George Granville.

She weeps, but like the morning dew upon the rose,
Her beauty is but heighten'd by her tears.
"Panthea," a Tragedy.

TEARS—Chaste.

Her chaste sighs beget as sweet a dew
As that of May. *Thomas Rawlins.*

TEARS—Dew-like.

Tears make her cheek feel like a damask rose wet with cold evening dew. *Fenton.*

Tears trickle down thy cheeks like dew distilling from the full-blown rose. *Fielding.*

TEARS—Dew-like Appearance of.

Tears stain her lovely cheek,—as oft we view
The rose and lily wet with morning dew.
Hoole's "Ariosto."

TEARS—as Diamonds Bright.

What precious drops are these—
Which silently each others track pursue?
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew.
Dryden.

TEARS—Distilled to Dew.

Distil mine eyes into a dew.
Old Play, "Fatal Union."

Why dost thou weep? Why like distilling roses waste, dissolving thus thy sweetness to a dew? *Sir W. Davenant, C. Bullock.*

TEARS—Likened to Dew of April.

The pearly tears fell from her bright eyes like April dew-drops. *Mickle.*

TEARS—Likened to Dew.

Tears falling from her eyes as silently as dews in dead of night. *Dryden.*

I shall deserve those tears, that show like dew upon the morning's cheek.
Sir W. Davenant.

TEARS—Likened to Morning Dews.

She comes—
Her eyes weigh'd down by tears—as morning dews
Sit heavy on the tulip's golden round,
And stoop its burthen'd tenderness to earth.
G. Soane.

TEARS—Living Dews.

Her fair cheeks covered with those living dews, seemed like the white and like the purple rose if they are sprinkled by a dewy cloud. *Doyne's "Tasso."*

TEARS—Expiatory.

Thou weep'st I see—there can no richer pearls add lustre to a virgin's face than tears which are distilled for expiation of a sin-sick soul. *Old Play, "St. Cecily."*

TEARS—Come of Feeling.

The noble mind is oft too generous,
And, by protecting, weakens lesser one;
And tears must come of feeling, though they
quench
As oft the light which love lit in the eye.
Bailey.

TEARS—Feelings Embodied Form.

The pure and gross but differ in degree.
Tears, feeling's bright embodied form, are
not
More pure than dewdrops, nature's tears,
which she
Sheds in her own breast for the fair which
die
The sun insists on gladness; but at night,
When he is gone, poor nature loves to weep.
Bailey.

TEARS—Flowing of.

A flowing shower from her twin orbs of light all drown the faded roses of her cheeks.
Elkanah Settle.

TEARS—Pearled Dew.

O see the pearled dew drops from her eyes!
Anthony Brewer.

TEARS—Pellucid Dews.

Tears are the eye's pellucid dews, that fall
At pity's summons, or at mercy's call.
Poetical Calendar.

TEARS—Weeping Dew.

Motionless
She sits, with eyes fix'd as if rivetted
To earth, while tears insensibly steal down
Her pensive cheeks, which look like weeping
dew,
Fallen on the statue of despair.
Charles Macklin.

TEARS OF GRATITUDE.

From the heart that feels my warning,
Grateful are the tears that flow,
Pearly drops the flowers adorning,
Grace not more the dewy morning,
Nor such blessings can bestow.
"Triumph of Time and Truth," an Oratorio.

TEARS—the Effect of Grief.

When you was gone—as in a saffron morn,
When orient beams first gild the eastern sky,
The dewy spangles wet the blushing rose,
Till the sun's rays exhale them quite away;
So pearly tears th' effect of smother'd grief,
Stole from her eyes, and bathed her lovely
face,
Until my promise to reconcile you to her
Warm'd her with comfort, and so dried them
up. *O. S. Wandesford.*

TEARS—Grief's Mourning Livery.

His sad complexion wears grief's mourning livery—he is clothed in tears. *John Day.*

TEARS—Gushing.

Why are you pale?—why do the gushing
tears
Blot the majestic beauty of your face. *Lillo.*

TEARS—Heart-Wrung.

These are heart-wrung tears.
At these words, sympathetic tears swam o'er
For the first time, from each celestial eye,
As trees autumnal shed their leafy tears
In golden showers, shaken by sudden gust;
Tears not to be forbid. *Bailey.*

TEARS—Heighten Loveliness.

Like some dew-spangled flower thou showest more lovely in thy tears.
Author of "The Times," a Poem.

TEARS—Loveliness in.

How lovely in her tears!
What beams her beauty darts through clouds
of woe!
So Venus look'd when wet with silver drops
Above the floods she rais'd her shining head,
Gilded the waves, and charm'd the wond'ring
gods. *Robert Owen.*

TEARS OF MERCY.

In your eyes twin drops of mercy stand.
John Tobin.

TEARS—Parental.

He paus'd and hung his head to hide
Parental fondness' gushing tide.
Mary R. Mitford.

TEARS—Likened to Chains of Pearls.

The precious dew falls from those suns
above—
O see, a chain of pearls hangs on those lids!
Settle.

TEARS—Like Liquid Pearls.

Tears which trickle down her melancholy face like liquid pearl. *Young.*

TEARS—Like to Orient Pearls.

The streaming tears seemed like the shining rays of the clear sun, as heaps of orient pearls. *Doyne's "Tasso."*

She weeps, the tears like oriental pearl drop from her eyes. *Carlell.*

TEARS—Likened to Strung Pearls.

Tears hang on her neck more beautiful than strings of orient pearl. *John Banks.*

TEARS—Pearls of Pity.

Meek pity's pearl oft started in his eye.
Penrose.

For in your eye I spied a pearl of pity.
W. Rowley.

TEARS—Pearly Drops.

Let fall the pearly drops from her fair lamps of light. *Spenser.*

TEARS OF PENITENCE.

From these pearly eyes should there fall down more tears of penitence than the clouds drop to purchase a new spring, I could not be forgiven. *Old Play, "Muleasses."*

Penitential drops of liquid gems,
More rich than pearl on princes' diadems.
Edward Ward.

TEARS OF PITY.

Then doth the female eye appear most bright,
When drops of gentle pity give it lustre.
Mrs. Hughes.

The touch of nature
Hath stirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop
Of pity gush'd unbidden from thy eye.
Murphy.

TEARS—Likened to Rain-drops.

So looks the lily after a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.
Fielding.

TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

Unvalued here
Such tears may fall; but know, each tear will prove
A precious pearl in heaven above.
"The Triumph of Time."

TEARS—Repentant.

See how nature 'gins to work—
And how salt tears, like drops of pearly dew,
Fall from his eyes, as sorrowing his offence.
Old Play, "Knack to know a Knave."

TEARS—Repressed.

Subdue this silent languishment, these tears—
Which vainly rising to your eyelids, fall
Back on the heart, as wanting power to flow.
Robert Merry.

TEARS—Rhetoric of.

Her tears (beauty's expressive rhetoric)
Like drops of weeping roses from the still,
In silence trickle from her melting eyes;
Yet now and then bursts forth a soft complaint,
Soft as the murmur of the bubbling brook.
Benjamin Martyn.

TEARS—Rivulets of.

She ceased not from streaming forth rivulets of tears, that hung on her cheeks like the drops of pearled dew upon the riches of Flora. *Green's Arcadia.*

TEARS—Likened to Dew on Roses.

Tears hang upon his checks like morning dews on roses. *N. Lee.*

TEARS OF SORROW.

And with the tears that out her eye did 'still,
She did bedew her sad and mournful weed,
And with her hands her golden hair that spread
Abroad upon her back did tear and break,
And therewithal her fresh and roseate hue
That mixed was with lilies in her cheeks,
With weeping and lamenting sore did shew
Like unto herbs and fragrant flowers sweet
In April that with pleasant dews are wet.
Lidgate.

She weeps, and down her crimson cheek
The pearly tears descend like morning dew
Upon the new-blown rose.
James Ralph.

With that, the water in her eie
Arose, that she ne might it stoppe;
And as men sene the dew bedroppe
The leves and the floures eke,
Right so upon her white cheke
The wofull salt teres felle. *Gower.*

Behold my tears!—oh, think them pearled drops distilled from the heart! *Heywood.*

TEARS—Dew of the Soul.

She heard him not, nor haply knew
That on her pale cheek fell the gentle dew
Of the soul's fountain from his streaming eyes,
To love and truth a hallow'd sacrifice.
James Bird.

TEARS—Trembling of.

Tears were trembling in her fair blue eyes like drops that linger on the violet.
L. E. Landon.

TEARS—Their Trembling Radiance.

How through her tears with pale and trembling radiance the eye of beauty shines, and lights her sorrows. *Philip Francis.*

TEARS—Unsullied.

See where she comes, like lillies weeping with the morning dew, which though it wets, yet sullies not their beauty. *Centlivre.*

TEARS—Woman's Wealth.

ELISSA. Is't not a lovely, nay, a heavenly eve?
LUCIFER. Thy presence only makes it so to me.
The moments thou art with me are like stars
Peering through my dark life.
ELISSA. Nay, speak not so,
Or I shall weep, and thou wilt turn away
From woman's tears: yet are they woman's wealth.
LUCIFER. Then keep thy treasures, lady! I would not have
The world, if prized at one sad tear of thine.
One tear of beauty can outweigh a world
Even of sin and sorrow, heavy as this;
But beauty cannot sin, and should not weep,
For she is mortal. Oh! let deathless things
Alone weep. Why should aught that dies be sad? *Bailey.*

TEETH—Their Beauty.

Love is catching—from such teeth;
Delicate little pearl-white wedges,
All transparent at the edges. *Bailey.*

TEMPER—The Right Christian.

The right temper of a Christian is—to run always cross to the corrupt stream of the world and human iniquity; and to be willingly carried along with the stream of Divine Providence, and not at all to stir a hand, no, nor a thought to row against that mighty current: and not only is he carried with it upon necessity, because there is no steering against it, but cheerfully and voluntarily—not because he must, but because he would.
Leighton.

TEMPER—Infirmity of.

Every human creature is sensible of the propensities to some infirmity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life; else, when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which will require to be diligently watched and kept under, through the whole course of life; since nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow-creatures, than the indulgence of an ill-temper. *Blair.*

TEMPER—Good, a Sort of Velvetness of Mind.

Of all personal and mental attractions the two most permanent are undoubtedly smoothness of skin and temper—a sort of velvetness of body and mind. As they both especially depend upon the digestion, that is one of the strongest arguments for attending to its state. For once that the actions of human beings are guided by reason, ninety and nine times they are more or less influenced by temper. It is an even temper only that allows reason her full dominion, and enables us to arrive at any intended end by the nearest way, or at all. On the other hand, there is no obstacle to advancement or happiness so great as an undisciplined temper—a temper subject to pique or uncertainty. Pique is at once the bitterest and most absurd enemy a man can have. It will make him run counter to his dearest interests, and at the same time render him completely regardless of the interests of all around him. It will make him blindly violate every principle of truth, honesty, and humanity, and defeat the most important business, or break up the happiest party, without remorse, or a seeming consciousness of doing what is wrong. It is a pity that those who allow themselves to be subject to it are not treated with a great deal more severity than they usually are; for, in truth, they are greater pests to society than all the criminals who infest it, and, in my opinion, are often much more blameworthy. I have remarked that persons much given to pique are frequently particularly strict in the outward observances of religion. They must have strange notions, or rather no notions at all, of the spirit of Christianity; and the doctrines they hear must fall upon the most stony of places. Nay, I have met with persons so insensible to propriety, as to avow, without scruple, that they have left off attending a place of worship from some supposed affront they have received there. The concluding sentence of Fenelon's *Telemachus* is so much in unison with my sentiments, and is so well expressed, that I will conclude with it.

"Above all things be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you everywhere, to the last hour of your life. If you listen to it, it will frustrate all your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities, and will inspire you with the inclinations and aversions of a child, to the prejudice of your gravest interests. Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons; it obscures every talent, paralyzes every energy, and renders its victims unequal, weak, vile, and insupportable." *Moir.*

TEMPERANCE.

Bridle the appetite of gluttony, and thou wilt with less difficulty restrain all other inordinate desires of animal nature. *Kempis.*

TEMPEST.

The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forced downwards, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
Cowper.

TEMPEST—Horrors of.

Fancy amid the storm then takes her seat,
Where big, tumultuous billows beat
Around the dreary, howling cave,
When no life-boat the crew can save;
While deaf'ning winds and foamy surge
On shelving rocks the vessel urge,
There sees the sailor climb the mast,
A look of anguish round him cast—
And quit his grasp and fall. *Rev. J. Black.*

TEMPLE—The, in Ruins.

That God hath withdrawn himself, and left this His temple desolate, we have many sad and plain proofs before us. The stately ruins are visible to every eye, that bear in their front (yet extant) this doleful inscription—"Here God once dwelt." Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man to show the divine presence did some time reside in it; more than enough of vicious deformity to proclaim He is now retired and gone. The lamps are extinct, the altar overturned; the light and love are now vanished, which did the one shine with so heavenly brightness, the other burn with so pious fervour; the golden candlestick is displaced, and thrown away as a useless thing, to make room for the throne of the prince of darkness; the sacred incense, which sent rolling up in clouds its rich perfumes, is exchanged for a poisonous, hellish vapour, and here is, "instead of a sweet savour, a stench." The comely order of this house is turned all into confusion; the "beauties of holiness" into noisesome impurites; the "house of prayer into a den of thieves," and that of the worst and most horrid kind; for every lust is a thief, and every theft sacrilege: continual rapine and robbery are committed upon holy things. The noble powers which were designed and dedicated to divine contemplation and delight are alienated to the service of the most despicable idols, and employed unto vilest intuitions and embraces; to behold and admire lying vanities to indulge and cherish lust and wickedness. What! have not the enemies done wickedly in the sanctuary? How have they broken down the carved work thereof, and that, too, with axes and hammers, the noise whereof was not to be heard in building, much less in the demolishing this sacred frame! Look upon the fragment of that curious sculpture which once adorned the palace of that great king; the relics of common notions; the lively prints of some undefaced truth; the fair ideas of things; the yet legible precepts that relate to practice. Behold with what accuracy the broken pieces show these to have been engraven by the finger of God, and how they now lie torn and scattered, one in this dark corner, another in that, buried in heaps of dirt and rubbish! There is not now a system, an entire table of coherent truths to be found, or a frame of holiness, but some shivered parcels. And if any, with great toil and labour, apply themselves to draw out here one piece, and there another, and set them together, they serve rather to show how exquisite the divine workmanship was in the original composition, than for present use to the excellent purposes for which the whole was first designed. Some pieces agree, and own one another; but how soon are our inquiries and endeavours nonplussed and superseded! How many attempts have been made, since that fearful fall and ruin of this fabric, to compose again the truths of so many several kinds into their distinct orders, and make up frames of science, or useful knowledge; and after so many ages, nothing is finished in any one kind! Sometimes truths are misplaced, and what belongs to one kind is transferred to another, where it will not fitly match: sometimes falsehood inserted, which shatters or disturbs the whole frame. And what is with much fruitless pains done by one hand is dashed in pieces by another; and it is the work of a following age to sweep away the fine-spun cobwebs of a former. And those truths which are of greatest use, though not most out of sight, are least regarded: their tendency and design are overlooked; or they are so loosened and torn off that they cannot be wrought in, so as to take hold of the soul, but hover as faint, ineffectual notions that signify nothing. Its very fundamental powers are shaken and disjointed, and their order towards one another confounded and broken: so that what is judged considerable is not considered, what is recommended as eligible and lovely is not loved and chosen. Yea, the truth which is after godliness is not so much disbelieved as hated, held in unrighteousness, and shines as too feeble a light in that malignant darkness which comprehends it not. You come, amidst all this confusion, as into the ruined palace of some great prince, in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, there the shattered pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and useless among heaps of dirt. He that invites you to take a view of the soul of man gives you but such another prospect, and doth but say to you, "Behold the desolation;" all things rude and waste. So that should there be any pretence to the divine presence, it might be said, "If God be here, why is it thus?" The faded glory, the darkness, the disorder, the impurity, the decayed state, in all respects, of this temple, too plainly show the great Inhabitant is gone. *Howe.*

TEMPTATION—of the Evil One.

When I see the fisher bait his hook, I think on Satan's subtle malice, who sugars over his poisoned hooks with seeming pleasures. Thus Eve's apple was candied with divine knowledge, "Ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." When I see the fish fast hanged, I think upon the covetous worldling, who leaps at the profit without considering the danger. Thus Achan takes the gold and the garment, and never considers that his life must answer it. If Satan be such a fisher of men, it is good to look before we leap. Honey may be eaten, so that we take heed of the sting: I will honestly enjoy my delights, but not buy them with danger. *Warwick.*

TEMPTATION—Its Fascinating Delusion.

'Tis fair as frail mortality,
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation,
Still it is delusion. *Byron.*

TEMPTATION—Overwhelming.

I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross. *Shakespeare.*

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

But whoso conquereth, O! what bliss hath he;
All that he once subdued who now enjoys:
Proud of his aid, but humble in himself;
Lion of God, he all attacks o'ercomes
Of fascinative fraud, or fiercest force;
A proffered throne to steal aside his soul
Into bye-paths of treachery, and bewray
The secret truth, supremely sweet, he spurns,
Whose crown is God; the Lord of life eterne;
The great Perfecter of all souls create.
Bailey.

TEMPTATION—Undoing of Self.

When I cannot be forced, I am fooled out of my integrity. He cannot constrain if I do not consent. If I do but keep possession, all the posse of hell cannot violently eject me; but I cowardly surrender to his summons. Thus there needs no more to be my undoing but myself. *Fuller.*

TEMPTATION—Yielding to, and Triumphing over.

Ye know
What 'tis to triumph o'er temptation, what
To fall before it how; the young spirit faints—
The virgin tremor, the heart's ebb and flow,
When first some vast temptation calmly comes

And states itself before it, like the sun
Low looming in the west, above the wave
Of whimpling streamlet, ere its waters grow
To size aortal. Than the fiend himself
There is no greater evil. Less the shame
Of yielding, more the glory of conquering,
In him, to whom he goes, this soul elect.
Bailey.

TEMPTATIONS—Poverty and Wealth.

Poverty and wealth have different temptations, but they are equally strong. The rich are tempted to pride and insolence: the poor to jealousy and envy. The envious and discontented poor invariably become haughty and overbearing when rich; for selfishness is equally at the bottom of these opposite evils. Indeed, it is at the bottom of all manner of evils. *Mrs. Child.*

TEMPTER—His Wiles.

He's gone. It matters not.
I have him yet; for he is mine to tempt.
Gold hath the hue of hell flames: but for him
I will lay some brilliant and delicious lure,
Which shall be worth perdition to a seraph.
Most men glide quietly and deeply down:
Some seek the bottom like a cataract,
Now he shall find it, seek it how he will.
None ever went without once taking breath.
It is passion plunges men into mine arms;
But it matters not; hell burns before them
all.
It is by hell-light they do their chiefest deeds;
And by hell-light they shine unto each other;
And hell through life's thick fog glares red
and round;
And but for hell they would grope in utter
dark. *Bailey.*

TENDER—

As melting pity. *Gildon.*
As a youthful mother's joy. *Southey.*
And good as angels. *C. Burnaby.*
And careful as a guardian angel. *Centlivre.*
As infancy. *Shakespeare.*
I feel a tender interest in your welfare, tender as fathers feel. *W. Mason.*
And warm as lovers' thoughts. *Buckingham.*
As the vows of parting friends. *G. Sewell.*
As the lambs that play in sunny morns. *Dryden.*
More tender than the Paphian dove. *C. A. Elton.*
Constant and tender as a turtle dove. *Play, "Cross Partners."*
As the wood-dove's sigh. *Landon.*

TENDER—

As the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain. *Sacred Script.*
As buds. *Jonson's "Sad Shepherd."*
As the lacy film woven at morning in the hawthorn blossoms. *Play, "The Witness."*
As dew of flower. *Chaucer.*

TERROR—Paralyzes the Mind.

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear. For fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible, with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on anything as trifling, or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. And to things of great dimensions, if we annex an adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. A level plain of a vast extent on land is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean: but can it ever fill the mind with anything so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes; but it is owing to none more than this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror. Indeed terror is in all cases whatsoever, either more openly or latently, the ruling principle of the sublime. Several languages bear a testimony to the affinity of these ideas. They frequently use the same word to signify indifferently the modes of astonishment or admiration and those of terror. Θαμβος is in Greek, either fear or wonder; δεινος is terrible or respectable; αιδεω, to reverence or to fear. *Vereor* in Latin is what αιδεω is in Greek. The Romans used the verb *stupeo*, a term which strongly marks the state of an astonished mind, to express the effect either of simple fear, or of astonishment; the word *attonitus* (thunder-struck) is equally expressive of the alliance of these ideas; and do not the French *etonnement*, and the English *astonishment* and *amazement*, point out as clearly the kindred emotions which attend fear and wonder? They who have a more general knowledge of languages could produce, I make no doubt, many other and equally striking examples. *Burke.*

TETRASTIC—A.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep. *Sir W. Jones.*

THANKSGIVING.

Our whole life should speak forth our thankfulness; every condition and place we are in should be a witness of our thankfulness: this will make the time and places we live in the better for us. When we ourselves are monuments of God's mercy, it is fit we should be patterns of His praises, and leave monuments to others. We should think life is given to us to do something better than to live in: we live not to live; our life is not the end of itself, but the praise of the Giver. God hath joined His glory and our happiness together: it is fit that we should refer all that is good to His glory, who hath joined His glory to our best good in being glorified in our salvation (Ps. l. 14; cxvi. 17). Praise is a just and due tribute for all God's blessings; for what else do the best favours of God especially call for at our hands? How do all creatures praise God but by our mouths? It is a debt always owing, and always paying; and the more we pay, the more we shall owe: upon the due discharge of this debt, the soul will find much peace. A thankful heart to God for his blessings is the greatest blessing of all. Were it not for a few gracious souls, what honour would God have of the rest of the unthankful world? which should stir us up the more to be trumpets of God's praises in the midst of His enemies; because this, in some sort, hath a prerogative above our praising God in heaven: for there God hath no enemies to dishonour him (Ps. cxlv. 10-12; cxlviii.; cl.) *Sibbs.*

THINGS—Inevitable.

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done. *Shakespeare.*

THINGS—Little.

It is to the virtues or errors of our common conversation and ordinary deportment that we owe both our friends and enemies, our good or bad character abroad, our domestic peace or troubles; and, in a high degree, the improvement or depravation of our minds. Let no man, then, that will be perfect or happy, abandon himself to his humours or his inclinations in his carriage towards his acquaintance, his children, his servants: let no man, that will be perfect or happy, follow prejudice or fashion in the common and customary actions of life: but let him assure himself, that by a daily endeavour to conform these more and more to the excellent rules of the gospel, he is to train up himself by degrees to the most absolute wisdom, and the most perfect virtue, he is capable of. *Lucas.*

THINGS—Rated as they Exist.

We are but to apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles; and were indeed the result of both combined; I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence even in the midst of arms and confusion, and whilst government were rather in their causes than formed. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and priesthood, and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas, and by furnishing their minds. *Burke.*

THINGS—Necessary to be Continually had in Remembrance by a Judge.

1. That in the administration of justice I am intrusted for God, the king, and country; and, therefore,—

2. That it be done, 1. uprightly; 2. deliberately; 3. resolutely.

3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

4. That, in the execution of justice, I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them however provoked.

5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unseasonable and interruptions.

6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

8. That in business capital, though my

nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

10. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice.

11. That popular or court applause or distaste have no influence in anything I do in point of distribution of justice.

12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

Justice Hale.

THINGS—Small, Great.

Nought that is right think little; well aware
What reason bids, God bids; by his command
How aggrandized the smallest thing we do!

Young.

THIRST—Agony of.

She went her way with a strong step and slow;
Her press'd lip arch'd, and her clear eye undimm'd,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she press'd
His hand till it was pain'd; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigour is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh! man may bear with suffering: his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face,—but laid his hand,
In silent blessing, on the fair-hair'd boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness. *Willis.*

THOUGHT—The Four Ages of.

What is thought?
In childhood—an imperfect gleam,
A summer bower, a moonlight dream,
Glimpses of some far-shining stream,
A rosy wreath, the blessed beam
That dwells in mothers' eyes.

In youth—an urn brimm'd with delight,
Sweet thronging fantasies of light,
Meek eyes with love's own radiance bright,
Soft music on a summer night,
Hope budding into joy.

In manhood—a benighted shore
With wrecks of bliss all scatter'd o'er,
Dark swelling doubts, fears scorn'd before,
A spirit wither'd at the core—
A sea of storm and strife.

In age—a calm undazzled eye
Living in worlds of memory,
Low-breathed thanks for love on high,
A patient longing for the sigh
That wafts it into rest. *Lit. Gazette.*

THOUGHT—Our Dignity.

Man is a reed, and the weakest reed in nature; but then he is a thinking reed. There is no occasion that the whole universe should arm itself for his destruction. A vapour, a drop of water is sufficient to kill him. And yet should the universe crush him, man would still be more noble than that by which he fell, because he would know his fate, while the universe would be insensible of its victory. . . . Thus all our dignity consists in thought. It is hence we are to raise ourselves, and not by the aid of space and duration. Let us study the art of thinking well: this is the foundation of ethics.

Pascal.

THOUGHT—Begins in Feeling.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid. *J. R. Lowell.*

THOUGHT—Invisible steps of.

When following the invisible steps of thought, we come to inquire, Whence is matter, and whereto? Many truths arise to us out of the recesses of consciousness. We learn that the highest is present to the soul of man, that the dread universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, or power, but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates; that, behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present; that spirit is one and not compound; that spirit does not act upon us from without, —that is, in space and time,—but spiritually, or through ourselves. Therefore, that Spirit, —that is, the Supreme Being—does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need inexhaustible power. Who can set bounds to the possibilities of man? Once inspire the infinite, by being admitted to behold the absolute natures of justice and truth, and we learn that man has access to the entire mind of the Creator—is himself the Creator in the finite. This view, which admonishes me where the sources of wisdom and power lie, and points to virtue as to—

> "The golden key
> Which opens the palace of eternity,"

carries upon its face the highest certificate of truth, because it animates me to create my own world through the purification of my soul. *R. W. Emerson.*

THOUGHT—Man made for.

Man is evidently made for thinking: this is the only excellence that he can boast. To think aright is the sum of human duty; and the true art of thinking is to begin with ourselves, our Author, and our end. And yet what is it that engrosses the thoughts of the world? Not any of these objects; but pleasure, wealth, honour, and esteem; in fine, the making ourselves kings without reflecting what it is to be a king, or to be a man. *Pascal.*

THOUGHT—a Momentary Meteor of the Mind.

Man's loftiest thoughts,
Even on his own destinies, as one soul,
Or volumed into nations, or as all,
These momentary meteors of the mind,
Which, flashing through, illume life's hemisphere,
Whose counterpart is death, or heaven—or what?—
With but decadent light. *Bailey.*

THOUGHT—A Poet's.

Tell me what is a poet's thought?
Is it on the sudden born?
Is it from the starlight caught?
Is it by the tempest taught?
Or by whispering morn?

Was it cradled in the brain?
Chain'd awhile, or nursed in night?
Was it wrought with toil and pain?
Did it bloom and fade again,
Ere it burst to light?

No more question of its birth:
Rather love its better part!
'Tis a thing of sky and earth,
Gathering all its golden worth
From the poet's heart. *Procter.*

THOUGHT—Eagle-headed Sceptre of the Soul.

Thus
Ofttimes, at eve, together, eyeing heaven,
Creating stars, we sat, and stretching forth
The eagle-headed sceptre of the soul,
Ruled them at ease enthroned; with gifts of power
Widening the empyrean world on world.
And dropping down the fathom-line of thought
Into the future years, conceive what 'twere
To quit this world's necessitated deeps,
These strange librating bonds of birth and death;
And sweep into the still free sphere on high,
On faith and truth, our undeveloped wings,
Like to a vital wind, invisible,
Yet firmed and bounded in a beauteous form;
To give up life for Being, and be gods:
Such were the heights we aimed at, such the deeps. *Bailey.*

THOUGHT—An Unhappy.

Oft an unhappy thought,
Telling all is not well, falls from his soul
Like a diseased feather from the wing
Of a sick eagle. *Alexander Smith.*

THOUGHT—Want of.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
Dryden.

THOUGHTS—Our.

On the whole, it is of as great importance for a man to take heed what thoughts he entertains, as what company he keeps; for they have the same effect on the mind. Bad thoughts are as infectious as bad company; and good thoughts solace, instruct, and entertain the mind, like good company. And this is one great advantage of retirement, that a man may choose what company he pleases from within himself. . . . As in the world we oftener light into bad company than good, so in solitude we are oftener troubled with impertiness, and unprofitable thoughts, than entertained with agreeable and useful ones: and a man that hath so far lost the command of himself, as to lie at the mercy of every foolish or vexing thought, is much in the same situation as a host whose house is open to all comers; whom, though ever so noisy, rude, or troublesome, he cannot get rid of; but with this difference, that the latter hath some recompense for his trouble, the former none at all, but is robbed of his peace and quiet for nothing. *J. Mason.*

THOUGHTS — and their Voluminous Beings.

Come, living thoughts—envelope me around
With your voluminous beings—clear away,
For ye are spirits creative, and ye may
With your ethereal presence this dark ground
Beneath, and my unburthen'd feet, surround
With th' unfelt pavement of your golden way,
T' ascend from out the darkness of earth's day,
That to the mind's large kingdom we may bound.

To reign, if perfect will and knowledge be
To reign—and aught *may* reign but God above;
Where life, in spiritual conception free,
Sees all is beauty, and feels all is love.
And, ministering thoughts, ye come more bright
Than wings of angels glistening in their flight. *Blackwood.*

THOUGHTS—Deep.

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole. *Lowell.*

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

There is a thread in our thoughts, as there is a pulse in our feelings;—he who can hold the one knows how to think; and he who can move the other, knows how to feel. *Disraeli.*

THOUGHTS—First and Last.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best. *Rev. Robert Hall.*

THOUGHTS—on a Well-spent Life.

Lighter than air hope's visions fly,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings his flight,
Pour round his path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

Rogers.

THOUGHTS—Sad.

A grief of recent birth is a sick infant, that must have its medicine administered in its milk; and sad thoughts are the sorrowful heart's natural food. This is a complaint not to be cured by opposites, which for the most part only reverse the symptoms, while they exasperate the disease; or, like a rock in the mid-channel of a river swollen by a sudden rain-flush from the mountains, which only detains the excess of waters from their proper outlet, and makes them foam, roar, and eddy. The soul, in her desolation, hugs the sorrow close to her, as her sole remaining garment; and this must be drawn off so gradually, and the garment to be put in its stead so insensibly slipt on, and feel so like the former, that the sufferer shall be sensible of the change only by the refreshment. The true spirit of consolation is well content to detain the tear in the eye, and finds a surer pledge of its success in the smile of resignation that dawns through it, than in the liveliest shows of a forced and alien exhilaration. *Coleridge.*

THOUGHTS—Suggested by Orginal Men.

Many persons deprecate the study of the older authors on scientific subjects as a waste of time and mental energy. To a certain extent this is correct. To seek in them for that knowledge which they had no means of attaining would be obviously absurd. No one expects to find a microscopical description of the tissues of the organized body before the era of the invention of that instrument. But it will often occur that men of original views suggest thoughts which they have no power of following out,—which are, in fact, in advance of their time; and these may be profitably taken up at a subsequent period. Moreover, in those departments in which the phenomena are constantly presenting themselves to inspection, an acute observer will frequently seize almost intuitively the essential details, and transmit to posterity accounts of them which may be highly valuable as bases for further inquiries. Thus the descriptions of diseases, founded on symptoms alone, left us by Hippocrates, were probably not surpassed by those of any other physician down to the time of Sydenham; and the descriptions of various species of animals, including not merely their external form, but their internal structure, which were drawn up under the direction of Aristotle, if not actually by him, would, if attended to by subsequent naturalists, have saved them from many errors, some of them egregious ones. We by no means recommend the study of bygone authors to those who desire merely to acquaint themselves with the present state of the science they are pursuing, since to them it would be generally a misemployment of time. But on those who are pursuing the path of original inquiry in any department upon which the means of investigation were within the reach of their predecessors, we would urge a careful research into their contributions, whether of fact or opinion, as a matter of interest as well as of duty. They will frequently thus be able to start from a more advanced position; they will often receive valuable assistance in their progress; and, when they have completed their work, they will be able to reply more successfully to the attacks of those who represent their discoveries "as nothing new."

British and Foreign Medical Review.

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

He deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.

Coleridge.

THOUGHTLESSNESS—in Youth.

In general, I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that.* When a man has done his work and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances, or the passions, of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in *any* after years, rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

Ruskin.

THRIFT—The Ladder to.

1. To take thy calling thankfully,
And shun the path to beggary.
2. To grudge in youth no drudgery,
To come by knowledge perfectly.
3. To count no travell slavery
That brings in penny saverly.
4. To follow profit earnestly,
But meddle not with pilfery.
5. To get by honest practisy,
And keep thy gettings covertly.
6. To lash not out too lashingly,
For fear of pinching penury.
7. To get good plot to occupy,
And store and use it husbandly.
8. To show to landlord courtesy,
And keep thy covenants orderly.
9. To hold that thine is lawfully,
For stoutness or for flattery.
10. To wed good wife for company,
And live in wedlock honestly.
11. To furnish house with housholdry,
And make provision skilfully.
12. To join to wife good family,
And none to keep for bravery.
13. To suffer none live idely,
For fear of idle knavery.
14. To 'courage wife in huswifery,
And use well-doers gentily.
15. To keep no more but needfully,
And count excess unsavoury.
16. To raise betimes the lubberly,
Both snorting Hob and Margery.
17. To walk thy pastures usually,
To spy ill neighbour's subtilty.
18. To hate revengement hastily,
For losing love and amity.
19. To love thy neighbour neighbourly,
And show him no discourtesy.
20. To answer stranger civilly,
But show him not thy secresy.
21. To use no man deceitfully,
To offer no man villainy.
22. To learn how foe to pacify,
But trust him not too hastily.
23. To keep thy touch substantially,
And in thy word use constancy.
24. To make thy bands advisedly,
And come not bound through suerty.
25. To meddle not with usury,
Nor lend thy money foolishly.

26. To hate to live in infamy,
Through craft, and living shiftingly.
27. To shun all kind of treachery,
For treason endeth horribly.
28. To learn to shun ill company,
And such as live dishonestly.
29. To banish house of blasphemy,
Lest crosses cross, unluckily.
30. To stop mischance through policy
For chancing too unhapily.
31. To bear thy crosses patiently,
For worldly things are slippery.
32. To lay to keep from misery,
Age coming on, so creepingly.
33. To pray to God, continually,
For aid against thine enemy.
34. To spend thy Sabbath holily,
And help the needy poverty.
35. To live in conscience quietly,
And keep thyself from malady.
36. To ease thy sickness speedily,
Ere help be past recovery.
37. To seek to God for remedy,
For witches prove unluckily.

These be the steps, unfeignedly,
To climb to thrift by husbandry.

These steps both reach, and teach thee shall,
To come by thrift, to shift withal. *Tusser.*

TIME.

Time is the most precious of all our possessions—by far the greatest deposit we have received, in regard to what depends on its use. There is nothing in eternity but what springs out of time. All the good which eternity has in store, and all the evil, all the promises, and all the threatenings of God in Scripture, all will be realized in consequence of, and in proportion to, the improvement or abuse of the present time of our probation. Time is the seed of eternity. At the judgment, the question which will decide your destiny will be no other than this,—how you have used your time. And the less there remains of this precious article, the more valuable it should appear. The narrower becomes the isthmus that separates us from eternity, the more time seems to enlarge itself in moral magnitude: in a word, to squander time is to squander all. *Hall.*

TIME—To.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure! *W. L. Bowles.*

TIME—Curative.

Time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more. *Scott.*

TIME—Well Disposed.

When Drexelius was asked by his friend Faustinus how he could do so much as he had done? he answered, "The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, or eight thousand four hundred and sixty hours: in so many hours great things may be done; the slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time." *Bishop Horne.*

TIME—Division of.

The seven days is by far the most permanent division of time, and the most ancient monument of astronomical knowledge. It was used by the Brahmins in India, with the same denomination used by us; and was alike found in the calendars of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabs, and Assyrians. It has survived the fall of empires, and has existed among all successive generations; a proof of the common origin of mankind. The division of the year into months, &c., is very old, and almost universal, but not so ancient or uniform as the seven days, or week. *Mrs. Somerville.*

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living being; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision of nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetition.

Browne.

TIME IS DIVISIONAL.

Time is divisional; eternity
All unitive. Perfection is to come. *Bailey.*

TIME—Economy of.

Time is never more misspent than while we declaim against the want of it; all our actions are then tinctured with peevishness. The yoke of life is certainly the least oppressive when we carry it with good humour; and in the shades of rural retirement, when we have once acquired a resolution to pass our hours with economy, sorrowful lamentations on the subject of time misspent, and business neglected, never torture the mind.

Zimmerman.

TIME—Its Effects.

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.

Burns.

TIME—End of.

And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. And he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth,—and he cried with a loud voice: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices. And he lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer. *Revelations.*

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Here I have no abiding city; as a tenant at will, I may be dismissed at a minute's warning; but I have an immortal soul,—a soul that must be happy or miserable to eternity,—a soul that must join angels in glory, or fiends in darkness! How weighty then is the concern of salvation! and how important every moment that shortens the span allotted me below! *Haweis.*

TIME—Fragments of.

Many a poor man would be happy to redeem, at the close of life, the sums which in his youth he has thrown away; and many an ignorant man, in the decay of his strength, has still more reason to lament the time which he once neglected, when he might have learned to become "wise unto salvation." A slight excuse is enough for a man whilst death seems distant. He quiets his conscience while he says, I am busy, I am hard-working, I am constantly employed; and God is not "austere:" he will not expect much, where little has been given. But this is seen at last to be a vain device of Satan, when death actually comes, and finds the soul unprepared; much business done, but none of that which was most needful—none of that which might have been performed, if all the fragments of time had been gathered up, and employed for the purpose which they are given to serve.

Bishop Sumner.

TIME—Its Flight.

Time flies on in the same rapid course, and while we still trifle, Eternity is upon us. A gracious Providence calls upon us by the loudest alarms to hasten and finish our appointed work—and we carelessly devote our attention to objects undeserving the serious contemplation of a monkey. I do not call it trifling to enliven the circle of social good humour—to improve all our talents, small as well as great, to the praise of the giver,—thankfully to enjoy and admire even His least and most common bounties, &c., but I have no patience with the false politeness of the world that banishes every subject that is interesting and delightful, if it bear but the name of seriousness. *Talbot.*

TIME—Gone.

Time! where didst thou those yeares inter,
Which I have seene decease?
My soule 's at war, and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden sepulcher,
To give her troubles peace. *Habington.*

TIME—Good or Bad as we use it.

Why slander we the times?
What crimes
Have days and years that we
Thus charge them with iniquity?
If we would rightly scan,
It's not the times are bad, but man.

If thy desire it be
To see
The times prove good, be thou
But such thyself, and surely know
That all thy days to thee
Shall spite of mischief happy be. *Beaumont.*

TIME—Good Use of.

This I am sure, which thing this fair wheat (God save it) maketh me remember, that those husbandmen which rise earliest and come latest home, and are content to have their dinner and other drinkings brought into the field to them, for fear of losing of time, have fatter barns in the harvest than they which will either sleep at the noontime of the day, or else make merry with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholar that purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to reap and enjoy much fruit of learning, must till and sow thereafter. Our best seed time, which be scholars, as it is very timely, and when we be young, so it endureth not over long, and therefore it may not be let slip one hour; our ground is very hard and full of weeds, our horse wherewith we be drawn very wild, as Plato saith. And infinite other molests, which will make a thrifty scholar take heed how he spendeth his time in sport and play. *Roger Ascham.*

TIME—Its Hands.

Destruction and salvation are the hands
Upon the face of Time. When both unite,
The day of death dawns. Every orb exists
Unto its preappointed end: and earth,
My creature, the elect of worlds, ere all
Is saved. The world shall perish as a worm
Upon destruction's path; the universe
Evanish like a ghost before the sun;
Yea, like a doubt before the truth of God;
Yet nothing more than death shall perish.
Bailey.

TIME—All-important.

On all-important Time, through every age,
(Though much, and warm, the wise have urged) the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race:
He spoke as if deputed by mankind;
So should all speak: so reason speaks in all.
Young.

TIME—the Judge.

Time is the judge; time has nor friend nor foe;
False fame must wither and the true must grow. *Young.*

TIME—is Measured Duration.

Time is measured duration; the material of our being, and the index of our progression to eternity.

There was, before time begun its course; there will be, when time shall be no longer.

Time has been a favourite theme with philosophers, moralists, and sages. Some have extolled it much, but none ever knew its intrinsic worth. The light of eternity must reveal it, the day of doom declare it, and all eternity re-echo it.

Time past, how transient; time present, how evanescent; time to come, with many how uncertain. How different in the lessons it teaches, and the impressions it makes.

The child wastes it in play, and knoweth not its worth; the anxious youth would hasten its course, and the aged put a drag upon its wheels.

Deferred hope and endured pain biddeth it fly; enjoyment would arrest its flight, and the condemned malefactor is overwhelmed at its velocity.

So intrinsically excellent, it is dealt out in moments, and two contemporary ones never existed at the same period.

Its travel is regular, silent but sure. It never wearies, nor halts, nor turns aside; on, on, is its motto,—and on, on, it has sped for nearly six thousand years.

A thousand years were given to the antediluvians, one hundred and twenty to the patriarchs, but thirty are the measure of the modern generations of mankind.

Time is the space of man's existence, the bounds of his probation, and his seed-time for eternity.

In possession, it may be improved and enjoyed; gone, it is irrecoverably lost.

Used, it blesses; neglected, it condemns; abused, it leaves its curse behind.

Time should be redeemed from vain conversation, frivolous pursuits, foolishness of life.

Time should be anticipated by prudent forethought, improved by holy diligence, and laid up for serious reflection.

The records of time will furnish the subjects for judgment, and influence the destinies of eternity.

Reader, what thinkest thou of time? how hast thou spent time past? how art thou using time present? and how purposing for time to come?

Know its intrinsic value; be taught its immense importance; and so number thy days as to apply thy heart unto wisdom.

Dicks.

TIME—Eastern Method of Measuring.

The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming?" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job, we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow." *Roberts.*

TIME—Misspent.

Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool. *Young.*

TIME—Misspent: No Recompense for.

There is no remedy for time misspent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

Oh! hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,
Because I know the span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness!
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams;
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given!
Man should be ever better than he seems—
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk, adoring earth, deserving heaven.

Aubrey de Vere.

TIME—Past and Present.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old past, whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crown'd he lies, but cold and dead:

For the present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours,
Honour her, for she is mighty!
Honour her, for she is ours!

Noble things the great past promised,
Holy dreams both strange and new;
But the present shall fulfil them,
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the lustre of his name.

She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands.

Household Words.

TIME—Personified.

Misshapen time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murderest all, that are.

* * * * *

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
To wake the morn and centinel the night;
To wrong the wronger, till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings, with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books, and alter their contents;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter;
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To slay the tiger, that doth live by slaughter;
To tame the unicorn, and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age

Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends;
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.
Shakespeare.

TIME—The Probationer.

Live much in a short time. "Redeem the time," and repair thy omissions in some manner, by redoubling thy diligence. Let the book of thy life, the book that must be opened at the last day, be full of sense and worthy matter: let there be no void spaces and empty gaps (idle words and idle hours are such) in it: let every page of it, every day, be filled with what is significant, intelligible, rational, and worthy to be transcribed and copied out by others. Live in an exemplary way; and follow that best example, the holy Jesus, "who went about doing good." *Dr. Worthington.*

TIME—Its Certain Progress.

Time passes on, and the fashions of the mind, as well as of the body, change; but the mind and the body remain the same in all ages, and are subject to the same accidents of disease and error. *Southey.*

TIME—Its Ravages.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah!—with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time! *W. B. Procter.*

TIME—Redeeming the.

Be not prodigal of your time on earth, which is so little in your power. Because you are not to expect much, make the best use you can of your little. It is so precious a thing, that it is to be redeemed; it is therefore too precious to be embezzled and trifled away. The connection of those two precepts (Eph. v. 15, 16), of walking circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, and that of redeeming the time, more than intimates that to squander away time is a foolish thing. Of the several sorts of things that we make ourselves, their shape and frame show their use and end. Are we to make a less judicious estimate of the works of God? If we therefore contemplate ourselves, and consider what a sort of production man is, can we allow ourselves to think that God made a reasonable creature on purpose to play the fool? or can we live as if we thought so, without reproaching our Maker? But whereas He who hath been the Author to us of such a law, requiring us to redeem time; the reproach will be wholly turned off from Him upon ourselves, and our consequent ruin be upon our own guilty heads. And He will find some among ourselves, who, by the advantage only of the reasonable nature which is common to us and them, shall be instructors to us not to waste our days in vanity, and will be witnesses against us if we so foolishly consume what we cannot command. Some such have unanswerably reprehended the common folly of those that dread the thought of throwing away their whole life at once, who yet have no regret at squandering it all away by parcels and piecemeal; and have told us, "A wise man can find nothing of that value, for which to barter away his time." Besides, we ought to consider that as we are reasonable creatures we are accountable; that we are shut up in these bodies as in workhouses; that when He that keeps the keys lets us out, we are to receive the things done in the body, according to what we have done, whether good or evil (2 Cor. v. 10); that it belongs to Him who measures our time to consume it too, and the use we have made of it. *Howe.*

TIME—No Restitution for.

Time flies, and still they weep; for never
The fugitive can time restore;
An hour once fled, has fled for ever,
And all the rest shall smile no more!
M. G. Lewis.

TIME—Never Returns.

It is well known that time once passed never returns, and that the moment which is lost, is lost for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others. This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice; scarcely anything is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders: one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by deluding us with amusement; the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, still having lost all, we can lose no more. *Johnson.*

TIME—Half-revealed.

Time is the crescent shape to bounded eye
Of what is ever perfect unto God. *Bailey.*

TIME—His Iron Sceptre.

Dames that in the dazzling glow
Of your youth and beauty go:
Ye who, in your strength, defy
Love with all his archery;
Ye who stand unconquered still,
Conquering others as ye will—
Ye shall bend at last before
The iron sceptre of my power.

Mine shall be your glories then,
Mine the triumphs of your train,
Mine the trophy and the crown,
Mine the hearts which ye have won;
And your beauty's waning ray
Shall wax feeble and decay,
And your souls too proudly soaring,
The see the prostrate world adoring.

Time, imperial Time, am I,
Time, your lord and enemy;
Time, whose passing wing can blight,
With the shadow of its flight,
More than love in all his pride,
With his thousands by his side.

While I speak, the moments fly,
And my spirit silently
Creeps into your sparkling eyes,
And amid your tresses lies—
Here the wreathed knots untwining,
There bedimming beauty's shining;
Blunting all the piercing darts
Which the amorous eye imparts,
And wearing loveliness away
To crumble with its kindred clay.

On I fly; I speed away,
On, for ever and for aye;
But, alas! ye take no heed
To the swiftness of my speed. *Tasso.*

TIME—Gained from Time.

A little time we gain from time
To set our seasons in some chime,
For harsh, or sweet, or loud, or low,
With seasons played out long ago.
And souls that in their time and prime
Took part with summer or with snow,
Lived abject lives out or sublime,
And had their chance of seed to sow,
For service or disservice done
To those days dead and this their son.
Algernon Charles Swinburne.

TIME—Its Tooth.

In records that defy the tooth of time.
Young.

TIME—Its Trilogy.

So Time's whole trilogy to thee is one:
The angels are the chorus of the world,
And man the mighty drama of the Lord.
Bailey.

TIME—Goes by Turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower.
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal time to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
No endless night, nor yet eternal day.
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befal,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all. *Robert Southwell.*

TIME—Intense Value of.

Shun such as lounge through afternoons and eves,
And on thy dial write, "Beware of thieves!"
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal;
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right,—it holds my golden time! *O. W. Holmes.*

TIME—Wasted.

Time elaborately thrown away. *Young.*

TIME'S WHEEL.

See how Time hath turned his restless wheel about, and made the silver moon and heaven's bright eye gallop the zodiack and end the year? *George Peele.*

TOMBS—Living.

How many are so entombed by the riches, the honours, the pleasures, and the sins of the world, as only to be taken out of them to be buried in the earth. *Marsh.*

TONGUE—Regulation of the.

A Christian must labour to have his speech as contracted as can be in the things of this earth: and even in divine things, our words should be few and wary. In speaking of the greatest things, it is a great point of wisdom not to speak much. *Leighton.*

TONGUES—The Gift of.

The apostles, speaking on the day of Pentecost to the people, in their respective languages, was to us a plain intimation of the mind and will of God, that the sacred records should be preserved by all nations in their own tongue; that the Scriptures should be read, and public worship performed in the vulgar languages of the nations. *M. Henry.*

TOWNS—Influence of.

The influence that the growth of a large town has upon agriculture is great and striking. "In the neighbourhood," says Dr. Paley, "of trading towns, and in those districts which carry on a communication with the markets of trading towns, the husbandmen are busy and skilful, the peasantry laborious; the land is managed to the best advantage, and double the quantity of corn or herbage (articles which are ultimately converted into human provision) raised from it, of what the same soil yields in remoter and more neglected parts of the country. Wherever a thriving manufactory finds means to establish itself, a new vegetation springs up around it. I believe it is true that agriculture never arrives at any considerable, much less at its highest, degree of perfection when it is not connected with trade; that is, when the demand for the produce is not increased by the consumption of trading cities. *Dr. Paley.*

TRACELESS—

As the wind. *Sir W. Davenant.*

TRADE—an Estate.

He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour: but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. *Franklin.*

TRADE—Fluctuation of.

Trade is a fluctuating thing: it passed from Tyre to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Venice, from Venice to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Amsterdam and London, the English rivalling the Dutch, the French are now rivalling both. All nations almost, are wisely applying themselves to trade, and it behoves those who are in possession of it to take the greatest care that they do not lose it. It is a plant of tender growth, it requires sun and soil and fine seasons to make it thrive and flourish. It will not grow like the palm-tree, which, with the more weight and pressure, rises the more. Liberty is a friend to that, as that is a friend to liberty. But the greatest enemy to both is licentiousness, which tramples upon all law and lawful authority, encourages riots and tumults, promotes drunkenness and debauchery, sticks at nothing to support its extravagance, practises every art of illicit gain, ruins credit, ruins trade, and will in the end ruin liberty itself. Neither kingdoms nor commonwealths, neither public companies nor private persons, can long carry on a beneficial and flourishing trade without virtue, and what virtue teacheth —sobriety, industry, frugality, modesty, honesty, punctuality, humanity, charity, the love of our country, and the fear of God. *Bishop Newton.*

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Suppose a country, X, with three manufactures, as cloth, silk, and iron, supplying three other countries, A, B, C, but is desirous of increasing the vent, and raising the price of cloth in favour of her own clothiers.

In order to this she forbids the importation of foreign cloth from A.

A, in return, forbids silk from X.

Then the silk-workers complain of a decay of trade.

And X, to content them, forbids silk from B.

B, in return, forbids iron ware from X.

Then the iron workers complain of decay.

And X forbids the importation of iron from C.

C, in return forbids cloth from X.

What is got by all these prohibitions?

Answer.—All four find their common stock of the enjoyments and conveniences of life diminished. *Franklin.*

TRADE—The Plant of Peace.

Trade, (or the merchant and manufacturer) began to appear: Trade, a plant which always grows wherever there is peace, and as long as there is peace. The luxury and necessity of the noble fostered it. And as quickly as men go to foreign parts, in ships or caravans, a new order of things springs up; new ideas awake in their minds. New command takes place, new servants and new matters. Their informations, their wealth, their correspondence, have made them quite other men than left their native shore. *They* are nobles now, and by another patent than the king's feudalism has been good, had broken the power of the kings, and had some very good traits of its own; but it had grown mischievous, it was time for it to die, and, as they say of dying people, all its faults came out. Trade was the strong man that broke it down, and raised a new and unknown power in its place. It is a new agent in the world, and one of great function; it is a very intellectual force. This displaces physical strength, and instals computation, combination, information, science, in its room. It calls out all force of a certain kind that slumbered in former dynasties. It is now in the midst of its career—feudalism is not ended yet. Our governments still partake largely of that element. Trade goes to make the governments insignificant, and to bring every kind of faculty of every individual that can in any manner serve any person *on sale.* Instead of a huge army and navy, and executive departments, it tends to convert government into a bureau of intelligence, an intelligence-office, where every man may find what he wishes to buy, and expose what he has to sell, not only produce and manufactures, but art, skill, and intellectual and moral values. This is the good and this the evil of trade, that it goes to put everything *into market*, talent, virtue, beauty, and man himself. By this means, however, it has done its work. It has its faults, and will come to an end, as the others do. We rail at trade, and the philosopher and lover of man have much harm to say of it; but the historian of the world will see that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace, and it will abolish slavery. We complain of the grevious oppression of the poor, and of its building up a new aristocracy on the ruins of the aristocracy it destroyed. But there is this immense difference, that the aristocracy of trade has no permanence, is not entailed, was the result of toil and talent, the result of merit of some kind, and is continually falling, like the waves of the sea, before new claims of the same sort. Trade is an instrument in the hands of that friendly power which works for us in our own despite. We design it thus and thus; but it turns out otherwise, and far better. This beneficent tendency, omnipotent without violence, exists and works. Every observation of history inspires a confidence that we shall not go far wrong; that things mend. That is it. That is the moral of all we learn, that it warrants hope—hope the prolific mother of reforms. Our part is plainly not to throw ourselves across the track, not to block improvement, and sit till we are stone, but to watch the uprise of successive mornings, and to conspire with the new works of new days. Government has been a fossil; it should be a plant. I conceive that the office of statute law should be to express, and not to impede the mind of mankind. New thoughts, new things. Trade was one instrument, but trade is also but for a time, and must give way to somewhat broader and better, whose signs are already dawning in the sky. *R. W. Emerson.*

TRAFFIC—No Heroism in.

The wonder has always been great to me that heroism has never been supposed to be in anywise consistent with the practice of supplying people with food or clothes; but rather with that of quartering oneself upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armour is an heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old or new, has never taken any colour of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base businesses, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow, so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort; and, as it were, occupying a country with one's gifts instead of one's armies. If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown, as to get an eared field stripped, and contend who should build villages instead of who should "carry" them. Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of spade as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other things than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men, and nearly as merciless. The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be, that he is paid little for it—and regularly; while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it—and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a knight-errant does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a pedlar-errant always does; that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap; that they are ready to go on fervent crusades to recover the tomb of a buried god, never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living God; that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes. *Ruskin.*

TRAGEDY—Impressiveness of.

Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by. *Milton.*

TRAITOR—Despicable.

I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. *Shakespeare.*

TRANQUIL—

As the waters in a calm. *Andromache.*
As a summer sea. *W. Wordsworth.*
A look as tranquil as the summer heaven.
M. R. Mitford.

TRANSFOMATION OF INSECTS.

Even in a moral point of view, I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three states—of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly—have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dark and fœtid dunghill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams,—than that a being, whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of unbounded power and infinite wisdom. *Davy.*

TRAVEL—Advantages of.

It draws the grossness off the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits.
He that knows most men's manners must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those, by example.
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill horse,
Still in the place he was born in, lamed and blinded;
Living at home is like it. Pure and strong spirits,
That, like the fire still covet to fly upward,
And to give fire, as well as take it, cased up and mew'd here—
I mean at home, like lusty-mettled horses,
Only tied up in stables to please their masters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

TRAVELLER—His Longing.

Much I long
To view the capital city of the world.
The mountains, the great cities, and the sea,
Are each an era in the life of youth. *Bailey.*

TRAVELLING—in England a Century ago.

In December, 1703, Charles the Third, King of Spain, slept at Petworth on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor; and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him by desire of the Queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the prince's attendants, he states: "We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating any thing, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his highness's body coach, would have suffered very much, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the duke's house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours time to conquer them; and indeed we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says,—"I saw him (the prince) no more, till I found him at supper at Windsor; for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning) and broke our coach; my Lord Delaware had the same fate and so had several others."

Annals of Queen Anne.

TRAVELLING—on the American Prairies.

Having taken leave of our friends in the boat (on the Upper Missouri), we mounted the green bluffs, and steered our course from day to day over a level prairie, without a tree or a bush in sight to relieve the painful monotony, filling our canteens at the occasional little streams that we passed, kindling our fires with dried buffalo dung, which we collected on the prairie, and stretching our tired limbs on the level turf whenever we were overtaken by night. We were six or seven days performing this march; and it gave me a good opportunity of testing the muscles of my legs with a number of "half-breeds" and Frenchmen, whose lives are mostly spent in this way, leading a novice a cruel and almost killing journey. Every rod of our way was over a continuous prairie, with a verdant green turf of wild grass of six or eight inches in height, and most of the way enamelled with wild flowers and filled with a profusion of strawberries. For two or three of the first days the scenery was monotonous, and became exceedingly painful, from the fact that we were, to use a phrase of the country, "out of sight of land"—*i.e.*, out of anything rising above the horizon, which was a perfect straight line around us, like that of the blue and boundless ocean. The pedestrian over such a discouraging sea of green, without a landmark before or behind him, without a beacon to lead him on or define his progress, feels weak and overcome when night falls; and he stretches his exhausted limbs apparently on the same spot where he has slept the night before, with the same prospect before and behind him; the same grass and the same wild flowers beneath and about him; the same canopy over his head, and the same cheerless sea of green to start upon in the morning. It is difficult to describe the simple beauty and serenity of these scenes of solitude, or the feelings of feeble man, whose limbs are toiling to carry him through them—without a hill or tree to mark his progress—and convince him that he is not like a squirrel in his cage, standing still after all his toil. One commences on peregrinations like these with a light heart and a nimble foot, and spirits as light as the very air, but his spirit soon tires. I got on for a couple of days in tolerable condition; but my half-breed companions took the lead at length, and left me with several other novices far behind; and the pain in my feet became so intolerable that I felt as if I could go no farther, when one of our half-breed leaders stepped up to me and told me that I must "turn my toes in," as the Indians do, and that I could then go on very well. I soon found, upon trial, that by turning my toes in, my feet went more easily through the grass; and, by turning the weight of my body more equally on the toes, enabling each one to support its proportionable part of the load, instead of throwing it all on to the joints of the big toes, which is done when the toes are turned out. I rigidly adhered to this mode, and found no difficulty on the third and fourth days of taking the lead of the whole party, which I constantly led until our journey was completed. On this march we were all travelling in mocassins, which being made without any soles, according to the Indian custom, had but little support for the foot underneath, and consequently soon subjected us to excruciating pain whilst walking according to the civilized mode with the toes turned out. From this very painful experience I learned, to my complete satisfaction, that man in a state of nature, who walks on his naked feet, must walk with his toes turned in, and that civilized man can walk with his toes turned out if he chooses, if he will use a stiff sole under his foot, and will be content at last to put up with an acquired deformity of the big toe. *Catlin.*

TREASURE—Heavenly.

Use all diligence to gain such a treasure as lies above the reach of the storms of this world—a kingdom that cannot be shaken—namely, our peace with God in Christ, the pardon of our sins, and a well-grounded hope and assurance of eternal life. These are the things that lie out of gun-shot, and will render the greatest troubles that can befall this lower world, or us in it, not only tolerable, but small and inconsiderable; when, in the midst of all the concussions of the world, in the midst of losses of goods or estate, in the midst of storms, and confusions, and disasters, and calamities, a man can have such deep and settled considerations as these: —Though I can see nothing but confusions, and little hopes of their amendment, yet I have that which is out of the reach of all these; that which is infinitely more valuable to me than the best which the world can give; that which I can please and comfort myself in, notwithstanding all these worldly distractions and fears—namely, the assurance of my peace with the great God of heaven and earth. The worst that I can suffer by these discomposures, and the most I can fear from them is but death; and that will not only put a period to the things I suffer or can fear in this life, but will let me into the actual possession of my hopes, even such a state of glory and happiness as never can be ended or shaken. Such a hope and such an assurance as this will keep the soul above water, and in a state of peace and tranquillity, in all the tempests and shipwrecks that can befall either this inferior world or any person in it. *Sir M. Hale.*

TREASURES—Household.

Household treasures, household treasures,
  Gems of worth, say, what are they?
Walls of jasper, doors of cedar,
  Arras of superb array?
Caskets of the costliest jewels,
  Cabinets of ancient store,
Shrines where Art her incense offers,
  Volumes of profoundest lore?

Household treasures, home's true jewels,
  Deem I better far than those:
Prattling children, blithe and ruddy
  As the dew-bespangled rose.
Tempt me not with gold of Ophir,
  Wreathe not gems to deck my head;
Winsome hearthlings, home's fond angels,
  Are the things I crave instead.

Sweet the song the skylark trilleth,
  Bright the hue the rose assumes,
Pure the quiet-wooing lily
  That upon the lakelet blooms;
But more sweet, more bright, and purer
  Seem the lips and heart of youth;
Blessed seraphs, sent to utter
  Syllables of love and truth.

Joyous creatures, choice possessions,
  May-flower's in life's winter hour;
Beams of sunshine, chasing ever
  Shadows that may cross the door;
Drops of rain, when care or anguish
  Parch the spirit's genial springs;
Soothing minstrels, when unkindness
  Snaps the heart's melodious strings.

Household treasures, household treasures,
  Gems of worth, say, what are they?
All that wealth or grandeur proffer,
  Soon, alas! must know decay;
But, 'midst amaranths unfading,
  With the rose-stain'd cherubim,
Happy children, gone before us,
  Swell the everlasting hymn. *J. Greet.*

TREES—Characterized.

The sailing Pine; the Cedar, proud and tall;
The vine-prop Elm; the Poplar, never dry;
The builder Oak; sole king of forests all;
The Aspern, good for staves; the Cypress, funeral;
The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the Fir that weepeth still;
The Willow, worn of hopeless paramours;
The Yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The Birch for shafts; the Sallow for the mill;
The Myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash, for nothing ill;
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round;
The carver Holm; the Maple, seldom inward sound. *Spenser.*

TREES—The Foliage of.

Every bough that waves over our head in the summer-time has an oracular wisdom. It is positively true that every leaf is full of instruction. Indeed, the foliage of trees is one of the most wonderful subjects of contemplation and delight. A tree is a more eloquent exposition of the works of the Deity than any of the "Bridgewater Treatises." Read the history of leaves, and marvel! Each leaf is employed in receiving and transmitting gases from the air, in certain proportions, to the plant. These great operations having been effected during the summer months, and this agency of the leaves finished, they fall to the ground, not as an useless incumbrance, but to convey a large portion of fresh soil, peculiarly fitted for the nutriment of vegetation. And so it has been written: "The beautiful foliage, which has cooled us with its shade, and glowed with all the splendour of fruitfulness, at length returns to the soil in the lonely days of autumn, not to encumber it, but to administer health and vigour to a new series of vegetation, and circulate in combinations concealed from every human eye."

Fraser's Magazine.

TREES—Their Growth and Age.

Than a tree, a grander child earth bears not.
What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
To forests of immeasurable extent,
Which time confirms, which centuries waste not?
Oaks gather strength for ages, and when at last
They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude—
So grand in weakness, e'en in their decay
So venerable—'twere sacrilege t' escape
The consecrating touch of time. Time watch'd
The blossom on the parent bough; Time saw
The acorn loosen from the spray; Time pass'd
While springing from its swaddling shell yon oak,
The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by thorns
Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth
Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
A royal hero from his nurse's arms.
Time gave it seasons, and Time gave it years,
Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudged not;
Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests moved not. Time hollow'd in its trunk
A tomb for centuries, and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of states,
The fading generations of the world,
The memory of men. *Hurdis.*

TREES—Tongues in.

You have been into the woods some fine summer afternoon or evening: in the deep glades what a field of green and gold it is, the arrowy beams of slanting light lying on the green floor. These groves were the first temples ere man learnt to hew the shaft or lay the architrave. Then comes twilight in the old woods, and you hear the low, soft breath running along the boughs, low and sweet the sighing of the soft wind among the tree-tops. What a solitude; what mysteries run and hide in the dark embosoming boughs. There flits the solitary bird; there at the feet murmurs the bubbling spring; and the trees—elms, oaks, beeches, and birches—seem to hold mystical converse with each other: they seem to have a secret you long to learn, a mystery you long to read,—those woods, those venerable old forest patriarchs. And therefore men have broken away from society and all social usages, and, leaving cities and towns behind them, have dwelt in forests and woods, that so silence, and thought, and eternity, and God might be present to them.

Rev. Paxton Hood.

TRIAL—Its Tests.

Trial alone of ill and folly gives
Clear proofs of the world's vanities; but little
Good comes of sermons, prophecies, or warnings,
Though from the steps of an old grey market-cross
The devil is holding forth to the faithless. There
A social prayer is offered up to God. *Bailey.*

TRICKLE—

Like a snowball in the sun.

Play, "Bloody Duke."

TRIFLES—Attention to, Tend to Perfection.

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards, he called again; the sculptor was still at his work: his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle." *Colton.*

TRIFLES—Importance of.

Though life has its venial trifles, they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its important concerns. *Mackenzie.*

TRIFLES—Their Importance.

A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by him that might easily have gone through him; and by what little odd unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and a divine Hand, we do by the same assertion cashier all providence, strip the Almighty of his noblest prerogative, and make God, not the Governor, but the mere Spectator of the world. *South.*

TRINITY—The.

He that goes about to speak of and to understand the mysterious Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention, or by such which signify contingently, if he reckons this mystery by the mythology of numbers, by the cabala of letters, by the distinctions of the schools, and by the weak inventions of disputing people—if he only talks of essences and existences, hypostasies and personalities, distinctions without difference, and priority in co-equalities, and unity in pluralities, and of superior predicates of no larger extent than the inferior subjects,—he may amuse himself, and find his understanding will be like St. Peter's upon the mount of Tabor at the Transfiguration; he may build three tabernacles in his head, and talk something, but he knows not what. But the good man that feels the "power of the Father," and he to whom "the Son" is become "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" he in "whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is spread;" to whom God hath communicated the "Holy Ghost the Comforter;"—this man, though he understands nothing of that which is unintelligible, yet he only understands the mysteriousness of the holy Trinity. No man can be convinced well and wisely of the article of the holy, blessed, and undivided Trinity, but he that feels the mightiness of "the Father begetting him to a new life;" the wisdom of "the Son building him up in a most holy faith;" and the "love of the Spirit of God making him to become like unto God. *Taylor.*

TRINITY—Mystery of.

Above all
The mystery of the Trinity is held,
Whose mystery is its reasonableness.
All that is said of Deity is said
In love and reverence. Be it so conceived.
Bailey.

TROUBLE—Preparation for.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came
a cloud.
Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
Of ills we mention not; enough to say,
'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
One after one, put out, as nearer still
It drew his soul; but fainted not at first—
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst;
Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
The bitterest cup that time could measure
out;
And, having done, look up and ask for more.
He call'd philosophy, and with his heart
Reason'd. He call'd religion, too, but call'd
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
Ashamed to be o'ermatch'd by earthly woes,
He sought, and sought with eye that dimm'd
apace,
To find some avenue to light, some place
On which to rest a hope; but sought in vain,
Darker and darker still the darkness grew.
At length he sank; and disappointment stood
His only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was pass'd. His interest in life,
In being, ceased: and now he seem'd to feel,
And shudder'd as he felt, his powers of mind
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
The vigorous weak became; the clear, obscure;
Memory gave up her charge; decision reel'd;
And from her flight fancy return'd—return'd,

Because she found no nourishment abroad.
The blue heavens wither'd; and the moon and sun,
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
And evening wither'd; and the eyes, and smiles,
And faces of all men and women, wither'd—
Wither'd to him; and all the universe,
Like something which had been, appear'd, but now
Was dead, and mouldering fast away. He tried
No more to hope, wish'd to forgot his vow,
Wish'd to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.
That was his last; enjoyment now was done.
He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.
Of being sensible, and sensible
Of loss, he as some atom seem'd, which God
Had made superfluously, and needed not
To build creation with; but back again
To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
With everlasting sense that once it was.
Oh! who can tell what days, what nights he spent,
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!
And who can tell how many, glorious once,
To others and themselves of promise full,
Conducted to this pass of human thought,
This wilderness of intellectual death,
Wasted, and pined, and vanish'd from the earth,
Leaving no vestige of memorial there!
Robert Pollok.

TROUBLES—Beneficial.

It is to a Christian consideration, one of God's greatest mercies, that this world is full of troubles; for, if we so much court her now she is foul, what would we do if she were beautiful? if we take such pains to gather thorns and thistles, what would we do for figs and grapes? *Lord Capel.*

TRUE—

As fate. *Dekker.*
As the Gospel. *Gay.*
As is the Creed. *Lidgate.*
As God is in heaven.
Play, "Shoemaker's Holiday."
As heaven. *Moses Brown.*
As guardian angels. *W. Thompson.*
As truth's simplicity. *Shakespeare.*
As honour. *Mallet.*
As chastity itself. *W. Browne.*
As nature. *Burke.*
As the circling spheres to nature's plan.
Campbell.

TRUE—

As light. *T. Scot.*
As the day. *N. Lee.*
As sun to-day. *Shakespeare.*
As the dial to the sun. *B. Booth.*
As planets to their moons. *Shakespeare.*
As flowing tides are to the moon.
Dryden's "Troilus."
As iron to adamant. *Shakespeare.*
As the needle to the pole. *B. Booth.*
As the needle to the north.
Sir W. Davenant.
As the needle tracks the load-star. *Moore.*
As earth to the centre. *Shakespeare.*
As rivers to the main. *Sir W. Davenant.*
As the shadow to the substance.
Chatterton.
As hermits' confession at their deaths.
Sir W. Davenant.
As dying martyrs to their faith.
C. Johnson.
As steel. *Chaucer.*
In love, as turtle to her mate. *Spenser.*
As blushes of a maiden's cheek.
W. Browne.
As flowers to the sun. *Thurlow.*
As a die. *Gay.*
As death. *Marlow.*
As blade to hilt. *T. Dibden.*

TRUE—Dare to be.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
Herbert.

TRUISM—Definition of.

If we must naturalize that portentous phrase, a truism, it were well that we limited the use of it. Every commonplace or trite observation is not a truism. For example: A good name helps a man on in the world. This is nothing but a simple truth, however hackneyed. It has a distinct subject and predicate. But when the thing predicated is involved in the term of the subject, and so necessarily involved that by no possible conception they can be separated, then it becomes a truism—as to say, A good name is a proof of a man's estimation in the world. We seem to be saying something when we say nothing. I was describing to F—— some knavish tricks of a mutual friend of ours. "If he did so and so," was the reply, "he cannot be an honest man." Here was a genuine truism—truth upon truth—inference and proposition identical; or rather, a dictionary definition usurping the place of an inference. *Charles Lamb.*

TRUST IN GOD.

Trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heaven above,
Which time, nor fate, nor word, nor storme are able to remove;
Trust to that sure celestial Rocke that rests on glorious throne,
That hath beene, is, and must be still our anchor-hold alone. *Kinwelmershe.*

TRUTH.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies. *John Dryden.*

TRUTH—from Christ.

This is to be ignorant; to know many things without Christ. If thou knowest Christ well, thou knowest enough, though thou know no more. *St. Chrysostom.*

TRUTH—Common to all Alike.

Truth and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who spake them first, than his who spake them after. *Montaigne.*

TRUTH—our Main Concern.

But truths, on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read. *Cowper.*

TRUTH—Contended for.

He who contends for truths which he has himself been permitted to discover, may well sustain the conflict in which presumption and error are destined to fall. The public tribunal may neither be sufficiently pure nor enlightened to decide upon the issue; but he can appeal to posterity, and reckon with confidence on "its sure decree." *Sir David Brewster.*

TRUTH—Weak Defenders of.

It were happy for the church if the abilities and prudence of all her friends were commensurate and equal to their love and zeal. Every little foil, every weak or impertinent answer of a friend to truth, is quickly turned into a weapon to wound it the deeper. *Flavel.*

TRUTH—Discovery of.

The celebrated Cuvier, who, by his laborious researches and acute reasoning, made so many important and interesting discoveries in the natural history of the earth, and effected, perhaps, as great a revolution in received opinions as was ever brought about in any science by one man, never laboured in order to support a system, but always to discover the truth; and the further he advanced, seemed the more convinced that he did not know enough to enable him to form a system. Speaking of theories in general, he said, a little before his death: "I have sought, I have set up some myself, but I have not made them known, because I have ascertained they were false, as are all those which have been published up to this day. I affirm still more; for I say that, in the present state of science, it is not possible to discover one; and it is for this reason that I persevere in my observations, and that I continue to publish them. This perseverance only can lead to the truth. We ought to labour, not with the object of supporting a theory, because then, the mind being preoccupied, will perceive only that which favours its own views: our labours should be for the object of discovering the truth." *Memoirs of Cuvier.*

TRUTH—an Imperative Duty.

It is an imperative duty to maintain at all times an important truth; for even should we despair of seeing it immediately recognized, we may so exercise the minds of others, as to lead them in time to a greater impartiality of judgment, and in the end to a perception of the true light. *Silvio Pellico.*

TRUTH—Its Effect on the Soul.

The soul long used to truth still keeps its strength,
Though plunged upon a sudden mid the false;
As hands, thrust into a dark room, retain
Their sunlent light a season. *Bailey.*

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Truth is but one, error endless and interminable. *Leighton.*

TRUTH—Essential.

Not more necessary are constant supplies of water to the growth of vegetation in the sultry regions of the East than the influences of divine truth to the existence of human happiness. If a tree, planted by the margin of a refreshing river, is proof against the heat of the sun, or the unfavourableness of the seasons, he also who, into a well-prepared heart, receives continual infusions of religious wisdom, is flourishing and happy amidst all the inconveniences of life. *Bishop Jebb.*

TRUTH—Stranger than Fiction.

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction. *Byron.*

TRUTH—God the Fountain of.

Let us go to God for truth; for truth cometh from God only. If we miss the truth, it is because we will not find it; for certain it is, that all the truth which God hath made necessary, He hath also made legible and plain; and if we will open our eyes, we shall see the sun, "and if we will walk in the light, we shall rejoice in the light." Only let us withdraw the curtains, let us remove the impediments, and the sin that doth so easily beset us. This is God's way. *Taylor.*

TRUTH—God's.

The light of God's truth must not be left to burn secretly within the recesses of the sanctuary, but must be applied to the kindling of a thousand torches in the hands of those who are commissioned to carry it forth into the thick darkness of a sinful world. *Blomfield.*

TRUTH—The only Great one.

One only truth hath consequence, God's truth
Inspirited in man. Mere human truth,
Or falsehood matters not. The world may act,
Believe, or bless, or curse, as best it lists.
Yet men expend life, solemnizing points
Uncertain as the site of Paradise,
And area of Hades. Not the less. *Bailey.*

TRUTH—Is Heaven.

'Tween truth and fact a world-wide difference lies;
Earth is a fact, but heaven, O heaven! is truth. *Bailey.*

TRUTH—Early Induction of.

Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from truth will end. *Dr. Johnson.*

TRUTH—Joined to the Love of Virtue.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies. *Casuerba.*

TRUTH—Not to be Judged Outwardly.

Judge not, my brother, Truth by outward appearance. Leave the outward show, and see by the Word of God what truth is, and accept truth, and dislike her not, though men call her falsehood. Ask, and demand of your book, the Testament of Jesus Christ, what you should think, and what you should stay upon for a certain truth. Cry, call, pray, and in Christ daily require help, succour, mercy, wisdom, grace, and defence, that the wickedness of this world prevail not against us. *Bishop Hooker.*

TRUTH—Effects of the Love of.

A soul inspired with the fondest love of truth, and the warmest aspirations after sincere felicity and celestial beatitude, will keep its powers attentive to the incessant pursuit of them: passion is then refined, and consecrated to its divinest purposes. *Watts.*

TRUTH—Loved as well as Sought after.

He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat; which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

TRUTH—Not of Man.

Thus thou seest that God's truth dependeth not of man. It is not true because man so saith, or admitteth it for true; but man is true, because he believeth it, and testifieth and giveth witness in his heart that it is true. And Christ also saith Himself, "I receive no witness of men." For if the multitude of man's witness might make aught true, then were the doctrine of Mahomet truer than Christ's. *Tyndale.*

TRUTH—Perverted.

Whatsoever truth is brought unto us contrary to the Word of God, it is not truth, but falsehood and error; whatsoever honour done unto God disagrees from the honour required by His Word, it is not honour unto God, but blasphemy. *Bishop Jewell.*

TRUTH—Its Power.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it. *Shaftesbury.*

TRUTH—The Power of.

How simply and beautifully has Abd-ool-Kâdir of Ghilan, impressed us with the love of truth, in a story of his childhood.

After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:—

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept: then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.' I went on well," he adds, "till I came near to Hamadâm, when our Kâfillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me, 'what I had got?' 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer.

"When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood: 'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied, 'I have forty dinars sewed up carefully in my clothes!' He ordered them to be ript open, and found my money.

"'And how came you,' said he, with surprise, 'to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?' 'Because,' I replied, I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie!' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense ot thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue:' and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand." *History of Persia.*

TRUTH—Preparation for.

It is only in a peculiar state of the mind that it is capable of perceiving truth; and that state is profound serenity. Your mind is fevered by a desire for truth: you would compel it to your embraces; you would ask me to impart to you, without ordeal or preparation, the grandest secrets that exist in nature. But truth can no more be seen by the mind unprepared for it than the sun can dawn upon the midst of night. Such a mind receives truth only to pollute it; to use the simile of one who has wandered near to the secret of the sublime Goetia (or the magic that lies within nature, as electricity within the cloud)—"He who pours water into the muddy well, does but disturb the mud." *Lytton.*

TRUTH—Spread of.

LUCIFER. And rightly. Pure intelligence alone,
Unmixed with moral aims, is truly wise.
To cheapen truth that every one may buy,
You must so thin the gold as makes it worthless.
FESTUS. Nay, but contrariwise; the more you spread
The more you emulate truth's Deity,
In His best attribute, the gift of bliss
To others. Truth for its own sake's worth little;
Communicated, priceless. Mix with men;
Not slavewise to the mass; but having gained
In secret freedom, truth, that moral gold
Which mind transmutes, perfective from all thought,
And hath in noblest souls immortal rule,
Impart to all prepared.
STUDENT. This alchemy
How shall I learn, whereby thought truth becomes
And knowledge, wisdom;—magistery divine?
Bailey.

TRUTH—Studying.

To despise evangelical truths, which do not so immediately tend to practice, is no other than to impute trivialness to the infinite wisdom of God, who hath revealed them, and so often and largely insisted upon them; and to withdraw the chiefest part of ourselves, whereby we most of all show ourselves to be men, from His obedience, even our understandings. Certainly, we serve God as well by endeavouring to know His truth as by endeavouring to obey His commands; and he who resolves to obey God bidding him do this, but not when He bids him understand this, serves Him more like an engine than like a man. *Hopkins.*

TRUTH—Its Sublimity.

The most sublime spectacle in the world is a powerful mind vindicating truth in the presence of its foes, and a martyr calmly sealing his faith with his blood. *Colton.*

TRUTH'S—Best Support.

It is not wrangling disputes, and syllogistical reasonings that are the mighty pillars which underprop truth in the world: if we would but underset it with the holiness of our hearts and lives, it should never fail. Truth is a prevailing and conquering thing, and would quickly overcome the world, did not the earthiness of our dispositions and the darkness of our false hearts hinder it. *Cudworth.*

TRUTH—No Trifling with.

To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raising difficulties only to task himself with their solution, and desires to enjoy truth without the labour or hazard of contest. *Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

TRUTH—Unchangeable.

Upon this wonderful and glorious ALL
I look, and see, there's nought destroyed or lost,
Though all things change. The rain-drops gently fall,
But die not where they fall. Some part doth post
Swiftly away on wings of air, to accost
The summer clouds, and ask to sail the deep
With them, as vapoury travellers, or frost.
Some part anon into the ground doth creep,
And maketh the sweet herbs and flowers to grow,
Or oozeth softly through the dark, deep earth,
Teaching the streamlet underground to flow,
Till forth it breaks with a glad sunshine birth—
Ripples a dancing brook—then flows a river—
Then mingles with the sea, the air, circling for ever.

Even so I looked on the vast realm of Truth,
And saw it filled with spirit, life, and power;
Nought TRUE did ever die. Immortal youth
Filled it with balmy odours; from the hour
It first dropped gently from its upper shower
On high, swiftly it flew away, or sank
Awhile, amid the darkness that doth lower
Below, it seemed to struggle. But earth drank
The drop. From heart to weakening heart it sped—
From sire to son—from age to age it ran;
It swelled the stream of Truth. It is not dead,
But flowing, filleth every want of man.
It NEVER dieth—nor can ever die,
Circling from God to God through all eternity!

Yea, Truth, immortal as its primal source,
Once uttered, once set free, shall never rest.
O Father! hath it such undying force
When unrevealed, and left without attest
Of miracle from Thee, and unconfessed
By man; and shall not Thine own WORD go forth,
In all its fulness, through these times unblest,
Till it shall reach all corners of the earth?
If one small trembling drop is ne'er destroyed,
But runneth, a bright messenger from Thee,
Shall Thy own living streams "return back void,"
And not fulfil their saving ministry?
Oh, no! Even now I see them spreading wide,
With life and beauty, on the pure, deep, swelling tide! *C. P. Cranch.*

TRUTH—Vantage Ground of

It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below; so always that this prospect be viewed with pity, and not with swelling or pride. *Bacon.*

TRUTH—World-eyed.

Then welcome, world-eyed truth!
But there are other eyes men better love
Than truth's: for when we have her she is so cold,
And proud, we know not what to do with her.

We cannot understand her, cannot teach;
She makes us love her, but she loves not us;
And quits us as she came and looks back never.
Wherefore we fly to fiction's warm embrace,
With her to relax and bask ourselves at ease;
And, in her loving and unhindering lap
Voluptuously lulled, we dream at most
On death and truth; she knows them, loves them not;
Therefore we hate them and deny them both. *Bailey.*

TRUTHS—Religious, Read in God's Light Only.

Sense and understanding are not the only requisites to make men judge rightly of even the clearest religious truths. Our passions and affections have a very powerful influence over us; and where they are not carefully managed and governed, it is amazing to see how the slightest occasions will pass for most weighty and conclusive arguments; and how the brightest truths will be thought to be of little moment, even to persons of the greatest sense and sagacity in other matters, where their interest or their humours do not contradict the truths which are offered to them. It is no hard matter to judge of truth, if we are sincerely disposed to embrace it. A common capacity and an ordinary share of understanding will afford light enough, if evil passions do not make the light that is in us to become darkness; but if our heart is not duly disposed to embrace the truth, neither may we be persuaded by the greatest arguments and demonstrations that can be offered for it, even though we have uncommon abilities to judge of, and understand the force of what is represented to us. *Shuckford.*

TUTOR—His Vocation.

Seek you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ,
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried;
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope:
On these depend thy future hope. *Gay.*

TWILIGHT—The Golden Vista.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues which mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.
When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.
Moore.

TWILIGHT—of the Heart.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lull'd to rest;
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their earthly power.

In youth, the cheek was crimson'd with her glow;
Her smile was loveliest then; her matin-song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born;
We knew not, cared not—it was born to die.
Flush'd with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mock'd the passing clouds that dimm'd its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too—on the eye
Half realized, her earthly dreams most bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seem'd nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;
And though at times might lour the thunder-storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer-flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now,
The angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships glowing on her brow.
The smile shall brighten the dim evening star,
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hush'd the last deep beating of the heart:
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.
Halleck.

TWILIGHT—Picture of.

Oh, twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams:
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws.
Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Companion'd only by his beating heart,
And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.
Mrs. Norton.

TYRANNY—Unreasoning.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
Wordsworth.

TYRANT—In Terrors.

The terror of a tyrant
Knows no distinction. If he does not fear,
He hates, and if he does not hate, he scorns;
And scorn and hate and fear are all with him,
And alike deadly; he therefore, insecure;
For man by man, each slays him in his mind.
Bailey.

U.

UGLINESS—the Opposite to Beauty.

I imagine it to be in all respects the opposite to those qualities which we have laid down for the constituents of beauty. But though ugliness be the opposite to beauty, it is not the opposite to proportion and fitness. For it is possible that a thing may be very ugly with any proportions, and with a perfect fitness to any uses. Ugliness I imagine likewise to be consistent enough with an idea of the sublime. But I would by no means insinuate that ugliness of itself is a sublime idea, unless united with such qualities as excite a strong terror. *Burke.*

UGLY—

As sin.	*P. Pindar.*
As death.	*E. Moore.*
As a satyr.	*Play, "The Legacy."*

Uglier than the frightful fiend by pencils of cloistered virgins drawn. *Davenant.*

UNBELIEF—is Distrust of God.

Bear up against unbelief, or distrust of God, under great distresses. Say not, oh, my case and the church's case is sad indeed: the ground is not a light mould, but thick, heavy, stubborn clay, and withal very dry: how shall it be broken up? Where are the oxen strong for labour? Say not so in the way of unbelief. The great God can moisten the earth, provide the oxen, do all in a moment. Remember that great man in whom unbelief was predominant (2 Kings vii.) He talks of "windows in heaven," and yet the shop-windows on earth were open the next day, according to the prophet's words (verse 16). The great man saw the market, but it was no fair one to him, for he was trodden to death (verse 20). Remember his example—not by way of imitation, but caution. *Crane.*

UNBELIEF—Always Errs.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. *Cowper.*

UNBELIEF—Folly of.

To reject what we cannot comprehend, is not only to sin against faith, but against reason, which ackonwledges itself finite, and unable "to search out the Almighty to perfection." *Dr. Bates.*

UNBELIEF—the Occasion of all Sin.

Unbelief is the occasion of all sin, and the very bond of iniquity. It does nothing but darken and destroy. It makes the world a moral desert, where no Divine footsteps are heard, where no angels ascend and descend, where no living hand adorns the fields, feeds the fowls of heaven, or regulates events. Thus it makes nature, the garden of God, a mere automaton, and the history of Providence a fortuitous succession of events; a man, a creature of accidents, and prayer a useless ceremony. It annihilates even the vestiges of heaven that still remain upon the earth, and stops the way to every higher region. *Krummacher.*

UNCERTAINTY.

By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There 's no prerogative in human hours. *Young.*

UNCULTIVATED GROUND — Contrasted.

Rough uncultivated ground, dismal to the eye, inspires peevishness and discontent: may not this be one cause of the harsh manners of savages?

A field richly ornamented, containing beautiful objects of various kinds, displays in full lustre the goodness of the Deity, and the ample provision He has made for our happiness. Ought not the spectator to be filled with gratitude to his Maker, and with benevolence to his fellow-creatures? Other fine arts may be perverted to excite irregular, and even vicious emotions; but gardening, which inspires the purest and most refined pleasures, cannot fail to promote every good affection. The gaiety and harmony of mind it produces, inclining the spectator to communicate his satisfaction to others, and to make them happy as he is himself, tend naturally to establish in him a habit of humanity and benevolence. *Lord Kaimes.*

UNFORTUNATE—Her Awful End.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plung'd boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly—
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity
Into her rest;
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour! *Hood.*

UNITY—in the Bond of Peace.

Bind not thine hands, but bind thy heart and mind. Bind thyself to thy brother. They bear all things lightly who are bound together by love. Bind thyself to him, and him to thee. For to this end was the Spirit given, that He might unite those who are separated by race and diversity of habits: old and young, rich and poor, child, youth, and man, male and female, and every soul become in a manner one, and more entirely so than if they were of one body. For this spiritual relation is far higher than natural relation, and the perfectness of the union more entire; because the conjunction of the soul, being simple and accordant, is more perfect. And how is this unity preserved? "In the bond of peace." It is not possible that unity should exist in enmity and discord. St. Paul would have us linked and tied one to another; not simply that we be at peace, not simply that we love one another, but that in all there should be but one soul. A glorious bond is this: with this bond let us bind ourselves together, alike to one another and to God. *St. Chrysostom.*

UNITY—is Brotherly Love.

The Holy Spirit came in the form of a dove. . . . Brotherly love must make doves its patterns; in gentleness and kindness let the strife be with the lamb and the sheep. What home hath the wolf's fierceness in a Christian breast? or the savageness of the dog, or the deadly poison of the serpent, or the ferocity of wild beasts? They cannot inherit the reward of peace who trample upon the peace of God. . . . He who holds not unity holds not the law of God, holds not the faith of Father and Son, holds not the truth unto salvation. *St. Cyprian.*

UNITY AND VASTNESS.

It may be objected to this theory, that the eye generally receives an equal number of rays at all times, and that therefore a great object cannot affect it by the number of rays more than that variety of objects which the eye must always discern whilst it remains open. But to this I answer, that, admitting an equal number of rays, or an equal quantity of luminous particles to strike the eye at all times, yet if these rays frequently vary their nature—now to blue, now to red, and so on, or their manner of termination as to a number of petty squares, triangles, or the like, at every change, whether of colour or shape—the organ has a sort of relaxation or rest; but this relaxation and labour, so often interrupted, is by no means productive of ease; neither has it the effect of vigorous and uniform labour. Whoever has remarked the different effects of some strong exercise, and some little piddling action, will understand why a teasing fretful employment, which at once wearies and weakens the body, should have nothing great; these sorts of impulses, which are rather teazing than painful, by continually and suddenly altering their tenor and direction, prevent that full tension, that species of uniform labour, which is allied to strong pain, and causes the sublime. The sum total of things of various kinds, though it should equal the number of the uniform parts composing some one entire object, is not equal in its effect upon the organs of our bodies. Besides the one already assigned, there is another very strong reason for the difference. The mind in reality hardly ever can attend diligently to more than one thing at a time; if this thing be little, the effect is little, and a number of other little objects cannot engage the attention; the mind is bounded by the bounds of the object, and what is not attended to, and what does not exist, are much the same in the effect; but the eye or the mind (for in this case there is no difference) in great uniform objects does not readily arrive at their bounds; it has no rest, whilst it contemplates them: the image is much the same everywhere. So that everything great by its quantity must necessarily be one, simple and entire. *Burke.*

UNIVERSE—God's.

God's universe,
A boundless field for ever-active good,
To soul so bent, unfolds. *Bailey.*

UNIVERSE—Its Author and Redeemer.

When feelings of wonder at the magnitude of the universe, and the harmony perceptible in all its parts, fill the mind, at such a moment let us remember that He who made all these glorious objects, and still keeps them in their courses, nevertheless came down from heaven, took upon Him the form of a servant, and ended a life of sorrow by a death of pain, that He might reconcile a fallen world to an offended God. *Hall.*

UNMOVED—

As death. *Pope.*

As fate. *Goring.*

As rocks to the importunities of winds and waves. *Sir. F. Fane.*

As the sacred laurel bears the lightning's shock. *Jane West.*

UNREST.

Ye summer winds, ye come upon mine ear
In the vex'd midnight, more like spirits unblest,
That shake the wintry drift—there is no rest.
And I am weary of this world of fear;
Eclipse hath quench'd the beauty of the year;
And danger, in the darkness of the breast,
Sits breeding fiends, that from their teeming nest
Of black suggestions growl their birthright cheer.

Oh, on green nature's lap to lay one's head,
And in that quiet hear no more the surge
Of men, and things, and winds; by rivulet's bed,
That argument of peace doth ever urge!
It will not be—methinks sweet nature's dead—
Oh come, ye gentler airs, and sing her dirge. *Blackwood.*

UNSTABLE—

As water. *Sacred Script.*

As the wind. *Hoole's "Metastasio."*

UNSTABLE—

As the wind and seas. *Gildon.*

As a shadow. *Doyne's "Tasso."*

As sand. *Landon.*

As the trace of an arrow through the penetrated air, or the path of a keel in the furrowed wave. *J. Hervey.*

Empty as the cloud that sweeps along the vale are all our hopes. *G. E. Howard.*

UNTRUTH—a Cursed Vice.

In plain truth, lying is a cursed vice. We are beings who have no other tie upon one another but our word. If we considered the horrid consequences of a lie, we should prosecute it with vengeance, as the worst of crimes. Children are often absurdly corrected for trifling faults, and are made to smart for rash actions that are of no significance or consequence; but the faculty of lying, and what is something of a lower form, stubbornness, seem to be faults that ought in every instance to be severely checked both in their infancy and progress, they being vices which are apt to grow with the growth; and after the tongue has contracted a habit of lying, it is scarce to be imagined how impossible, almost, it is to draw it out of the false track; from whence it comes to pass that we see some who are otherwise very honest men, not only subject, but mere slaves to this vice. If falsehood had like truth only one face we should be upon better terms; for we should then take the contrary of what the liar should say for certain truth; but the reverse of truth has a hundred thousand forms, and is a field without limits. The Pythagoreans make good to be certain and finite, and evil infinite and uncertain; there are a thousand ways to miss the white, and only one to hit it. For my own part, I am not sure that I could prevail with my conscience to secure myself from manifest and extreme danger by an impudent and solemn lie. One of the ancient fathers said, "That we had better be in company with a dog that we know, than with a man whose language we do not understand." So that two persons who have no common language are scarce men with regard to each other. And how much less sociable is false speaking than silence. *Montaigne.*

UPRIGHTNESS—Magnanimity of.

Be good, and fear for naught that slanderous speech endangers:
Who bears no sin himself affords to bear a stranger's. *Ruckert.*

Be assured that the magnanimity of uprightness, and all the elevating and all the attractive qualities of the human mind, are the best protection of nations, as well as individuals; that the path of honour is the path of true policy; and that the great Creator of the world, in public as well as in private life, has indissolubly connected, even on this side the grave, the happiness of His creatures, with the exercise of their virtues, and the fulfilment of their duties. *Smyth.*

USEFULNESS.

Whoever sincerely endeavours to do all the good he can; will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest. *Miss Bowdler.*

Good deeds are very fruitful; and not so much of their nature, as of God's blessing, multipliable. We think ten in the hundred extreme and biting usury: God gives us more than a hundred for ten; yea, above the increase of the grain which we commend most for multiplication. For out of one good action of ours God produceth a thousand; the harvest whereof is perpetual: even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant sufferings of the ancient martyrs live still, and do good to all successions of ages by their example. For public actions of virtue, besides that they are presently comfortable to the doer, are also exemplary to others: and as they are more beneficial to others, so are more crowned in us. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommodious, I would seek after them for the conscience of their own goodness: how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them, for that they are so profitable both to myself and to others, and to me in others! My principal care shall be, that while my soul lives in glory in heaven, my good actions may live upon earth; and that they may be put into the bank and multiply, while my body lies in the grave and consumeth. *Bishop Hall.*

USURERS—Fullest of Care.

The men of most credit in our time are the usurers, for they credit most men: and though their greatest study be security, yet it is usually their fortune to be fullest of care. Time is precious to them: for they think a day broke to them is worth a brokage from their creditor. Yet this they find by use, that as they have much profit by putting out, so must they have much care to get it in. For debtors are of Themistocles's mind, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all, their creditors, and make this their first resolution how they may make no resolution at all. I envy not therefore the usurers' gains, but considering they (as merchant-adventurers) send abroad their estates in uncertain vessels, sometimes into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality and unthriftiness, sometimes into the seas of casualties and misfortunes, that many times their principal comes short home, I think with myself, let them gain much by the adventure, that adventure so much to gain. I will make this use of those uses, as to claim no interest in their gains, nor to owe anything to any man but love. If I lend where need is, and receive my principal again, I will account that my principal gain, and think my courtesy but a commanded charity. *Arthur Warwick.*

* * *

V.

VAIN GLORY—Weakness of.

It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it. *Lord Bacon.*

VALOUR—of a Just Man.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity. *Quarles.*

VALOUR—Objects of.

The things true valour 's exercised about
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease;
The least is death. *Ben Jonson.*

VANITY—All is.

Vanity is inscribed on every earthly pursuit, on all sublunary labour: its materials, its

instruments, and its objects will alike perish. An incurable taint of mortality has seized upon, and will consume them ere long. The acquisitions derived from religion, the graces of a renovated mind, are alone permanent.
Robert Hall.

VANITY—the Canker of Religion.

Vanity is the canker of religion: it gnaws like a worm at the root; and when we look for the harvest, the fruit is dust and bitterness. How anxiously should we therefore watch its inroads! How carefully should we draw the fence round our hearts! How, especially, should they, by whom it has been long indulged, guard against its revivals! For nothing is so dangerous as an old enemy under a new name; and religious vanity is both more offensive and more insidious than any other. *Mrs. Sandford.*

VANITY—All is, save Truth.

Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, I have learned from thence this truth, which I desire might thus be communicated to posterity, that all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety. *Evelyn.*

VANITY OF VANITIES.

An affecting illustration of the truth of Solomon's remark, is furnished in the history of Combe, the unhappy author of *Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque.* "We find," says a reviewer, in the *Companion to the Library*, "this improvident man, and all within a few years, figuring as a boy at Eton, a scholar at Oxford, a student in the Temple, with a very handsome independent fortune; a barrister pleading with success; a man of fashion and intimately associating with lords and ladies, and calling himself (from his courtly dress and splendid liveries), 'the Duke;' and then an outcast spendthrift; a private soldier; a novice in a French Monastery, playing the Monk to get his bread for the time being; a strolling player; a gentleman's servant; and a waiter at an inn at Swansea. It was after all these metamorphoses that he turned himself into an author. His last scene of all was the King's Bench: there he wrote *Syntax*, and some other works; and there he died, not very long ago, after an imprisonment (for debt) of twenty years."

We learn from this history that talents without religious principle often will prove a snare, and often lead to misery.

VANITY—of Weak Minds.

Light empty minds are like bladders, blown up with anything. *Leighton.*

VANITY—Worldly.

What so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.
Young.

VARIETY—Prayer.

No man can always have the same spiritual pleasure in his prayers: for the greatest saints have sometimes suffered the banishment of the heart, sometimes are fervent, sometimes they feel a barrenness of devotion; for this Spirit comes and goes. Rest, therefore, only in God, and in doing thy duty. *Taylor.*

VEGETATION—Irrepressible.

Crabbe has beautifully described the process of vegetation, either on the island upheaved by central forces from the bosom of the ocean, or on a new soil formed by a ruin:

Seeds, to the eye invisible, will find
On the rude rock, the bed that fits their kind:
There on the rugged rock they safely dwell,
Till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell,
And spread the enduring foliage; then we trace
The freckled flower upon the flinty base:
These all increase, till in unnoticed years
The stony tower, as gray with age, appears
With coats of vegetation thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living on the dead:
These then dissolve to dust, and make a way
For bolder foliage, nursed by their decay.
The long-enduring ferns, in time, will all
Die and depose their dust upon the wall,
Where the wing'd seed may rest, till many a flower
Shows Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower.

VEGETATION—a Portraiture of the Divine Mind.

The vegetable kingdom expands everywhere before us an immense portraiture of the Divine mind, in its contriving skill, profuse imagination, conceiving genius, and exquisite taste; as well as its interesting qualities of the most gracious benignity and the most benevolent munificence. The various flowers we behold awaken these sentiments within

us, and compel our reason to make these perceptions and this inference. They are the annual heralds and ever-returning pledges to us of His continuing beneficence, or His desire to please and to benefit us, and, therefore, of His parental and intellectual amiabilities. They come to us, together with the attendant seasons, that nurse and evolve them, as the appointed assurances that the world we inhabit is yet to be preserved, and the present course of things to go on. The thunder, the pestilence, and the tempest, awe and humble us into dismaying recollections of His tremendous omnipotence and possible visitations, and of our total inability to resist or avert them; but the beauty and benefactions of His vegetable creations—the flowers and the fruits more especially—remind and assure us of His unforgetting care, of His condescending sympathy, of His paternal attentions, and of the same affectionate benignity still actuating His mind, which must have influenced it to design and execute such lovely and beneficent productions, that display the minutest thought, most elaborate compositions, and so much personal kindness.
Sharon Turner.

VEGETATION—Progressive.

When I look into my garden, there I see first a small spire look out of the earth, which in some months' time grows into a stalk; then, after many days' expectation, branches forth into some leaves; at last appears the hope of a flower, which, ripened with many suns and showers, arises to its perfection, and at last puts forth its seed for a succeeding multiplication.

If I look into my orchard, I see the well grafted scions yield at first a tender bud; itself after many years is bodied to a solid stock, and under patience of many hard winters, spreads forth large arms; at last, being grown to a meet age of vegetation, it begins to grace the spring with some fair blossoms, which, falling off kindly, give way to a weak embryo of fruit; every day now adds something to the growth, till it attains in autumn its full maturity. The Great God of heaven who can do all things in an instant, hath thought good to produce all the effects of natural agency, not without a due succession of time. *Bishop Hall.*

VEGETATION—Wonders of.

Say, what impels, amid surrounding snow,
Congealed, the crocus' flamy bud to glow?
Say, what retards, amid the summer's blaze,
Th' autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?
The God of seasons, whose pervading pow'r
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy show'r:
He bids each flow'r His quick'ning word obey,
Or to each ling'ring bloom enjoins delay.
White.

Go mark the matchless workings of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colours these, and those delight the smell;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes. *Cowper.*

VENUS—The Star.

Fair Venus shines
Even in the eye of day, with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace—while meeken'd eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,
And shuts the gates of day. *A. L. Aikin.*

VARIATION—Gradual.

But as perfectly beautiful bodies are not composed of angular parts, so their parts never continue long in the same right line. They vary their direction every moment, and they change under the eye by a deviation continually carrying on, but for whose beginning or end you will find it difficult to ascertain a point. The view of a beautiful bird will illustrate this observation. Here we see the head increasing insensibly to the middle, from whence it lessens gradually until it mixes with the neck; the neck loses itself in a larger swell, which continues to the middle of the body, when the whole decreases again to the tail; the tail takes a new direction; but it soon varies its new course: it blends again with the other parts; and the line is perpetually changing, above, below, upon every side. In this description I have before me the idea of a dove: it agrees very well with most of the conditions of beauty. It is smooth and downy; its parts are (to use that expression) melted into one another; you are presented with no sudden protuberance through the whole, and yet the whole is continually changing. Observe that part of a beautiful woman where she is perhaps the most beautiful, about the neck and breasts; the smoothness; the softness; the easy and insensible swell; the variety of the surface, which is never for the smallest space the same: the deceitful maze, through which the unsteady eye slides giddily, without knowing where to fix or whither it is carried. Is not this a demonstration of that change of surface, continual, and yet hardly perceptible at any point, which forms one of the great constituents of beauty? It gives me no small pleasure to find that I can strengthen my theory on this point by the opinion of the very ingenious Mr. Hogarth, whose idea of the line of beauty I take in general to be extremely just. But the idea of variation, without attending so accurately to the manner of the variation, has led him to consider angular figures as beautiful. These figures, it is true, vary greatly; yet they vary in a sudden and broken manner; and I do not find any natural object which is angular and at the same time beautiful. Indeed, few natural objects are entirely angular. But I think those which approach the most nearly to it are the ugliest. I must add, too, that, so far as I could observe of nature, though the varied line is that alone in which complete beauty is found, yet there is no particular line which is always found in the most completely beautiful, and which is therefore beautiful in preference to all other lines. At least, I never could observe it. *Burke.*

VARIATION—is Beauty.

Another principal property of beautiful objects is, that the line of their parts is continually varying its direction; but it varies it by a very insensible deviation: it never varies it so quickly as to surprise, or, by the sharpness of its angle, to cause any twitching or convulsion of the optic nerve. Nothing long continued in the same manner, nothing very suddenly varied, can be beautiful; because both are opposite to that agreeable relaxation which is the characteristic effect of beauty. It is thus in all the senses. A motion in a right line is that manner of moving next to a very gentle descent, in which we meet the least resistance; yet it is not that manner of moving which, next to a descent, wearies us the least. Rest certainly tends to relax: yet there is a species of motion which relaxes more than rest; a gentle oscillatory motion, a rising and falling. Rocking sets children to sleep better than absolute rest; there is, indeed, scarce anything at that age which gives more pleasure than to be gently lifted up and down; the manner of playing which their nurses use with children, and the weighing and swinging used afterwards by themselves as a favourite amusement, evince this very sufficiently. Most people must have observed the sort of sense they have had on being swiftly drawn in an easy coach on a smooth turf, with gradual ascents and declivities. This will give a better idea of the beautiful, and point out its probable cause better than almost anything else. On the contrary, when one is hurried over a rough, rocky, broken road, the pain felt by these sudden inequalities shows why similar sights, feelings, and sounds are so contrary to beauty: and with regard to the feeling, it is exactly the same in its effect, or very nearly the same, whether, for instance, I move my hand along the surface of a body of a certain shape, or whether such a body is moved along my hand. But to bring this analogy of the senses home to the eye: if a body presented to that sense has such a waving surface, that the rays of light reflected from it are in a continual insensible deviation from the strongest to the weakest (which is always the case in a surface gradually unequal), it must be exactly similar in its effects on the eye and touch; upon the one of which it operates directly, on the other indirectly. And this body will be beautiful if the lines which compose its surface are not continued, even so varied, in a manner that may weary or dissipate the attention. The variation itself must be continually varied. *Burke.*

VARIETY—in Circumstances.

The circumstances of human life are such as make it our duty, as well as fate, to mourn and be sorrowful. Religion has its gloomy as well as bright side; and there are to be days of darkness, as well as days of light, in the Christian calendar. *Norris.*

VARY—

Like the wind. *Quarles.*
With every blast they vary like a vane. *Lidgate.*

VAST—

As the demands of human will. *Akenside.*
As the extended sky. *Chatterton.*
As the orb that circles in its breast the world of stars. *G. Townsend.*

VASTNESS—a Powerful Cause of the Sublime.

Greatness of dimension is a powerful cause of the sublime. This is too evident, and the observation too common, to need any illustration; it is not so common to consider in what ways greatness of dimension, vastness of extent or quantity, has the most striking effect. For certainly there are ways and modes wherein the same quantity of extension shall produce greater effects than it is found to do in others. Extension is either in length, height, or depth. Of these the length strikes least; an hundred yards of even ground will never work such an effect as a tower an hundred yards high, or a rock or mountain of that altitude. I am apt to imagine, likewise, that height is less grand than depth; and that we are more struck at looking down from a precipice than looking up at an object of equal height; but of that I am not very positive. A perpendicular has more force in forming the sublime than an inclined plane; and the effects of a rugged and broken surface seem stronger than where it is smooth and polished. It would carry us out of our way to enter in this place into the cause of these appearances; but certain it is they afford a large and fruitful field of speculation. However, it may not be amiss to add to these remarks upon magnitude, that as the great extreme of dimension is sublime, so the last extreme of littleness is in some measure sublime likewise; when we attend to the infinite divisibility of matter, when we pursue animal life into these excessively small, and yet organized beings, that escape the nicest inquisition of the sense, when we push our discoveries yet downward, and consider those creatures so many degrees yet smaller, and the still diminishing scale of existence, in tracing which the imagination is lost as well as the sense, we become amazed and confounded at the wonders of minuteness; nor can we distinguish in its effect this extreme of littleness from the vast itself. For division must be infinite as well as addition; because the idea of a perfect unity can no more be arrived at, than that of a complete whole, to which nothing may be added. *Burke.*

VERACITY—English.

English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage, however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of a British envoy. No fastness, however strong by art or nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. The mightiest princes of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British Government offers little more than four per cent., and avarice hastens to bring forth ten millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our Sepoys on condition that they will desert the standard of the Company. The Company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every Sepoy knows that the promise of the Company will be kept: he knows that if he lives a hundred years, his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-general; and he knows that there is not another state in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can possess is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust. *Edinburgh Review.*

VERNAL—Equinox.

River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate, inspiring, smile;
Green are the woods with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn,
Strengthless;—but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,
Varying the green bloom of the springing flower! *Goethe.*

VICE—Deceptiveness of.

Deceit is the false road to happiness;
And all the joys we travel to through vice,
Like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them. *Hill.*

VICE—Evils of.

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind. *Dryden.*

VICE—Always Perturbing.

Vicious actions are perpetual perturbations. *Feltham.*

VICE OR VIRTUE—of a Nation seen in its Art.

I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice or virtue was written in its art: the soldiership of early Greece, the sensuality of late Italy, the visionary religion of Tuscany, the splendid human energy and beauty of Venice. *Ruskin.*

VICES—When Apparent.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Shakespeare.*

VICISSITUDE—Beauty in.

Vicissitude, how doth thy constant change
Cheer up the world, which else would droop and faint.
Thou no strange thing wilt suffer to be strange,
Whilst with all companies thou dost acquaint;
For thy Chamæleon's skin is made to fit
All sorts of colours that can meet with it.

All things at first were night; then day burst forth,
But night soon stole upon dayes back again,
Yet in the morning crept behinde the earth,
And suffered light, her full twelve houres to reign;
Thus have all ages onely been the play
Of interwoven checker'd night and day.
J. Beaumont.

VIEWS—Imperfection of our.

It is impossible for us to have clear notions and opinions of spiritual truth whilst we are in this dark and distant world. We now see but through a glass darkly. We are in a confused state. We can better make a shift to puzzle and perplex the notions of another, than to disentangle and extricate our own. The sun appears not to us in his true brightness and glory, but as a red burning fire, when we see him in the mornings and evenings through the earthly vapours and mists which interpose. Such fogs are still gathering between the God of truth and our understandings whilst they dwell below. All our notions of spiritual truth here below are at best but as a twilight, in which light and darkness meet. How unreasonable is it, whilst thy own light is shaded with so much darkness, to think there is no mixture of light in thy brother's darkness!

It is impossible for us to have full and comprehensive notions and opinions of spiritual truth whilst we are in this separated and divided state. Our knowledge here below is not only dark, but partial. We know but in part. That will be plain, easy, and pleasant to us, when we come at once to see the whole body of divine truth; when we shall in one view behold the entire frame and universal harmony of it; the connection, proportion, consent, and sympathy of one truth with another, and of each truth with every truth; which being now seen alone, puzzles, perplexes, entangles, and labyrinths us. All our notions and opinions here can be but broken things; but little pieces of truth. We are all running away with scattered bits and scraps of spiritual truth, every one fondly calling his own share the entire purchase: but we know not how to put things together. Some are zealous for one, others for another part, of divine truth: whilst we contend for one, we are apt to let go another; whilst we are seeking after one, we lose another. *J. White.*

VIOLET—To an Early.

Herald of brighter hours! why from thy rest
Thus early dost thou start! Chill is the gale,
To form, like thine, so beautiful and frail.
The rook, with careful cries that seeks its nest,
Flings its broad shadow on thy dewy breast.
For sunny is the day, though like the smile
Dear woman wears, when she would fain beguile
The coldness of her fortune. Upward towers
The lark, companion of the fields with thee,
And sings unto the clouds his songs of glee!
Perchance his skyward dreams are of the flow'rs
Which gather 'round him in June's radiant hours;
When thou, fair comer of the spring, hast shed
Thy perfumed breath abroad, and drooped upon thy bed. *R. Howitt.*

VIRTUE—Sometimes Born of Adversity.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscured and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,

And hardens her to bear,
Serene, the ills of life. *H. K. White.*

VIRTUE—Her Acts Approved.

To read with Newton's ken the starry sky,
And God the same in all his orbs descry;
To lead forth Merit from her humble shade:
Extend to rising arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice structure of the generous law,
That holds the freeborn mind in willing awe;
To swell the sail of Trade; the barren plain
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious sigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;
These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love;
These are the deeds that public Virtue owns,
And, just to public Virtue, Glory crowns.
Bishop Batson.

VIRTUE—Blissful.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Collins.

VIRTUE—Comely.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. Cleanliness and the civil beauty of the body was ever esteemed to proceed from a modesty of behaviour. We read of Jezebel, that she painted her face; but there is no such report of Esther or Judith. *Bacon.*

VIRTUE—Dignifies.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell us, and virtue none
It is a dropsied honour. *Shakespeare.*

VIRTUE—an Atmosphere Pure and Ethereal.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay. *James Thomson.*

VIRTUE—Ignorant Denial of.

They who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny a sun because it is not always day.
Guesses at Truth.

VIRTUE—Incredulity to.

Perhaps there never were such things as virtues,
But only in men's fancies, like the phœnix;
Or if they once have been, they are now but names
Of natures lost, which came into the world,
But could not live, nor propagate their kind.
Crowne.

VIRTUE—Patched with Sin.

Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. *Shakespeare.*

VIRTUE—Pursuit of.

They who preach to us that the pursuit of virtue is rugged and painful, but the fruition pleasant, what do they mean, but that it is always disagreeable? For what human means ever arrived to the attainment of it? The most perfect have been forced to content themselves with aspiring to it, and to approach without ever possessing it. Of all the pleasures which we know, the very pursuit of them is pleasant. The attempt savours of the quality of the thing which it has in view. The felicity and rectitude which shine in virtue, fill up all its apartments and avenues from its first entrance to its utmost limits.
Montaigne.

VIRTUE—its Repellant Strength.

Keep thy spirit pure
From worldly taint by the repellant strength
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds,
Ever. Count o'er the rosary of truth;
And practise precepts which are proven wise.
It matters not then what thou fearest. Walk
Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;—
There is a hand above will help thee on.
Bailey.

VIRTUE—Shades of.

They tell us virtue lives in self-denial.
My virtue is indulgence. I was born
To gratify myself unboundedly,
So that I wronged none else. These arms were given me
To clasp the beautiful, and cleave the wave;
These limbs to leap and wander where I will;

These eyes to look on everything without
Effort: these ears to list my loved one's voice;
These lips to be divinised by her kiss:
And every sense, pulse, passion, power to be
Swoln into sunny ripeness. *Bailey.*

VIRTUE—Sole Survives Immortal.

Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.
James Thomson.

VIRTUE—Tends Towards Another Life.

It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue, and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world, should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strives to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreat in security.
Life of Cowley.

VIRTUE—a Toilsome Way.

Virtue's road is like the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, a tiring toil of infinite danger; but, when once performed, lets him into the world's garden—Italy. *Feltham.*

VIRTUE—Trial of.

"And the woman took of the fruit (of the tree) and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat" (Gen. iii. 6).

A positive commandment, in itself insignificant, but rendered of infinite importance as being the test of man's obedience, was proposed to our first parents as the trial of their virtue. This commandment they transgressed: and the very circumstance of the matter which it respected being trivial, increased rather than lessened the guilt of transgression.

Had they been required to do some great matter, or to undergo some tedious and painful task of self-denial, as a test of their obedient devotedness to God, there had been some excuse for their failure: but when, in the midst of a beautiful garden, surrounded by every object pleasing to the eye or grateful to the taste, the trifling act of abstinence from a single particular tree was commanded; to break it might seem to be done for the mere pleasure of breaking it. Most idly, therefore, do those talk, and most ignorant do they show themselves of the principles of all rational and acceptable obedience, who cavil at the Divine authority of the *Pentateuch*, on the ground that death and alienation from God should be made the penalty of "merely eating an apple." The sin of Adam did not consist in the mere deed of tasting the production of a tree. As a prohibition with its annexed penalty had been solemnly and plainly set forth, the tasting the forbidden fruit became a complex act. It was a transgression of God's commandment with a high hand. It was questioning His wisdom in issuing such a command. It was an utter disbelief of His word, united with the affront of giving credit to a lying and rebellious spirit, rather than to Divine truth. It was an act of open rebellion, introducing confusion and disorder into the moral government of the Omnipotent: and it was all this without even the poor plea of an overwhelming and irresistible temptation. *Anon.*

VIRTUE—Greater than Wealth, &c.

I held it ever
Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. *Shakespeare.*

VIRTUE—in Woman.

A woman's virtue in her lifetime, writes
The epitaph all covet on their minds. *Ford.*

VIRTUES—Union of Christian.

Look upon faith: she is attended with a bevy of graces: he that believes cannot but have hope; if hope, patience: he that believes and hopes must needs find joy in God; if joy, love of God: he that loves God cannot but love his brother: his love to God breeds piety and care to please, sorrow for offending, fear to offend; his love to men, fidelity and Christian beneficence. Vices are seldom single; but virtues go ever in troops. *Hall.*

VIRTUES—Wrong Placed.

Your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Shakespeare.

VIRTUES—Practical.

Meditation and prayer are excellent duties; but meekness and charity, mercy and zeal, are not one jot inferior to them. *Lucas.*

VIRTUOUS—

As saints. *Cibber.*

As Penelope. *Boyle.*

As Fabricius, of whom it was said that a man might as well attempt to turn the sun out of his course, as to induce him to do a base or a dishonest action. *South.*

As was our mother Eve ere Satan came and with deluding eloquence betrayed her. *Play, "The Spaniards."*

VISITORS—Insipid.

Of all the vexations of life, there are none so insupportable as those insipid visits, those annoying partialities, which occupy the time of frivolous and fashionable characters. *Zimmerman.*

VISITS—not Desirable.

Visits made or received, are for the most part an intolerable consumption of time, unless prudently ordered; and they are for the most part spent in vain and impertinent discourses. *Sir M. Hale.*

VITAL PRINCIPLE—The.

On tracing living beings to their origin, the naturalist learns that every individual vegetable and animal takes its rise from an atom of imperceptible minuteness, and gradually increases in bulk by successive accretions of new matter, derived from foreign sources, and by some refined but unknown process transmuted into its own substance. Then, following the progressive development of the organs, he observes them undergoing various modifications, as they are assuming new forms, which characterize certain definite epochs in the general growth of the system. In a great number of instances, especially among the lower orders of animals, he witnesses the same individual being acting, in its time, a variety of different parts; often reappearing on the stage of life with new organs, new faculties, and new conditions of existence, and undergoing metamorphoses as complete as any that have been depicted in the fables of antiquity. The period at length arrives when the animal, having completed its growth, attains the maturity of its being and acquires the full possession of its powers. Every organ in succession has received its entire development, and has united its energies with those which had been before perfected. Yet, however complete the arrangements that have thus been established, it is still necessary, in order to preserve the whole system in a state in which it may be capable of exercising the functions of life, that the materials which compose its fabric should undergo a certain slow but constant renovation; and the same circle of actions and reactions which have brought it to its state of perfection must continue to be repeated, in order that a due proportion may be maintained between the consumption and the supply of these materials. In the course of a certain time, however, even under the most favourable circumstances, this equilibrium begins to fail, the energies of the system decline, and the processes of nutrition are insufficient to repair the waste in the substance of the body. The fluids are dissipated faster than they can be renewed; the channels through which they circulate are more and more obstructed, and at length cease to be pervious; and the solids gradually become hard and rigid. As in a machine in which the wheels are worn and the springs have lost their elastic force, so in the animal body, at an advanced age, the slightest additional impediment that occurs will stop the movements of the whole system; and, when once stopped, their renewal is impossible. Nature has thus assigned to every living being a certain period as the utmost extent of its duration. Even when exempt from external interference, all are doomed to perish, sooner or later, by the slow but unerring operation of the same internal causes which originally effected their development and growth, and which are inseparably interwoven with the conditions of their existence. *Dr. Roget.*

VOICE—Distinctive.

Were the variety of tones in the human voice peculiar to each person to cease, and the hand-writing of all men to become perfectly uniform, a multitude of distressing deceptions and perplexities would be produced in the domestic, civil, and commercial transactions of mankind. But the All-wise and beneficent Creator has prevented all such evils and inconveniences, by the character of variety which He has impressed on the human species, and on all His works. By the peculiar features of his countenance, every man may be distinguished in the light; by the tones of his voice he may be recognized in the dark, or when he is separated from his fellows by an impenetrable partition; and his handwriting can attest his existence and individuality, when continents and oceans interpose between him and his relations, and be a witness of his sentiments and purposes to future generations. *Dick.*

VOICE OF GOD.

There is a voice, a mighty voice, that everywhere doth come,
Or in the hum of multitudes or the solitude of home;
A voice that whispereth to the soul of a viewless presence nigh
As the murmurings of the leaflets tell that a breeze is passing by.

It cometh in the breath of morn, and in the noon-tide glow,
Where the torrent stream in its rock-bed swells, where the babbling brooklets flow;
Upborne upon the parting sigh of the evening from the hill
It whispereth, and in the black-browed night, when the tongue of man is still.

Amid the war of the tempest rage that thrilling voice we hear,
Summoning many a silent sigh, and many a thought of fear;
And in the thunder-peal it comes, like a warning from the sky,
Telling to trembling man of death and desolation nigh.

In the turbulent tumult of the waves, woke by the whirlwind's sweep,
When the giant might of the winter storm doth revel on the deep;
And in the breath of the soft south wind it comes—that varying voice—
Now bearing doubt and terror, now making all things rejoice.

In visible characters is it writ upon the heaven-vault high,
In the daystar, and the morn, and all the travellers of the sky,
In the sun-beam and the lightning flash that fadeless form I see,
That in the noon-day or the night cometh unceasingly.

Oh! know ye not what is that voice that wandereth everywhere,
That tongue whose soothing melody or fearful wrath you hear?
Oh! know ye whence it cometh, where it maketh its abode?
Its dwelling-place is in all space, it is—the Voice of God! *Edward W. Coxe.*

VOICE—Musical.

As sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute. *Shakespeare.*

VOICE—a Rainbow of Sweet Sounds.

And I will hear thee sing. I love that voice,
Dipping more softly on the subject ear
Than that calm kiss the willow gives the wave—
A soft rich tone, a rainbow of sweet sounds,
Just spanning the soothed sense. *Bailey.*

* * *

W.

WAGES OF SIN.

Are the wages of sin preferable to those of virtue? Is death more eligible than life, or is hell preferable to heaven? Are the pleasures of sense more desirable than the sweets of innocence, than the love and favour of God, than the rivers of pleasure at His right hand, the crown of life, the eternal weight of glory? *Wogan.*

WAITING—Phases of.

I wait for thee, even as the weary west
Waits for the evening star,
With whom the eternal promises of rest
And glory are.
I wait, as waits a storm-cloud in the sky,
The bow divine of peace,
Which bids the thunders and the lightnings lie
Down, and fear cease.
I long to meet thee, as earth longs to view,
Icebound, spring's golden flowers;
Thy beauty soothes my spirit, as the dew
Day's burning hours.
As heaven's own light upon some sainted shrine
Where mouldering relics be,
Thou shinest in upon this heart of mine,
Sacred to thee.
And as a line erased some trace still bears
Of words therein first writ,
Which neither pen can hide, nor penitent tears
As 'twas refit;
It matters not what other powers around
Here graved their conquering name;
Below all depth thy love will still be found,
Truth's secret fame. *Bailey.*

WANDERING—Cure of.

If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics: for, in demonstration, if a man's wit be carried away never so little, he must begin again. *Lord Bacon.*

There is much variety even in creatures of the same kind. See there, two snails; one hath an house, the other wants it: yet both are snails, and it is a question whether case is the better; that which hath an house hath more shelter, but that which wants it hath more freedom; the privilege of that cover is but a burden; you see, if it has but a stone to climb over, with what stress it draws up that beneficial load: and, if the passage proves strait, finds no entrance; whereas, the empty snail makes no difference of way. Surely, it is always an ease, and sometimes an happiness, to have nothing; no man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.
Bishop Hall.

WANTON—

As summer breezes. *Behn.*
As the wings of western winds. *J. Dennis.*
As the roe. *Durfey.*
As a kid whose horn new buds. *Spenser.*
As the calf. *Polwhele's "Theocritus."*

WANTS—How Few.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long. *Goldsmith.*

WANTS—Simplicity in.

Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth.
H. K. White.

WAR—Conclusive of all Crime.

But how all minor cruelties of man
Are summed in war, conclusive of all crimes!
How is it Christian nations boast of war,
When not defensive, indefensible?
How boast to steep the earth in brother blood
Deeper than heathen? Doth not current time
Show deadliest wit at work how most to slay?
Scan earth, and mark the myriads massed in arms
Scowling defiant hate; burning to reave
Each other of domain, state, power; or prove
The dominance of race! What hosts arrayed
In battailous pomp meet, east and west, the eye!
More than now, never hath the world beheld.
Not that so vast to immemorial age
Sacred, of Scythic birth, which, floodlike, surged
Far round the mount Armenian; nor so wide,
Those once the crutched hermit's eyes beheld
Uprist in bodily answer to his prayers,
By Danube's bank; whence hardy knighthood's shield;
Nor hosts immixed that by Propontic wave
Its ranks deployed by nations to salute
The golden-footed dame, who sheathed in steel
Her lilied breast, and couched her lance for love
Of Christ; and with the hope of wresting back
From infidels His hallowed tomb, led on,
With jewelled rein, and morion snowy plumed,
Her maiden chivalry and glittering queans,
Luckless; for, ah! their virgin valour quailed,
Ere yet the manlier might of stern Islam
Bounded upon the spoil; nor, till unhorsed,
Unhelmed, knew these the delicate foe they proved,
Flower-breathed, as in the moon of blossoms earth.
Nor that by sunny Tours where fell the force
Moorish, beneath the Frankland monarch's mace,
Which Europe saved from turban and Koraun;
Nor those above whose heads the flaming sword,
Two-handled, and two-edged with pest and fire,
Of militant angel pierced the clouds, and slew,
At one stroke, squadrons. *Bailey.*

WAR DEFENCES—Their Folly.

Suppose a gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit-wall from his next door neighbours, and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing-room. I begin looking about me, I find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable—perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling—a damask curtain or so at the windows. "Ah," says my employer, "damask curtains, indeed! that's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now!" "Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!" "Ah, yes," says my friend, "but do you know, at present I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps?" "Steel-traps! for whom?" Why, for that fellow on the other side the wall, you know: we're very good friends, capital friends; but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it all together; and I don't see how we're to do with less? A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic? Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clowns, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermillion, it is something else than comic, I think. *Ruskin.*

WAR—Defined.

If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else—
If they that make the cause might taste the effect,
And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix,
Then might the bard, the child of peace, delight
To twine fresh wreaths around the conqueror's brow;
Or haply strike his high-toned harp, to swell
The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
When justice arms for vengeance; but, alas!
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heaviest on the exposed and innocent;
And they that stir its fury, while it raves,
Safe and at distance send their mandates forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding! *Crowe.*

WAR—Description of.

Our quiv'ring lances shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enroll'd in flames and fiery smould'ring mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopian wars;
And with our sun-bright armour, as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admired arms.
Marlow.

WAR—The Fearful Game of.

The game of war is that in which the *full personal power of the human creature* is brought out in management of its weapons. And this for three reasons:—First, the great justification of this game is, that it truly, when well played, determines *who is the best man;* who is the highest bred, the most self-denying, the most fearless, the coolest of nerve, the swiftest of eye and hand. You cannot test these qualities wholly, unless there is a clear possibility of the struggles ending in death. It is only in the fronting of that condition that the full trial of the man, soul and body, comes out. You may go to your game of wickets, or of hurdles, or of cards, and any knavery that is in you may stay unchallenged all the while. But, if the play may be ended at any moment by a lance-thrust, a man will probably make up his accounts a little before he enters it. Whatever is rotten and evil in him, will weaken his hand more in holding a sword hilt than in balancing a billiard cue; and, on the whole, the habit of living lightly-hearted, in daily presence of death, always has had, and must have, a tendency both to the making and testing of honest men. But, for the final testing, observe, you must make the issue of battle strictly dependent on fineness of frame, and firmness of hand. You must not make it the question, which of the combatants has the longest gun, or which has got behind the biggest tree, or which has the wind in his face, or which has gunpowder made by the best chemists, or iron smelted with the best coal, or the angriest mob at his back. Decide your battle, whether of nations or individuals, on *those* terms; and you have only multiplied confusion, and added slaughter to iniquity. But, decide your battle by pure trial which has the strongest arm and steadiest heart, and you have gone far to decide a great many matters besides, and to decide them rightly. *Ruskin.*

WAR—its Fearful Need.

War must be
While men are what they are; while they have bad
Passions to be roused up; while ruled by men;
While all the powers and treasures of a land
Are at the beck of the ambitious crowd;
While injuries can be inflicted, or
Insults be offered; yea, while rights are worth
Maintaining, freedom keeping, or life having,
So long the sword shall shine; so long shall war
Continue, and the need for war remain.
Bailey.

WAR—its Injustice.

The existence of war always implies injustice in one, at least, of the parties concerned. *Hall.*

WAR—Money Wasted in.

"Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will purchase every foot of

land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire that kings and queens might be proud of. I will build a school-house upon every hillside, and in every valley over the habitable earth. I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another around the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend like the smoke of a universal holocaust to heaven.
Stebbins.

WAR—Primitive.

The first conflict between man and man was the mere exertion of physical force, unaided by auxiliary weapons—his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace, and a broken head the catastrophe of his encounters. The battle of unassisted strength was succeeded by the more rugged one of stones and clubs, and war assumed a sanguinary aspect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and his sensibilities became more exquisite, he grew rapidly more ingenious and experienced in the art of destroying his fellow beings. He invented a thousand devices to defend and to assault;—the helmet, the cuirass, and the buckler, the sword, the dart, and the javelin, prepared him to elude the wound, as well as to launch the blow. Still urging on in the brilliant and philantropic career of invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defence and injury. The aries, the scorpio, the balista, and the catapulta, give a horror and sublimity to war, and magnify its glory by increasing its desolation. Still insatiable, though armed with machinery that seemed to reach the limits of destructive invention, and to yield a power of injury commensurate even with the desire of revenge—still deeper researches must be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal he dives into the bowels of the earth; he toils midst poisonous minerals and deadly salts;—the sublime discovery of gunpowder blazes upon the world; and, finally, the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation seems to endow the demon of War with ubiquity and omnipotence.

This, indeed, is grand! this, indeed, marks the powers of mind, and bespeaks that endowment of reason which distinguishes us from the animals, our inferiors. The unenlightened brutes content themselves with the native force which Providence has assigned them. The angry bull butts with his horns, as did his progenitors before him: the lion, the leopard, and the tiger, seek only with their talons and their fangs to gratify their sanguinary fury; and even the subtle serpent darts the same venom, and uses the same wiles, as did his sire before the flood. Man alone, blessed with the inventive mind, goes on from discovery to discovery—enlarges and multiplies his powers of destruction; arrogates the tremendous weapons of Deity itself, and tasks creation to assist him in destroying his brother worm. *Washington Irving.*

WAR—of all Bad Things the Worst.

How, still, from age to age,
Prevails the universal lust of death
And vulgar slaughter; war of all bad things
Worst, and man's crowning crime, save when for faith
Or freedom waged; but when for greed of ground
Or mere dominion, cursed of man and God.
As when the clans Mogul—which late had left
Their maze of mountains the high plains that bound—
Whence Buzanghir and all his valorous brood,
Heads of the golden horde, and sons of light,
Whom Alancova to her sun-spouse bare
At treble-birth; the lords of throne and crown,
Khaliph's, or King's, or Tzar's, which Zinghis gained,
Or filial Kublai, with all-suasive sword,
Bright ravisher of souls, into one realm
Rounded and died. *Bailey.*

WARFARE—of our Life.

Our life is a warfare: and we ought not, while passing through it, to sleep without a sentinel, or march without a scout. He who neglects either of these precautions exposes himself to surprise, and to become a prey to the diligence and perseverance of his adversary. *Feltham.*

WARNING—Neglected.

Heaven gives the needful, but neglected call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in every way;
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Young.

He that is graceless in a day of grace will be speechless in a day of judgment. *Mead.*

WARRIOR—Description of a.

Close by him stood a war-beaten knight,
Whose coat of war bore on a field of white
A sharp red pile; and he of all men there,
Methought, would be the one that I should fear
If I led men. *W. Morris.*

WARRIORS.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.
John Crowne.

WATCH—

As careful as the tender pelican stands by her tender young. *A. Brewer.*

As the young mother watches her first child. *Landon.*

Like a lynx. *A. Cherry.*

Like tigers for their prey. *Garrick.*

Me as close as did the dragon the Hesperian fruit. *Play, "Fickle Shepherdess."*

WATCHFUL—

As a lynx. *L. Macnally.*

As Argus with all his eyes. *R. Greene.*

As the eye of age still waked with jealousy. *Sir W. Davenant.*

As fowlers when their game will spring. *Otway.*

Like a cat. *O'Keeffe.*

More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock. *Play, "Merry Devil of Edmonton."*

WATCHFULNESS—Necessary to Holiness.

Without perpetual watchfulness and diligence, holiness can never be attained: for the moment thou beginnest to relax in these, thou wilt feel inward imbecility, disorder, and disquietude. . . . Thou wilt make greater advances in imitating the life of Christ, in nothingness. . . . He will give His Spirit to them that ask Him, when He is considerately asked and sought for; not formally, not slightly, not in words of course; but as feeling our own blindness, and darkness, and deadness, and impotency; or where there is not, as yet, the light of a saint, there is that of a man, and that is to be improved and made use of, in order to our higher light; and if there be that self-reflection to which God hath given to every man a natural ability, much more may be known than usually is. It belongs to the nature of man to turn his eyes inwards. The mind of man, as an intellectual sun, can turn its beams inward upon itself, and take cognizance of what is done within him; and what dispositions and indispositions are within. . . . Take heed of setting the imagination of a secret will of God not to give His Spirit, against His plain and most expressly revealed will, that He will give His Spirit to them that ask it—that is, that do considerately ask it, as apprehending the state of their case.
Howe.

WATER—The.

The water! the water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.
The water! the water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart,
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The water! the water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone
Beside the alder tree.
The water! the water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and look'd on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And ask'd it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The water! the water!
The merry wanton brook
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.
The water! the water!
That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The water! the water!
The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.
The water! the water!
That murmur'd in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear,
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The water! the water!
Where I have shed salt tears,

In loneliness and friendliness,
  A thing of tender years.
The water! the water!
  Where I have happy been,
And shower'd upon its bosom flowers
  Cull'd from each meadow green;
And idly hoped my life would be
So crown'd by love's idolatry.

The water! the water!
  My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth
  For parched lip to drink.
The water! the water!
  Of mine own native glen—
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
  But ne'er shall hear again,
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The water! the water!
  The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've long'd
  To find my silent grave.
The water! the water!
  Oh, blest to me thou art!
Thus sounding in life's solitude
  The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The water! the water!
  The mournful, pensive tone
That whisper'd to my heart how soon
  This weary life was done.
The water! the water!
  That roll'd so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
  Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

Motherwell.

WATER—the Poetry of Nature.

It is the poet of nature who should write the history of water. Familiar, even to neglect, this is a wonderful substance, and we forget to admire; beautiful, and we do not note its beauty. Transparent and colourless, it is the emblem of purity: in its mobility it is imbued with the spirit of life: a self-acting agent, a very will, in the unceasing river, the dancing brook, the furious torrent, and the restless ocean: speaking with its own voice, in the tinkling of the dropping cavern, the murmuring of the rill, the rush of the cascade, and the war of the sea-wave; and, even in the placid lake, throwing its own spirit of vitality over the immoveable objects around. And if its motion is the life of the landscape, it is at rest, the point of contrast and repose for the turbulent multiplicity of the surrounding objects: a tempering shadow in reflecting the bright picture, and, as the mirror of the sky, a light amid darkness; while it is the colour to enhance what it contrasts, whether in its splendour or its shade.

Its singular oppositions of character are not less striking. Yielding to every impulse, unresisting, even to light, it becomes the irresistible force before which the ocean-promontory crumbles to dust, and the rocky mountain is levelled with the plain below; a mechanical power whose energy is without bounds. Of an apparently absolute neutrality, without taste, without smell, a powerless nothingness—that deceptive innocence is the solvent of everything, reducing the thousand solids of the earth to its own form. Again, existing at one instant, in the next it is gone, as if it were annihilated: to him who knows not its nature, it has ceased to be. It is a lake, and in a short time it is nothing: again it is that lake, and it is a solid rock. It is rock-crystal at one instant, and in the next it is invisible; while the agent of its invisibility transports it beyond the earth: that rock is air. Thus sailing in the heavens, it descends again, unchanged, again to renew the same ceaseless round: for ever roaming between the earth and the vacant regions of space; wandering about the earth below, in the performance of its endless duties; and though appearing at rest, resting nowhere. This, and more, is water: powerful in its weakness and powerful its strength: an union of feebleness and force, of incessant activity and apparent tranquillity, of nullity and ubiquity, of insignificance and power, a miracle of creation.

Macculloch.

WATER—Its Untold Value.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country; these,
With weightier rains and melted Alpine
  snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill—those ample stores
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless
  fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say that, where the numerous
  wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drilled through the sandy stratum, every
  way
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strained,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeter as they soak along:

Nor stops the restless fluid; mounting still,
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. *Thomson.*

WAY—God's.

When God has laid out man a way, in vain he seeks a nearer one. We see the things we aim at, as travellers do towns in hilly countries; we judge them near at the eye's end, because we see not the valley and the brook that interpose: and thinking to take shorter courses, we are led about through ignorance and incredulity. *Feltham.*

WEALTH—Folly of Accumulating.

The Greek goddess of wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter) continual increase of comfort. There was no question with these of any limit or cessation of function. But with your Agora goddess that is just the most important question. Getting on—but where to? Gathering together—but how much? Do you mean to gather always—never to spend? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess; for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshipping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will—somebody else must. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn—will you bury England under a heap of grain, or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat? You gather gold—will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it? That is still one way of spending it. But if you keep it that you may get more, I'll give you more; I'll give you all the gold you want—all you can imagine—if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces, millions, mountains of gold—where will you keep them? Will you put an Olympus of silver upon a golden Pelion—make Ossa like a wart? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams from such mountains, more blessedly than they will down the mountains which God has made for you of moss and whinstone? But it is not gold that you want to gather! What is it? greenbacks. No; not those either. What is it then—is it ciphers after a capital T? You will have to answer, after all, no; we want, somehow or other, money's worth. Well, what is that? Let your goddess of getting-on discover it, and let her learn to stay therein. *Ruskin.*

WEALTH—Diffusion of.

An equal diffusion of riches through any country ever constitutes its happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with another keeps him in unambitious indigence; but the moderately rich are generally active: not too far removed from poverty to fear its calamities, nor too near extreme wealth to slacken the nerve of labour; they remain still between both, in a state of continual fluctuation. How impolitic, therefore, are the laws which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich; more impolitic still, in attempting to increase the depression on poverty. *Goldsmith.*

WEALTH—Evanescence of.

Wealth is like a bird: it hops all day from man to man, as that doth from tree to tree, and none can say where it will roost or rest at night. It is like a vagrant fellow, which, because he is big-boned and able to work, a man takes in-doors and cherisheth; and perhaps for a while he takes pains; but when he spies opportunity, the fugitive servant is gone, and takes away more with him than all his service came to. The world may seem to stand thee in stead for a season; but at last it irrevocably runs away, and carries with it thy joys and thy goods; thy peace and content of heart goes with it, and thou art left desperate. Honour must put off his robes when the play is done: strength, though, like Jeroboam, it put forth the arm of oppression, shall soon fall down withered; beauty is like an almanac—if it last a year it is well; and as for pleasure, it is like the lightning, a flash and away. The world itself is not unlike to an artichoke—nine parts of it are unprofitable leaves; about it there is a little picking-meat, and in the midst there is a core enough to choke them that devour it. *Adams.*

WEALTH—is Vanity.

High-built abundance, heaps on heaps! for
what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more,
Then make a richer scramble for the throng.
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long,
Almost by miracles, is tired with play,
Like rubbish from disploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly—
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes.

New masters court, and call the former fool,
(How justly!) for dependence on their stay;
Wide scatter first our play-things, then our dust.
Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth how little mortals can enjoy:
At best it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
Young.

WEATHER—Predications of.

Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise;
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies:
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the hollow vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heav'n, and snuffs it in the wind:
The swallow skims the river's wat'ry face,
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race:
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks:
Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food,
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood:
Besides, the sev'ral sorts of wat'ry fowls,
That swim the seas or haunt the standing pools,
Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
And stem the stream to meet the promised rain:
The crow, with clam'rous cries the shower demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.

Then, after show'rs, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky.

Their litter is not tossed by sows unclean.

And owls, that mark the setting sun, declare
A star-light evening, and a morning fair.

Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair:
Then round their airy palaces they fly
To greet the sun; and seized with secret joy
When storms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests and callow care.
Dryden.

WEEPING—for Joy.

Have you beheld how an April shower
Sends down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,
Then storms afresh? through whose transparent drops
The unobscur'd lamp of heaven conveys
The brighter glory of his sparkling rays;
Even so, upon her blushing cheeks resided
A mix'd aspect 'twixt smiles and tears divided. *Poole's "Parnassus."*

WEEPING—and Prayer.

Raise it to Heaven when thine eye fills with tears,
For only in a watery sky appears
The bow of light; and from th' invisible skies
Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping eyes. *Frances Ann Kemble.*

WELCOME—

As the feet of him that bringeth good tidings. *Sacred Script.*

As happy tidings after fears. *Otway.*

As health to the sick. *Marmion.*

As quiet rest to one by pain and want of sleep oppressed. *Poole's "Parnassus."*

As rest to pains and care. *C. Cibber.*

As peace to those who long have found the conquering sword of war all quietness debar. *Play, "Traitor to Himself."*

As hope to lovers, or the tortured wretch, cessation of his pain. *Bevil Higgons.*

As hope to lovers in despair. *C. Cibber.*

As liberty to captives.
Play, "Second Maiden's Tragedy."

As the voice which whispers liberty to dungeon slaves. *Sir H. Jacob.*

As the year of jubilee to the harassed slave.
J. Hervey.

As mercy to a man condemned. *Dryden.*

To me as to a sinking mariner the lucky plank that bears him to the shore. *Dryden.*

As after darkness cheerful light.
Lansdowne.

To my eyes as rising sun to new recovered sight. *C. Macklin.*

To mine eyes as is the day-spring from the morning's womb unto the wretch whose nights are tedious.
Play, "Second Maiden's Tragedy."

As Aurora, the messenger of light, to those who have suffered a long tedious night.
Play, "Emilia."

As the approach of opening morn after sable night in silence hushed. *Jago.*

As the lark's delightful tune at the bright dawn of day. *C. Beckingham.*

As the light to cheerful birds. *Dryden.*

As earliest light to the infant world.
R. Baron.

More welcome to these eyes than was the first light to the disordered chaos. *J. Corye.*

WELCOME—

As winter's sun, or summer's shade. *T. Killigrew.*

As fresh water to sea-beaten men. *Play, "Leir."*

As day after a night of storms with fairer beams returning. *Potter's "Eschylus."*

To wind-bound mariners most welcome blow the breezy zephyr through the whistling shrouds. *Greene and Pye's "Pindar."*

As sleep. *C. Manuch.*

As sound healthful sleep to men oppressed with sickness. *Chapman.*

As sudden ease to one in pain. *J. Crown.*

As sunshine heat to teeming meadows that are wet with prolific April's tears. *J. Smith.*

As the spring. *Play, "Romulus and Hersilia."*

As spring is to the year. *Marmion.*

As welcome to my soul as a kind spring that treads upon a rigorous winter's heels. *Theobald.*

As the flowers in May. *The Cloud King.*

As moistening showers unto the parched ground. *Play, "Leir."*

Most welcome to the thirsty mountains flow soft showers, the pearly daughters of the clouds. *Greene and Pye's "Pindar."*

To me as cool fresh air in heat's extremity. *T. Heywood.*

As Favonian gales. *A. Seward.*

As the dews of heaven. *R. Bloomfield.*

As morning dew to roses. *T. Middleton.*

I expected such a welcome as happy souls in Paradise bestow upon a new inhabitant who comes to taste their blessedness. *Play, "Fatal Falsehood."*

It shall be to heaven more welcome than the rich incense of a hundred altars steaming with sacrifice. *Cumberland.*

As shady lanes to travellers at noon. *Scott of Amwell.*

As a draught of water to a thirsty man. *J. Shirley.*

As the liquid lapse of fountain to the thirsty traveller. *Potter's "Eschylus."*

As gold to the covetous eye. *Play, "Leir."*

To me as charming harmony. *Glapehorne.*

As open air to prisoners. *Suckling.*

As victory. *Dryden.*

As life, as victory, and fame. *Bevil Higgons.*

As when on virtuous toils the gods bestow success. *Greene and Pye's "Pindar."*

As knowledge to the wise man's breast. *Play, "Socrates Triumphant.*

As the gentry to the town after a long and hard vacation. *Marmion.*

WIFE—Honour to:

Yes, wife, I'd be a thronèd king,
That you might share my royal seat,
That titled beauty I might bring,
And princes' homage to your feet.
How quickly, then, would nobles see
Your courtly grace, your regal mien;
Even duchesses all blind should be
To flaw or speck in you, their queen.

Poor wish! O wife, a queen you are,
To whose feet many a subject brings
A truer homage, nobler far
Than bends before the thrones of kings.
You rule a realm, wife, in this heart,
Where not one rebel fancy 's seen,
Where hopes and smiles, how joyous! start
To own the sway of you, their queen.

How loyal are my thoughts by day!
How faithful is each dream of night!
Not one but lives but to obey
Your rule—to serve you, its delight;
My hours—each instant—every breath
Are, wife, as all have ever been,
Your slaves, to serve you unto death;
O wife, you are indeed a queen!
W. C. Bennett.

WILD—

As frenzy. *Savage.*

Wilder than despair. *N. Lee.*

Wilder than destruction. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

As the lightning. *Watts.*

As the tempest's rage. *Murphy.*

As raging winds. *Play, "Zelmane."*

As the winds, as raging, and impetuous. *Durfey.*

As winds that sweep the deserts. *Dryden.*

As ocean's gale. *Scott.*

As the autumnal gust. *Coleridge.*

As the raging main. *Pope.*

As angry seas. *P. Francis.*

As the waves of wintry sea. *Ismael Fitzadam.*

As winds and fighting seas. *Thomson.*

Wilder than a lion. *Lidgate.*

As a Russian bear. *T. Middleton*

As a wolf. *Davenport.*

As young bulls. *Shakespeare.*

And wanton as a colt in a common. *Odingsells.*

As hawks. *Burgoyne.*

As the scream of the curlew. *Scott.*

As haggards of the rock. *Shakespeare.*

As the chanting thrush upon the spray. *Gay.*

WILD—

As cowslips in the dale. *R. Bloomfield.*
As a woodbine up I grew. *Ibid.*

WILL—Earnest.

Everything yields before the strong and earnest will. It grows by exercise. It excites confidence in others, while it takes to itself the lead. Difficulties before which mere cleverness fails, and which leave the irresolute prostrate and helpless, vanish before it. They not only do not impede its progress, but it often makes of them stepping-stones to a higher and more enduring triumph. *Dr. Tulloch.*

WILL—Great Value of.

The question is not whether a man be a free agent—that is to say, whether he can write or forbear, speak or be silent, according to his will—but whether the will to write and the will to forbear come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can do if I will; but to say I can will if I will, I take to be an absurd speech. *Thomas Hobbes.*

WIND—Caprices of.

The caprices of the wind are the hourly and proverbial subject of remark, and, not seldom, of thoughtless complaint. Even for these, however, there are causes, though we know them not; and in every caprice or change there is a benefit for some one. Had man possessed the power which fable has sometimes assigned him, could he have regulated them so well, capricious and causeless as they may seem? But there is a peculiarity in the distribution of these apparently capricious winds which marks a design in the midst of all this seeming disorder. In the great trade-wind the design is obvious: it circulates round the globe where the ocean is widest, and is thus the great aid to the chief highway for the most distant communications. It is always to be found where it is wanted; while the steadiness of its destinations from the fundamental course renders it, in those parts, not less useful. Within the range of those several winds, the navigator requires little which he cannot accomplish through their aid; while, where they become evanescent, the very shores which he desires to reach or to navigate, begin to act on them and produce the variable and local winds to aid him. If this be chance or contingency, to the same causes do we owe the tides of the narrow seas. *Macculloch.*

WIND—The Midnight.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,
Of hopes that bloom'd to die,
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherish'd
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell! *Motherwell.*

WINDS—The.

North winds send hail, south winds bring rain,
East winds we bewail, west winds blow amain:
North-east is too cold, south-east not too warm,
North-west is too bold, south-west doth no harm.

The north is a noyer to grass of all suites,
The east a destroyer to herb and all fruits;
The south, with his showers, refresheth the corn,
The west, to all flowers, may not be forborne.

The west, as a father, all goodness doth bring,
The east, a forbearer no manner of thing:
The south, as unkind, draweth sickness too near,
The north, as a friend, maketh all again clear.

With temperate wind, we be blessed of God,
With tempest we find, we are beat with His rod:
All power, we know, to remain in His hand,
How ever wind blow, by sea or by land.

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
Bereaving many of life and of blood;
Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands, as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
Tusser.

WINDOWS AND PASSAGES—in the Olden Time.

Rich windows that exclude the light
And passages that lead to nothing. *Gray.*

WINE—Bright Wine.

I love wine! bold bright wine!
That maketh the spirit both dance and shine!
Others may care
For water fare;
But give me—wine!

Ancient wine! brave old wine;
How it around the heart doth twine!
Poets may love
The stars above;
But I love—wine!

Nought but wine! noble wine!
Strong, and sound, and old, and fine,
What can scare
The devil despair
Like brave bright wine?

O brave wine! rare old wine!
Once thou wast deem'd a god divine!
Bad are the rhymes
And bad the times
That scorn old wine! *Cornwall.*

WINE—in Excess.

Take especial care that thou delight not in wine; for there never was any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice. A drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesses a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth, the more he will be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut. Take heed, therefore, that such a cureless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

WINE—Praise of.

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he has become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack. *Shakespeare.*

WINTER OF ADVERSITY.

As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So when their glorious season 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,

The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less. *Butler.*

WINTER—The Approach of.

Autumn hath yielded; hoary winter now
Rules like a despot on his throne of frost;
Verdure beneath the feathery snow is lost,
And whitely rears the cliff its shaggy brow.
'Tis vesper-time; and beautifully bright
Eve's courier star is sparkling in the sky:
Hover around the shadowy wings of night,
And chilly breezes through the lattice sigh.
Now let the hearth be warm, the taper clear,
And mute attention listening, while we hear
Of him, the prince of Denmark, and his sire;
Or her, whom Romeo madly did adore;
Or of the apostate, Satan, evermore
Condemned to agonize 'mid penal fire. *Moir.*

Winter comes, to rule the year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, clouds, and storms.
Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky
To capricorn the centaur archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air, as clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, the long dark night,
Wide shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Thomson.

WINTER—Bitterness of.

Early they stall their flocks and herds: for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap sev'n cubits deep in snow;
And all the west allies of stormy boreas blow.
The sun, from far, peeps with a sickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty clouds to chase;
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrained,
And studded wheels are on his back sustained.
An hostry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
Meantime, perpetual sleet and driving snow
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below:
The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
Huge oxen stand enclosed in wintry walls
Of snow congealed; whole herds are buried there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear. *Virgil.*

WINTER—Its Cold Repose.

Ah! why reposest thou, so pale,
So very still in thy white veil,
Thou cherish'd fatherland?
Where are the joyous lays of spring,
The varied hue of summer's wing,
Thy glowing vestment bland?

But half-attired, thou slumberest now,
No flocks to seek thy pastures go,
O'er vales or mountains steep:
Silent is every warbler's lay,
No more the bee hums through the day,
Yet art thou fair in sleep!

On all thy trees, on every bough,
Thousands of crystals sparkle now,
Where'er our eyes alight;
Firm on the spotless robe we tread,
Which o'er thy beauteous form is spread,
With glittering hoar-frost bright.

Our Father kind, who dwells above,
For thee this garment pure hath wove,
He watches over thee.
Therefore in peace thy slumber take,
Our Father will the weary wake,
New strength, new light to see.

Soon to the breath of spring's soft sighs,
Delighted thou again wilt rise,
In wondrous life so fair.
I feel those sighs breathe o'er the plain,
Dear nature, then rise up again
With flower-wreaths in thy hair.
Krummacher.

WINTER—Gloomy.

Gloomy winter's now awa.
Saft the westlin breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray,
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds;

Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery brekans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

Robert Tannahill.

WINTER—Its Joys.

Winter! I love thee, for thou com'st to me
Laden with joys congenial to my mind,
Books that with bards and solitude agree,
And all those virtues which adorn mankind.
What though the meadows, and the neighb'ring hills,
That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—
What though the woodland brooks, and lowland rills,
That charmed our ears, and gratified our eyes,
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?
What though the zephyrs of the summer-tide,
And all the softer beauties of the year
Are fled and gone, kind heav'n has not denied
Our books and studies, music, conversation,
And ev'ning parties for our recreation.

Table Book.

WINTER—Likened to Man's Life.

The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale;
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold—and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flaked,
And dense foul fogs appear;
The sun shines not so brightly
Through the dark murky skies,
The nights grow longer—nightly,
And thus the winter dies.

Thus falls man, his season past, the blight hath ta'en his bloom;
Summer gone, the autumn blast consigns him to the tomb;
Then the winter cold and drear, with pestilential breath,
Blows upon his silent bier, and whispers—This is death.

Ouseley.

WINTER—Love of.

Tho' now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of spring,
Sweet is the summer's evening gale,
Pleasant the autumnal winds that shake
The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When nature shrouds her in her trance,
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,
And snatch the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the grey stone spreads.

The clustered berries claim the eye,
O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
Clasps its full foliage close.

Southey.

WISDOM—Divine.

It hath pleased the Holy Ghost to keep the names of the penmen of many parts of the Scripture in everlasting obscurity; for He borrows no countenance or authority unto anything that proceeds by inspiration from Himself from the names of men. *Dr. Owen.*

WISDOM—from God.

"For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding" (Prov. ii. 6).

Wouldst thou but receive and hearken to the easiest things represented by God, these would enlighten and enlarge thy soul to receive more; especially, walking by the light thou hast, be it ever so little, that invites and draws in more. Be diligent in the practice of what you know if you would know more. Believe it, that is the way to grow. "Whoso observes," keeps these things, acts according to the knowledge of them (John vii. 17), "he shall understand," shall understand it by finding it. "They shall understand it in themselves:" it shall be particularly and effectually shown unto them: they shall experience it and so understand it; and that is the only understanding of it. Happy are they to whom this is given. He alone teaches who gives; and he learns who receives. *Archbishop Leighton.*

WISDOM—a Lofty Angel Fair.

Be thou our Queen, O lofty angel fair!
Worthy the sole and unobstructed rule
Of every sphere and every spirit race;
Heart-honoured—heaven-ordained—predestined heir
Of the bright line of ages numberless!
Since God, creating atoms, first began,
And ended with the universal world,
Thou hast beheld no equal, nay, no like.
Thee only we acknowledge, and for this,
Hold our arrival blessed. Empress, hail!
Bailey.

WISDOM—Dwells on High.

And wisdom dwells in secret, and on high,
As do the stars. The sun's diurnal glare
Is for the daily herd; but for the wise,
The cold pure radiance of the night-born light,
Wherewith is inspiration of the truth. *Bailey.*

WISDOM—Too Late.

To be wise too late is the exactest definition of a fool. *Young.*

WISDOM—Fits Man to Converse with Purer Powers.

The most material, immaterial
Departments of pure wisdom are despised.
For well we know that, properly prepared,
Souls self-adapted knowledge to receive,
Are by the truth desired, illumined; man's
Spirit, extolled, dilated, clarified,
By holy meditation and divine
Lore, fits him to convene with purer powers,
Which do unseen surround us aye, and gladden
In human good and exaltation; thus
The face of heaven is not more clear to one
Than to another outwardly; but one
By strong intention of his soul perceives,
Attracts, unites himself to essences
And elemental spirits of wider range,
And more beneficent nature, by whose aid
Occasion, circumstance, futurity,
Impress on him their image, and impart
Their secrets to his soul; thus chance and lot
Are sacred things; thus dreams are verities.
The soul, which, like the mountain lakelet lifts
Its gaze to heaven alone, will learn ere long
To read the cloudy forms of future days
Which glass them in its vision; or perceive,
Clear through the crystal egg of time, the play
Of spirits and forecomingness of things.
The mysteries of numbers and of names
Are nothing known of now; yet wot we well
That natural perfection multiplied
By spiritual, gives the names of God
As known to men and angels; and that fate
Rules really and nominally all.
But, oh! alas for all earth's loftier lore,
And spiritual sympathy of worlds!—
There shall be no more magic nor cabala,
Nor Rosicrucian, nor Alchymic lore,
Nor fairy fantasies; no more hobgoblins,
Nor ghosts, nor imps, nor demons. Conjurors,
Enchanters, witches, wizards, shall all die
Hopeless and heirless; their divining arts
Supernal or infernal—dead with them.
And so it will doubtless be with other things
In time; therefore I will commit my brain
To none of them. *Bailey.*

WISDOM IN MEN.

Men of wit and parts need never be driven to indirect courses. *Otway.*

WISDOM—Practical.

Do not question the government of the world, nor the wisdom and righteousness of God therein. Leave God's work unto Him, to whom it belongeth to temper and order the several ages of the world in what manner it pleaseth Him. Attend thou on thine own duty; be contented with the present condition of the times; study how to serve God in thy generation; leave not thy station; depart not from thy rank; afflict not thyself with the things which thou canst not help; walk with God, as Noah did in the worst times; and let the badness of the age thou livest in make thee more wise, more circumspect, more humble, as fire burns hottest in the coldest weather. *Reynolds.*

WISDOM—Progressive.

It is a mortification to human wisdom that every new discovery only serves to prove our ignorance, by opening new mysteries which elude our inquiry, and that though the means of investigation are improved daily by scientific skill and industry, there still remain innumerable secrets, which no experiment can analyze, nor any theory explain. *Baseley.*

WISDOM—Two Sorts of.

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance, in not prying into God's ark, not inquiring into things not revealed. I

would know all that I need and all that I may; I leave God's secrets to Himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of His court, though not of His council.
Bishop Hall.

WISDOM—Likened to the Sun.

So wisdom made her favourite wise of heart,
And led the loved one through all holy spheres
And dwellings of seraphic bliss, and homes
Of perfect pleasure—even as the sun
Wades through the golden waters of the world
Up to the top point of the tower of time,
Then steep descends—down to the lowest nook
Of furthest space. *Bailey.*

WISDOM—Its Thoughtful Sympathy.

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle; minds like these,
In childhood, from this solitary being,
This helpless wanderer have perchance received
(A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were. *Wordsworth.*

WISDOM—True.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. *Pope.*

WISDOM AND GENIUS—Humility of.

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow or distress,
Hath never read the page of nature right.

And genius that would scorn the lowly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God. *Household Words.*

WISDOM AND INTEGRITY.

Wisdom without innocency is knavery; innocency without wisdom is foolery: be therefore as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves. The subtilty of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove; the innocency of the dove corrects the subtilty of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate. *Quarles.*

WISDOM AND SCIENCE.

Learning falls far short of wisdom. . . . Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, but discretion is the key to it, without which it is useless. The practical part of wisdom is the best. *Feltham.*

WISH.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. *Shakespeare.*

WISH—Simple.

If I have sinn'd in act, I may repent;
If I have err'd in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame;
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a carnival;
Where, in all worlds, that round the sun revolve
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.
Coleridge.

WISHES—Protracted.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
Young.

WIT.

That wit is false which can subsist only in one language; and that picture which pleases only one age or nation, owes its reception to some local or accidental association of ideas.
Sir J. Reynolds.

As there is a folly in wit, so there is a wisdom in ignorance. I would not be ignorant in a necessary knowledge, nor wise above wisdom. If I know enough, I am wise enough; if I seek more, I am foolish. *Warwick.*

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.
Butler.

WIT—Like Salt.

"There, my lad," said an Athenian once to a little Hebrew boy, by way of joke, "here is a pruta (a small coin, of less value than a farthing), bring me something for it, of which I may eat enough, leave some for my host, and carry some home to my family." The witty boy went and brought him salt. "Salt," exclaimed the Athenian, "I did not tell thee to bring salt!" "Nay," replied the boy, archly, "didst thou not say, 'Bring me of what I may eat, leave, and take some home?' Verily of this thou mayest eat, leave some behind, and still have plenty to carry home." *Medrash Eoh.*

WIT—Not to be Suppressed.

You may as well attempt to silence an echo by strength of voice as a wit by the force of reason. *Young.*

WIT—Unhappy.

It is but an unhappy wit which stirs up enemies against the owners of it. *Feltham.*

WIT—What is?

To the question what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import, I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, 'Tis that which we all see and know: any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is, indeed, a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of a fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd imitation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange: sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. *Barrow.*

WITS—Great.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Dryden.

WITCH—Picture of a.

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
And palsy shook her head; her hands seemed wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags—black, red, white yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of the way, which she informed me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister. *Otway.*

WITHER—

Like the stroke of death. *Schiller.*
As plants beneath a hostile sky. *Merrick.*
Like a shrivelled flower. *Gay.*
As the green herb. *Sacred Scripture.*
Like grass. *Ibid.*

Withered at that piteous sight as early blossoms are with eastern blasts. *Dryden.*

Withered like the leaf of autumn. *Home.*
Withered up like a blasted sapling. *Shakespeare.*
Withered like hay. *Wyatt, Spenser.*
Withering as the Dead Sea air. *Moore.*

The reputation of a woman is like that chaste flower the amaranthus, which is no sooner touched but withers. *C. Bullock.*

WITTY—

As youthful poets in their wine. *Sir W. Davenant.*

More wit than Mercury, or his son Autolychus, that was able to change black into white. *Marmion.*

WOE OF WOMAN.

So soon men's passion passes! yea, it sinks
Like foam into the troubled wave which bore it.
Merciful God! let me entreat Thy mercy!
I have seen all the woes of men—pain, death,
Remorse, and worldly ruin; they are little,
Weighed with the woe of woman when forsaken
By him she loved and trusted. Hear, too, thou!
Lady of Heaven, Mother of God and man,
Who made the world His brother, one with God—
Maid-mother! mould of God, who wrought in thee
By model as He doth in the world's womb,
So that the universe is great with God;
Thou in whom God did deify Himself,
Betaking Him into mortality,
As in Thy Son He took it into Him,
And from the temporal and eternal made
Of the soul-world one same and ever God!
Oh, for the sake of thine own womanhood,
Pray away aught of evil from her soul;
And take her out of anguish unto Thee,
Always, as thou didst this one. *Bailey.*

WOMAN—Her Beauty.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
Bounty, richesse, and womanly feature;
God better knows than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance. *King James.*

WOMAN—Her Marvellous Beauty.

For her own person,
It beggar'd all description. *Shakespeare.*

WOMAN—the Receptacle of all Beauty.

Ask me no more, where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flow'rs, as in their cases, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For, in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixéd become, as in their sphere. *Carew.*

WOMAN—True Beauty in.

Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies;
Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again;
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances,
E'en then my soul with exultation dances
For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain:
But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces;—to be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red-Cross Knight—a stout Leander
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.
Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast;
Are things on which the dazzled senses rest
Till the fond, fixed eyes, forget they stare.
From such fine pictures, Heavens! I cannot dare
To turn my admiration, though unpossess'd
They be of what is worthy,—though not drest,

In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.
Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark;
These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine
Or thrice my palate moisten; but when I mark,
Such charms with mild intelligences shine,
My ear is open like a greedy shark,
To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

Ah! who can e'er forget so fair a being?
Who can forget her half-retiring sweets?
Oh, she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
Will never give him pinions, who entreats
Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats
A dove-like bosom. In truth there is no freeing
One's thoughts from such a beauty; when I hear
A lay that once I saw her hand awake,
Her form seems floating palpable, and near:
Had I e'er seen her from an arbour take
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake. *John Keats.*

WOMAN—Her Destiny.

She 's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.
Shakespeare.

WOMAN—Her Devotedness.

May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
Oh, no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulence, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once, it boots not how,
By wrong or silence anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not. *Willis.*

WOMAN—Her Love and Loveliness.

Behold how thus
From death to life comes Florimel,
The light of her love and loveliness
Just shadowed with awful distance.

Once more I behold the face of her
Whose actions all had the character
Of an inexpressible charm expressed.
Whose movements flowed from a centre of rest,
And whose rest was that of a swallow, rife
With the instinct of reposing life.
Whose mirth had a sadness all the while
It sparkled and laughed, and whose sadness lay
In the heaven of such a crystal smile
That you longed to travel the self-same way
To the brightness of sorrow. . . .

She interwreathed
Her mortal obscureness with so much light
Of the world's unrisen, that angels' wings
Could hardly have given her greater right
To float in the winds of the Infinite. *Ollier.*

WOMAN—a Ministering Angel.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd.
Byron.

WOMAN—Her Native Modesty.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee, and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.
Walter Savage Landor.

WOMAN—Her Appropriate Qualities.

Tenderness, delicacy, and gentleness are certainly the appropriate qualities of a woman; but they are more the means of virtue than virtues themselves; and if a woman satisfies herself with the mere possession of these qualities, without considering their use, she may suffer them to degenerate into faults. For instance, if her tenderness makes her helpless and useless—if it destroys her fortitude in bearing evils, and her exertion in repelling them; if her delicacy makes her whimsical, capricious, and proud; her gentleness indolent and selfish,—these qualities become vices instead of virtues.

Her tenderness is the stimulus to all her benevolent and Christian duties; delicacy, her shield against the contaminating blasts of vice and vulgarity; gentleness of spirit, her guard against anxiety, and imitation in the active routine of her necessary and beneficial employments. *Mrs. King.*

WOMAN—Her Matchless Virtues.

Oh, women! that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,

And grave in paper [which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments]
Your matchless virtues to posterities;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal! *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

WOMAN—A Virtuous.

Thou asketh what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip
Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming, ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream aflowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
Even like the harp-string's holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy. *William Knox.*

WOMAN—Looks for Worth in Men.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turn'd upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She look'd and smiled and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labour'd puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh, that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we—
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe.

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry—Long, long I've look'd for thee!

Then will she weep—with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.
Matthew Arnold.

WOMAN'S NATURE—Confiding.

There is a vile, dishonest trick in man,
More than in women: all the men I meet
Appear thus to me,—are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in everything,
Which love could never know; but we, fond women,
Harbour the easiest and smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not in the minstrels mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is! and ever lent
To truth and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrow'd—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrow'd.

An excellent thing it is—when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—

Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness—
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles, and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares—
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts, and wild unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells! *Edwin Arnold.*

WOMEN—Their Inherent Love.

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it, and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood if you fail to attend to it or abuse it. *Hogg.*

WOMEN—How Won.

With women worth the being won,
The softest lover ever best succeeds. *Shirley.*

WONDERLAND.

Mournfully listening to the wave's strange talk,
And marking with a sad and moisten'd eye
The summer days sink down behind the sea—
Sink down beneath the level brine, and fall
Into the Hades of forgotten things,—
A mighty longing stealeth o'er the soul,
As of a man who panteth to behold
His idol in another land—if yet
Her heart be treasured for him—if her eyes
Have yet the old love in them. Even so,
With passion strong as love and deep as death,
Yearneth the spirit after Wonderland.
Ah, happy, happy land! The busy soul
Calls up in pictures of the half-shut eye
Thy shores of splendour. As a fair blind girl
Who thinks the roses must be beautiful,
But cannot see their beauty. Olden tones
Borne on the bosom of the breeze from far,—
Angels that came to the young heart in dreams,
And then like birds of passage flew away,—
Return. The rugged steersman at the wheel
Softens into a cloudy shape. The sails
Move to a music of their own. Brave bark,
Speed well, and bear us unto Wonderland!
Cradock Newton.

WORD—Value of.

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it;
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow? *Shelley.*

WORDS—Few, Generally Effective.

It is the virtue of few words to render plain that which thousands have obscured; as one glass will transmit a bright image of the sun, where hundreds produce but darkness and confusion. *Macculloch.*

WORDS—Their Copious Meaning.

The copiousness of meaning which words enwrap is indeed more than all that was said on thought. Children of the mind, they reflect the manifold riches of man's faculties and affections. In language is incarnated man's unconscious, passionate, creative energy. There is an endless, undefinable, tantalizing charm in words. They bring the eternal provocations of personality. They come back to us with that alienated majesty which a great writer ascribes to our own thoughts. They are the sanctuary of the intuitions. They paint humanity, its thoughts, longings, aspirations, struggles, failures,—paint them on a canvas of breath, in the colours of life. *Swinton.*

WORDS—are like Leaves.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
Pope.

WORDS—Their Value.

Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time. *Southey.*

WORDS—the Motes of Thought.

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore: they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,
And roughly looked over. The dress of words,
Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,
Should let the play of limb be seen through it,
And the round rising form. A mist of words,
Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want—
Not its effect—not likenesses of likenesses.
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.
As in the good the fair; simplicity
Is nature's first step and the last of art.
Bailey.

WORK—God's Blessing on.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with His tincture, "*for Thy sake,*"
Will not grow bright and clean.
This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be sold. *Geo. Herbert.*

WORK—Healthiness of.

Toil and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm and gain a more compacted tone.
John Armstrong.

WORK FOR HEAVEN.

If thou have thrown a glorious thought
Upon life's common ways,
Should other men the gain have caught,
Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker! often shalt thou find,
While folly plunders fame,
To thy rich store the crowd is blind,
Nor knows thy very name.

What matter that? if thou uncoil
The soul that God has given—
Not in the world's mean eye to toil,
But in the sight of Heaven?

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks
For fame a human sigh,
To nature go and see how works
That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets,
Is full of germs and seeds;
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets
Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides the modest leaves between;
She loves untrodden roads;
Her richest treasures are not seen
By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson—look not for
Reward—from out thee chase
All selfish ends;—and ask no more
Than to fulfil thy place. *Household Words.*

WORK OF TIME—Never Erased.

Christ when on earth cured many a spot, especially of leprosy, but never smoothed any wrinkle—never made any old man young again. *Fuller.*

WORLD—Farewell to.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass;

Rich, hated: wise, suspected: scorned if poor:
Great, feared: fair, tempted: high, still envied more:
I have wished all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir;
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair;"
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs, be called great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome pure thoughts! welcome ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears;
Then, here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect an holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

Sir Henry Wotton.

WORLD—a Creation of Love.

God's world is bathed in beauty,
God's world is steep'd in light;
It is the self-same glory
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music,
Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in earth's mines of silver,
Floating on clouds above,—
Ringing in autumn's tempest,
Murmur'd by every dove;
One thought fills God's creation—
His own great name of love!

In God's world strength is lovely,
And so is beauty strong,
And light—God's glorious shadow—
To both great gifts belong;
And they all melt in sweetness,
And fill the earth with song.

God's world has one great echo,
Whither calm blue mists are curled;
Or lingering dew-drops quiver,
Or red-storms are unfurl'd;
The same deep love is throbbing
Thro' the great heart of God's world.

Household Words.

WORLD—The, a Stage.

The world's a stage; each mortal acts thereon,
As well the king that glitters on the throne
As needy beggars: heaven spectator is,
And marks who acteth well, and who amiss.
What part befits me best, I cannot tell:
It matters not how mean, so acted well.

Quarles.

WORLD—Vanity of the.

I am more and more convinced of this world's tastelessness and treachery—that it is with God alone that any satisfying converse is to be had. *Chalmers.*

WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS.

When men have more to do with the world than they can well manage, they shall have more to do with Satan than they can well withstand. *Owen.*

There is no kind of sinners more invincible and incurable than the worldly-minded. It is a rule without exception,—those sins which have the greatest appearance of reason, and the least of sensuality, are the most plausible and prevailing. *Dr. Bates.*

WORSHIP.

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this,—to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world"—James i. 27.

The Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old beliefs still flit and moan
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
The Syrian hill-grove and the Druid's wood,

With mothers offering to the fiend's embraces
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
Of lawless power and sanguinary terror,
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky,

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting
All heaven above, and blighting earth below,
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,
And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through great temples swell'd the dismal moaning
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
Swung their white censers in the burden'd air:

As if the pomp of rituals and the savour
Of gums and spices could the Unseen please;
As if His ear could bend, with childish favour,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war-fields trod the church-aisles holy
With trembling reverence; and the oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crush'd human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at His earthly children's hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For earth he asks it: the full joy of heaven
Knoweth no change of waning or increase;
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
Untroubled flows the river of His peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave;
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow!
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow
From stranger eyes the home-lights which have fled.

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

Whittier.

WORSHIP—Domestic.

Every man ought to consider himself as the minister and steward of the Church in his own house. And it is his own fault, and, let me add, his folly, if the Church in his house be not a lively and genuine part of that branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church to which he himself belongs. *Bishop Blomfield.*

WORSHIP—A Hymn for Family.

O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray;

For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

Oh, let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day. *H. K. White.*

WORTH—Personal.

Oh! wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself?
Wouldst thou be honoured for thyself or that?
Rank that excels the wearer, doth degrade,
Riches impoverish that divide respect,
Oh, to be cherished for oneself alone!
To owe the love which cleaves to us to nought,
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the mind,
Feature, and form, high Heaven endowed us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved! Kings from their throne cast down,
How bless'd their fate, that they were valued for
Themselves and not their stations; when some knee
That hardly bow'd to them in plentitude,
Has kiss'd the dust before them, stripp'd of all. *Knowles.*

WORTH—Sterling.

Real worth floats not with people's fancies no more than a rock in the sea rises and falls with the tide. *Fuller.*

WORTH—How to Value.

There is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question than by endeavouring to detract from the worth of other men. *Tillotson.*

WRECK—a Scene of Frenzy and Distress.

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies;
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
W. Falconer.

WRONG—Its Tuition.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song. *Shelley.*

Y.

YEAR—Midnight, of the Dying.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blear'd!

Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by his beard—
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling—falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe—
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; pray for this poor soul—
Pray, pray!

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain—
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish fond old year,
Crown'd with flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear—
A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! Oh, the old man gray,
Loveth her ever soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead!
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies—
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the old year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone—
Vex not his ghost!

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydone—
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away! *Longfellow.*

YEAR—The Inquisition of the.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."—Psalm xix. 2.

Gone is another year.
And on the brow severe
Of chill November the funereal yew,
Holly and laurastine,
And ivy, whose sad vine
Loves the lorn ruin, wreathe a green adieu
To the sweet hours of autumn, and the play
Of jocund feeling past, like leaves to swift decay.

What have we toiled for? Fame!
The echo of a name
To be forgot with easy unconcern,
When the quick flame, whose ray
Illumes our thinking clay,
Fades, and we shrink into the quiet urn:
No more on this poor stage to smile or sigh
At woman's flattering voice, or man's ascetic eye!

Power! riches! see we not
Rank's gilded sceptres rot
Like the churl's staff? and the delusive gleam
Of gold melt off and leave
The soul it would deceive.
Dark and alarmed, as in a feverish dream,
We sometimes feel ourselves, till on her rack
Fancy can bear no more, but shrieks the vision back!

Or have we placed our pride
In a fair false outside—
Masking our better thoughts, lest they should be
Obnoxious to the throng
With whom we sport along,
More like the simple fly than noble bee,
Whose golden toys endure? Why should we joy
In what the first rude breath of sickness will destroy?

Mark but that fleeting thing,
The thistle's down, whose wing,
Whirl'd by the light breeze, fluctuates here and there:
Now on the wave—the hill—
The house-top—never still;
But in each eddy of the vagrant air
Circling abrupt! Are we who have our birth
From Heaven, for ever thus to make a toy of earth?

Flow forth, then, let me weep
That I have lulled asleep
So many glorious promptings, such desires
After immortal things,—
Some seraph with spread wings,
Fluttering from Eden, sure my soul inspires
Henceforth to strike with zeal the tempter down;
He best may brook the cross whose eye regards the crown!

Haste, then, stern charioteer
Of earth! though in thy rear
The wreck of human schemes and hopes lie strewn,
Temples, and towers, and thrones,
And melancholy bones
Of generations dead, and sceptres hewn
To odious dust; before thee faith and joy
Wait with uplifted arm thy triumphs to destroy.

But Thou, at whose right hand
The hours obedient stand,
Ancient of days! to gentle mercy won,
Send down thy blameless Dove,
To fill us with thy love;
Breathe in our breasts the spirit of thy Son!
For without this the year will leave again
Relics alone of guilt, and mournfulness, and pain! *H. Wiffen.*

YEAR—The Revolving.

All the year round its changes but remind us:
Life hath its "must" and "may-be," as of yore;
For the same hues that tinge the clouds behind us
Colour the shapings of the mist before.
The future year: it seems a golden glory
Betwixt young faces and the morning light;
A tremulous dull haze before the hoary,
Through whose faint redness shine the stars of night.

All the year round go bridals forth and hearses,
Love-troth, and battle-cry, the curse, the prayer,
The slave's low moaning, and the poet's verses,
Together reach the undulating air;
Round the full household, here, one joyful mother
Wreathes her rich love, a bower of living bloom
That death hath never enter'd; there, another
Must plant hers, drooping o'er one little tomb.

While all the land hath fair and favour'd daughters,
Dwelling as in a beautiful calm dream,
Thousands, like rose leaves cast on surging waters,
Are lost amid the city's fierce life stream.
All the year round is there no bold endeavour
To crush those ancient ills and errors sore?
While this new-breaking wave of God's for ever
Sighs solemnly along the tide-worn shore.

All the year round a clearer faith is shining,
And the long yearnings after rest increase;
Yet shall the world, her weary head reclining,
Dream a new poem on the lap of Peace;
For truth is opening wide her bright Evangel,
And the fell darkness over nations spread
Is but the shadow of that hovering angel
Soon to descend with sunshine on its head.

All the year round the watchful heaven is o'er us,
And hope's melodious whisper floateth by,
That the old poet's spring-day is before us,
A sacred bridal of the earth and sky.
When heaven's pure spirit shall about us gather,
Its infinite calm and lovingness draw near,
Till thankful earth shall feel its present Father,
His temple's outer court all round the year.
Household Words.

YEARS—Traitorous.

What are years to me?
Traitor! that vice-like fang the hand ye lick:
Bailey.

YEOMAN—Description of.

A yeman hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bear a mighty bowe.
A not-head hadde he, with a broune visage.
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arm he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his breste of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse. *Chaucer.*

YES—A Lady's.

"Yes," I answered you last night,
  "No," this morning, sir, I say;
Colours seen by candle light
  Will not look the same by day. . . .

Yet the sin is on us both—
  Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth,
  Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith
  Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
  With a loyal gaiety.

Lead her from the festive boards,
  Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your faithful words,
  Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
  Ever true as wives of yore;
And her yes, once said to you,
  Shall be yes for evermore. *Browning.*

YOUNG—Maxims for the.

Sir T. F. Buxton seems to have intended to publish a little work to be called *Maxims for the Young.* The following extracts are taken from his rough notes:—

"Mankind in general mistake difficulties for impossibilities. That is the difference between those who effect and those who do not.

"People of weak judgment are the most timid, as horses half-blind are most apt to start.

"Burke, in a letter to Miss Shackleton, says,—

"'Thus much in favour of activity and occupation, that the more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our direct task.'

"Plato, 'better to err in acts than principles.'

"Idleness the greatest prodigality.

"Two kinds of idleness,—a listless and an active.

"If industrious, we should direct our efforts to right ends.

"The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given.

"My experience, that men of great talents are apt to do nothing for want of vigour.

"Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day.

"Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That man never fails.

"Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—some iron in you.

"Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision, once made, is final—no wavering; that once resolved, you are not to be allured nor intimidated.

"Acquire and maintain that character.

* * * * *

"Eloquence—the most useful talent; one to be acquired or improved; all the great speakers bad at first.—*Huskisson.*—How to be acquired.

"Write your speeches—no inspiration.

"Labour to put your thoughts in the clearest view.

"A bold, decided outline.

"Read *multum non multa,—homo unius libri,* ['Much, not many things—a man of one book.']

"Learn by heart everything which strikes you. *Fox.*

"Thus ends my lecture: nineteen out of twenty become good or bad as they choose to make themselves.

* * * * *

"The most important part of your education is that which you now give yourselves."

YOUNG MEN (FAST)—Their Conversation.

It's very odd that a number of young men together must talk obscenity, and think it "fine talking," and "so manlike." It's very awful to think of the evil thoughts that slide in under cover of a jest;—of the evil deeds that follow the thoughts, just as the evil seed follows the rank weed that has flowered amongst the corn. *Owen, a "waif."*

YOUTH—Aspirations of.

Higher, higher will we climb,
  Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
  In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
  In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
  Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
  Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
  Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
  Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
  In the wildest weather;
Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home! *Montgomery.*

YOUTH—Its Happy Attributes.

What happy things are youth and love and sunshine!
How sweet to feel the sun upon the heart!
To know it is lighting up the rosy blood,
And with all joyous feelings, prism-hued,
Making the dark breast shine like a spar grot.
We walk among the sunbeams as with angels.
Bailey.

YOUTH—is like our First Cogitation.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second; for there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and as it were more divinely. *Bacon.*

YOUTH—Flush of.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment that lies
Like a fairy dream in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present that charm around,
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast:
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.
Beddoes.

YOUTH — Speech on being Taunted with.

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.
W. Pitt.

YOUTH—the Spring of Life.

Youth is the spring of life; and by this will be determined the glory of summer, the abundance of autumn, the provision of winter. It is the morning of life; and if the Sun of Righteousness does not dispel the moral mists and fogs before noon, the whole day generally remains overspread and gloomy. It is the seed-time; and "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Everything of importance is affected by religion in this period of life. *Rev. W. Jay.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears;
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreathe,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been!
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life those tears would flow to me! *Byron.*

With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears
Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way!

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age! *Southey.*

YOUTH AND AGE—Like Leaves.

Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon withered leaf, remain behind,
Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind.
Crabbe.

* * *

Z.

ZEAL—Blind.

Blind zeal is a sword in a madman's hand. No persecutor like a conscientious one. *Flavel.*

ZEAL—a Confirmed Belief.

Vigour and fervency in the service of God is no miraculous gift, no extraordinary prerogative of some peculiar favourite of heaven, but the natural and inseparable property of a well-confirmed habit of holiness. *Lucas.*

ZEAL—Be not Mistaken.

Let us take heed we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and his Gospel which is nothing else than our own tempestuous and stormy passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame, which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. *Cudworth.*

ZEAL—Necessity of.

Whoever regards the early history of Christianity will perceive how necessary to its triumph was that fierce spirit of zeal which, fearing no danger, accepting no compromise, inspired its champions and sustained its martyrs. *E. B. Lytton.*

"Particles of science are often very widely scattered—Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet, are not known because they are not promised in the title. *He that collects those under proper heads is very laudably employed*· for though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind more vigorous, or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs."

JOHNSON.

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ADAMS, T.
ADDISON.
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AKENSIDE.
ALFORD.
ALFRED, KING.
ALISON.
ALLEYNE.
ALLINGTON, W.
ANCROM, EARL OF.
ANDREWS.
ANDRONICUS.
ANGELO, M.
ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHESTER.
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ARNE, DR.
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BANKS, JNO.
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BINNEY, REV. THOS.
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BREWSTER, SIR D.
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BULWER.
BUNYAN.
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BURCKHARDT.
BURGESS, F. B.
BURGOYNE.
BURKE.
BURLEIGH, LORD.
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BURNET, GILBERT.
BURNS.
BURT, E.
BURTON.
BUSHE, A.
BUTLER, S.
BUXTON, SIR T. F.
BYROM.
BYRON.

CALVIN.
CAMPBELL, GEO.

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CAMPBELL, THOS.
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CAREW.
CAREY.
CARLELL.
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CARLYLE, T.
CARR.
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CARTWRIGHT, W.
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CIBBER, C.
CIBBER, S.
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COLERIDGE, H.
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COLLINS, W.
COMBE.
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COOPER, T.
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FULLER, THOS.

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HAMILTON, E.
HAMMOND.
HARE, A. W.
HARRINGTON.
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HARINGTON, SIR J.
HARRIS, F.
HARRIS, SIR JNO.
HARRISON.
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HARTSON, H.
HASTINGS, LADY F.
HAWEIS.
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HELPS.
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HEMINGS, W.
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HENRY, P.
HERACLITUS.
HERBERT, GEO.
HERBERT, LORD.
HERDER, F. G.
HERLE.
HERRICK.
HERSCHELL, SIR JNO.
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HERVEY, J.
HETT, W.
HEYWOOD, JASPER.
HEYWOOD, T.
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HILL, A.
HILL, R.
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HODGSON.
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HOLLIS.
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HOOD, THOS.
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HOOKER, HERMANN.
HOOLE.
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HORNE, R. H.
HORNECK.
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HOUGHTON, LORD.
HOW.
HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.
HOWARD, E.
HOWARD, G. C.
HOWARD, SIR R.
HOWE.
HOWITT, M.
HOWITT, W.
HUGHES.
HUMBOLDT, BARON VON.
HUIE, DR.
HULL.
HUME, D.
HUME, M. C.
HUNT, L.
HUNTER, DR.
HURD, BISHOP.
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HURST, R.
HUSBAND, J.

IGNATIUS, ST.
IRVING, E.
IRVING, W.

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JACOB.
JAGO.
JAMES THE FIRST.
JAMIESON, MRS.
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JEBB, BISHOP.
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JENYNS, SOAMES.
JEPHSON.
JERMIN.
JESSE.
JEWEL, BISHOP.
JEWSBURY.
JOCELINE, E.
JOHNSON, C.
JOHNSON, DR.
JONES, E.
JONES OF NAYLAND.
JONES, SIR W.
JONSON, BEN.
JORDAN, J.
JORTIN, BISHOP.
JOWETT, PROFESSOR.

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KEMPIS, THOS. A.
KEN, BISHOP.
KENN, THOS.
KENT, W.
KEON, M. G.
KIDD.
KILLIGREW
KINDERSLEY.
KING.
KING, MRS.
KINWELMERSHE.
KIRK, J.
KNIGHT, CHAS.
KNOWLES, J. S.
KNOX, A.
KNOX, REV. J. A.
KNOX, W.
KORAN.
KRUEL.
KRUMACHER.
KYD.

LA BRUYERE.
LACEY.
LACON.
LAKE, JNO.
LAMB, CHAS.
LANDON, L. E.
LANDOR, W. S.
LANGHORNE, DR.
LANSDOWNE, LORD.
LATIMER, BISHOP.
LAVATER.
LAW, W.
LAWSON.
LEANERD, F.
LE BASS.
LEE, N.
LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP.
LENNOX, C.
LE ESTRANGE.
LEWIS, M. G.
LILLO.
LILLY.
LLOYD, C.
LOCKE.
LODGE, THOS.
LOKER.
LONGFELLOW.
LONGLANDE, R.
LORNLIN.
LOVE, C.
LOVIBOND.
LOWELL. J. R.
LOWER, SIR W.
LOWTH, BISHOP.
LUCAS, DR. R.
LUTHER, M.
LYDGATE.
LYLY.
LYNDSAY, SIR D.
LYTTON, SIR E. B.

MACAULAY, LORD.
MACHIN.
MACCULLOCH.
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MACKAY, DR. C.
MACKENZIE.
MACINTOSH, DR. J.
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METASTASIO.
MICKEL.
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MOORE, SIR THOS.
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MORRIS, W.
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